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ROTOGRAVURE SECTION OF FAMOUS PLAYERS

PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE

SEPT. 1920
20 CENTS



Loris May

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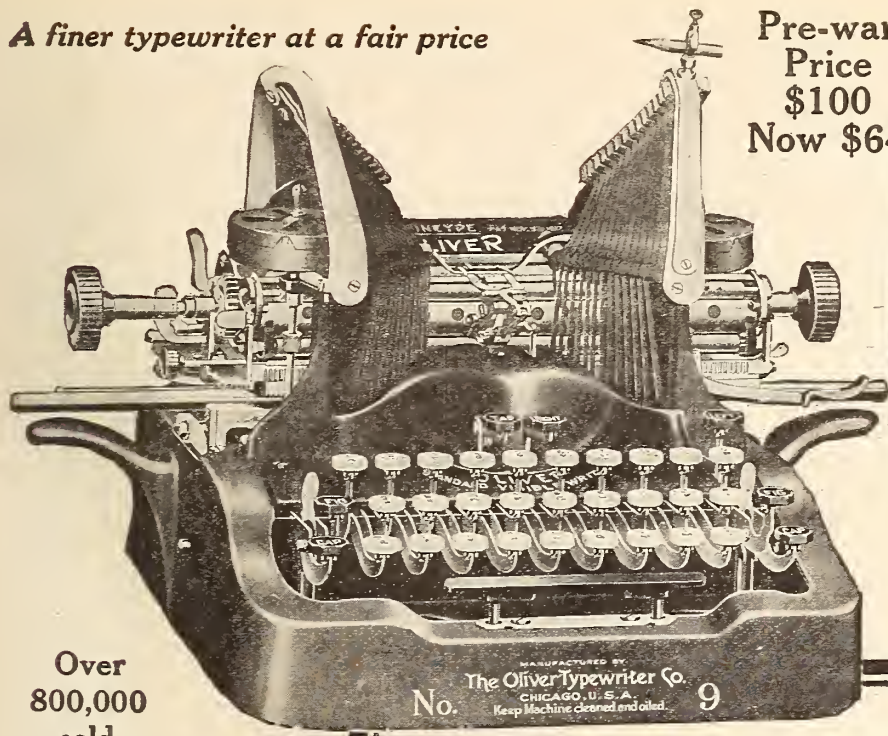
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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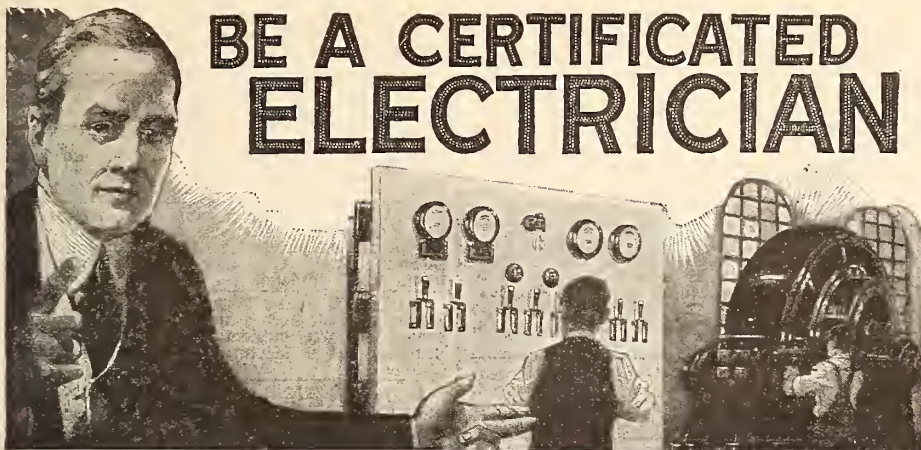
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HELENE CHADWICK · CLARA WILLIAMS · LOUISE FAZENDA · RUTH ROLAND · RUTH STONEHOUSE · MAY ALLISON

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 E. B. Davison of New York, 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.

sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

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 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

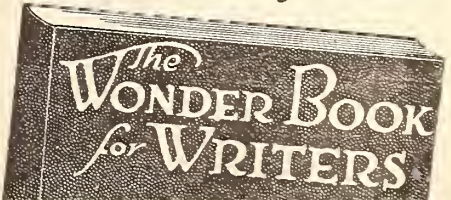
own Imagination may provide an endless goldmine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *ARE* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your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

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

Volume XIII

SEPTEMBER, 1920

No. 1

Uncle Sam—Camera Man

He's gone into the picture-taking business quite extensively to show you some of the things he is accomplishing.

By Donald MacGregor

AT the department of agriculture in Washington, where kindly scientists study such things as the egg-laying habits of the hen and the sprouting of the rhubarb, I stopped at the office of George R. Goergens. Goergens is the father of government motion pictures.

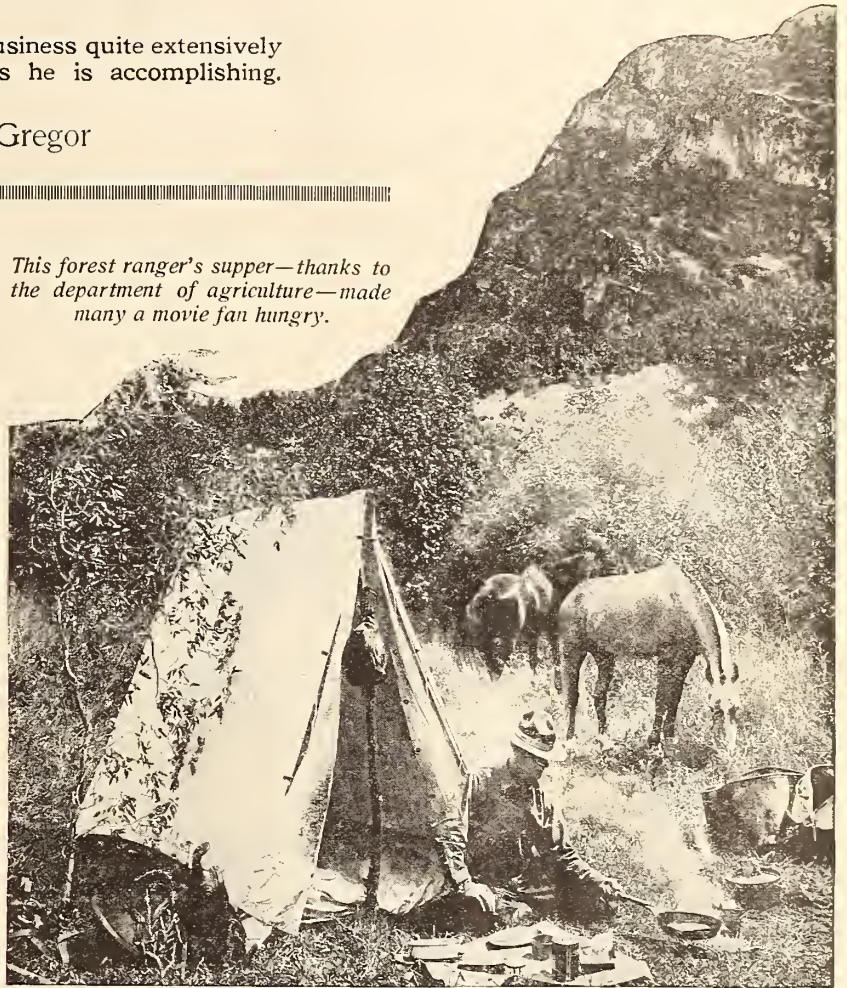
I wanted to talk with him about photographing gentle lambs on the hillsides and apple blossoms in the orchards, portraying the work of the department of agriculture in its continuous campaign of farm education.

"Glad to see you," said Goergens, supporting himself with a crutch and a cane. "I'm just a little bit bunged up from falling out of an aëroplane in California."

"Joy riding?" I asked.

"No," he answered, "taking pictures showing patrol work for forest-fire pre-

This forest ranger's supper—thanks to the department of agriculture—made many a movie fan hungry.



Don't fear forest fires—let the government film show you how to stop them.





If you haven't seen the great National Forests the government will show them to you on the screen.

vention. The pilot and I dropped three hundred feet, and I got hurt in twenty-seven different places."

"Well," I reassured him, "luckily those things don't happen often."

"Yes," he agreed. "But that wasn't much to what



ture photographer devoted himself to much less dangerous things. And I said so frankly.

"Some of the narrowest escapes I've ever had have been in photographing cows," he continued. "It's all right until the bulls arrive, and then you've got to run toward the fence, camera and all. Usually I get over just in time."

"Bulls certainly *are* wild animals," I agreed. "At times just about as wild as anything possible——"

"No," he said, "buffaloes. In Wichita one time I had to take a picture of a buffalo charging at the camera, head on. I held my ground, and my hair stood on end. But ten feet from me the buffalo turned out of the way, and I didn't get hurt. We had to have the picture for the finish of a film on buffaloes.

"I think the most exciting time I ever had was aboard the revenue cutter *Yamacraw*, near Ocean City, Maryland, during a storm. We'd been photographing the coast when the gale hit us. We were tossed around for twenty hours, and I thought we'd never see land again. Ten of the crew were drowned. But I got some good pictures."

Such is the life of a government camera man. Such is the rough-and-tumble career necessary for the taking of motion pictures of Uncle Sam's varied activities. They are educational pictures, but they are thrillers.

Government motion pictures began in a small way six years ago, in the department of agriculture, but really did not get in full swing until much later. Only recently the peace-time possibilities of action film have been fully realized.

Almost all the government departments use motion pictures. First, naturally, because of the peculiar adaptation, is the department of agriculture, with films showing the work in all the various bureaus, such as animal industry, farm management, public roads, the forest serv-

The camera man delights in introducing a bit of "human interest" into the film.

I got in Pennsylvania the month before. We were taking pictures of dust explosions in threshing machines and grain elevators. I had the camera in a telephone booth and everything went fine until they blew up a charge of cornstarch.

"I got out of the wreck, but that was all. The telephone booth came down on my head with an awful bang. Windows were broken in houses two miles away, so you can imagine what happened. I got over the smash just in time to take the aeroplane pictures."

The stories surprised me. I had supposed that a department of agricul-

ice, entomology, biological survey, plant industry, chemistry, and markets.

As I write I have before me a schedule of motion pictures made by the camera men of that gigantic government agency, outlining for agricultural schools and colleges and others to whom the film is available its exact character. There are, in all, seventy scenarios, running from one to four reels, covering all sorts of subjects.

"Sheep on the Farm" is presented in four reels, and, to illustrate, I quote the printed synopsis:

Reels 1 and 2—A year with the flock—Starting the fall by selecting a pure-bred ram and good-grade ewes; winter management; shepherd's spring duties—docking, shearing, dipping; sheep on summer pasture. Real 3—Wool and lamb marketing. How wool is handled, graded, and sold through community and wool growers' associations; the sale of lambs through coöperative lamb marketing clubs. Reel 4—Killing and dressing mutton for home use. The proper way to kill, dress, or cut mutton or lamb.

It is easy to see that this picture covers every phase of the sheep industry and presents a practical object lesson to farmers who wish to follow it. It serves, too, as a stimulant to production.

In the last few years there has been a sharp decline in the number of sheep raised in the United States, a contribution to the high price of mutton and wool. Sheep have been unpopular with the farmers holding limited acreage, and, in ratio with the cutting up of the large farms of the West, the number of sheep grown each year decreased. This film, consequently, was designed to demonstrate that large acreage is unnecessary when efficient methods of sheep raising are employed. The picture, with other agitation along the same general line, has already resulted in greater production.

To say to what extent motion pictures have been responsible for increased production or better conditions in any single thing is impossible, according to officials of the department. While motion pictures form an important part of every general campaign, lectures by scientists, the distribution of booklets, and practical demonstrations by twenty-five hundred county agents balance up the program.

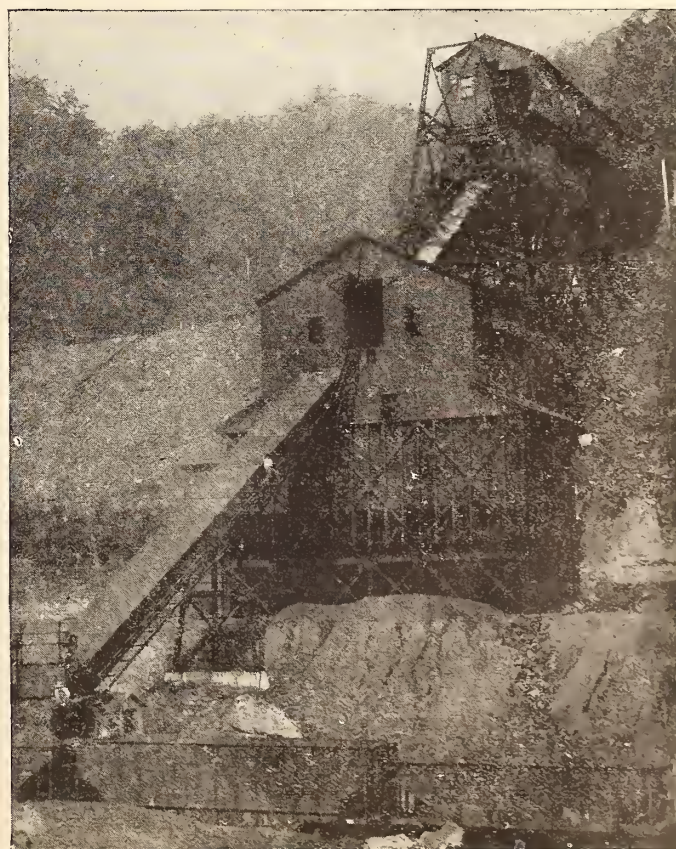
Hog cholera for many years has caused heavy losses to the raisers of pigs. A one-reel film now shows the cause of this disease, the use of hog-cholera serum, and the methods of application. Ideal sanitation is pictured as a preventive.

One of the film novelties on the list is entitled "The Charge of the Tick Brigade," in which the government embarks into the field of the animated cartoon. A tick, by the way, is a small insect that attacks cattle, causing, unless heroic remedies



Next time you stoke the furnace remember that—indirectly—this is the way you got the coal.

are attempted, heavy mortality. In the picture *Mrs. Tick* thanks the cattle owners for their failure to take proper precautions against the spread of her very large and rapidly multiplying family. It is sarcasm, of course, but the campaign against the tick has cleaned up more



"The Story of Coal" shows you overamine from start to finish.



Uncle Sam believes in the ounce of prevention, and government films show how he administers it.

than half of the southern area infested by the pest.

The selecting of laying hens, the milk and honey industries, and the various types of horses are subjects of interesting films. Ideal methods of poultry production, systems of road construction, and how to train boys for farm service are others. One film, on cottage cheese, added fifty thousand dollars' worth of this foodstuff to the annual wealth produced in the country, and, as cottage cheese is a substitute for meat, it aided just that much in reducing the cost of living.

Ways to build silos, how to conduct a successful garden—one of the few films of interest to city audiences—and methods of grafting trees are in the film library. There are other pictures directed against plant diseases, among them the disastrous "leak disease" in potatoes.

One of the pictures, entitled "The Barbarous Barberry," also an animated cartoon, resulted in tremendous good for American wheat production. The barberry is responsible for wheat rust, causing great loss, and the showing of the film in the wheat country attracted so much attention last year that fourteen million barberry bushes were dug up and destroyed.

There is little common information as to the cause of the frequent explosions in threshing machines and grain elevators. Year after

year the blasts kept up, with heavy loss of life and property. In the great Northwest the farmers blamed outside sources, chiefly the so-called "Industrial Workers of the World," for the explosions, but the government scientists found that they came from confined dust ignited by static electricity. They told the farmers so, but the farmers refused to believe until they saw for themselves, in motion pictures, explosions brought about by those conditions.

Incidentally, the films pointed the way to a remedy in the prevention of the explosions, through various appliances. These have been adopted generally and have been so successful that the United States Grain Corporation, during its administration of

Continued on page 86

A burning oil tank makes a dramatic picture.



Waking the Baby

It seems to be Bill Desmond's favorite sport.

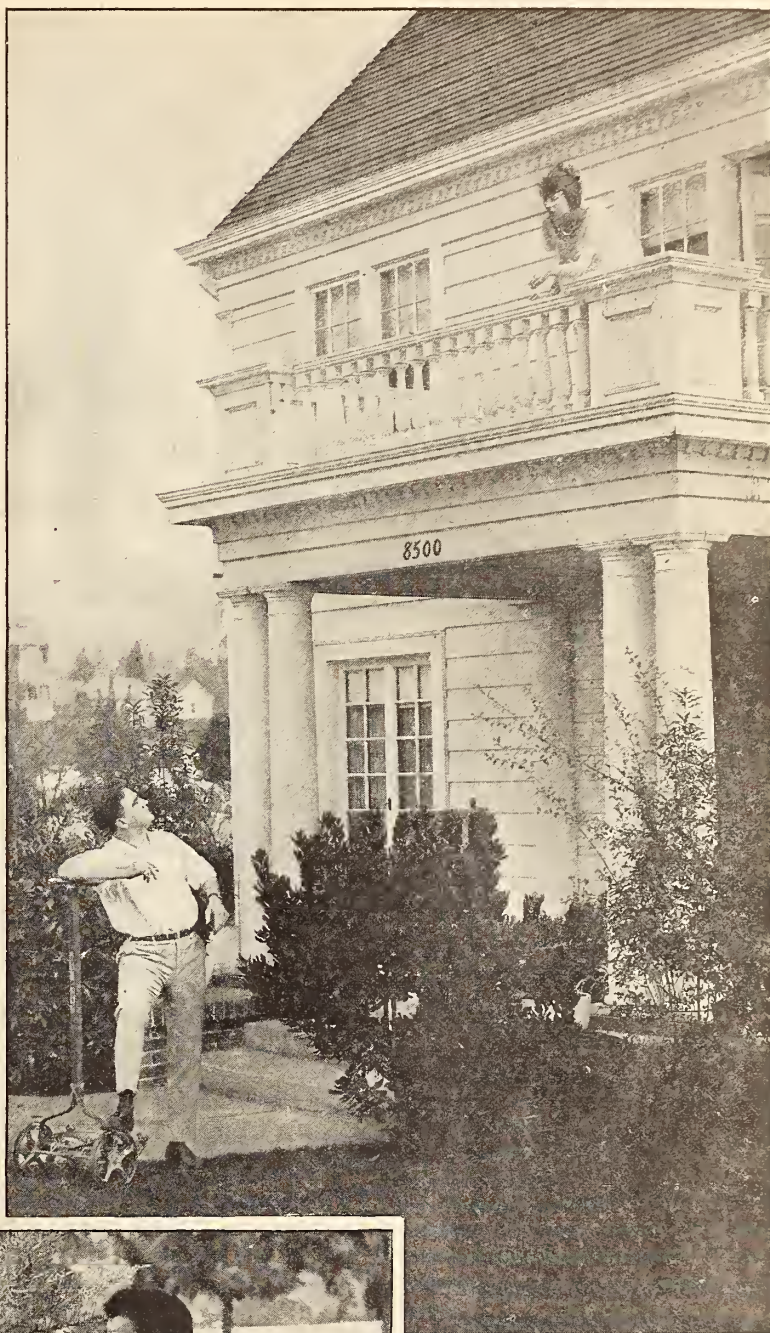
By Barbara Little

BILL DESMOND says that he's starting in a brand-new rôle nowadays; the scenario is an old one, and any number of men, both professional actors and others, have played it innumerable times. Yet it's never the same, and it always gets across with its audience of one—the baby's mother. The name of this highly original drama, you see, is "Waking the Baby."

Now, ever since Mary Joanna Desmond arrived, some few months ago, Bill has felt awfully energetic. He can't explain it, but he says that never before did he so yearn to do things around the house—noisy things, of course. For example, there's mowing the lawn. Why, never before did he know how exhilarating it is to get out good and early in the morning, when the dew is still on the grass, and run a well-oiled mower back and forth over the greensward. But—

"Bill! *Bill!* You mustn't do that—you'll wake the baby!" That's all the reward his industry gets.

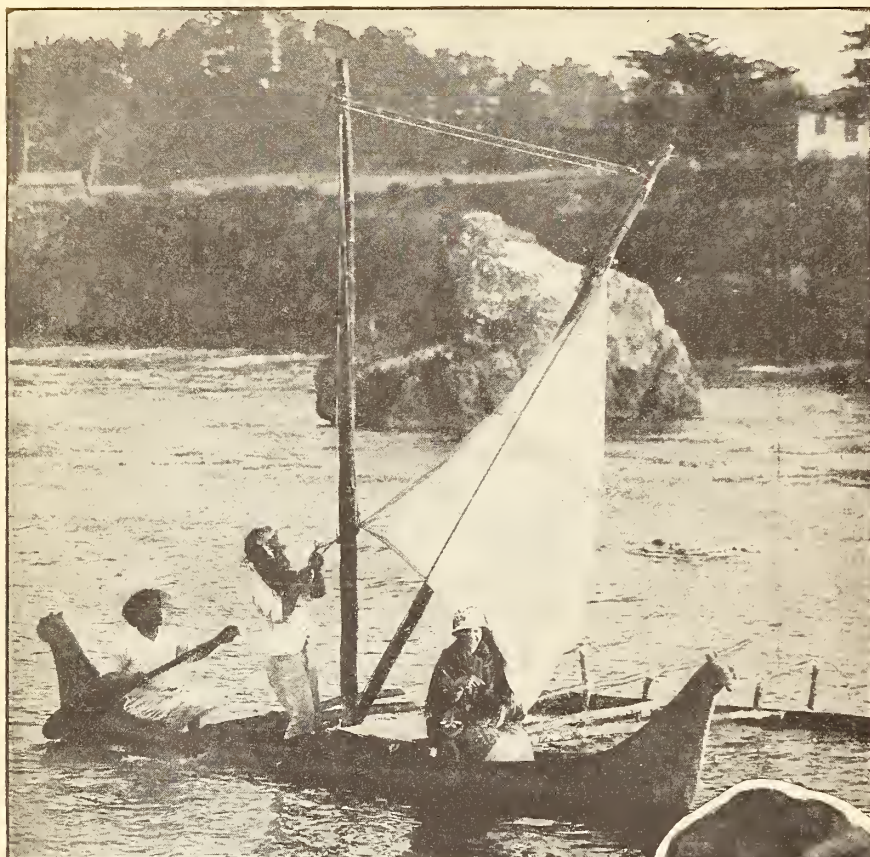
Then there's amateur carpentering. He's just begun to appreciate the joys of wielding a hammer. But somehow, it's always during the baby's nap that he feels inspired to work on the doll house he's



building for her, and his pretty wife—who used to be Mary McIvor, you'll remember—comes rushing down the stairs, exclaiming:

"Oh, Bill, don't—you'll wake the baby."

But, of course, as long as he can settle down out in the garden for tea with his wife he can't really object to the new régime of things around home. And he has plenty of outlet for his energy when he gets to the studio; if you've seen a Desmond picture recently you know that. Also, if you see him doing particularly wild stunts in his next release, you'll know why.



Canoe or Catamaran?

You're welcome to the first—
Edith Roberts prefers the latter.

By Helen Ogden

YOU get a running start and hit the first and third syllables hard." That's Edith Roberts' description of the way to pronounce her latest hobby.

"It's a canoe, only it isn't," she went on, as we sat on the shore of the little island off the California coast where she's working in "The Adorable Savage." "It has a semidetached side piece, sort of like a running board, and it has a sail. And riding in it is like nothing else in the world."

I believe her. So would you, if you could see her in her Hawaiian costume, with her arms stained faint coffee color, and a yellow *lej* around her dark hair. Oh, yes, I know that in the islands they usually wear them around their necks—but Edith's is so becoming where it is that probably the custom would be revolutionized if she'd make a public appearance in Honolulu in it.

"I'm so glad they gave me this story; they really bought it for Priscilla Dean, you know, and then decided that it suited me better," the little Universal star went on, readjusting her grass-cloth skirt. "I hoped we'd go to Hawaii to make it, but they made this island over with tropical plants and trees and things, and now I'm glad we didn't have to go; I can get back to Los Angeles on short notice from here, and we're just about even with Monterey, you know—not a bit far from all the comforts of home."

"But what about the catamaran?" I inquired. "Do you paddle it yourself—and would you advise everybody to do likewise?"

"I don't and I wouldn't," she promptly replied. "I just sit still and let the natives—oh, yes, we have some regular Hawaiians who know how to do it, and act as extras in the picture—I let them paddle me around. And I'd like to remark right here that that boat is a source of great relief to me. You see, I thought maybe I'd have to ride a surfboard, because all I'd ever known about the Hawaiian Islands was that people rode those things there. I got out our ironing board and looked it over, and tried to imagine myself riding the bounding billows in it, but gave up in despair.

"They'll have to get a double for me," I told mother. "I never in the world can manage it."

"And then, when they showed me this nice, safe little boat and told me all I had to do was *sit* in it—well, inside of me I just shrieked with joy!"

Thatched huts, groups of brown-skinned natives, the tinkle of a ukulele, and the plaintive wail of a guitar—the island had been transformed so that it looked like Hawaii. And Edith Roberts fitted in perfectly—seeing "The Adorable Savage" will prove it to you.

Her yellow lej is most becoming.



PICTURE PLAY PLAYERS



MABEL BALLIN

Victor Georg

has an interesting career behind her; three years and a half on the stage began it, and rôles in the productions of nearly all the big motion-picture companies followed. Now she's graduated from being a leading lady, and is to star in the productions of her husband, Hugo Ballin, formerly art director for Goldwyn.



Copyright Alfred Cheney Johnston

CORINNE GRIFFITH

has settled down into one of Vitagraph's "dependables," which is certainly a comfort to the fans, who have found that pictures like her "Dad's Candidate" are just the sort of thing they like to see, and would resent her forming her own company and cutting down her productions to a scant four a year, as other favorites have done.



Copyright Alfred Cansy Johnston

SHIRLEY MASON

is one of the youngsters of the screen as far as age goes, but her experience makes her quite a veteran. She went on the stage when she was four, appearing with William Faversham—now a Selznick star, by the way—in "The Squaw Man," and since then has done so well on stage and screen that she deserves her stellar position.



"HOOT" GIBSON

can't get away from his nickname, though his own—Ed—is even shorter. Universal makes the modest announcement that he is the champion cowboy of the world, and advises all who doubt to look up the two-reel Westerns of which he is star.



HAROLD LLOYD

has made his lensless spectacles so famous a trade-mark that they'd be eligible for a Museum of Relics of Famous Movie Stars. Not even getting blown up by a supposedly nonexplosive bomb could long disturb that familiar grin of his.



EVANS

VIOLA VALE

used to attend the performances of the local stock company in Rochester, New York, and was inspired by the leading man's work to become an actress. Recently, in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," she played opposite him; he happened to be Bert Lytell.



HELEN FERGUSON

is a charming young free lance who works this month at one studio, and next month at another. She's been with Metro for some time now, however; two of Jack London's stories have kept her there as the leading lady for Mitchell Lewis.



Evans

MARJORIE DAW

began making out shopping lists—as she's doing here—as soon as she heard that she was going abroad with Marshall Neilan's company. But the lists weren't much good—she worked so hard that she never had time to buy the things on the list.

Nazimova Speaks

For a long time the mysterious Alla—most fascinating of all screen personalities—has refused to grant interviews. Recently she was persuaded, by the writer of this unusual article, to reveal herself to her host of admirers through the columns of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. Seldom have we had the privilege of presenting so colorful an impression of a great star of the screen.

By Herbert Howe



IT was night in Nazimova's Garden of Dreams. The famous Alla had issued a special dispensation in my behalf by suspending her ban on interviews.

There is no star of whom the public knows so little regarding her intimate life as this sphinxian deity. The multitudes adore her as a symbol of supernal beauty and exotic charm rather than as a human being. Her personal traits, her hobbies, philosophy or preferences as to perfumes, husbands, and spaniels have never been exploited to gain for her that sentimental aura which surrounds so many of our empyreal pets. With fine disdain for balderdash she has made her appeal solely through art.

But it is the woman, not the aesthete, whom I seek to portray. Print is drab pigment for painting her personality. It is like trying to express the colors of the rainbow in charcoal. Despite her cloistered life, I had caught a fragmentary impression of certain very human attributes. I had observed her in public with her husband, Charles Bryant, with whom she flirts intensively and convincingly. She always wears straight-lined, formless garments resembling smocks. Her short, black hair, one lock completely obscuring the right eye, perpetually flares about her head as though just re-

leased from an ardent shampoo. A publicity agent formerly of her retinue had supplemented my observations with some accounts of madame's demeanor at the studio. It seems she had an alarming penchant for sticking out her tongue at him and running to cover whenever he appeared with one of his literary opuscles for her O. K. On one occasion, he affirms, she dodged behind her stalwart husband and, with disconcerting mirth, waved her hands frantically. "Go 'way," she cried. "You spoil my dinner."

Her Garden of Dreams, conceived as a vision for the picture called "Billions," was symbolic of her mystifying self. It was a nocturne in black and silver perfumed with magic. Black walls, merging into the night sky, encircled a pool of water that moved and gleamed with oily sheen like some green reptile crawling from out a clump of golden-spotted bamboo. Silver reeds, edged and shining as swords, pierced through its surface, and Gargantuan flowers bowed silver faces as if in courtesy to their own reflections. Whispering together in a group were girls with slender throats and glistening silver hair. They resembled swans holding communion, their bodies shining lustrous through veils of flowing dusk. A platform on rubber wheels was gliding to and fro bearing camera men



Nazimova is not young—neither is she old; she is of no age.

as they adjusted the lens which was to focus on the Scheherazade of screen lore. All must be in readiness for madame's arrival. She receives approximately two thousand dollars a day—fifty dollars a minute—hence minutes soon amount to millions.

Near the set were three chairs, each bearing a name on its back. One was that of madame's director, Ray Smallwood. The second belonged to madame's secretary, Peggy Hagar. The third—I paused transfixed—on the third chair, the chair of the august Alla, glared the white letters—JAZZIMOVA. And across the seat—ITZKY.



My prior impression of madame suddenly took a jazz. I tried to reconcile Jazzimova and Itzky with such majestic titles as "The Supreme" and "The Incomparable."

The swan maidens ceased their whisperings. The moving platform paused. As though apprised by psychic prescience, every one sensed the coming.

A door opened.

"Madame is here," a whisper said.

On the threshold appeared a slight figure wearing a curious mandarin-shaped hat, flat-heeled shoes, and a white suit bordered with crimson poppies. An instant's survey—then Nazimova scampered up the steps, addressed a word or two and skimmed around the "set," reviewing all the details of its composition. Turning her head she saw me and darted forward, her hand extended.

"Come," she cried in a gay-hued voice. "Come where we can have a good talk."

Nazimova is always the actress. That night she was the child of "The Brat" or "The Heart of a Child," as skipping out of the studio she pattered down the corridor to her dressing room. Opening the door she passed through one room into another of rosy suffusion.

Her chair at the studio is marked "Jazzimova"—which is not so surprising when you know her.

"Come in here and sit down, please," she invited, whisking a scarf from off a wicker chair. Circling around the room, she finally settled in the cushions of a lounge. She had not given an interview for—a year?—um, much longer. She was sorry—a sly twinkle notwithstanding. It was not that she sought to mystify the public, but after those interviews the public knew her no better.

"Oh, they had kindly motives," she interposed hastily. "One said I was young, sweet, and pretty!" She pursed her lips in a droll pucker characteristic of her humorous mood. "Can you blame me for not receiving more?" She laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

Nazimova is not young, neither is she old. She is of no age—or of any. Her beauty cannot be termed beauty, since it matches no standard. She is a unique masterpiece of life, blending the dreamy mysticism of the East with the

"He means, as an actress I am a great dancer."



Print is drab pigment for painting her personality.



prosaic culture of the West. Her eyes are of Oriental shape, elongating to mere slits of black gleam, heavily fringed with lashes, and again blazing wide in a purple radiance. The slender black brows, lifted high above the eyes, have a reptilian animation. While her pronunciation is perfect, her voice is colored with foreign nuances—high-pitched notes, fluting inflection, and stressed accents. It has the cadence of a viol, now vibrant, rich, and low; now mounting to a thin, high strain. She speaks, as she acts, with gestures, shrugs, and facial expressiveness.

Nazimova possesses versatility in its true sense—a capacity for protracted labor. Over in Russia and even in this country, before she emerged from the foreign theater, she would write dialogue, compose music, direct plays in which she appeared, and actually *sew* her own costumes. Affluence has not vitiated this indefatigable energy. Nazimova not only stars in her pictures; she virtually creates them. Even when the photographing has been completed her work is not over. She arrives at the studio at eight o'clock in the morning and works sometimes until four the next morning supervising the cutting and assembling. Recently she decided that she also would supervise the making of prints because she had seen some defective tinting in "The Heart of a Child" which she thought detracted from the general impression. Even the queen bee, Mary Pickford, cannot match Nazimova for industriousness. In reply to my queries, she reluctantly admitted her versatility.

"Yes, it is true I sometimes design my sets. Yes, I have a little to do with the continuity—and I codirect my pictures. I have composed music, too. And I play the violin and piano, and I dance. But I'm just a dabbler—just a dabbler." She nodded quickly, with a shrug of deprecation.

"You know," she added with a waggish moue, "things often appear great—when a star does them."

Nazimova is an amused spectator of herself. She seems to take a positive glee in mocking *Madame* Nazimova. Any interviewer expecting to make light of Nazimova's greatness

would be outwitted, for she has that superior sense of humor which permits of satirizing herself.

"You have read how I studied dancing." She shook her head with an amused smile. "I *never* studied dancing. And much has been written of my study of pantomime. Instinct, too. It is all instinct. You know Gertrude Hoffman, the dancer?—a lovely woman. She asked me if she might do my sword dance. Did you see 'Eye for Eye'? Well, in that I did a sword dance.

"Capallani—he is a Frenchman—he was my director then. One day he said, 'Madame, you are to do a sword dance in this scene.'

"A sword dance?—a sword dance?—my God, and what is a sword dance?" She imitated her look of puzzled wonder. "Then I thought—'Um, very well; have you music?' No, he had no music. 'A drum?' No, there was no drum. 'Can some one beat on wood, then?'" she thumped vigorously on a table next the lounge. "Again, no. There was nothing to do but dance. I picked up a sword and I thought—'I am an Oriental girl dancing with a sword which is to kill.' Very well!"

Nazimova bounded from the lounge and glided in rhythmic motion about the dressing room, her body swaying, her arms weaving and curving, her fingers rippling on the air like petals.

"Um-um-um-um-la-la-la-la. All through the dance I hummed an Oriental song."

Her hands fell to her sides, and she came back to the lounge.

"That is the way I did my dance, and Gertrude Hoffman, lovely dancer, wanted to do 'Nazimova's Sword Dance!'" She suppressed a snicker. "Kosloff says I should have been a dancer. He means," she nodded, the laughter brimming to her lips. "He means, as an actress I am a great dancer. Maybe he's right."

Referring to the creative instinct for acting and dancing, she gravely touched her forehead, "It is all here. All is mind."

The remark suggested some new thought philosophy.

"No, no! No fads—no—no fads!" she protested, gesturing with her hands as if to ward off such an imputation. Then she paused, her eyebrows puckering quizzically. "I wonder if you mean what I mean—about mind. You mean will power?" She awaited negotiation. "No, I have no will power—no will power.

"I must see something first. I put a picture in my mind, and I concentrate so my body responds. First I see, then I feel, and then I am."

Nazimova's protean power has often been the subject of critical dissertation. I spoke of the impression of height which she conveyed as *Hedda Gabler* on the stage.

"Ah, *Hedda*, you remember *Hedda*, how tall she was? Yes, every one thought me very tall. I am five feet three inches. You know why *Hedda* was tall? It was

not the long gown nor the high-heeled shoes. I thought I was tall, and I *was* tall." She drew herself up majestically. "I moved as a tall woman would move. My hands—I thought they were long and slender, and they were. Yes, I believe they *were* long and slender.

"Look at that hand!" she exclaimed, thrusting a small, childish palm outward. "That is not a pretty hand. It is a stubby hand. It is not the hand of an artist. It is the hand of a workman. Yes, and it *has* worked."

She spoke with musing tone, as she drew one palm slowly over the other.

Nazimova does not speak with her voice alone, she speaks with her entire body. Each member vibrates in tune with the thought that sweeps across her mind.

"No part of me is dead." She pressed a thumb and finger together as if testing their sentiency. "All is alive. All expresses. The first thing you learn in a Russian dramatic school is to come out of your corsets. You throw them away." She made a flinging gesture with a scarf in lieu of the abandoned garment. "You throw them away—and you never get them back again. Then you learn the five positions of the dance—nothing

more. It is for grace."

Again she sprang to the floor, this time to illustrate the "five positions." Her feet fluttered nimbly in the movements. As a sort of finale she swept the floor with the palms of her hands, her knees remaining rigid.

Her suppleness indicated regular exercise. She smiled and shook her head. She took a perverse delight in refutation.

"I ne-ver exercise. I don't walk, I don't ride horseback, I don't play golf or tennis. I do nothing except," she added whimsically, "I move my grand piano five times a week."

She studied the palms of her hands, evidently

in search of callouses, at the same time explaining that her life away from the studio was very simple.

"I go from the studio to my home and from my home to the studio," indicating the monotony of the route with a motion of her arm. "That is all. I never go any place. It is not that I think people frivolous who go out. I think it nice. I wish sometimes I could. But I can't. I just stay at home and read. Every night I read before I sleep."

Her home is a stucco villa of spacious rooms, located at the mouth of Laurel Cañon. Among its objets d'art are two silver portraits of Mary Pickford, autographed, "To Alla—Affectionately, Mary" and "To Alla With My Love, Mary."

Her interests are not restricted to motion pictures. Reference was made to the Russian situation.

"I mustn't tell you what I think about Russia." She glanced down with an enigmatic smile at the green scarf which she was twisting between her fingers and over her knee. "No, I mustn't tell you. You might think

Continued on page 90



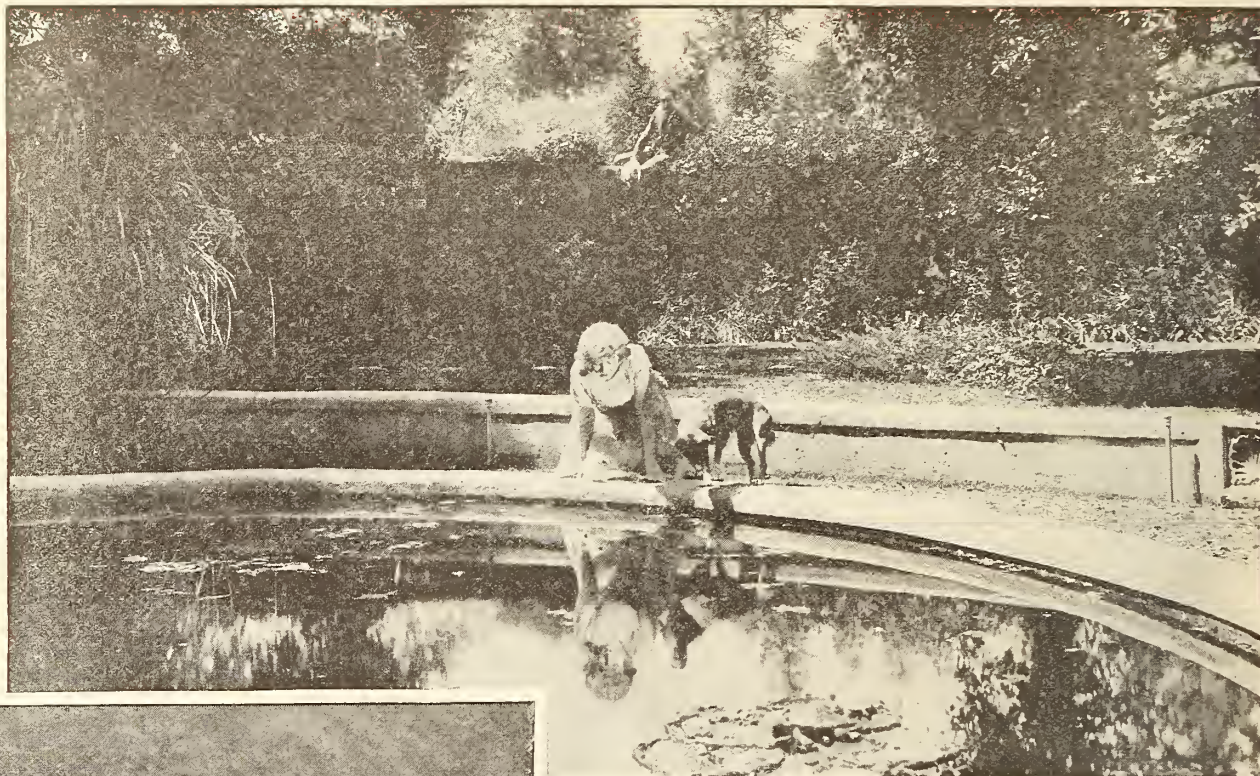
Her home is a stucco villa of spacious rooms located at the mouth of Laurel Cañon.

Come On Outdoors!



Say "No" if you can—but oh, how can you! Here's an invitation for you straight from the ragged coast of California—and from Vivian Rich. The sea has never been bluer; way off at the edge of it you can see a liner, homeward bound from China, "with a cargo of ivory and apes and peacocks," and back there at the left, just out of sight, are the caves; eerie places with the sunlight

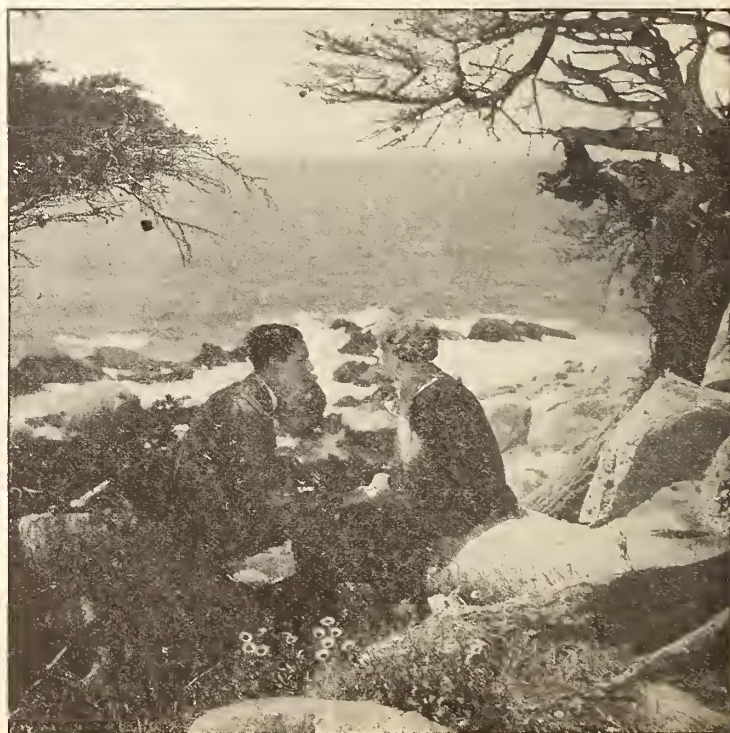
filtering through the rocks—fit haunts for smugglers, but peopled now, only by crabs that go scuttling over the piles of greeny-yellow kelp as if they were the lost souls of the old smugglers themselves. Of course, you may not be able to join Vivian on these surf-beaten rocks—but you can go outdoors, wherever you are! And on the next few pages you'll find pictured some suggestions.



A pool as round as a full moon—a pool all starred with water lilies, and crystal clear, so that May Allison's pretty face is perfectly reflected in it. Now, wouldn't you like to climb over the ivy-hung wall, as the hero in "Held in Trust" is doing, and explore the haunts of this remote garden spot with May? You could check your troubles on the other side of the wall, you know, and perhaps they'd have vanished by the time you climbed back again.



Here's the Pacific coast again, with its little, stunted trees, so bent by the wind that they are like gnarled old dwarfs, reaching out to you as you pass. Wanda Hawley and Harrison Ford found these sun-warmed stones an ideal place in which to picnic and talk over his troubles in "Miss Hobbs," but nobody needs picture-making as an excuse to pack up a luncheon and motor down the road traveled by the monks of old to such a spot as this one.



This is the "Lahoma" country. Perhaps you've seen its great, brown hills, whose bare slopes have been swept by the winds of centuries. Marauding Indians rode these hills; later, feuds between the whites made men's deeds fit in with the backgrounds of those scarred hills. Cruel country, perhaps—but that's all in the past; the past that you see so vividly pictured in "Lahoma."



Perhaps you'd rather not come out into this desert country, with its clumps of sagebrush and sandy wastes, made gruesome by old skeletons, like the one shown here. And yet—imagine the little processions of prairie schooners that traveled it long ago; the mothers who gathered their children close around the camp fires at night, and wondered whether good fortune or ill waited at the end of the journey. It's pioneer country, this is—good picture-making country, too, as Harry Carey proved when he used it in "The Three Godfathers."

A man stole this picture for us. "Prettiest still I ever saw," he phoned. "It's from Bill Russell's picture, 'Slam Bang Jim,' and it's worth using. Want to see it?" We did, and here it is. Also—here's hoping the film company who made the picture doesn't put a detective on the case! We'd hate to send that man to jail just for the sake of letting you enjoy this with us.



You know that old poem, doubtless: "I wish I was a rock, a-settin' on a hill; I'd never do a thing, but just keep settin' still." Well, the nearest anybody can come to that ideal state, it seems to us, is to settle down in a flat-bottomed boat and drift along through this kind of scenery. Oh, yes, of course somebody else has to do the poling.



The Toast of the Town

It was Justine Johnson as long as she was willing.

By Peter White

Photos by White



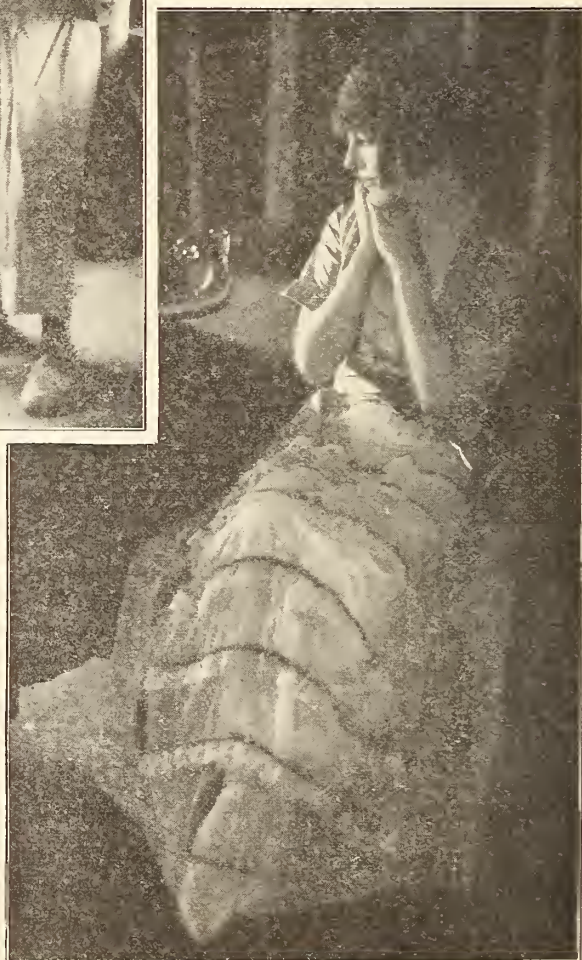
And now you can see the results, if you'll watch for "Moonlight and Honey-suckle," the first Realart picture in which she is starred. It's made from a successful play, and if Justine's beauty can make it so, it ought to make a corking good movie.

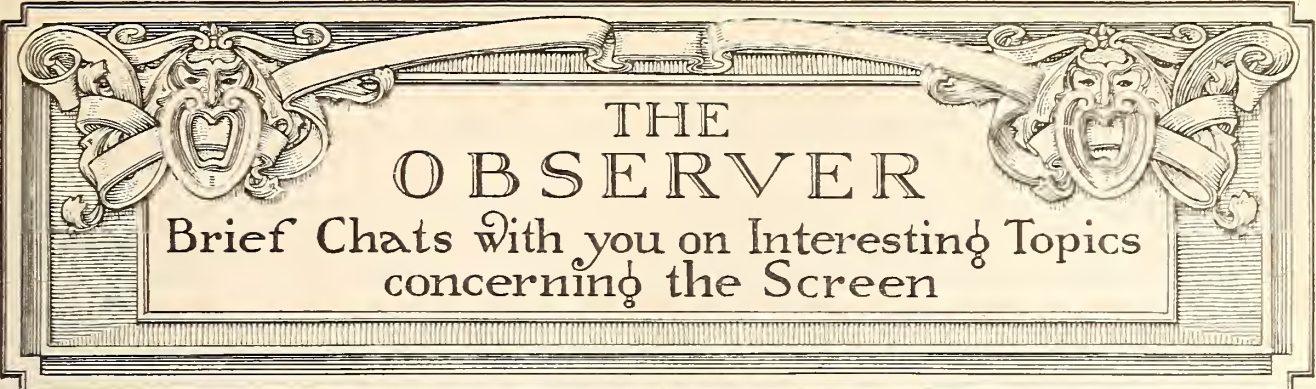
ALL Broadway talked about her—all New York toasted her. She was the prettiest chorus girl in town, and everybody went to the Follies to applaud her golden-haired, blue-eyed beauty. That was in 1915. Born in Hoboken, New Jersey, she'd begun her professional career as one of the children in "The Blue Bird;" now she was well started toward the heights.

And Justine Johnson went on and on. The next year she was a principal in the Follies. Then she went into musical comedy—was given parts, was made a star. She started the smart, gay "Little Club," where everybody who was anybody went to dance after the theater.

Then—she vanished. "Married some obscure millionaire and retired," guessed Broadway disgustedly. "Grown tired of the game and wanted to retire when she was at the very top," suggested Fifth Avenue wisely. They were both wrong.

For Justine Johnson had decided that she wasn't at the top—not the one she wanted to reach, at least. So she slipped away and joined Poli's Stock Company, in Waterbury, Connecticut, last summer. She played one part each week while she studied and rehearsed another. The proverbial slave couldn't have worked much harder. In the center of the page you can see that brains, not beauty, were Justine's god in the summer of 1919; the picture shows her in her first rôle in "stock."





THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics
concerning the Screen

It's Up to the Author

The development in motion pictures in the next few years is going to depend largely upon the author. It is not going to be enough that he sell the motion-picture rights to his stories for from five thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars. He must take off his coat and earn his wage.

If authors would spend their spare time helping directors and actors to interpret their stories properly, pictures would be better. So far, most authors have felt that their responsibility ended when they received their checks for "screen rights."

But a new era is beginning, and the authors who now are getting ahead in motion-picture production are the ones who are going into the studios to give directors the benefit of their assistance; who are willing to make suggestions during production, not after.

A Specific Example

Frank L. Packard, the man who wrote "The Miracle Man," recently put in nearly two months at the Selznick studios in and near New York City, following every move that was made in the filming of his story, "The Sin That Was His," and giving Hobart Henley, the director, all the cooperation and aid that he could.

"I've had several of my stories filmed," Packard told *The Observer*, "and some of them I really didn't recognize as my stories when I saw them on the screen. That, however, isn't the case this time."

To the credit of the authors be it said that they are nearly always more than anxious to cooperate in this way whenever they are given assurance that there is an intention really to reproduce the spirit of their stories; considering the way in which most stories have been butchered in the past it is no wonder that the authors sat back, collected their money, and then cursed the movies.

We'll Want to See This Picture

By the way, Packard prophesies that "The Sin That Was His" is to be a greater picture than "The Miracle Man." He certainly has a right to make the prediction, since he wrote the stories on which both productions were built. Like "The Miracle Man," it is an example of what we have called "the spiritual drama," but, as Packard pointed out, it does not make the demand on credulity that his first great picture did.

William Faversham, one of the finest actors of the English-speaking stage, is the star, and a village set was built for the production which rivals for size and surpasses in attractiveness the one built for "The Copperhead." There's a well-selected cast, and much earnest endeavor has been devoted to making Packard's second screened story hit the bull's-eye of popular favor.

The Drama Cries "Help"

A lot of fuss is being made in New York by some of the producers of *The Drama* over what they call the menace of "the movies." They always spell *Drama* with a capital D and sneer a bit as they call motion pictures "movies." *Drama*, they pretend to believe, means the speaking stage.

They even go further and would have us think that *Drama* means only the highbrow productions that play for a few weeks in a small theater and after that are known only to the folks who buy the play in book form.

Their shudders are caused by the fact that *Famous Players* has bought control of *Charles Frohman, Inc.*, and is financing several other producers of vocally projected plays. They fear lest the plays that Broadway is to see from now on will be plays only adaptable to motion pictures, and, of course, that will be something terrible for *The Drama*.

The trouble with the argument is that a whole lot of posing is being done by a few persons who are pretending that they are a bit better mentally than the masses. It is a balloon that needs pricking with a pin.

The Drama that is being menaced, according to those gentlemen with the pained looks, is all the best that we have on the speaking stage. You ask them to show you a menace and they fumble around and admit that some of the most highbrow plays of the season have been produced on the stage by these same menacers—but they don't think there will be any more of them. They say the writers will all be writing for pictures, instead of for the stage—which is a condition that already obtains to a considerable degree.

They don't know just what the trouble is, but they know it is something fierce, and that there are going to be plays produced on Broadway backed by motion-picture people, instead of by some intellectual. This is a condition welcomed by actors, costumers, and scene painters, because they know they will get their money from the motion-picture people, while there usually is some doubt about collecting from intellectuals. But the highbrows are against it. Why, they can't tell you exactly.

Here's the Truth

The Drama, to be frank with you, is pretty well on the blink. Outside of New York, Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia it is flat on its back. People won't pay to see the shows they're getting. They're tired of being bunked with *Number Four* companies in Broadway failures. Instead, they go to the motion-picture theaters, where they know what they are buying.

The Drama has its back to the wall. There always will be production of plays in the big cities, but the one-night-stand town has about gone out of existence. Bad shows and high costs have killed the goose.

A few years ago The Drama laughed at the motion picture. Now it finds that the motion picture is the greatest amusement in the world, and that, because of its backing by the public it is in a position to obtain the finest writers, actors, directors, anybody it wants. The public demands more fine motion pictures. It will pay well to see them. And the producers, knowing this, are ready to take everything worth while that the stage has. It isn't any virtue on their part—they've got to.

Famous Players is producing on the stage because in this way it can interest authors in writing for motion pictures and can offer both motion-picture and speaking-stage engagements to actors.

The motion picture is an amusement. The highbrow drama is not. The motion picture is for the masses. The highbrow drama depends for its existence upon a limited few.

The Drama fears the coming of things popular. It fears the motion picture and the way to stir up opposition against a thing that is likely to put you out of business is to cry "Menace! Menace!"

The motion picture won't be rough with The Drama. It will let it play in its own yard if it will behave and not take itself too seriously nor pretend that it is better than it is.

But good motion pictures are what fifty million people in the United States want and what they will have, even if, in getting what they want, they have to trample on drama, Drama, and DRAMA.

Anyway, the speaking stage will have a hard time maintaining that it is on a level higher than motion pictures. For every good spoken play you have seen in your town in the last year you can name five motion pictures that were better entertainment. Am I right? You know I am. Make out a list yourself. Then send it in to The Observer to help him prove his point.

The Menace of Al H. Woods

Al H. Woods is one of the theatrical producers who is menacing motion pictures. He took Theda Bara and put her in a speaking play which is probably the worst show ever produced. It wouldn't be so bad if the drama would take the blame, but Al Woods blames it on motion pictures. He doesn't explain that Theda Bara as a motion-picture star is no more. She wouldn't do any longer in motion pictures—so she went on the speaking stage.

Al Woods offered many thousands of dollars to Bill Hart to appear in a play on the stage. Bill turned it down. He's not ready for the minor league yet.

The Box- Office Price

The Capitol Theater in New York, the world's largest amusement palace, which started out with a "top" price of two dollars, has cut its prices in half and seems to be on its way to greater success as a motion-picture theater. It is The Observer's feeling that one dollar is enough to pay for the best motion picture in the best theater on earth.

We do not underestimate the value of a fine performance, with expensive singers and a sixty-piece symphony orchestra, but the motion picture is a staple, and it should be kept to a reasonable price. Prices for motion pictures are about at the top now. Theaters know that they must depend upon regular patronage and that thirty-five to fifty cents is about enough for a neighborhood theater to charge.

"Two-dollar" motion pictures have seen their day. We doubt if "The Birth of a Nation" could again play to two-dollar prices, even these days, when everything has doubled. There are so many good pictures that the public is willing to patronize theaters regularly, and

it is better to play to a lot of people at a moderate price than to a few at a high price.

Production Specializee

Next fall will see interesting developments in motion pictures. A great many stars and directors are all looking toward having their own companies. To have their own organization pleases them because it sounds well in the public prints—and because there is a possibility of greatly increasing their earnings; though this does not always follow, since some of these independent ventures have been as great failures as others have been successes.

The only thing the public is interested in is good pictures, and if a star or a director can do better on his own, they hope he will break away from whatever organization holds him. But if, in deserting the big organization, he assembles a poor staff and begins making poor pictures, the public will soon forget him.

The big pictures of the past prove nothing. D. W. Griffith nearly always has had his own producing unit, and he has made some commonplace pictures as well as some very wonderful ones. George Loane Tucker has worked by himself for several years and he turned out several failures before he made "The Miracle Man." Cecil B. De Mille always has had a big organization back of him, and it must be admitted that in recent years De Mille has probably had a higher percentage of popular successes at least than any other director.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have made some splendid productions since forming their own companies, though perhaps no better ones than some they made before.

Sifted down, it really doesn't seem to make much difference to the general public. It would, though, if the stars were all like Charlie Chaplin. If they were, the public would rise up and demand that all "own companies" be abolished. For when Chaplin worked for wages, he turned out at least eight comedies a year. Since he has had his own company he seems bent upon making about one comedy every eight years.

Not for Massachusetts

The attorney general of Massachusetts decided that the motion-picture-censorship bill was unconstitutional, so Governor Coolidge promptly vetoed it, when it came to him for signature. Then the House, which had passed it under the urge of Massachusetts reformers, upheld the veto by a vote of 202 to 14.

So the Pennsylvania idea of cutting films to pieces will not be adopted in Massachusetts. Massachusetts will have to continue on its career of crime while Pennsylvania, protected by the motion-picture censors, will remain pure and sinless.

The Ohio Censors

Out in Ohio they trimmed down "Treasure Island" because it dealt with pirates and other wicked things. Here is a classic that for years boys have read, a book that parents have always thought was good for their kids. But, alas, it seems not.

The Ohio censors cut out of the film lines written by the master hand of Robert Louis Stevenson, lines which have been read by thousands of boys for years and years.

Especially obnoxious to them was a threat by a pirate to cut Jim's throat! Out of the film went the threat! It might drive boys out into an orgy of throat cutting.

Running Down a Villain

It took a lot of digging into the past of Warner Oland, arch villain of the screen, for the interviewer to discover where they had met before.

By Edgar Donaldson

I STOOD at the fence and watched the professional bicyclists "burn up the track." It was a blazing hot day, and the air was thick with dust and the odors of fresh popcorn and squeezed lemons and half-eaten oranges. But everybody on the county fair grounds was gathered at the race track, and not a soul seemed to mind the heat. For this was a real race. A man had just shot out of the bunch of riders and was making for the lead. Everybody held their breath and clenched their hands—if he made it he'd probably come in first. He began to swing in toward the fence to pass number three, edging in warily for all he was going so fast. And then—suddenly number three flopped over in the dust, the ambitious one's wheel struck the fallen machine, and the contender for first honors sailed through the air in a parabolic curve and struck the fence.

There were shrieks of horror from the grand stand. I ran to the rescue, and the pink lemonade man and I undraped the injured rider from the rails and carried him to a shady spot, where somebody else administered first aid.

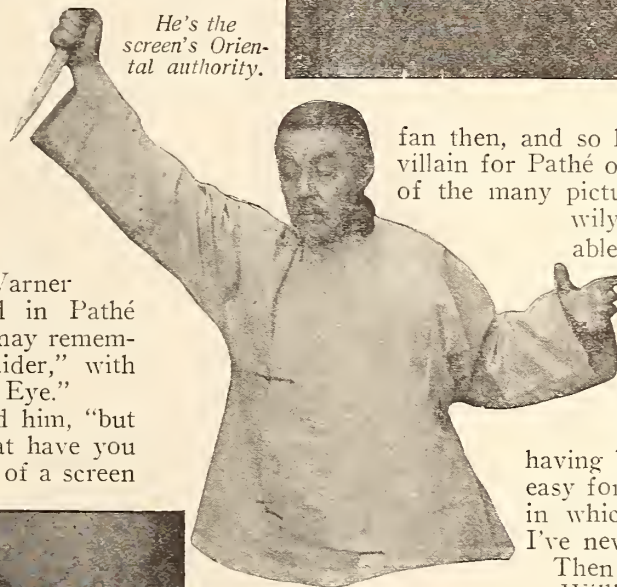
That was in September, 1900.

Recently I went to see Warner Oland, who has been featured in Pathé serials for some time now; you may remember him in "The Lightning Raider," with Pearl White, and in "The Third Eye."

"Your face is familiar," I told him, "but I can't seem to place you. What have you done?" You see, I wasn't much of a screen



He's the screen's Oriental authority.



fan then, and so hadn't seen him playing the villain for Pathé or Famous Players, or in any of the many pictures in which he's been the wily Oriental; he has a remarkable wardrobe of Chinese costumes, as you probably know, and is an expert on Oriental make-up.

He mentioned the fact that he'd translated a number of Strindberg's plays; having been born in Sweden, it was easy for him to handle the language in which they were written. But I've never read any Strindberg.

Then he recalled his experience at Williams College, where he produced Sir Christopher Marlowe's "Jew of Malta."

Well, perhaps I'd seen him on the stage, in support of Viola Allen or Sothorn and Marlowe. I hadn't. Neither had I seen him playing with Laurence Irving, son of the late Sir Henry, in "The Daughters of Monsieur Dupont."

"Well, perhaps—that is to say, while I was studying in Boston when I was just a youngster I acted as night guard for a patient at a private sanitarium for a week, and when he escaped from me one evening I spent six hours looking for him. Perhaps——" Quite delicately he left the sentence hanging in mid-air.

"I was not the lunatic," I told him firmly.

It began to look hopeless. Had I by any chance ever been connected with a public school in Boston? Oland had spent three days tramping through Boston with portable scales, with a doctor who was weighing the school children. Another false hunch!

And then—but you've guessed it long ago, of course. He'd been the bicycle rider I untangled from the fence way back at that county fair in Middletown, Connecticut, in 1900.





As the fiery, impetuous Rafael, with Clara Kimball Young.

THERE are a good many character actors who are always chosen to represent a certain type; or, for whom, if they have the good fortune to be stars, certain stories are especially written just to fit their peculiar personalities. But there are not so many actors who are noted for unusual versatility in a wide range of character parts. You can think offhand of a few among the older actors, such as Tully Marshall, George Fawcett, Theodore Roberts—and even they usually manage to make their own personalities crop out through their whisker-and-wig disguises.

But how many versatile young men of real distinction can you name? Bert Lytell? Yes, I thought of him, and so did Bertram Grassby, when I went to talk to him on how the thing is done. For Grassby is one of the remarkable character actors of real versatility, as the following incident will indicate.

The author of "The Soul of Rafael" brought a famous writer to Clara Kimball Young's set one day, advising him to engage Grassby for the production of one of his novels. This gentleman said most emphatically, "Oh, I couldn't use him; he's a pure Latin type." Some weeks later, the two writers appeared on a set in which Mr. Grassby was playing a Scandinavian rôle, and Mrs. Ryan's friend exclaimed impulsively, "I must beg your pardon! I shall never yield to snap judgment again—*A totally different type was Quarrier in 'The Fighting Chance.'*" As a matter of fact, he was born in England.

A Creator of Characters

Grassby was very frank and very much to the point in talking to me about his work the day on which I called on him. Also he was very enthusiastic. For this grave, thoughtful young man, with the intense black eyes and quiet manner, can be impulsive and vivacious. It all depends on his moods. When perfectly at ease he is very lively company. He talks rapidly and gesticulates freely. On this particular day he was in a lively mood.

"I really don't like to play the ordinary, well-dressed young heavy," he began. "I don't care about just sauntering through society dramas. Personally, all that really interests me is to attempt a finely drawn characterization. By the way, it seems to me that characterization is more interesting even than the plot, when one sees a picture.

"Take the case of your personal friends—what interests you the most about them? Isn't it the combination of the many little things that mold them into what they are? Think back over your favorite books. Don't the great characters of fiction stand out in your mind as of really more interest than the plots which the novelists wove around them?"

"They do to me. That's why I want to create screen characters. That's why I don't mind if people can't remember how I—Bert Grassby—look, even if that isn't the best thing from the point of view of personal ambition. I want the casting directors to employ me, not because I represent a certain type, but because I can create many different types."

"And the secret of doing that—is there one?" I inquired.

"I think so," he answered. "I have worked it out for myself somewhat as follows. You can represent a distinctive character only if you have a concrete mental, visual image of that character. Make-up and costumes may help, but the principal thing lies here."



Photo by W. R. Scott

Bertram Grassby explains the method by which he is able to drop his own personality and become another person—on the screen.

By Fritzi Remont

He paused and tapped his forehead.

"To do this on the screen is curiously different from doing it on the stage. Let me give you an example.

"A good many years ago I was asked to play in 'When We Were Twenty-one'—to do the character of *The Imp*. I was so tickled at having the best rôle ever assigned to me up to that time, that I studied and rehearsed until I forgot everything on earth but *The Imp's* outlook.

"The first night opened at Albany, and in the tremendous scene in which *The Imp* is supposed to weep stage tears, I broke down completely and wept bitterly, giving immense realism. Did it take? Why, the audience laughed itself sick! I was terribly humiliated.

"I learned my first lesson in the technique of the stage by bitter experience.

"Some years later, when playing stock, I was told we would do the same play. They told me I was the ideal type for *The Imp*, that they expected me to give a wonderful performance."

"I tried to resign, but my contract wouldn't let me.

"I studied the thing out carefully, and played it deliberately. As a result I gave a technically faultless, workmanlike performance which pleased every one and received splendid press notices. I put absolutely nothing in it which was not correct from the technical standpoint. In fact, the New York papers said that there never had been another *Imp* like mine.

"But in motion pictures all that is different. We are not there to display a stage technique, but to throw thoughts on the screen. That's all we *can* do, because we can't use words. I think that is why Hayakawa so surprised every one in that never-to-be-forgotten play, 'The Cheat.' He came to the screen with no prejudice, without experience. The screen is not a new art—I object to that statement. It simply deals



Quarrier represented the finished, repressed villain.



Photo by Weibel

with acting in a different fashion. The camera is the *only* mode of expression which expresses thought, to put it crudely. On the stage we get a story across by means of *words*, do we not? Everything combines—the man's personality, stage settings, clothes, voice, intonation—all summed up they are only a setting for the spoken lines.

"In pictures we have eliminated everything, made everything subservient to thought. Those who do not understand this merely give pretty pictures to the public. They do not understand screen characterization. Look at the remarkable performances given by novices—portrayals which put to blush the acting of men and women famous on the stage. The novice is frequently so lost in her part that she no longer acts—she *thinks* herself the heroine. On the stage one may give a technically perfect performance while calculating on what the evening dinner holds in store. I have often had my mind occupied with the most trivial personal matters while playing tragic bits. You can't try that on the screen. That is why I call it the greater art. You hear it said of some one, 'Oh, he is wonderful on the stage! It will be a treat to see him on the screen.' Then—disillusionment." Mr. Grassby shook his head solemnly. He has a trick of emphasizing his words by the tap, tap of a very sharp lead pencil on the table.

"For making Rafael come to life" was the inscription which the author wrote in the book she sent to Grassby.

"But you were telling about how you visualize a character—" I interrupted to bring him back to the subject.

"Oh, yes, so I was," he replied. "Well, here's an example. I had to play the part of that repressed, finished villain in 'The Fighting Chance.' I wanted to make up just as readers of the novel had pictured that man. Beyond knowing that he wore a Vandyke beard, I had no conception of his appearance. I could not secure a copy of the book at public libraries or local book stores, for the fact that it was to be produced shortly had made people buy or borrow copies. My wife ordered one for us, and meantime I studied the script. I said to myself that there is some source which reveals every idea to every man. The right idea of this characterization had appeared to the novelist, and would reappear to me if I'd think it out. So I thought hard. Then I made up for the part while my wife was downtown shopping. I had let my beard grow for two weeks, but outside of that I had a good deal of study on make-up, the question of neckties, collars, and suits. When Mrs. Grassby arrived home late that afternoon, she said, 'Why, Bert, when did you receive your copy?' I was rather abstracted and said, 'Copy of what?'

"Mrs. Grassby answered, 'Of "The Fighting Chance" —I've just brought you one from downtown, too.' I explained that I had merely made up according to a conception which had just come to me, and when we scanned the illustrations of the novel, we found I was the very counterpart, in every detail, of the man whom I was to portray.

"I am sure that the character lead will supersede the handsome leading man. Notice the success Bert Lytell is attaining since he plays widely diversified characterizations. We have seen a half dozen handsome male stars flame in the cinema heavens and die out.

Mr. Lytell is willing to sacrifice everything for his rôle—that is why he is so tremendously successful. I would rather play that sort of part than be a handsome star with a fabulous salary.

"After I had played *Rafael*, the author gave me a copy of her book inscribed very gratefully to me, 'For making her Rafael come to life.' It was a great change from 'The Fighting Chance,' for *Rafael* was fiery-tempered, always gesticulating, showing what he felt. The other man's efforts were all toward showing the beholder what he thought without betraying himself outwardly by any unguarded action. It isn't what you do—but what you feel that counts on the screen. You may feel nothing but do a lot—on the stage.

"Suppose some one comes to you with a piece of very good news. You don't think 'how shall I express my joy?' Your face simply lights up without effort, you may step forward impulsively, clasp some one's hand—it's all unaffected, without effort. That is all there is to screen technique, but you have to think you *are* the man for whom you are cast—not act like that man.

"To my mind Mae Marsh was greater than 'The Fall of Babylon,' with her little, nervous finger motion, her hide-and-seek smiles and tears. And I believe that Ann Forrest, unaccustomed to tense emotional rôles, has given us perhaps the greatest picture of a tortured young girl ever seen on the screen. 'Dangerous Days' will soon be forgotten, but little Ann will live in the thoughts of all who saw her in that picture for many years to come."

"But won't all this require a new kind of director?" I inquired. "So many of them seem to make their

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Her First Love Affair

Bebe Daniels tells all about it, and also about her second one, to an old friend.

By Grace Kingsley

WHEN you look into her big, soulful, luminous, Spanish, brown eyes, you feel you are gazing backward into the romances of centuries.

I wrote that sentence down, and she looked over my shoulder.

"Bunk!" she observed with a shrug of disdain.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "is that the way for a new Realart star to talk? Besides." I went on crossly, "that *is* how I feel. I can't help that, can I?"

"Well, you can *try*," she laughed.

I was talking to and about Bebe Daniels, and I was trying to write down bits of notes between bites of strawberries and cake and sips of tea. She's quite statuesque, is Bebe, with wonderful eyes and red lips, inherited from her Spanish ancestors. But her looks are all a misfit. She doesn't talk in the least like a statue. She's full of Spanish vivacity, with a big Yankee sense of humor. Since I knew her before she was born, as it were—I played with her mother in a brook at the back of our house when we were both seven years

old—I suppose she felt that she could say anything she wanted to to me. That's the way with these youngsters.

"You better look out!" I warned her, "or I'll tell what you were doing first time I saw you!"

"Well, go on if you want to be mean!" said Bebe.

"You weren't a Realart star then, not by a good ways; you weren't any kind of a star. You were just the merest little bit of the Milky Way, and an awful cry-baby. And the next time I saw you, you weren't a star, either. You were just a little tom-boy of twelve, riding a horse bareback, with your hair flying out behind. You were making the horse stand up on his hind legs so as to scare your poor, dear mamma, and your poor, dear mamma was dividing her worry between what the horse was doing and whether he was going to let you fall, and the fact that your hair wasn't combed. It was as if she had said, 'Well, if the child must fall and kill herself, why won't she at least be neat?'"

"Well, anyhow," exclaimed Bebe triumphantly, "all that proves that I've got some life in me, and that I'm not the die-away sort of person that first sentence sounds like!"

"Oh, but you'd have liked the next thing that I was going to write," I retorted, "if only you had waited a minute! You do cramp my style so—jumping in with your slangy exclamations and everything, when I'm trying to make it all so pretty for you. You don't know that I know it, but I do, because your mother told me long before ever you or motion pictures were thought of. You're a descendant of the family of the Empress Josephine, wife of Napoleon Bonaparte! But what's the use of printing that, after you've gone and spoiled it all by using that awful word 'Bunk'! Can't you remember you're a picture queen, and the descendant of a real queen's family?"

"Well, I'll try," said Bebe meekly, "but not while I'm eating American ice cream. Come on, let's go for a ride in my new machine!"

And she jumped up from the table, dragging me away from those delicious strawberries and cakes.

We nearly hit a traffic cop at the next corner, but didn't turn around.

"Oh, look and see what we did!" cried Bebe. "I can't! See if we've killed him!"

"You can't kill a traffic cop!" I answered scornfully. "Did you ever hear of it's being done? You can't kill a cop unless you shoot him through and through!"

"No, but we might take a wheel off him!" answered Bebe.

All of which is of no importance in a dramatic interview except as it goes to show that, for speed, the



Photo by Northland Studios

She has wonderful brown eyes and red lips inherited from her Spanish ancestors.

Empress Josephine and her family, Bebe's ancestors, had nothing at all on Bebe.

"Where were we?" asked Bebe.

"Why, I don't think we've even begun!" I answered in an injured tone. "You wouldn't let me!"

"Begin at the beginning," suggested Bebe.

"Which shows that you know nothing about the art of interviewing," I answered loftily. "That isn't the way it's done."

"But I'll tell you something kinda interesting about my early childhood," wheedled Bebe, "stuff I've never told a living soul before. I'll tell you about my first love affair, when I was seven—and he won my heart by wearing a stiff collar!"

What woman ever resisted the lure of a love story, even one connected with an unromantic stiff collar?

"Well, you see it was this way," began Bebe, giving the car a lurch as we went around a corner that led down a long street and out into the sweet country, which was still green and flowery, though the California summer was beginning to send its hot breath over the fields. "I lived with my grandmother out on a ranch in Glendale, near Los Angeles, two whole years. I was in the long-legged, stringy stage between child parts and young girls, and mother thought I'd better get some schooling. I adored my grandmother, and do yet. She's just the grandest grandmother—I can see now why they call 'em grand, all right—"

I make it a rule never to let 'em talk too much about their relations unless it's about their husbands or wives or sweethearts—of course, everybody's interested in them—so I interrupted.

"I know, dear; but how about the sweetheart?"

"Well, he didn't exist at first. I liked boys to play with—didn't like girls at all—just couldn't stand the prim things. I was an awful tomboy, I guess. I used to lick all the new boys who came to school; the boys I played with kinda sicked me on. I remember once a new boy came to school, and after school I tried to pick a fuss with him, but he wouldn't quarrel. Then I climbed up into a tree and threw a rock down on him. He looked up and yelled, 'Come out of that, won't you?' 'I will not!' I answered. And then I slid down a bough right onto the top of his head, and he was the most surprised boy you ever saw.

I licked him, too, right then and there, but afterward we became the best friends. And it was the very next day my career as a fighter was ended. I was all feminine from then on, for I met my childish fate—met that lovely being in the stiff collar! I went to school all unsuspecting, and there he was, the cleanest thing you ever saw, and wearing that high, shiny celluloid collar! I had never seen anything like him, and I couldn't study my lessons. After that I was a changed being. I was actually so clean all the time you could touch me anywhere and nothing came off on your hands. Used to wear my best clothes to school. I'd steal back home and sneak in through my bedroom window to put on my best dress in order to win his heart. No, I don't remember his name at all. But I went back there afterward, since I became a picture actress, to visit grandma. I looked up and saw a truck coming down the road. And when I got near, I recognized my hero. A big, husky, red-faced man with no romance about him, who was driving that truck!"

"Well, of course, after that, life was never the same," I suggested. "You never loved again!"

"Well—er—not much!" said Bebe with a blush. Seeing the blush, I asked her about all those rumors concerning Harold Lloyd.

Bebe blushed again. And by the way, a blush shows on Bebe these days, she having grown a trifle less rosy than in the old tomboy epoch. And it seems that Bebe and Harold had what the minister's wife would call "a sort of understanding between them." Then suddenly Bebe realized that her career was really all she cared about for a few years yet. You see she was only fifteen when she met Harold. So she decided not to marry. Then came that awful accident by which Lloyd came near losing his eyesight, and Bebe went and watched by his side.

"And I made up my mind then," said Bebe, "that if he really did go blind—couldn't

work any more—I'd marry him and take care of him all the rest of his life. He's a wonderful boy, with a very brilliant mind and a very fine character. And he would need me. But he got well, and I went to work at the Lasky studio. But we're awfully good friends. And—who can tell, even yet?"

These Spanish women *are* wonderfully sweet, I decided to myself.

"What are you going to do with all that money you get from Realart?" I asked.

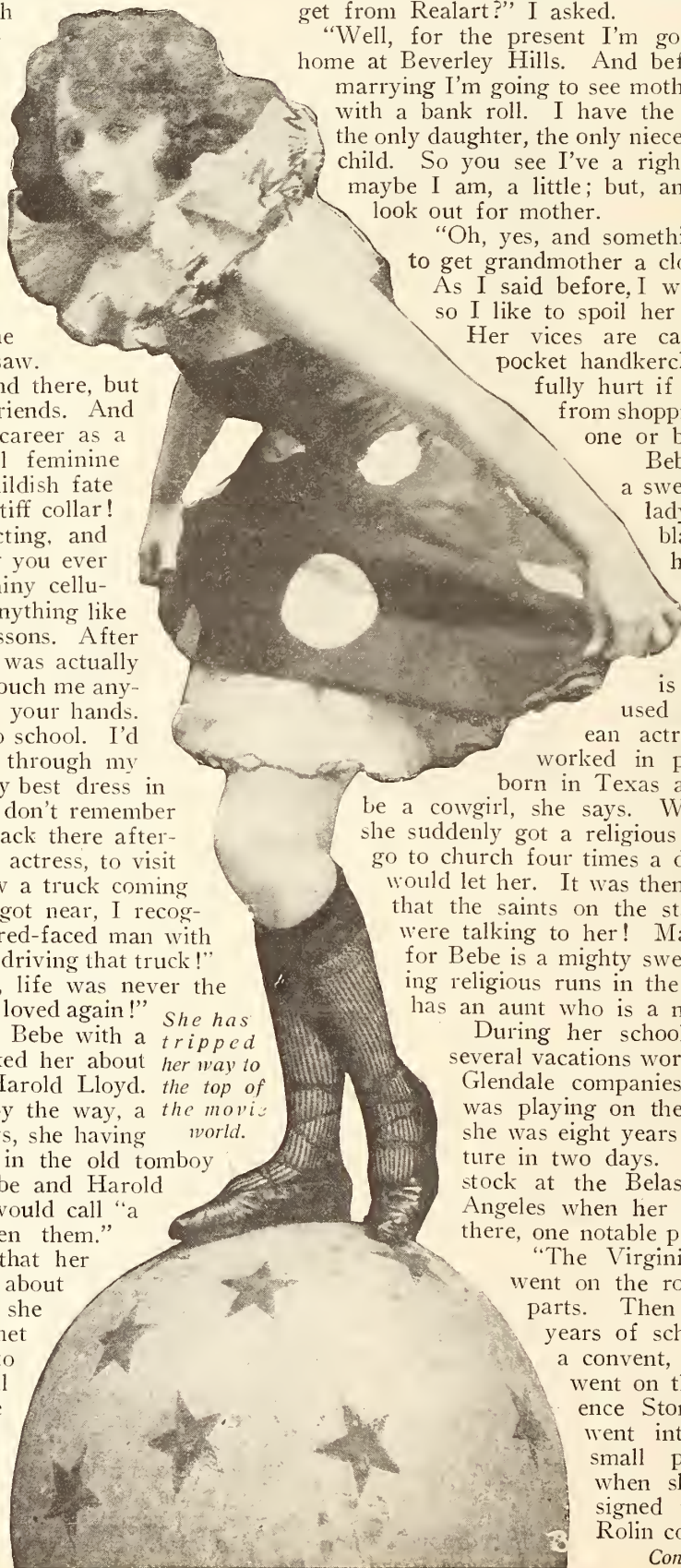
"Well, for the present I'm going to build a nice home at Beverley Hills. And before ever I think of marrying I'm going to see mother settled in life and with a bank roll. I have the distinction of being the only daughter, the only niece, and the only grandchild. So you see I've a right to be spoiled, and maybe I am, a little; but, anyhow, I'm going to look out for mother.

"Oh, yes, and something else! I'm going to get grandmother a closed car right away. As I said before, I worship grandmother, so I like to spoil her a bit for a change. Her vices are candy and expensive pocket handkerchiefs, and she's awfully hurt if when I come home from shopping I haven't brought one or both of these."

Bebe's grandmother is a sweet, little old Spanish lady with very bright black eyes and silvery hair. She has a way of making everybody around her mind, too. Bebe's mamma, you know, is Phyllis Daniels, who used to be a Shakespearean actress, and has lately worked in pictures. Bebe was born in Texas and used to want to be a cowgirl, she says. When she was seven she suddenly got a religious streak, and used to go to church four times a day when her family would let her. It was then she got weird ideas that the saints on the stained-glass windows were talking to her! Maybe they were, too, for Bebe is a mighty sweet girl. Perhaps being religious runs in the family, because she has an aunt who is a nun.

During her school years, Bebe spent several vacations working in pictures with Glendale companies, while her mother was playing on the road. Once when she was eight years old she made a picture in two days. Then she played in stock at the Belasco Theater in Los Angeles when her mother was playing there, one notable part being *Little Hal*, "The Virginian," and later she went on the road, playing juvenile parts. Then came another two years of schooling, this time in a convent, and later she again went on the stage, with Florence Stone. After that she went into pictures, playing small parts, until finally, when she was fifteen, she signed up with Pathé for Rolin comedies with Harold

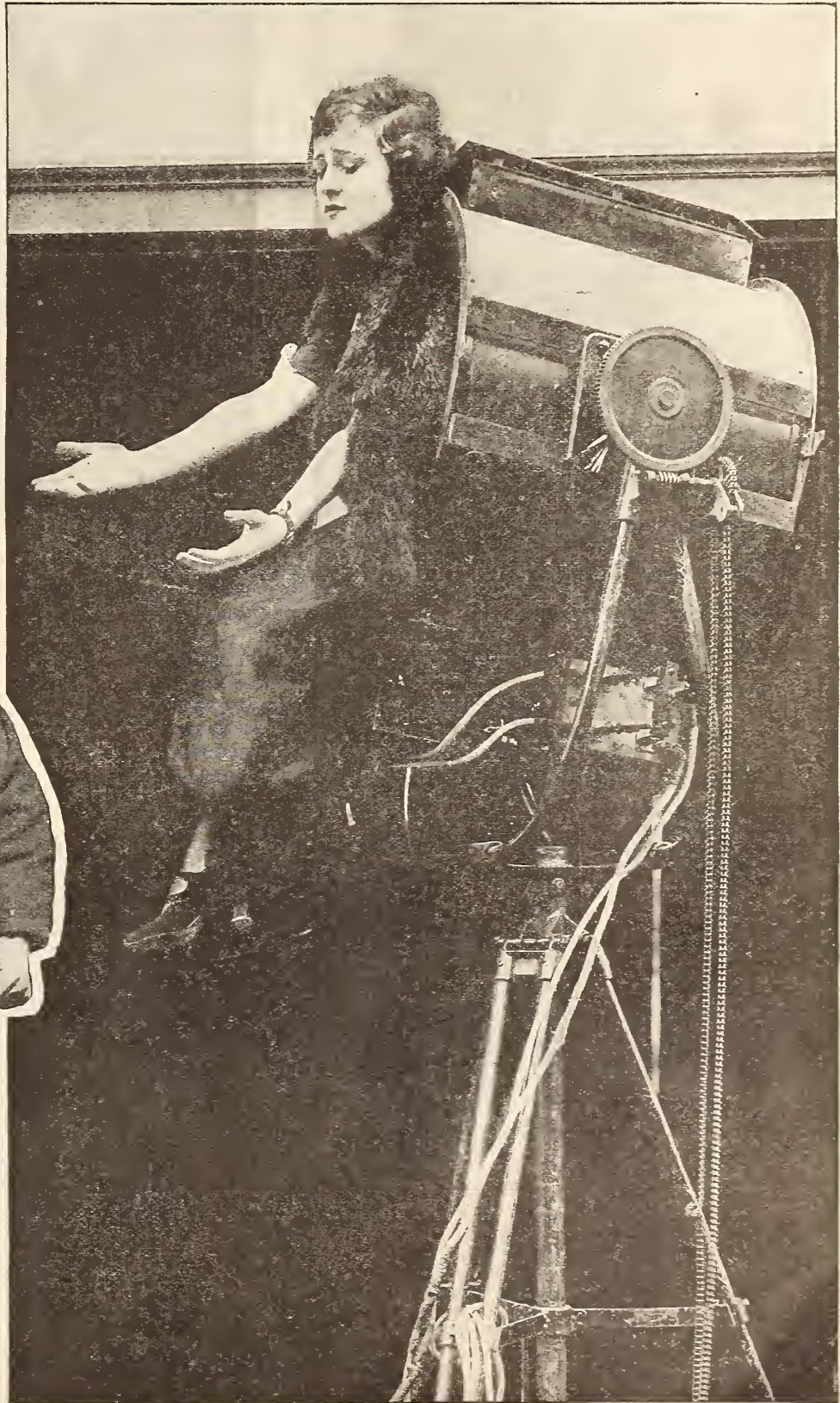
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Let's Be Light-Hearted

Midsummer is the time for frivolity, for smiling, and for keeping cool. So forget the heat and try to get a smile or a chuckle wherever you can. Perhaps you can get one from some of these pictures.

"It's such a fitting place for you!" declared the cruel person who tucked Sylvia Breamer into this sunlight arc and then refused to help her down. "But sunlight always puts starlight out!" protested Sylvia. However, we're of the opinion that not even the blazing rays of this big machine that puts real sunshine in the shade whenever an exterior scene has to be shot indoors, could extinguish the brilliancy of Miss Breamer's stellar performance in "Athalia."



A while ago we ran in PICTURE-PLAY a little story called "Let Hillyer Do It," in which the many talents of Lambert Hillyer, Bill Hart's director, were described at length. But when Hillyer saw it he slumped into his chair in disgust. "They never mentioned my pet stunt of the whole bunch!" he mourned. Here it is.



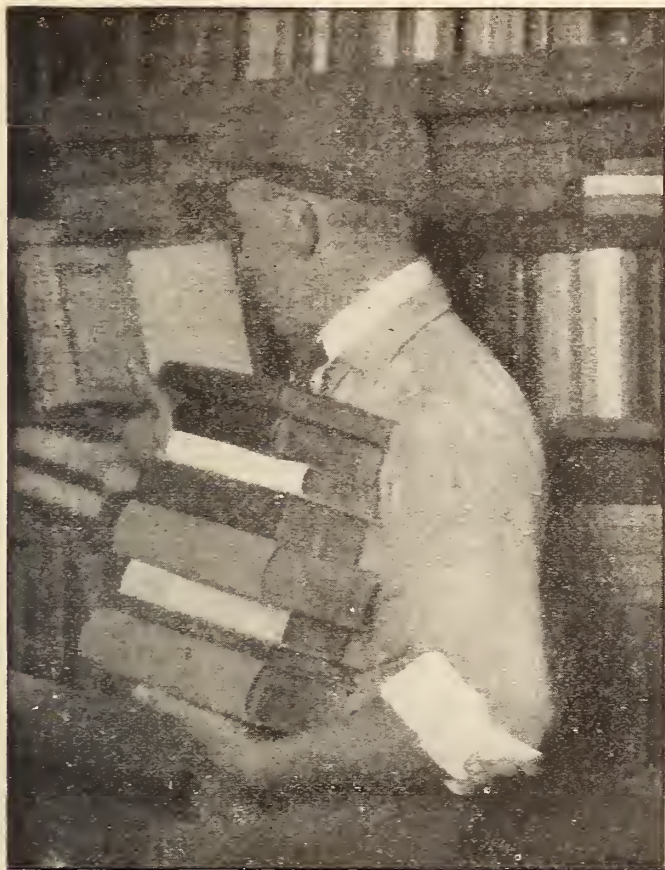
Harold Lloyd has helped many a young lady to rise in the world; Bebe Daniels, who used to play opposite him in comedies, and so gained her present position as a Realart star, was one of them. Here's her successor in Harold's screen life—Mildred Davis. Mildred wouldn't mind climbing the ladder of fame and landing up among the stars—but Harold chose such a *very* shaky ladder for her to practice on!

Don't remember him? Oh, yes, you do—you just don't remember him like this. Wait a minute—can't you recall being urged to go over the top—isn't there in your memory a picture of an earnest young man who told you all about the war firsthand before anybody else could get his thoughts into writing? That's it—Guy Empey. He's not in khaki any more, but has turned comedian, and is about to appear in "Oil," a comedy made by his very own company.

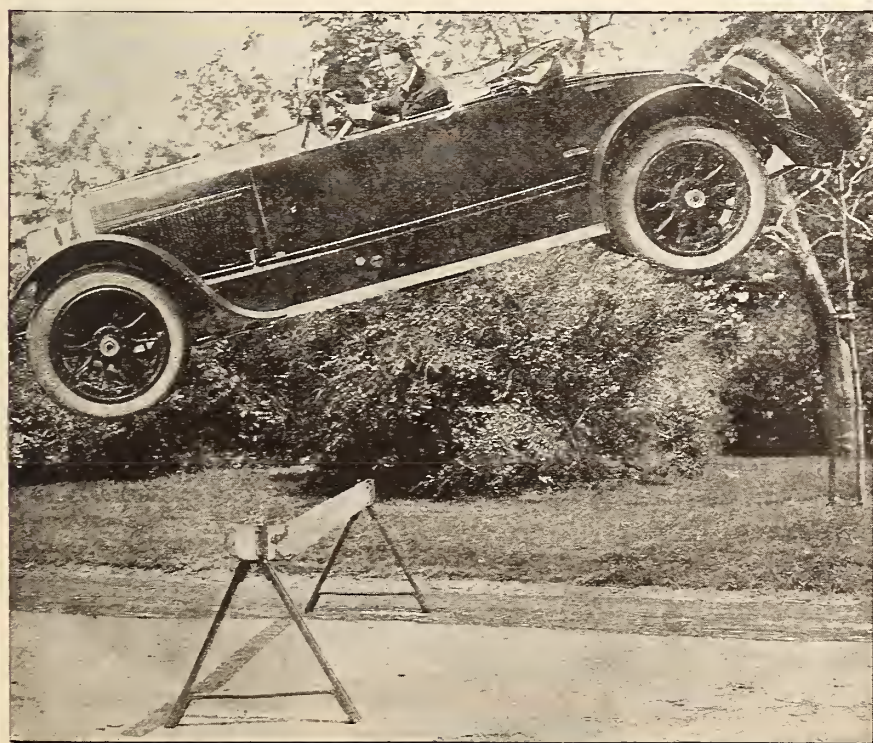


Funny? Not on your life! Fatty's being serious; it's just because he's usually so much funnier than anybody else that even when he's not funny you think he is. His dog, Luke McGlucke, is serious, too. In fact, the whole affair is a very solemn one, for it's been rumored, according to Teddy, the Mack Sennett Great Dane, that Luke's had an offer to head his own company and go abroad to make pictures, and the camera interrupted a man-to-man talk between Fatty and Luke about it.



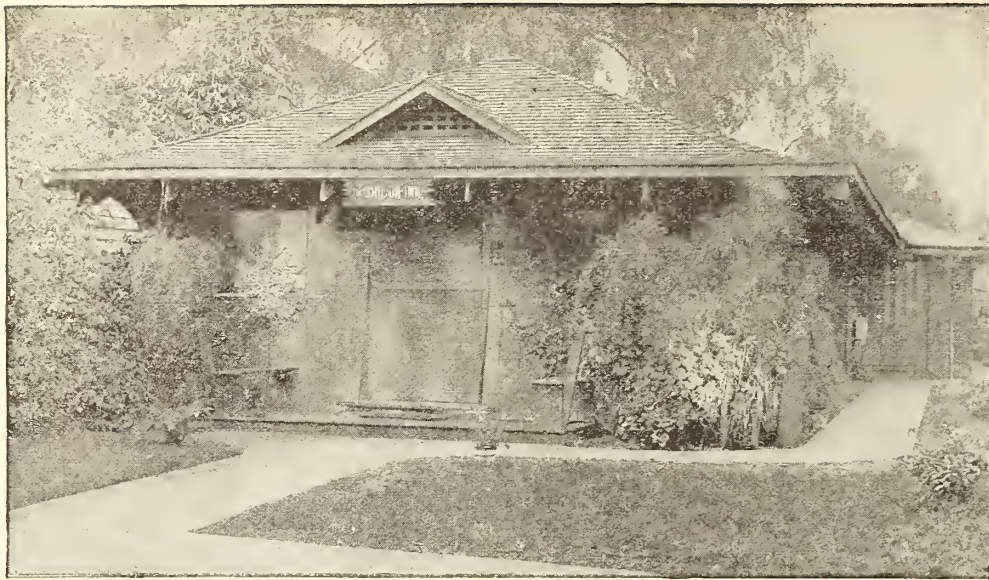


If you've envied the movie heroines' libraries, and thought you'd save up your money and have one, here's bitter disillusionment and a chance for you to waste your hoarded pennies on a spree of sundae. For here's a property man at the Goldwyn Studios showing you what a hollow mockery books can be. You see, this same property man was setting the stage for a library scene not long ago, and discovered that some of the actors had used one of these imitation volumes—marked "Love's Labor Lost," incidentally—as a hiding place for a flask of Scotland's best. Not a book escapes that property man now!



Cool as a cucumber is exactly what Mary Thurman is, and every time she realizes that she's now a movie star in Alan Dwan productions instead of a school-teacher, she's cooler still. You see, Mary used to teach school, and when this picture was taken she'd just finished a scene in a picture in which she's a school-teacher; the chubby lassie beside her was one of the scholars. And the difference between pretending to guide the younger generation and actually doing it is what brought that smile to Mary's face.

Daring of Eugene O'Brien, isn't it? Don't ask us how this stunt was done, because we can't tell you. If it *was* a fake, it was an awfully good one—but there's no particular reason why any one should think it was. And certainly Gene's done any number of things that called for far more courage than this; playing with five or six leading women in one picture, as he's been known to do, comes pretty near it, in our opinion.



It's just a brown-stained bungalow wedged among trees.

Come-On-Inn

That's the name of the tea room where most of the stars of Hollywood eat; its place at the head of this story is an invitation to you to join them at luncheon.

By Herbert Howe

SOME observing female has said that if you want to be disillusioned about a man, watch him eat. I say if you want to be disillusioned about a woman, watch her eat when you're paying the check.

The slicker the gloss of culture the further we slip toward the primitive when hunger stirs the emotions. The lunch hour of a working day is the time when humanity casts off affectations, and appears in naked character.

It is the hour, too, when the dumb speak, talking either of business, bargains, politics, scandal, the possible renaissance of beer, Mack Sennett's plan for simplified dressing, and the like. Nowhere, except at a beach, can one gain such an accurate idea of another.

In the Studiopolis of Calacinema during the hours from twelve to two you may get a very good cross section of stella firma—gossip and all—if you go to a certain restaurant. There, for the price of sixty cents, you obtain a soup-to-pie close-up of those in the celluloid set as they eat, drink, banter, and blow on their coffee. This resort bears a family resemblance to Polly's in Greenwich Village, save that it is cleaner and better barbered.

You would never notice it unless you followed a star at noon hour.

It's just a brown-stained bungalow wedged among trees. At first glance, you might take it for a bird house that

had fallen from the overhanging pepper boughs. Above the door swings the invitatory sign, "Come-On-Inn." Whole firmaments of stars in their yellow make-up accept its hospitality; for it squats conveniently in the hub of Hollywood, within strolling distance of the Lasky glass-tops, Christie's, Bull's-Eye, L-Ko, and within ten minutes' motoring distance of Brunton, Charles Ray's, Vitagraph, Jessie D. Hampton's, and the Hollywood studios.

Betty—I don't know her last name—is mistress of the tiny house. Her sister Hattie presides in the kitchen.

It was Chic Sale, the vaudevilist now doing



a turn in pictures, who told me of Betty's past.

"She was one of the best comedy women in the two-a-day," he informed. "She was with Mrs. Gene Hughes in an act that played over the same Orpheum time that I did for a year. She was the same as she is here—a comic waitress type—a sort of female Charles Ray."

"Who said Charles Ray?" The owner of that name called from a table in the corner. Hattie's culinary lure had captivated even Charles, who usually shrinks from all yellow-faced gatherings.

Betty, the proprietor of "Come-On-Inn," was formerly in vaudeville and appeared as a waitress.

"What are you going to have today, Chic?" demanded Betty, delivering a cloth-bound menu with one hand while with the other she placed a crisp salad before Wallace Reid. "I know Mr. Howe is going to have the whole lunch. He eats everything. I'us scared the first time he came in here for fear he'd die over-eatin'."

Betty regarded me with a far-stretching smile. She prescribes for the best stellar digestions, so what appeal had I for a toasted cheese sandwich on the heels of mince pie when she decreed "nothing doing!"

"You're eatin' altogether too much," she told Betty Blythe. "You're goin' to get fat, an' then what'll you do?—go to waitin' on table like me, that's what you'll do."

"All right," Miss Blythe meekly abandoned her hope of potatoes au gratin. "I'll just have the salad."

"That's the girl," said our gastronomic dictator, patting Miss Blythe on the shoulder. "You oughta be like Mr. Russell. He never eats anything 'cept ice cream at lunch, do you, Mr. Russel?"

Bill nodded. "But I make up for it when I come here for dinners, don't I?"

"This is the dearest place," intoned Katherine MacDonald, as she en-

There's a skylight in the sloping roof of the second room, giving it the appearance of an artist's studio.

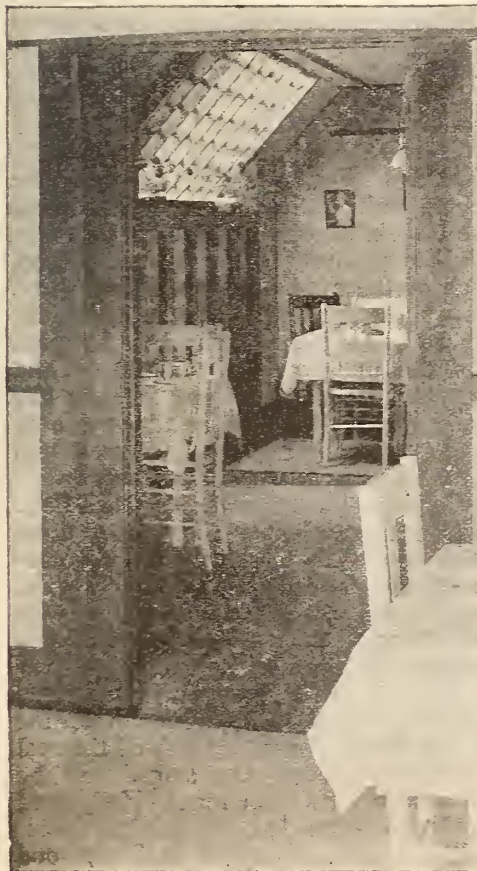


Photo by Apeda

Betty, like her bungalow, is unique.

tered wearing flat-heeled shoes, a plaid skirt, and black sun glasses. "The first time I came here I didn't dare touch a cigarette, the place looked so blue and white and pure."

"Ah, that's all right," assured Betty, duck-trotting toward the kitchen. "Everybody smokes here."

"All the places taken, Betty? I'll eat in the kitchen," volunteered zippy Ann May, leading woman for Charles Ray. Then, as she espied Mr. Ray in feasting posture, "Say, Charles, you'd better hurry back to the studio. They're waiting for you—and I want your chair."

If Betty were commercial she would enlarge the bungalow, but she likes its chumminess. Oftentimes the stars wait in line like buck privates for mess.

Mary Miles Minter, coming in with Monte Blue, was unwilling to line up, so about-faced out.

"I don't care," caroled Betty, with Tanguay nonchalance. "Miss Minter made me change the tablecloth the other day an' was uncomplimentary about Hattie's pumpkin pie, so I don't care."

Betty and Hattie hold the greatest stars in awe. Who knows whether or not there is going to be enough pie? To miss out on Hattie's pie is worse luck than to miss a week-end in Tia Juana.

By twelve-thirty, every chair in the three small dining rooms is occupied. It's a sunny place with yellow walls squared off by strips

of oak. The blue-and-white china and linen match the hue of the bluebirds which circle in painted form about the ceiling. There's a skylight in the sloping roof of the second room giving it the appearance of an artist's studio. On cool days a fire gossips and cackles in a big grate. The third room is very small. It contains a table for four, a wicker writing desk, and a wicker lounge covered with cretonne.

Clustered on the walls are signed photographs of film town's leading citizens, and new faces appear daily. You don't get a place in the gallery until you have qualified with several visits. Betty's particular about her walls. She honored Doug Fairbanks the other day by electing him for mural decoration.

"Anybody want to buy a wedding ring—only four years old?" This from Mae Bush, lately released from "The Devil's Passkey," by Eric von Stroheim.

"Hello, there!" called Rosemary Theby to me. "Have you met Teddy Sampson?"

Teddy glanced up mournfully. She had been relating the sad tale of the abduction of her phonograph. A cuckoo landlady took it because one of Teddy's friends while visiting the house put in a long-distance call and went away without paying for it.

"I know that friend of yours," observed Al Cohn, who plays around the Christie lot where Teddy works. "That friend would beat the Automat out of a lunch."

Upon the mention of the Automat, several ex-Gothamites dabbed their eyes.

"Dear, dear old Automat," sighed Jimmy Harrison. "How I wish I was there now!"

"What's that ex-vaudeville ham saying?" inquired

Mae Bush. "Do you remember the time, Jimmy, when I used to give you nickels to put in the slots?"

"Yes," said Jimmy. "And I was pinched for it. They were lead."

"It sure is a deceivin' place," moaned Fatty Arbuckle. "They got magnifying glasses over the food. You put a nickel in expecting to get a fat slice of mince pie and something that looks like a shriveled autumn leaf flies out at you."

"Hello Tony," Tom Meighan bellowed as Tony Moreno broke through the door, with the breeze of a matador chased by a motor-cycle bull.

"Hello Tommy, hello Rosemary, hello Ann—hello everybody!" Then to the the demi-sized Ann, "What's this I hear about you getting married and starred and—"

"Pinched," supplied mademoiselle May. "Only pinched—for speeding. Aren't those motor cops getting awful?"

George Stewart, Anita's brother, took out a little card with which he had been presented on the way to the "Come-On-Inn." It was an invitation to pay the city of Los Angeles thirty dollars. George can't resist playing with the muffler on his speedster and coasting down the hills at sixty.

Every one—I mean all the men—stopped talking to gaze at Lois Lee, who entered with Mabel Condon.

"She's too beautiful to be sane," remarked one young lady. "I'll bet she hasn't a brain."

"She ought to make a wonderful star, then," opined

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Wild Bronchs and Busted Ribs

Bill Hart contributed them—and other things—to his big rodeo.

By Paul H. Conlon

BILL HART with two busted ribs and Will Rogers with a brand-new straw kelly dangled their feet happily over the new board fence of the contest arena in the rootin', tootin' town of Forked City, where cowboys and horses were competing to outstick each other. Always they smiled broadly. For once they were on the outside looking in at the others risking their necks and general health. Bill had suffered the broken ribs in an accident only two days before, when he was kicked viciously by a frightened horse. He was riding double, back of the saddle, at break-neck speed down a mountain trail, when the limb of a tree smashed him in the face, blinding him so badly momentarily that he tried to slip off the horse on the mountainside. As he hit the ground the horse lashed out with its heels, and Bill got his. Therefore he kept a safe distance from the actual scene of carnage at the stampede, with Will Rogers to keep him company. Bill was the host; Will the guest of honor.

Antwerp, Belgium, has nothing on Forked City, Montana, which I must explain is one of those Western towns that Bill Hart causes to be constructed on his ranch in Hollywood, California, where he may reproduce his beloved West with its buckaroos, bronchos, and championship rodeos. Therefore, I might better say

For once in his life Bill Hart was on the outside looking in.

that Antwerp has nothing on Hollywood, for the Olympic games of the real West are staged on the two-gun man's Hollywood ranch.

All roads in Hollywood

led to Bill Hart's rodeo on that great day this summer when I was fortunate enough to be among those present. There have been big Western shows put on before in this neck of the woods, but Bill Hart's effort this time eclipsed all former events. For a few scenes in his next pictorial classic, which bears the working title of "O'Malley of the

This was the cause of a stampede that looked like a squad of marines doing a wall-scaling stunt.



little valley he would have sworn that he had landed in a Western town in the throes of a stampede or round-up celebration, such was the realism of the scene. Hundreds and hundreds of people were milling around "afoot," while gayly bedecked horses and riders gracefully picked their way through the jam of the sight-seers. Ancient buckboards brought families to the show. Hot-dog venders shouted their toothsome wares; peanut shells and popcorn covered the dust like a carpet; red, blue, and green balloons tempted the kiddies as they floated in bunches aloft clasped tightly in the grimy hands of their promoters; pink lem-

Mounted," the big Western screen actor had erected an entire frontier town as it would appear during the great celebration week of the annual stampede. Although only a few shots of bucking bronchos, steer riding, roping, and racing were necessary for the actual film—and this material could be procured in a day's work—Bill decided to make a real day of it, and invite the "general public." And, believe me, most of the "general public" accepted the invitation.

Besides the fifty or sixty cowboys who were contesting, more than one thousand "extras" had been employed for the street scenes of Forked City, and partly to fill the huge grand stand which had a seating capacity of two thousand. This building had been erected in front of the contest arena. Over a narrow, dusty, dirt road filled with chuckholes, came people in automobiles, people on horseback, and people on foot, from civilization three blocks away on Sunset Boulevard.

Never before did California sun shine down upon stranger sight. Down in a natural basin of a valley lies the town of Forked City, completely encircled by towering, sun-colored foothills. Against the hills beyond is Silver Lake, above which Julian Eltinge's home of beauty smiles down upon nature. But strangest sight was the hundreds of modern automobiles parked precariously on the hilly slopes o'erlooking Forked City. From the contest arena it appeared that the slightest jar of the earth would dislodge and send them hurtling down into the crowd below, but they clung tenaciously while their owners lolled comfortably in the seats, enjoying the fierce fights for supremacy between men and horses in the stadium.

Had an aviator who had lost his bearings in the vast spaces of the Milky Way suddenly dropped into this

onade made in the shade, sody-pop, and brick ice cream solaced the thirsty. And such was the thirst of the populace under that hot California sun that the happy gamblers in appetites had sold out long before the show came to an end.

To insure a big contest, Bill Hart had added to the stock by sending to the wilds of Nevada for more outlaw horses. In the corrals they waited, more than fifty of these game mounts—and there were more than fifty of the best broncho busters in the West eagerly waiting around the chutes leading from the corrals into the arena—waiting for the fun to begin. Cowboys are the best sports in the world. They are game to try to ride anything that walks on four feet, and yet they are never known to take an unfair advantage.

Lambert Hillyer, the director, started the festivities by signaling the band in the grand stand to strike up. With the music came an exciting sport, the cowboy potato game. In the center of the arena was placed a basket of potatoes. Cowboys armed with lances dashed up to the basket, speared tubers, and charged toward the other baskets which were located about the arena and guarded by other cowboy lancers. The attacking riders tried to drop the potatoes into the baskets, but usually a smart blow from the goalkeeper's lances would prevent.

Then came something to cause the inimitable Will Rogers to sit up and take notice—a lady roper. A cowgirl took the center of the arena long enough to demonstrate to an admiring crowd how to keep a rope twirling about one's person, meantime picking up a hat and coat which had been reposing upon the ground, putting them on, and never losing a twirl. Will was

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Photo by Evans Here's the young lady who's cut you and me out with Mae Marsh.

Co-starring with the Sandman

Mae Marsh has been doing it some time now.

By Grace Kingsley

MAE MARSH was rocking her baby to sleep. She had on a little old last summer's white dress, with a blue sash, and a dull-blue scarf trailed over her shoulders and down to the floor, its ends swishing to and fro as she swayed back and forth in her low chair. She was singing "Swing Low, Sweet

Chariot," in a perfect lullaby voice; not a marvelously beautiful one, but low and pleasantly monotonous, reaching the high notes only by humming. When she forgot the words she substituted a chant of "Mary's sleepy—sleepy—sleepy—" instead.

But the chuckling, gurgling morsel of humanity that was snuggled against her shoulder cast kewpielike smiles at me and refused to be enticed into slumberland, after the manner of babies the world over. She stretched out one fat, dimpled hand, and said unintelligible things about it, and then did the same with one foot. She began reciting a saga of babyhood, in which "Ma-ma-ma" occurred frequently. She blew bubbles, laughed at some secret joke, and made fun of me to her mother, I'm positive.

"I'm shocked to pieces at you, *rocking* a baby to sleep!" I told Mae; "I thought you'd bring her up in a nursery as scientific as a laboratory, and make her live by rule."

"Well, she does," retorted Mae, in the monotonous, lullaby voice. "But she's a mother-raised baby, nevertheless; she has a nurse and all the modern improvements, *but*—I rock her to sleep. I love having her with me. Back East, from the time she was a few months old, her crib was out on the sleeping porch beside my bed, and she always slept there. That's why she has such red cheeks."

"They're wonderful—but what about your coming back to the screen?" I demanded. "Why, people who've been your friends ever since you were in Griffith pictures are beginning to resign themselves to never seeing you again. What about it?"

"Well, maybe they'll be surprised soon," answered Mae, a twinkle in her gray eyes. "Then again, maybe I'll go on the stage; a play's been written for me. Still, I don't know—"

And then she began to sing again. Baby Mary added a little crooning note occasionally, and finally succumbed altogether to the Sandman's charms. I looked at Mae Marsh, serene, contented, somehow much more mature than when we all knew her as the wistful little wife in "Intolerance," the young heroine of "The Cinderella Man," the actress of great emotional power and promise, and wondered. Perhaps she'll go on and do the big work we're all expecting and hoping for. Perhaps she'll decide that, after all, she'd rather just settle down and be Mary Marsh Arme's mother.

Pretty—or Fashionable?

Mary Miles Minter is one and Constance Talmadge is the other—which are you?

By Louise Williams

THE other day I overheard a conversation between two women whose daughters were going away to boarding school.

"Madge is so easy to dress," remarked one of them. "Undeniably pretty, you know, and rather quaint; she can afford to wear what's becoming to her, and instead of fearing the days when she becomes a *débutante* I'm looking forward to them with positive joy; planning her wardrobe will be no ordeal at all. Why, I've known for years that when she gets married her wedding gown would be made like a pinafore she had when she was in kindergarten; nothing could be more becoming!"

The other fond mamma, gazing across the hotel piazza to the tennis courts where her daughter was disporting herself, made reply in a different key.

"Well, Suzanne isn't at all like that; of course, there's no doubt about her being pretty, but she's so well adapted to wearing fashionable clothes that it's impossible not to take advantage of it. Now, your Madge is the frilly, ruffly type—and Suzanne simply won't wear ruffles unless they're the latest thing from Paris—and I don't know that I blame her. She was just meant to be fashionable and let her prettiness take care of itself—and that's all there is to it."

Now, where do you belong? In Madge's class, or in Suzanne's? Or, if you want an illustration that's more familiar, are you like Mary Miles Minter or Constance Talmadge? Of course, I'm not attempting to claim that they exactly fit these descriptions; we all know that Mary Miles could wear Dame Fashion's latest creation most effectively, and that Constance would look pretty as a peach in her great-grandmother's bonnet, if she chose to put it on. Yet they fit these two distinct types admirably.

Furthermore, Constance recently indulged in a shopping orgy, preparatory to going to Europe with Norma. She kept New York's modistes awake nights designing clothes enough to last her till she got to Paris. And I'm sure you'll be interested in seeing some of the things she bought.

One of them was an evening gown; the kind of gown that every young girl of her type would love to have. Its chief beauty is in its long lines and the fabric of which it is made, and its only trimming is the fringe which edges the double skirt and the flowers brocaded into the material of the bodice. It's the kind of dress that you can dance in from twilight till dawn and never be bothered by having floating ends catch on somebody's fan. And the economical girl can buy the rather expensive fabric of which it is made without a qualm—for everybody knows that if you buy beautiful

It's the kind of dress you can dance in from twilight till dawn.

Photo by Marceau



materials and have them made so that they don't have to be cut, they lend themselves beautifully to being made over the following year. Finally, it's exactly the frock for a girl of Constance's type because it is so very smart—and if you're the kind of girl about whom people instantly ask, "What did she have on?" instead of "How did she look?"—well, you just have to wear smart frocks.

With this dress let's contrast one that Mary Miles Minter wears, and which is so admirably suited to her that you'd know whose frock it was even if it hung in somebody else's closet. It is beautifully frilly, to begin with; its sheer fabric is made even more ethereal looking because of the use of lace as an edging of the draperies. The look of airiness is achieved by the way in which the skirt is puffed out at the hips. And the charming quaintness of the bodice, with its off-shoulder effect, is what makes the dress so obviously suited to Mary Miles. The girdle of two-toned ribbon, with its little knot of French flowers, gives a most becoming bit of color.

A quaint, frilly frock that is perfectly suited to Mary Miles.



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

She could wear this season after season if she chose.

There's one more evening gown that you'll like to know about—another one of Constance's, which should be named "The old standby." You know the sort of dress—no matter where you're going it seems to be just what you want to wear. This one is black, but bronze or midnight blue is equally good. Made very simply, of net, with narrow satin ribbon used as edging and wider ribbon for the crushed girdle, it is just the sort of dress that the girl of eighteen needs for evening wear. And it will be so comfortable and so becoming that she won't ever want to see it sent to her mother's second cousin's daughter. Can't you just hear her saying, "But, mother, I've had *such* good times in that dress; can't I keep it just a little longer?"

The question of hats is rather an important one, especially for the girl who doesn't buy very many. If you're in Mary Miles' general class you'll delight in a hat like the little three-cornered one in which she looks so well. It's essentially her sort of hat—that is, one so well suited to her that she could wear it season after season, if she chose, and let no thought of fashion bother her. As a matter of fact, the three-cornered hat is unique in never being out of style; in some modification or other it is always with us. The one in which she is shown here is of velvet, its edges overcast with thread of a contrasting color, and the big tassel its only trimming. Needless to say, Mary Miles looks distractingly pretty in it—but then, she does in everything!

As for Constance and the ques-



Photo by Abbe

I suspect that this tailored sports hat is Constance's favorite.

tion of hats, when you see her on Fifth Avenue or lunching at the Algonquin or any of her other favorite haunts, she always seems to have on something that just came out of a bandbox. She's worn no end of unusually smart hats this summer, but sometimes I'm inclined to believe that one of her favorites is the little, tailored one that she dons for tennis or golf. And it's the type of hat best suited for sports wear; its down-turned brim keeps the sun out of your eyes, and an elastic sewed inside the crown and brought down under the hair keeps it on no matter how hard the winds blow.

Constance's tennis costume brings up another point that the girl who is going away to school can't afford to ignore—that of not having even a single blouse that hasn't a definite place in one's wardrobe. You'll notice that with her sweater she wears a white blouse whose collar fits outside the neck of the sweater as if the two had been designed to go together. Now, we've all seen girls who looked as if somebody had shaken their mother's rag bag and they'd fallen out, dressed just as they are; it's because their clothes don't belong together. So don't succumb to bargain sales and buy things just because they're specially priced; if they don't belong with the other things you'll wear with them, ignore them altogether.

Of course, you can't tell much about Mary Miles Minter's clothes by what she wears on the screen, because she nearly always appears in little, ragged frocks which, though they make her look prettier

than ever, aren't exactly what she'd choose to wear away from the studio. Constance, however, wears on the screen what she does in real life, and you'll see her in many a smart frock in her current releases. She clings always to the keynote of fashion; I don't believe she's ever worn anything that hadn't about it a suggestion of being fresh from the modiste's.

It is interesting in this connection to note the way these two girls do their hair. Constance, who wears hers short, has it done in little ringlets in the back; across the top it is marceled, and it comes down well over her forehead. Mary Miles draws hers back and twists it into a knot of curls.

Next month we'll talk about Anita Stewart's lovely frocks and lovelier self—all slender, dark-haired and dark-eyed girls please take notice—and all girls who are on the autumn bride schedule take still more—for Anita has some stunning frocks and some interesting theories about wearing them.

This kind of frock should be called "the old stand-by."

Photo by Marceau





A Cumberland Romance

The quaint love story of a little mountain girl.

By Mary Denham Monroe

IT was Easter's wedding day. If this were a fairy tale, this would be the end of the story instead of its beginning, and what a story it would have made! Clayton would have been the prince, of course. His city clothes, his perfect English, his manners—no jewel-studded sword or flaming crown could have made a fairy-story prince more different, more dazzling. Against the background of the uncouth mountain folk who were Easter's own people, her lover stood out, a vivid figure, a stranger from great cities she had never seen, a citizen of another world.

"An' he wants ter marry me!" Easter marveled to her mother. "You and Pap and Sherd Raines was all wrong—he would stay a while and then go off an' leave me, ter marry some city gal, you all said! An' you was wrong—all of you—he's goin' ter marry me, him who has seen automobiles—ter marry me, me he first saw leading home a cow!"

There was the old, old, woman pride in Easter's voice, the pride of every maid whose lover has sought her out to claim before all the world as his choice of women. It gave dignity to her gay exulting, just as the fluting bird notes in her voice made music of the harsh, barbarian speech.

"An' he'll take ye to the cities, too," her mother rejoiced for her. "Ye'll see great sights, Easter. He'll make a fine lady of ye. I reckon when I see ye again

—if I ever do—thet ye'll seem like a furriner yourself."

Her voice caught hoarsely on the last words, but she smiled bravely.

"No, I won't, neither!" Easter denied, catching her mother's knotted work-worn hands. "I'll never be a furriner. I—I wish we didn't hev ter go away. I—strange cities scare me—I reckon thet I'll always like it here best." She looked through the open door, up the stony path that twisted between the trees, up and far into the hazy-blue distance, the mystery of the Cumberlands. The slim fingers tightened around the knotted ones. "I reckon I'll always be—be kind o' lonesome fer the mountains."

For some time they stood silent; the mountain folk are not demonstrative, they always find it difficult to put into words any feeling that lies deep. After a while:

"It's kind o' funny, hain't it," the older woman said, "thet Sherd Raines should hev his first parson job a-marryin' you—him thet's wanted you so long, himself?"

"He'll do it all right," said Easter. "He's goin' ter try ter get Pap not ter have no corn at the weddin'—he's allus tryin' ter get Pap ter let the whisky alone."

They looked away again to the distant blue Cumberlands. They were no longer mother and little girl—it was Easter's wedding day, and she was a woman, too.

Down the stony path a half mile, the bridegroom was

looking, too, into the hazy distance, thinking of Easter. He turned at the sound of footsteps, and for a moment failed to recognize the awkward, raw-boned figure that filled the doorway of the little office shack. Sherd Raines, ill at ease in his new, cheap, black, poorly fitting "parson clothes," seemed scarcely the same powerful, silent figure Clayton had seen swinging along the lonely mountain roads.

"Good morning, Raines." Clayton smiled, the pleasant, friendly smile that had finally made the suspicious mountain people almost forget that he was a "furriner." "I haven't seen you for some time."

"Yer hain't seen me," Raines said slowly, "because I be'n keepin' out o' yer way. Fer some time I be'n considerin' killin' ye."

Clayton's steady smile did not flicker.

"Have you come to do it now?" he asked.

Raines shook his head.

"You got grit," he said. "I like a man what's got grit. I come to ax yer pardon—fer thinkin' about killin' ye. I—I thought ye didn't mean to do the square thing by—Easter. I'm goin' ter be a parson an' I'm a believer. The mark of Cain would 'a' been on me. But I'd 'a' killed yer."

"I always meant to marry Easter," said Clayton.

"Furriners don't allus mean ter," said Gaines. "An' I didn't know about ye. An' Easter's——" the man paused. "Well, I wanted to marry Easter, too," he said simply. "But she wants yer, an' yer mean ter do the right thing by her an'—an' it's all right. I—I wish yer well."

"I wish you well"—it was the mountain phrase used always with good-by. And this was Sherd Raines' good-by, not to Clayton, but to Easter, to the girl he had wanted all his life. Clayton had learned of chivalry in his small-boy days, he had learned fair play on his college football field. Sherd Raines had never heard of chivalry or college or football. But he, too, had his code of fair play and lived up to it.

"I wish yer well," he said to the man his girl was going to marry.

The wedding day was not a happy one for the bridegroom. On the noon train, his mother and sister arrived, and at the first glimpse of them, dressed as the women he had always known had dressed, speaking the tongue of gentleness and refinement that he had always heard, the uneasiness that Clayton had been pushing into far corners of his mind for all the months he had loved Easter came crowding to the surface. It was not that either of the women was outwardly disapproving—they were gentlewomen and they loved Clayton. This was his wedding day, and as he had wished them to be there they would play the game like thoroughbreds. But because they did love Clayton, though they could keep the regret out of their eyes and voices, they could not keep it out of their hearts. And because Clayton knew and loved them, too, he read what was in their hearts as plainly as though it had been in their eyes and their faces.

His loyalty to Easter, though, did not falter. He knew that under the uncouth ways and barbaric speech

she was as sweet and fine and true as these other women. He would take her away where she would no longer live in uncouth ways, where she would no longer hear the barbaric speech. He had already taught her much, and he would teach her more. Give her a year in the big cities with him to guide her—then with her beauty and natural charm polished and glistening with the surface gloss of refinement—oh, no, Clayton's loyalty did not falter. But his immediate courage did. He wished the wedding day were over.

And if he wished it with an uneasy foreboding at the railroad station, it was with a poignancy a thousand times intensified when he reached Easter's home. For Pap had come home for the wedding!

"I wisht he hadn't of come," Easter whispered to Clayton on the porch. "What with revenue officers all around, it hain't safe fer him. But he wanted ter see his gal get married, he sed."

"Oh, of course," said Clayton, wishing, too, that Pap had seen fit to stay in the distant mountains. He had never seen Pap, but he had heard of him, and he could not honestly welcome him as a wedding guest.

"Waal, so ye're the man my gal is goin' ter marry!" Pap, all cordiality, all hospitality, strode out of the mountain cabin, an uncouth shambling, dirty figure. "Shake hands. I'm your pappy-to-be."

Clayton shook hands. Pap favored him with a confidential wink.

"An' I've brung a jug o' corn fer your weddin'. No revenue officers here today, hey? Don't tell the parson, though. He's wuss'n a revenue officer. An' scrappy—say," he laughed good-naturedly, "the last time he started preachin' ter me 'bout how the corn wuz the only enemy I hed, I tried to put him in his place. He wouldn't be put thar, though." Pap grinned ruefully. "I don't know nothin' 'bout his preachin', but his fightin' is powerful convincin'."

Clayton introduced his mother and sister, realizing now what a grave mistake it had been to have them there.

"Howdy," beamed Pap. "Easter, Easter, here's some o' yer highfalutin' kin come to yer weddin'."

Clayton did not meet his mother's and sister's eyes.

"Wouldn't you like to go upstairs to Easter?" he asked.

Easter, he knew, would win their hearts with her sweetness and charm as she had won his, and perhaps they would believe it was not all the wretched mistake it must seem to them now.

So he led them up the stairs to the shabby attic room, where Easter was dressing for her wedding. Easter's mother, her hard, work-worn hands more accustomed to rougher tasks, was helping her, perhaps for the last time. There was rough gentleness in the way she fastened Easter's white dress, a gruff wistfulness in her harsh speech that was as real as the veiled hurt in Mrs. Clayton's. Across a gap of differing life, traditions, dreams, the eyes of the two women met in understanding. Their paths had led them in widely separated ways, their speech was as different as their clothing, but their eyes spoke the same language. Each read the other's thought—that she was losing her child.



"A Cumberland Romance"

Written from the Realart picture, which was based on "A Mountain Europa," by John Fox, Jr., and produced with the following cast:

Easter Hicks.....	Mary Miles Minter
Sherd Raines.....	Monte Blue
Clayton	John Bowers
Pap Hicks	Guy Oliver
Ma Hicks.....	Martha Maddox

Downstairs, the guests were arriving, the men, each leaving a gun outside on the porch, the women dressed in the strange fashions that their mothers and grandmothers and great-grandmothers had worn before them. Pap had evidently been pilfering from the guest jug. Gayer, noisier than before, he was circulating among the guests, urging them to drink with him.

"Your grooms-men," he introduced three uncouth, shambling lads to Clayton.

"Come on now, fiddlers," he ordered the musicians, "strike up. This weddin' needs some ginger."

The two fiddlers and the banjo player obediently struck up "Dan Tucker." Hands and feet tapped time and one couple shyly rose and began to dance. Finding that it was safe, another joined the first and then another Pap, assured that the wedding was being properly hilarious, slipped out to refresh himself.

The jug was not where he had left it, and, looking around, he saw the young mountain parson. Realizing that it was Sherd Raines who had hidden the whisky, he snarled a contemptuous threat to the circuit rider.

"Tryin' ter spoil the weddin', air ye?" he demanded. "Jes' becuz yer wanted Easter yerself. Well, ye ain't a-gettin' her, see? An' spoilin' everything fer me hain't helpin' yer to, neither."

"You don't want ter git those fellers in thar all drunk," Sherd urged, nodding toward the noisy dancers in the next room. "Let's give Easter a good weddin'."

"Hah, yer——" Pap began scornfully. But just below the eaves, across the room, he spied the hidden jug and reached it before Sherd could stop him.

"Yer tend ter yer marryin', parson," he advised shortly. "An' I'll tend ter the rest of the weddin'."

Raines passed back through the room of the dancers and on to the foot of the stairs, standing alone while the guests grew gayer and noisier every minute.

He did not know how long he had been standing there when Easter's voice roused him. She was in her white dress, her wedding dress.

"Thank yer, Sherd," she said, coming down to stand beside him, "fer tryin' ter keep Pap quiet an'——"

Raines shuffled awkwardly, ill at ease in his new black suit.

"An' fer marryin' me," Easter went on.

"I'm glad ye got Clayton," Sherd said simply. "I'm—glad ye got the man ye want. I'll—I reckon I'm goin' ter miss ye, Easter."

The girl caught a glimpse of his eyes, and she looked quickly away. They were the eyes of a dog, hurt, faithful to the end.

"I'll miss ye, too, Sherd," she said. "Ye—and the mountains."

"Well, good-by, Easter, good-by—I wish ye well." Pap's loud voice sounded from the other room.

"Let's git the marryin' over quick," Easter whispered nervously, "afore Pap gits ugly."

Sherd nodded, and Easter called her mother and Clayton's. But it was too late—Pap was already ugly.

As the women entered the room, Easter saw him passing the jug from one to another, no longer with an air of jocular hospitality. He was noisy, friendly, but just beneath the surface of the friendliness lay the threat.

"Come on, parson," he ordered Sherd, "yer stand here. An'—an' here, sonny, hev a drink with yer pappy."

"Not just now, thanks," Clayton declined crisply.

Pap's surface of friendliness was instantly scratched. "I sed, hev a drink—now," he repeated belligerently. Clayton said nothing, shaking his head in refusal.

"Say, ye're a hell of a son-in-law fer a mountaineer, ye air!" Pap snarled. "I knew what 'twould be like, hevin' a furriner in the family, ye——"

Pap drew a revolver from his pocket.

"Now will ye hev a drink?" he asked.

"Put down that gun and be careful." It was Raines who answered.

"Git out of the way, Sherd Raines," Pap ordered, "ef yer don' want ter git killed stid o' a furriner!"

There was a dead silence; the wedding guests



There was rough gentleness in the way she fastened Easter's dress.

The Screen in Review

A glance at some current releases, with special attention to the comedies.

By Peter Milne

IT is often said that the goals of comedy and pathos are so closely adjacent to one another that the author—and I will include the picture director also—who aims at one very often hits the other. This is true, at least, in the ordinary case of the man who would conceive or produce a comedy picture. His efforts very often go astray and the result is a sad effort at humor. Despite the fact that the elements of comedy and pathos are so closely related, the former is ten times harder of achievement than the latter.

The past month is notable, therefore, in that it has seen the release of a half dozen or more exceptional comedy productions. These range all the way from the light comedy plot and the specially constructed farce to the more boisterous humor of Mack Sennett and his company of professional funmakers. "Scratch My Back," the Goldwyn opus, in the production of which Rupert Hughes was an important factor as well as author, tops the former class, while the Mack Sennett high-water mark is established in his feature, "Married Life," in which Ben Turpin, the matinee idol of California, is the most conspicuous player.

Of "Scratch My Back," something has already been said in these columns. It is interesting to note again, however, the defiance of conventionality which runs throughout its subtitles. These are veritable gems of humor, provoking laughter by indulging in the gentle pastime of "kidding" the pictured action. Mr. Hughes is the person responsible for these illuminating comedy sentences, and a story goes around to the effect that after the picture's first showing the skeptics and the wise ones had it all figured that Anita Loos had written them. This was a great compliment to Miss Loos, but it must be admitted that she is not the only humorist in the picture business. If Mr. Hughes now felt inclined to give up writing fiction, I doubt not but that he could secure a job as title editor in any studio and command an enormous salary. And in "Scratch My Back" he has demonstrated that if an author of recognized ability so chooses he can benefit and add to his reputation through the screen—and not merely look upon it as a source for additional revenue.

You certainly cannot afford to miss "Married Life" (there is a delightful chance for a pun there, but I won't accept the challenge). I very seldom come out flat-footed, so to speak, and urge every one to see a certain picture that I think exceptional, for I realize



Photo by Abbe

You certainly cannot afford to miss "Married Life"—it is a perfect burlesque—the greatest of Sennett's pictures.

full well that opinions are as variable as the weather. And I have also heard a pair of very hard-boiled gentlemen argue over the excellence of "Married Life." But of these gentlemen all I can say now is that I regard them as close to the point of insanity.

"Married Life" is a perfect burlesque. First, Mr. Sennett provided himself with a coherent plot. It is one that many an old-timer will readily recognize as the foundation of a large number of "ten, twenty, thirty" melodramas. Its hero is *Rodney St. Claire*, a man's man, if you please, and in this rôle appears the serious-minded Ben Turpin. *Rodney* is the idol of the college football team in the first scenes and later developments show him as one of the city's social pets. Those of you with imagination sufficient to reconcile Benjamin with such a rôle will sense the great comedy possibilities of the picture and realize its superb quality of burlesque immediately.

Ben, or *Rodney*, is the victim of foul circumstance. A doctor's pretty wife writes a play that is given for charity, and she and *Rodney* appear in the rôles of the lovers. Their numerous kissing scenes anger the doctor, and later he decides, having been urged on by the villain, to operate on *Rodney*, and let the operation prove fatal. Of course, in the end virtue reaps its reward and *Rodney* is saved, the villain succumbing to his usual defeat.

Possibly the scenes of the charity play are the fun-



"The Figurehead" is quite the best picture Eugene O'Brien has made with Selznick—he has always wanted to do a story of this type.

niest of the picture, but in saying this I immediately lay myself open to more differences of opinion. Some people will like the football-game scene in which Ben Turpin is introduced with his head buried in the dirt. Others will point to the hilarious comedy thrills of the airplane scenes, and others the bits in which Ben is seen inflated with illuminating gas and floating through the corridors of a hospital.

But the play scenes have the advantage of another set of unusually clever subtitles. These are in the way of comments from Ford Sterling, who sits in the front row of the audience. The remarks are of the "kidding" kind, and Sterling certainly "kids" the life out of the play. The scenes on the stage are burlesqued to a degree, and Sennett has, as is his usual wont in staging such scenes, made them funnier by giving away the mechanics of the properties.

Supporting Benjamin X. Turpin in this greatest of Sennett's pictures are such well-known funmakers as Phyllis Haver, Jim Finlayson, Charles Conklin, Charles Murray, Kala Pasha, and Ford Sterling, already mentioned. The piece is billed as "Married Life, Not a War Picture."

Picturegoers will doubtless be interested in Wanda Hawley's first starring picture for Realart, "Miss Hobbs." Adolph Zukor, who is the grand mogul of Famous Players-Lasky, also has much to say in the policy of the Realart concern. Mr. Zukor, therefore, robbed his Famous Players outfit of a most popular leading lady and by the process gained for his Realart pictures a star of promise in Miss Hawley.

In the routine of expressing an opinion heretofore I believe I have more than once stated that I object to the haphazard process of making popular leading men and women of the screen into stars. They very often are not fitted for the stellar job, and

because of the difficulties of the new work sometimes lose strength and with it popularity. More often than not these new stars are not matured and ripened sufficiently to hold down their new positions. I could go into details and mention names to prove my point, but will refrain.

Miss Hawley was not, to my mind, a potential star, but "Miss Hobbs" seems to prove that my mind was wrong, for herein the blond Wanda displays ability that she never displayed before. Miss Hobbs is a man-hater, and the little plot relates the manner in which she was won by a member of the hated species who deliberately set out to accomplish her defeat. Harrison Ford—and I do hope they won't make him into a star, for what would our poor feminine luminaries do then?—who has given of his best to practically every lady headliner on the screen, appears as the man giving the star magnificent support, and there are many superbly played comedy scenes between him and Miss Hawley.

Aside from this "Miss Hobbs" has been given a decidedly unique production by Donald Crisp and benefits by some very good comedy by-play by Jack Mulhall, Walter Hiers, Julianne Johnson, and Helen Jerome Eddy.

The three productions mentioned above hit the comedy goal squarely. There are a number of others recently released which hit it also, but not immediately, and often stray into the commonplace. It is worth noting that Selz-



In "Sick Abed" starring Wallace Reid, the laughs come thick and fast.

nick's "The Desperate Hero," starring Owen Moore, and Universal's "Alias Miss Dodd," starring Edith Roberts, miss it altogether despite the fact that careful aim was obviously taken. Neither of these pictures has the necessary ingredients of successful comedy. "The Desperate Hero" is woefully lacking in story, and the burden is thrown on Mr. Moore, who, while willing to assume it, is unable to bear its weight. "Alias Miss Dodd" had the benefit of an attractive farce idea by the clever Edgar Franklin, but the idea was treated unsympathetically in the production, and there is hardly a laugh in its five reels.

Then there is "Heart of Twenty," with ZaSu Pitts. Here is a picture filled very full during its final two-thirds with most amusing character comedy and our old friend "heart interest." The first third of the picture is absolutely impossible. It is dry, void of consequential action, and stocked with close-ups of Miss Pitts. Then, presto, at a certain point the action jumps to excellence, and the



Douglas Fairbanks thinks "The Mollycoddle" his best picture.



details of the mayoralty campaign in the small town are delightfully amusing.

A word about Miss Pitts in passing. She made herself prominent appearing in rather small parts in features by effecting a great awkwardness. The contrast of her work with that of the pretty ingénues with whom she played was striking and amusing. And now the screen has lost a very excellent comedy character actress, and in her stead appears ZaSu Pitts, star. And I for one would prefer the old order.

Lest readers will think me an old crab, unwilling to see any new names in the electric, I will hasten to add that Douglas MacLean had every right to become a star. His latest picture, "Let's Be Fashionable," in which he shares honors on the billing with Doris May, gives still further evidence of that fact. Mr. MacLean is a sure comedian and in addition is good looking and full of varieties of "pep." I predict that a year from now he will have few superiors on the screen.

"Let's Be Fashionable" is a farce, a little bit too strained to be quite perfect. A young married couple discover that they can't be fashionable in a suburban colony unless they pretend to be in love with other men and women. Desiring to be in the social swim, they proceed to gather to themselves affinities, and the ensuing complications are full of comedy. I didn't enjoy the scene of the milk being poured in the automobile radiator, but otherwise it all went as very good comedy with me.

Douglas MacLean's latest picture, "Let's Be Fashionable," gives evidence of his right to be a star.

"Sick Abed," starring the well-groomed Wallace Reid, is another comedy containing the same disease as "Heart of Twenty"—a bad beginning. It is

broadly farcical in plot and requires a lot of explaining to establish its characters in an altogether unreal but amusing situation. This explaining is very dry, but after they have succeeded in forcing the hero to pretend to be sick so that he will not be called to testify in a divorce suit, the laughs come in thick and fast. The best piece of comedy is perpetrated when a physician comes to take the hero's temperature. The nurse first thrusts a piece of ice and then a hot potato in his mouth, and the M. D. is amazed. He tests his heart next, and the nurse plants a kiss full on our hero's mouth, with the result that the beats are quite abnormal.

The nurse, incidentally, is played by Bebe Daniels, and she is very cute. Mr. Zukor, I might add, has recently done with her as he did with Miss Hawley. She is to be starred by Realart. And she may fool me even as did Miss Hawley. I hope so.

Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture is "The Mollycoddle." I find myself quite alone in the opinion that it fails to measure up to "When the Clouds Roll By." Mr. Fairbanks thinks it his best. Tom Geraghty, who wrote it from a Harold McGrath story, thinks it his best. Many critics think it his best. I must go on record as differing emphatically with them. They will point out to you that it uncovers some clever characterization by the star in its early reels, and that this is a sufficient substitute for the usual Fairbanks stunt comedy.

But I can't reconcile myself to accepting Mr. Fairbanks as a character comedian, no matter what they say. I want to see him doing his stunts. And in "The Mollycoddle" I don't see him doing them until the very finish. The avalanche down the mountainside—one of the most spectacular scenes ever photographed—and the fight with Wallace Beery provide the opportunities for the always effective brand of comedy and thrills for which the Fairbanks company is noted.

It's a bit unusual for William Farnum to appear in comedy, yet this is what he does in "The Joyous Troublemaker." And, barring several efforts of a demon subtitle writer to ruin the action, the picture is altogether delightful. The hero this time sets out to woo a strong-willed young lady who has every reason to dislike him, and the manner in which he carries all his points by—figuratively speaking—treading all over the young lady's tootsies is a constant laugh. Louise Lovely is the girl in the case, and her many scenes with Mr. Farnum are filled to the brim with laughter. I can't forgive the subtitle writer, though. He used, "You tell 'em, Bell, I'm

phony," and told the villain to eat the "currents" in an auto battery if he was hungry.

I enjoyed Eugene O'Brien in "The Figurehead" very much. It is quite the best picture he has made with Selznick. Mr. O'Brien has always wanted a story of this type. I once heard him say that he would like to play the part of a rich man who made good, instead of a poor man who pulled himself up in the world. "An idler with a lot of money deserves just as much, if not more, credit for proving himself than a poor man," he said.

Evidently his idea was communicated to John Lynch, the author, and "The Figurehead" resulted. It is a stirring story of a society man who was placed on the ticket for mayor by political bosses who entertained the idea that they could wind him around their fingers. But the fellow decides to fight for his rights, and in the end he finds himself mayor after a hard, clean fight.

Mr. O'Brien plays the rôle for all it is worth and makes an undeniably fine impression. Anna Nilsson is the girl and the other parts are well played. There are some stirring election scenes and the mob stuff is excellently handled.

Harry Carey's "Human Stuff" is a rehash of old plot material that has a difficult time registering as very interesting. Its best scene is the old one of the prodigal son entering his home with a laughing jag on. Where the prodigal succeeded in finding the real old stuff that would so affect him is a part of the picture left unexplained. I also liked the shots of the sheep grazing, but I didn't think much of the climax when the hero rescued the heroine after she had been attacked by two villains in rapid succession.

"Madonnas and Men" is a very lavish production of a story that has the identical number of holes you'd find in a large sieve. No one knows the number of holes in a sieve and no one knows the number in this story. I am surprised that such authors as Carey Wilson and Edmund Goulding would permit such a plot. There are many scenes that interest purely because of their spectacular appeal. I have reference to the scenes in the Roman stadium and again the flashes of a typical New York "roof" show in which Miss Evan Burrows Fontaine is seen dancing. Also spectacular is the scene of Miss Fontaine undressing behind a translucent screen. I fear that this delightful bit will come to grief at the shears of heartless censors.

An interesting fact about the picture is that a Roman
Continued on page 87



The burden of "The Desperate Hero" falls on Owen Moore.

The Most- Detested Man

Eric von Stroheim has made his place in the world with a burden of hatred on his shoulders.

By Martin J. Bent

THEY hated me; every one in Los Angeles detested my very name, with the exception of the girl I was engaged to, and her family. And now I'm glad they did—glad they passed me in their motors and didn't ask me if I wanted a lift, as I was walking the eight miles to Universal City. For it made me more determined than ever to succeed; nothing in the world could have stopped me."

Now, I can't tell you what color Eric von Stroheim's eyes and hair are or how tall he is, or any of the usual things—but I shall always remember his face, as he talked to me that day—for mere features don't matter when determination and loathing change a man's face as they did his.

"I had been ill, and spent my last thirty dollars in paying the doctor," he went on. "I had no money, no food, no friends. But my fiancée talked with her family about me, and they asked me to come and stay with them until I was on my feet. And she said that she would marry me if I could make good in a year. In a year—and I had not been able to do it in thirty-three years!

"I had played the part of the German officer in 'The Heart of Humanity' before I was ill, and that was one reason why every one hated me so. They felt that because I looked the type I must be that sort of man. They knew that I was Austrian and had served five years in the Austrian army—that I had been five years in the American army also made no difference. I had had six years' experience in pictures, so I thought it best to try to succeed along that line—it seemed the most possible.

"And so I went to work. I wrote a story—'Blind Husbands,' which I called 'The Pinnacle.'" He paused and smiled, glancing down at the cigarette in his hand. "For two nights and a day I worked steadily, just as



"He looks like a German—of course he is one!" was the comment caused by his rôle in "The Heart of Humanity"—and the cause of much hatred of Von Stroheim.

if I had been driven by something not within me—and I had two cheap cigarettes to smoke. I cut them in half, and smoked them one puff at a time, putting them out after each one. And when at last I was through I knew that I had a big story—one that would go. But the question of finding a producer who would agree with me was another story.

"My last work had been done at Universal. Mr. Laemmle was in Los Angeles at that time for a few days, on business, so I decided to take my story to him. And, as I had no money for car fare, I walked

each day for three days to Universal City, waited in the anteroom of Mr. Laemmle's office to see him, and then walked home at night, unsuccessful. Nobody spoke to me there in the office, except once when Mr. Laemmle, passing through, stopped to tell me that he remembered my work in 'Blind Husbands' and that it had been very good.

"The third morning he stopped again and asked me what I wanted. When I told him he took me into his office, so that I could tell him about my story. He wanted to know how long it would take me to tell it to him. I said 'Fifteen minutes,' though I knew it would take much longer than that. But I knew that a quarter of an hour would let me know whether I had won his interest or not. And he told me to come to his home that evening and tell it to him.

"So I did. And I had been right. At the end of the first fifteen minutes Mr. Laemmle was acting with me as I told the story, acting first one rôle and then another. And when I had finished—at the end of two hours and fifteen minutes, as it happened—he said 'How much do you want to make it?' I knew I had won."

The rest of the story of the making of "Blind Husbands" is not a pretty one. The killing of a dog that had been used in some of the scenes of the picture, so that they would have to be retaken, the efforts even of some of those who were on the pay roll to interfere with the making of the picture, the mutilation of the

final print after it was ready to be sent East—those are details that make for melodrama rather than pleasant reading.

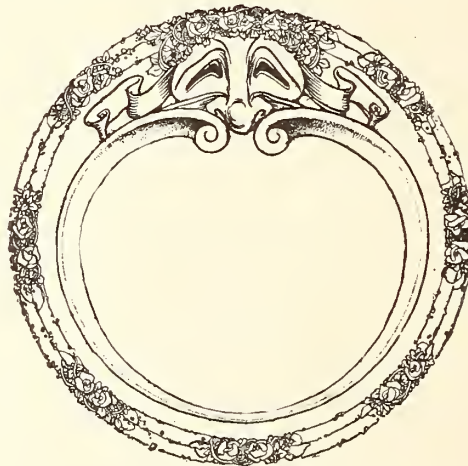
"It may sound like a press-agent story when I tell you that when my second picture, 'The Devil's Pass Key,' went to the laboratory, my assistant and I sat by with loaded Winchesters day and night until it was ready for me to bring East with me," Von Stroheim said. "But it is the truth. I would have been willing to kill any one who had interfered. So much was done during the making of that picture—it was worse than when I made my first one. I will never work again under such conditions; digging ditches would be better."

However, things promise to be different under his new contract with Universal. And the plans for his next picture are most interesting. It will have a foreign background—Monte Carlo; Von Stroheim intends to specialize in stories of the Continent, with diplomats and palaces and double-edged intrigues accelerating the action.

"And you made good in a year," I reminded him as I rose to go.

"Yes—and am to be married very shortly," he answered with a laugh. "The girl in the case is still of the same opinion."

And, though I can't give you any better idea of Von Stroheim's looks than you can get from the accompanying portrait, I'm sure you'll agree with me that it would be a wonder if she weren't.



Last Night

By Alix Thorn

I SAT and watched the leading man,
And wished, as maidens may,
That I might try his car, with him,
Most any kind of day,
Or join the dance that then was on.
His ways are taking, quite.
His eyes met mine, my heart was stirred,
Upon the screen, last night.

And Aunt Amelia, next to me,
Was all attention, when
The hero's uncle played his part,
One of the older men.
"I like his face," I heard her say,
"And what he says is right.
He's prematurely gray." And how
She smiled and glowed, last night,

While dad and mother almost wept,
As proper parents do,
To watch the children on the screen
Down by the ocean blue.
"Such cunning tads, such natural ways,
And weren't they both so bright?"
They talked about them all the time
As we walked home, last night.

So everybody's satisfied,
Yet odd it seems to me,
What others find upon the screen,
And go again to see.
The heart appeal will draw us all,
And surely well it might.
We smiled and sighed at different things
Upon the screen, last night.

Over the Teacups

Fanny the Fan retails gossip on the way to a bullfight, and forgets about tea.

By The Bystander



FANNY and I were off for Tia Juana—with Fanny driving. Now, that means more than it looks as if it did. In the first place, Fanny's the sort of driver who lets not her right hand know what her left hand doeth; she shifts gears in the most nonchalant fashion, and then says in sweet surprise, "Oh, that is reverse, isn't it? I always forget and think it's high." That's so consoling when you find yourself gently settling back into a ditch! She maintains, as far as possible, the speed Wallie Reid does in his racing pictures when he's trying to out-distance the Limited and win the girl. And she talks all the time. That's one reason why she wanted me to desert the rest of the crowd and drive from Coronado Beach down to Tia Juana with her—so that we could gossip—on the way to a bullfight, too!

As for Tia Juana—if you've ever been a tourist in San Diego, California, you know it well. It's just nicely over the Mexican border, and it's not what you expect at all. Oh, yes, they have bullfights and gambling of all sorts there, and have never even heard of prohibition, apparently—but somehow you expect it to be terribly picturesque and wicked, and your main impression, if you're at all like me, is one of souvenirs made in Toluka, Kansas. However, all the screen

notables flock there, and so does everybody else.

"Well," began Fanny, as we sped along over the road from Coronado, where we'd been imbibing cool drinks, and looking at the ocean, "what have you got to say for yourself? Last time I saw you, at that beach party, you jumped on me for saying Dick Barthelmess was engaged. And then somebody shouted at us to come down to the fire and showed us a wire announcing that Dick was married."

"I know—I apologize," was my humble reply. "And by way of making up for it I'll tell you all about the wedding—a friend of mine in the East saw Lillian Gish just afterward, and she said Lillian told her that it was very impressive; Mr. Griffith told Lillian—he was the only motion-picture person there except the principals. He said little Mary Hay looked very lovely in her wedding gown, and came down the aisle on her father's arm—he's Colonel Caldwell, you know, and was in uniform—and that it was a beautiful ceremony. It was performed at the Church of the

Yes, it's really Lillian Gish, in evening clothes. And to her right stands a New York society leader, who has a part in "War Down East," in which Lillian appears thus clad in purple and fine linen.



Photo by Evans

This is Cullen Landis' pretty sister, Margaret, who's well started on the way to fame as a screen actress.

Heavenly Rest, in New York, and just a few people were there. Dick had some of his college chums for best man and ushers, and he and his bride couldn't go away for a honeymoon, because they had to go right on with 'Way Down East.' But this friend of mine saw them out at the Griffith studio, and she said they were a perfectly ideal bride and groom, and that the way Dick looked at Mary would make a fortune for him if he could do it on the screen."

"Well, I expected it right along," declared Fanny, in her most superior manner. "I was in New York when Mr. Griffith took his company there for the opening of 'Broken Blossoms,' and when I asked Dick if he was glad to get back to New York he said most enthusiastically that he was—'glad to get back and see all the fellows and my girl'—as he put it. And I asked if he was engaged, and he said he was, but that it was a secret and please not to say anything about it. And he was worried to death for fear Mr. Griffith wouldn't let him go back and play in comedies opposite Dorothy Gish, because people had grown accustomed to seeing him with her, and if another chap got the job the public might forget all about him. Isn't that funny, when you think of all he's done since then?"

I agreed that it was.

"'Way Down East' is going to be interesting for more reasons than just because of its cast," declared Fanny. "I mean besides the people like Lillian Gish and Dick Barthelmess and Creighton Hale and the rest of the stars. Mrs. August Belmont's in it, you know—one of New York's big society leaders—one of

the first ten of the four hundred, I suppose you could call her. Her father's in it, too, and Evelyn Walsh, an heiress from Colorado. I think that's awfully thrilling."

"So do I—but I can match it," I retorted; gossiping with Fanny is exactly like playing checkers. "Monroe Salisbury has two celebrities in embryo in 'The Barbarian,' the first picture that he's making with his own company. They're Ann and Michael Cudahy, the son and daughter of the Kansas City packers—you've heard of the family, certainly."

"Well, even if Monroe Salisbury had the Queen of England in a picture with him I don't believe I'd see her; I'm so glad that he's coming back to the screen that I'd hardly notice anybody else. But I insist on telling you one more thing about 'Way Down East'—Lillian Gish has a chance in it to wear regular, dressed-up clothes; aren't you glad? I've always wished she would."

"She's following the general tendency to do something different, then; seems to me all the stars are trying it now. I suppose you know that Madge Kennedy is going back on the stage and has her own company now—which isn't so very different, of course, from what she has been doing; I do want to see what sort of stories she'll select for herself, though."

"Speaking of going back on the stage reminds me of how worried I am about Thomas Meighan," remarked Fanny, so distraught that she let a Ford pass her. "You know, he skipped off to New York a while ago, and David Warfield, the grand old man of the stage, who's never allowed himself even to think of going into the movies, is there, too. And they're great friends—Tommy was on the stage with Warfield in 'The Return of Peter Grimm,' which is to be revived this fall—and I'm afraid that War-



Monroe Salisbury comes back to us in "The Barbarian"—and with him come Ann and Michael Cudahy, children of the Kansas City packer, who appear in the picture.

field will persuade Tommy to desert the screen and go back to the stage altogether."

"But he has a contract—he's being starred," I protested. "He couldn't do that."

"He could do anything he wanted to," retorted Fanny gloomily. "And Will Rogers said—oh, wasn't it too bad about his little boy?" she broke off suddenly. "I mean that youngest one's dying of diphtheria. Why, I was at the midnight show on the New Amsterdam Roof, in New York, the night Will came out, swishing his rope around his feet and chewing gum like mad, and announced that baby's birth, about two years ago."

We drove along quietly for a moment; Fanny's always been very fond of the Rogers children, and didn't seem to care to talk any more. And then she began again, as abruptly as she'd stopped.

"Have you met Cullen Landis' sister Margaret?" she demanded. "She's the prettiest thing; she was Henry Walthall's leading woman in 'The Confession,' and had important rôles in two of Anita Stewart's pictures, 'Harriett and the Piper' and 'Sowing the Wind.' Her husband's a director—Bertram Bracken—and I believe she has a big future ahead of her."

"Well, speaking of futures, what do you think of the people who are going to take Gloria Swanson's and Thomas Meighan's places in De Mille productions?" I demanded. "They surely have bright ones. Ann Forrest is leading woman in 'The Other Wife,' the next De Mille picture after 'Something to Think About'; she's had quite a bit of experience, you know—was in that picture of Houdini's, 'The Grim Game,' and had quite big rôles in Goldwyn's 'Dangerous Days' and in 'The Prince Chap,' with Thomas Meighan. She's ever so different looking from Gloria Swanson—short and very blond; she was born and brought



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Winsome Madge Kennedy plans to return to the stage and form her own company for making pictures; who said the stars lead easy lives these days!



up in Denmark, you know. And Forrest Stanley is to succeed Meighan."

"Oh, I'm so glad—I remember seeing him in stock a long time ago, before he left the stage for the screen. He's had lots of experience in pictures, too—he ought to do wonders under De Mille's direction."

I agreed with Fanny that he ought. "Ora Carew's going to be featured, too, in William De Mille's picture, 'His Friend and His Wife,'" I went on. "And I'm expecting her to blossom out wonderfully; she used to be in comedies, you know, and was in vaudeville, too, before that. And then she was in Universal pictures later. Just imagine what she'll be able to do now."

"Uh-hum," agreed Fanny, as we crossed a muddy little river that was almost dry.

"Oh, did you go to the benefit performance of 'Arizona' that the Motion-Picture Post of the American Legion gave? Well, you missed a great occasion. Everybody in the film colony was there in his best bib and tucker. It was a revelation—a real-star cast, with Clara Kimball Young, Bessie Barriscale, Fatty Arbuckle, Theodore Roberts, Howard Hickman, Bill Desmond, Sessue Hayakawa, Tom Forman, Monte Blue, Sylvia Ashton, Charlie Murray, Edward Sutherland, Ruth Renick, Bryant Washburn, Lewis Stone—

Here are Dick Barthelmess and his bride, Mary Hay—never has Dick looked more devoted, no matter how ardent the scenario asked him to be.

oh, whose car is that, just ahead of us? Let's hurry and pass them—it looks to me like somebody I heard something about, and if that's who it is, it's true." With which cryptic utterance Fanny sent us hurtling up the road in pursuit of a foreign roadster, and all gossip ceased.



Fade-Outs

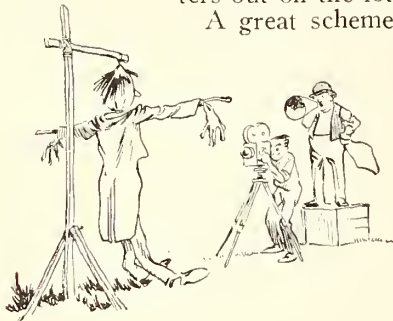
By Harry J. Smalley

SKETCHES BY
H. L. DRUCKLIEB



Sounds Possible.

We know an actor who, in order to side-step the tediousness of focusing lights, et cetera, allows his director to use a dummy to take his place during these necessary preliminaries, while he saunters out on the lot and rolls a fresh one.



A great scheme! But, whisth—they do say that one afternoon, by mistake, the dummy instead of the actor got into the picture, and no one noticed the difference for half an hour!

Scared Sober.

Human nature is peculiar. We, personally, are human, and we possess a peculiar nature.

If the Prohibition Party had told us that hereafter we mustn't ride on a street car, chances are we'd be building them in our cellar.

Be that as it may—in this cellar of ours we have of late been conducting certain laboratory experiments with corn meal, brown sugar, and raisins.

Last night we saw Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." We viewed the things that are likely to happen to a gent who monkeys with home brew.

Our still is stilled forever!

Shudderful to Contemplate.

"The More Excellent Way," starring Anita Stewart, is a story of a girl who followed her convictions and all but wrecked three lives.

Goodness Us!

Just from FOLLOWING her convictions!

What would have happened if she had caught up to them?

He May Not Wear Them But He Causes—Suits!

"Jenny Be Good" is "a tale of twists and romance that proves Dan Cupid can't be worsted."

By Heck, that's right.

Every time we feel a serge in our heart and cotton to Cupid, he pulls the wool over our eyes.

At That—He'll Be A Good Comedian!

An ordained clergyman, Rev. Geo. Le Roi Clark, has quit the pulpit to be a screen comedian.

Some ministers will do most anything to keep people away from the movies.

Oh, It'll Come, All Right!

With so many jabbing gents horning in on the picture game, why not attach nifty monickers to them as we did in the good old days of the padded ring? F'r example:

"One-Reel O'Brien."

"Dukes McNally, the class of the five-reelers."

"Kid Spavins"—Serial Champ.

(Now We Cry When We Can't Think Of One!)

Every day the movies help us. Watching Ann Luther ooze briny tears through six reels of "Neglected Wives" was as good as a sea voyage to us.

Yessir—Ann wept nearly as much as we did when we told our first falsehood.

But that was long ago, when you and we were young, Maggie.

Somewhat Astramentaceous, As It Were.

By omitting the "k" in "A Manhattan Knight," the title would have come closer to fitting the picture.

Most of the scenes were unshown in utter blackness, and you know how black utter is.

All we can remember seeing was George Walsh losing his pance—as usual.

Shown On Asbestos Screens Only?

Goldwyn refers to "The Woman And The Puppet": "The fiery Farrar in a sun-drenched exotic romance of hot-blooded Spain!"

Bills We Love:

—Hart.
—ie Burke.
Greenbacks.

Bills We Dislike:

Gas—
Rent—
Grocery—
—ie West.

Do You Remember When.

F. X. B. received one hundred thousand votes in a screen magazine for "portrayal of character"? Gosh!

Random Remarks.

Suggested by Current Titles.

"The Deep Purple."

Has fled from a million noses.

"The Stolen Kiss."

GRAND Larceny.

"The Great Air Robbery."

Stealing a copy of the "Congressional Record."

"Leave It To Me!"

Oh, will you, John D.?

"The Wonder Man."

Every woman's first husband.

"The Devil's Claim."

"Never had a frozen water-pipe in My place!"



And This Reminds Us:

That griseous old sourdough survivors of the '98 gold rush will be some startled at what is pulled off in "The Spell Of The Yukon."

Not a drink guzzled in the whole picture!

A hootchless film of those hectic days seems to us a parallel to a performance of "Richard The Third" with Dick omitted!

—o—

Song: "Adonis Died Poor."

(Dedicated to Will Rogers.)

A featured star is he, without
The features of a cutie.
His greatest feature is a brain
That surely is a beauty!
His features prove that he is not
One of those pretty creatures;
He's featured in the features for
His acting—not his features!

—o—

Regarding A Certain Comedian.

We did not care for him.

Perhaps this was because we saw Chaplin before we saw the Certain Comedian.

We admit however, that if we had seen the Certain Comedian before we had seen Charlie, our feelings would have been different.

Yep—we'd have stopped going to the movies!

Well, anyway, the Certain Comedian has now discarded his Charlie derby and baggy pance; his Chaplin shoes and cane, and is now endeavoring on his personal merit.

We have just seen one of his Chaplinless films and—

Read that first line over.

It still goes!

—o—

Ask Dad: He Knows!

The theme of "Blind Youth" is that the eyes of the young are ever closed when they should be open.

If the author had been a in-a-manner-of-speaking happy young father, we betcha he'd have reversed that theme!

—o—

Our Own Rhymed Reviews.

("Simple Souls")

Molly Shine was so full of dreams she couldn't hold a job. Dad was full of brandy and her Ma was full of sob! "I am a shine!" said Molly, "and I think I'll change my name!" And so she wed a nobleguy; The Duke Of Wynninghame. But after giving Duke her duke she met the Dukeses' Sis. Who looked at her, then asked the Duke: "Great Heavens! What is this?" Then Molly saw her set and his were sep'rate as the

poles. And so she simply ran away upon her simple soles! But it would never do, you know, for Fate these souls to rend. He found her? Of course, he did—Clinch! Fade-Out!

Then—
(The End!)



And That Reminds Us:

Before the movies came the Kentucky feud was wont to bust out and pursue its hobby of homicidal extermination through generation after generation—some-times for a hundred years.

Nothing like that now.

The deadly fifth reel kills off the most feudist feud that ever feuded! Did you ever hear of a film feud that lasted beyond the fifth reel?

Neither did we.

—o—

Ask Your Cat!

Nothing so rapidly and completely cops our capreolus as to read a star-interview in which is highlighted his idiosyncrasies and his from-weird-to-nutty likes and dislikes!

F'rinstance; we've just been reading that Norman Kerry possesses an aversion to cats. "Well," as Nero snapped at the Chief of Rome's Fire Department—"what of it?"

So have fish, for all we know!

If it had been us interring that view we'd have gone right out and got the cat's side of it.

Y' can't tell—maybe the cats care not for Norman.

—o—

Page Metro.

One of our favorite indoor sports is digging up directorial anachronisms and smearing them into a paragraph.

Not that it's any of our business when a director skids, but it is our business to build paragraphs.

So let us consider "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

What we at first took to be human zebras in the prison scenes turned out to be incarcerated gents in striped uniforms. All this was supposed to have happened ten or twelve years ago in the days of bread-and-water, solitary-confinement, and naughty wardens; which was all right, and sartorially correct.

But the lady actors in the film were all attired in 1920 apparel. How come?

—o—

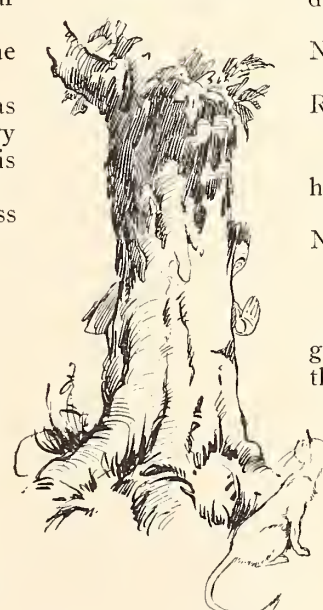
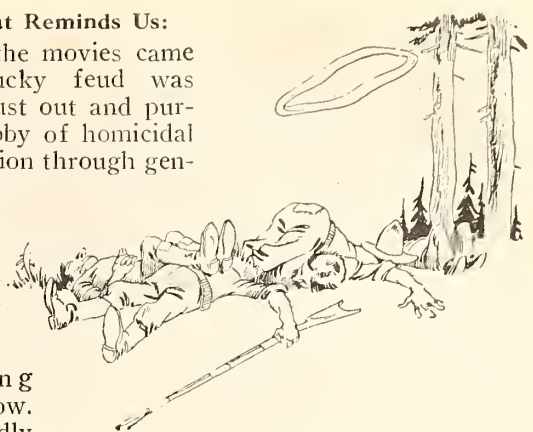
A Step Into The Future.

In "Uneasy Feet" the action of the play is carried entirely by the feet; no subtitles—not even a foot-note. The anatomy of the actors is never shown above the knee.

To many of the optience, watching this pedalplay was a new sensation, but to us, who worship at the feet of the bathing-beauty drama, 'twas no novelty. We have formed a habit of never look—but we digress, as usual.

What we started out to say was this: If the idea spreads to the larger skylights, in another year, instead of raving over the Pickford curls, we'll be eating up space with rhapsodies and rap-ideas anent Mary's ankle.

Continued on page 95





In her latest picture—"The Stolen Kiss."

IT was summer on Broadway—summer expressed in shimmering heat waves that wilted the crowds in front of the baseball bulletin in Times Square, and a change of signs in the windows of the white-front restaurants, from "Old-fashioned wheat cakes" to "Old-fashioned strawberry shortcake"; strange, the way New York prizes that word "old-fashioned."

It was matinée day, too—and the sort of crowd that hadn't seen the season's successes earlier in the year thronged the sidewalks. Motion-picture actors, back from the Pacific coast for a brief stay and eagerly making up for their dramatic famine; women from out of town, whose husbands, adorned with convention badges, proclaimed with sheepish grins their discomfort at going to the theater in the afternoon; occasional variety in the form of groups of girls on their way to "The Gold Diggers" or "East Is West" for the third or fourth time—all sauntering along, staring at each other, stopping eagerly when a famous actress' car got caught in the traffic jam and permitted a close-up glimpse of her—just Broadway on matinée day.

Lots of them were on their way to see Constance Binney, the little Realart star, who was just winding up a successful season on the stage in "39 East." So was I. But they were to see her from out front, while I made my way back to her dressing room in the Shubert Theater, and found her discussing the question of luncheon, while the woman who acted as her dresser gave frantic warning that "It'll be 'Overture' in a minute, and you won't be dressed!"

"Well, that's all right," retorted Miss Binney calmly, kicking off one pump and thoughtfully regarding the egg that lay on her dressing table. "We had such a time buying that egg—it's my luncheon, you know," she went on to me. "A playwright was with me, and we went into a drug store, and he said, 'We're going to a play and we want an egg.' The clerk was quite convinced that we were going to throw it at somebody, but he finally got it for us—and now I've got to eat it quick; I'm hungry. Only I can't fix it—I haven't any spoon!"

The dresser began to rummage wildly in a wardrobe trunk which blocked

Back-Stage with Con

Quite unconsciously she unburdens

By Louise

the way to the washstand and took up most of the floor space; despite the fact that this room used to be Julia Marlowe's, and is one of the star dressing rooms of the theater, it is tiny and inconvenient.

"Well, use the shoe horn." The other slipper was kicked off, and Miss Binney began on one stocking. "I really don't see why I should change—these pumps are exactly alike! Now, what *do* you suppose small women do about stockings?" she demanded of me, suddenly. "I simply can't get any that fit; I bought these at the children's counter. Not that I have such small feet"—which wasn't

*"I'd be a mountain if I ate."
Do you believe it?*



Photo copyrighted by Moffett, Chicago

The term "heart high" just fits her.



Photo copyrighted by Moffett, Chicago

Constance Binney

her soul to an interviewer.

Williams

true; she has. "But they don't seem to be the right size."

The raw egg arrived just then, in a glass borrowed from Henry Hull, the leading man, who has been playing opposite Constance Binney in the long run of "39 East," and opposite whom her sister Faire will play next season on the stage. The egg arrived without salt, and it looked—well, there's just one word, which isn't a word at all, that properly describes it. It looked woop-goozaly, a term surviving my college days which, if you say it slowly, has untold descriptive power.

"Oh, well, she'll just bolt it," I reflected with a shudder as Miss Binney pushed her curly, brown hair back from her face and bound a towel around her head. But she didn't; she sipped that yellow mass delicately, lingeringly, with all the gusto with which you'd take to fruit punch on a blazing hot afternoon. And then—

"I simply *love* raw eggs," she commented, setting down the glass with a sigh. "That's all I eat for lunch."

"All—always?" I demanded in surprise.

"Oh, yes—I'd be a regular mountain if I ate," she made calm reply. Reflect on that, all ye who make a bee line for the kitchen every night before going to bed, and finish up the cold chicken and iced coffee and rolls and cake and berries that resisted your onslaught at dinner. No boxes of chocolates and hours in a hammock on lazy afternoons; no coffee with lots of cream and sugar,

She's been playing "39 East" on the stage all season; soon you'll see her doing it in pictures.



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

All she has to say about love is, "bah!"

and waffles and buttered toast on snappy wintry mornings. Now, how'd you like to change places with Constance Binney?

She was putting on her make-up when I returned to earth, and I want to rise and protest publicly and with fervor against the law that lets her do it, or the exigencies that demand it. For Constance Binney needs no adornment whatever. She is wise enough to know it, and except when she's working in pictures or on the stage her really beautiful complexion is unpowdered and unrouged. She has tiny dimples, two at each corner of her mouth, to which the camera never does justice. She has very beautiful dark blue eyes, and a firm little chin that's a keynote to her whole character. And she's one of those charmingly *little* girls—about whom somebody once coined the phrase "heart high," and it fits her perfectly.

She chattered on as she smeared her face with cold cream and then carefully wiped every speck of it off; somehow, she made me think of a child playing with the cosmetics on its mother's dressing table. She's young about everything, though; she bubbles over with enthusiasm and positive opinions and the assurance of youth. The world's just a nice little old ball tied to a string, like those elastic-tethered ones that children bounce against the backs of passers-by. May she never grow old and staid and stolid!

"An interviewer asked me this morning what I thought was the greatest thing in the world," she

Continued on page 85



Lois Wilson skiing at Big Bear for pictorial purposes.



Conrad Nagle had a lot of fun out of doing "Athalie" at Lake Tahoe, on top of the American continent.



"A Fool and His Money" took Eugene O'Brien out into the snow—but it happened at a time when he'd rather have stayed in by the fire, unfortunately.

Scenario vs. Weather

By Selma Howe

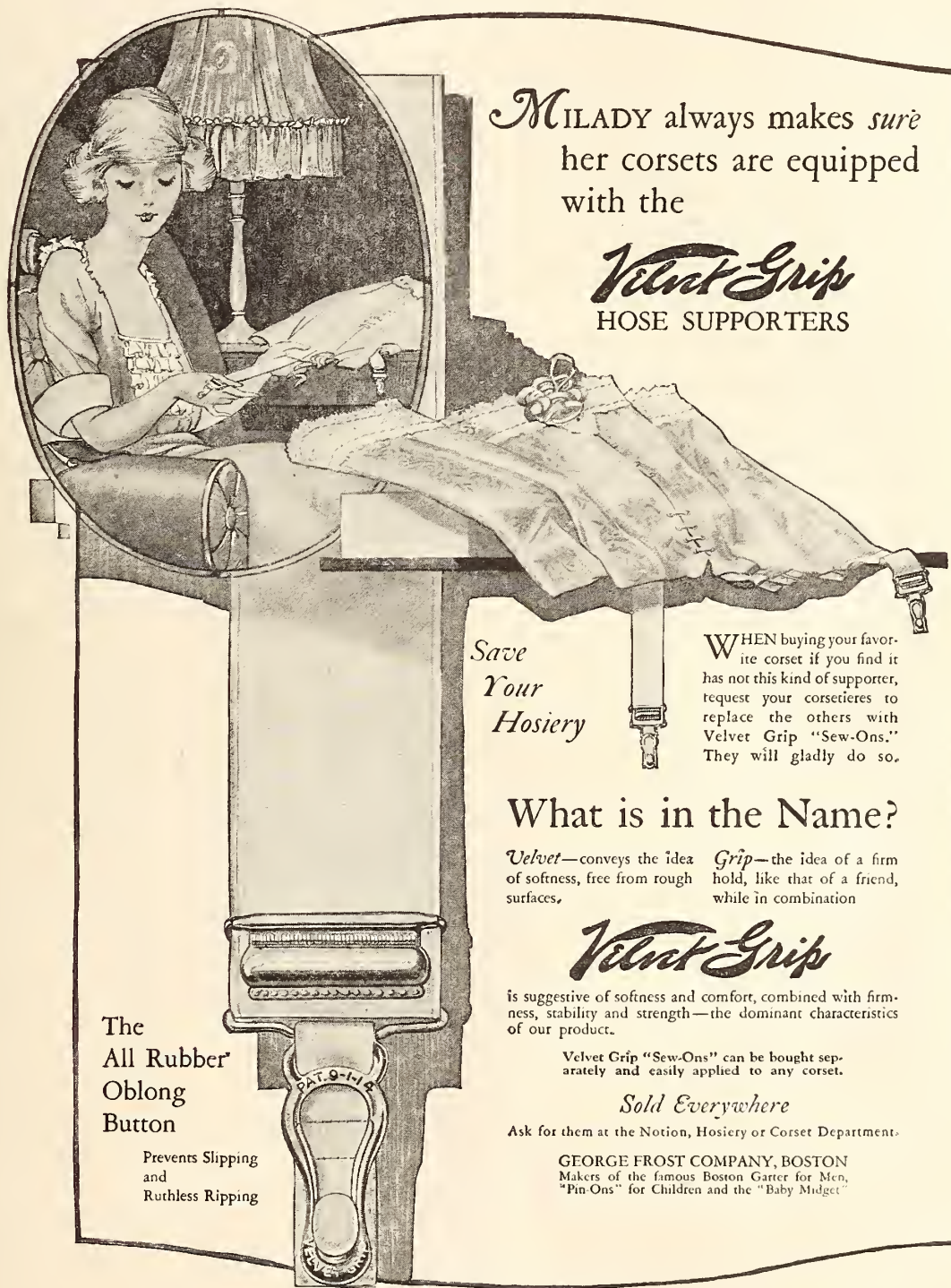
I KNOW a scenario editor who takes to the woods every summer, and communicates with the studio by telephone, telegraph—almost any means that will keep plenty of distance between him and the actors.

"All I hear is, 'Please let's do some snow stuff' when I'm around in hot weather," he explained to me, shifting his pipe and starting off to the mountains. "Just as sure as it begins to get hotter than Dutch love, every last soul on the lot will saunter into my office and suggest that I find a scenario with scenes laid at the north pole or up in the mountains or somewhere with plenty of cool weather around. And, of course, that's just the time when every production in the making has reached a place that calls for South island scenes or winter interiors. It nearly always happens."

I recalled being at the Griffith studio on one of the summer's hottest days, when they were making retakes for "Way Down East," supposedly in an old barn. The thermometer was up in the nineties, yet

those poor actors wore fur coats, chamois lined. Creighton Hale had on ear muffs as well. Dick Barthelmess was clad in a bearskin coat. His wife, Mary Hay, was clumping around in arctics and a red cape and tam. All of them shed their wraps the instant they left the set, and repaired their make-up, which was streaming down their faces, and longed for the snowstorm which was supposed to be raging just outside. The set was like an oven.

However, that doesn't always happen; once in a while the weather and the scenario collaborate as Gene O'Brien will tell you.



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Who's Hughes?

Before long every one will know.

By Ted Evans

*Two glimpses of
Lloyd and one
of his brother.*

IF you're the kind of movie fan who remembers new faces even when their owners appear on the screen only in minor rôles, you already know Lloyd Hughes. If you're not, you'll have to be introduced to this new Ince star. He's an Arizona boy who made his screen début in Enid Bennett's picture, "The Haunted Bedroom," and he played in several other productions before Thomas H. Ince discovered him and began to star him in pictures somewhat similar to Charlie Ray's, of which "Homespun Folks" is the first. However, he won't stick too closely to over-

alls; in "Beau Revel," on which he's working now, he wears evening clothes; matinée girls please take note!

But Lloyd would much rather "skin the cat" with his brother Earl, as he's shown doing, than occupy the limelight. He and his dad and Earl play baseball, and do all sorts of amateur athletic stunts together. Incidentally, you'd better take a second look at Earl, who looks enough like Lloyd to be his twin; at present he works in a bank, but there's no telling when the movie fever will get him, and give you a chance to see him on the screen.





“You’ve Gone Way Past Me, Jim!”

“Today good old Wright came to my office. All day the boys had been dropping in to congratulate me on my promotion. But with Wright it was different.

“When I had to give up school to go to work I came to the plant seeking any kind of job—I was just a young fellow without much thought about responsibility. They put me on the payroll and turned me over to Wright, an assistant foreman then as now. He took a kindly interest in me from the first. ‘Do well the job that’s given you, lad,’ he said, ‘and in time you’ll win out.’

“Well, I did my best at my routine work, but I soon realized that if ever I was going to get ahead I must not only do my work well, but prepare for something better. So I wrote to Scranton and found I could get exactly the course I needed to learn our business. I took it up and began studying an hour or two each evening.

“Why, in just a little while my work took on a whole new meaning. Wright began giving me the most particular jobs—and asking *my* advice. And there came, also, an increase in pay. Next thing I knew I was made assistant foreman of a new department. I kept right on studying because I could see results and each day I was applying what I learned. Then there was a change and I was promoted to foreman—at good money, too.

“And now the first big goal is reached—I am superintendent, with an income that means independence, comforts and enjoyments at home—all those things that make life worth living.

“Wright is still at the same job, an example of the tragedy of lack of training. What a truth he spoke when he said today, ‘You’ve gone way past me, Jim,—and you deserve to. Heads win—every time!’”

Yes, it’s simply a question of training. Your hands can’t earn the money you need, but your head can if you’ll give it a chance.

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7-25-10

HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William

Lord Wright

Mary Agrees

Some months ago I spoke of the necessity of authors writing directly for the screen and even ventured to assert that the time was not far distant when original stories would be demanded. This in reply to statements that "books and plays were becoming scarce" that "original stories were not wanted," et cetera. Now I find that Mary Pickford, who is one of the shrewdest and most experienced of motion-picture artists and producers, agrees with me. She is quoted as follows:

I am engrossed in the problem of obtaining stories for my future pictures. Among my recent productions have been several based on books that had attained wide popularity. But in the ordinary course of events, we found it necessary to eliminate some of the scenes that made the books memorable to their readers, and we also felt obliged to change the title of the screen version of the last production.

It seems to me that our best authors should take us seriously after all that we have done. I am looking forward to a time when these authors will write directly for us, rather than have their work done in book form and afterward have it changed.

To any fair-minded person, it will appear as an absurdity to know that we sometimes pay as high as one hundred thousand dollars for the screen rights to a book, when we use but a part of the story. Many scenes—and some that appeal to readers as especially beautiful—must be cut out to meet the screen requirements. This gives the readers the feeling that the screen is not true, whereas if we could get a screen story it would be possible for the author afterward to elaborate it in any way he or she might desire *without* injury to the photo play.

As I have previously stated in these columns, one cannot picturize word-paintings, dialogue, and long chapters of character drawings. The time will come when the screen will have the original plots primarily, and later the story may be changed for book purposes by the author—providing the author is a writer of books. Or the plot in photo-play form and the serial or book could be released simultaneously, thus increasing interest in both mediums of expression.

Writing Comedies

Generally speaking, it is not for the free lance to write comedies. Most of the screen comedies are built and not written. The director or the comedian has an idea for a comedy. Maybe a burlesque on "East Lynne," for example. They go to work and plan business, more or less comic, as they progress. The business also must necessarily be cut and patterned to the peculiar talents of the comedian.

Business for Harold Lloyd radically differs from comedy business for Ben Turpin. As to the five-reel comedy drama, or light comedy, that is another story. It is the most dangerous stuff in film land. One reason for this fact is that it is difficult to get convincing, laughable situations, all having a logical bearing on the plot, to run for five thousand feet of film. You never can tell. "Ruggles of Red Gap," considered by many literary judges as one of the most laughable of American novels, was not so side-splitting in pictures, despite the efforts of a well-known light comedian. On the other hand, "Skinner's Dress Suit," filmed from a short story, was a tremendous success as a light comedy, and although released three years ago, nothing has exceeded it in plausibility and real American humor to this day.

And the moral of it all is this: Writing comedy is a hazardous business.

Why Registered Letters?

There is nothing that more quickly stamps the amateur than certain methods of submitting manuscripts. For example a registered letter will arrive at the scenario editor's sanctum, necessitating signature, et cetera. Before the letter is opened the secretary knows what the envelope contains. And the special-delivery letter, nine times out of ten, carries a motion-picture script. Then in three or four days a letter arrives calling at-

attention to the fact that the registered letter was forwarded and stating that "time has arrived for a decision." Don't brand yourself as a novice by registering your letters.

As to Plagiarism

Producers are constantly on the lookout for the writer who steals his stuff, so that they can shun him. One of the best writers for the screen remains in comparative obscurity. He has original ideas and he is also a clever writer of screen continuity. Why then does he not succeed? Because he is known to have a penchant for stealing other writers' stuff. He may go along for a time with strictly original matter. Then one day he will submit a story which is partly original and contains one or more situations taken from books or plays—and these situations but thinly disguised. Brainy as he is, there is something lacking. He does not seem to think that there are others as well or even better read than he, and that

QUESTIONS concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, when accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Beginners, however, are advised first to procure our "Guideposts for Scenario Writers," a booklet covering all the points on which beginners usually wish to be informed, which will be sent for ten cents. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with statements of the kinds of stories they want, may procure our Market Booklet for six cents. *Please note that we cannot read or criticize scripts.*



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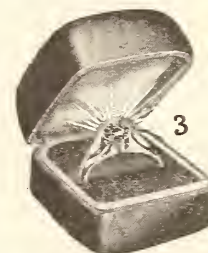
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Tony Moreno— “Torero”

By Peter White

HAD Antonio Moreno followed his youthful desires he might have been a flashing young bullfighter now—perhaps the most acclaimed *torero*—if we may wax enthusiastic and use the Spanish word for it—in all Madrid. In fact, the description of the bullfighter in “Blood and Sand,” by the famous Spanish novelist, Ibanez, just fits him.

“Fame and fortune have come to him, and he is able to gratify the desires of his early days, as if the mirage of hunger and desire had suddenly been converted into dazzling reality. He lavishes largess upon his mother—”

Even though Tony's arena is of shadows and celluloid rather than blood and sand, that might have been written about him. Instead of courting the fury of the bull he flirts with death in flying leaps for life from cliffs, submarine stunts, and perilous feats with horse and motor car. Instead of the “*Ole! Ole!*” of the devotees of bullfighting he has the applause and letters of the movie fans. But the excitement and romance are just the same.

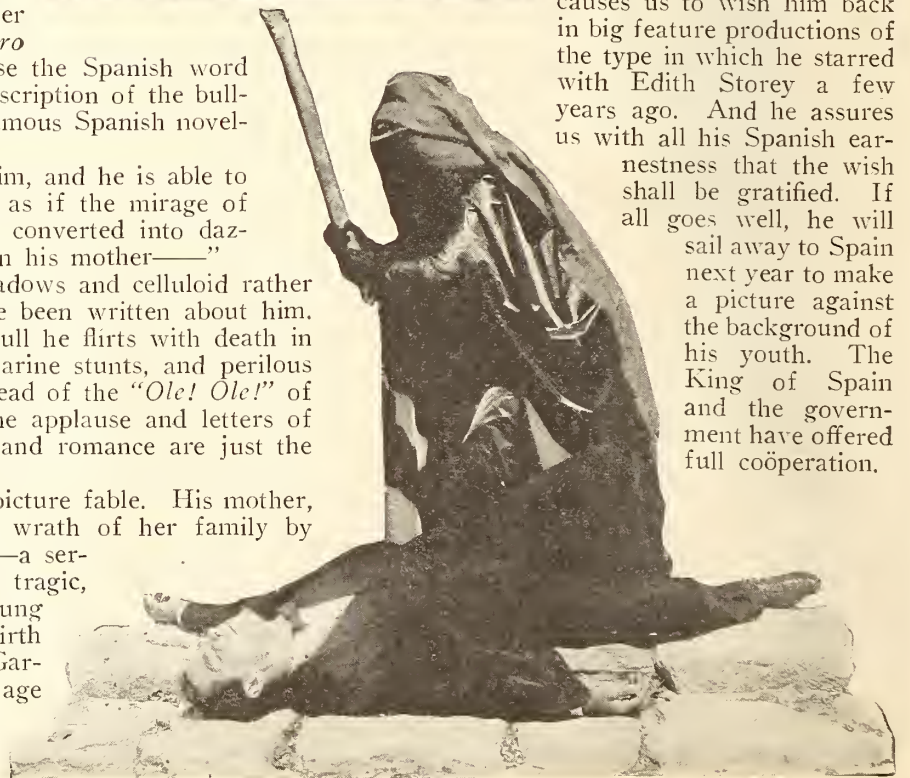
His own life is as romantic as any picture fable. His mother, Doña Anna, incurred the implacable wrath of her family by running away with a common soldier—a sergeant we would call him. It was a tragic, brief passion, for the handsome young husband, Juan, died shortly after the birth of his son, proudly named Antonio Garrido Monteaquedo Moreno. Tony at the age of twelve began contributing to the support of his mother. First he was a baker's boy, then an altar boy in a



cathedral of Campamento, near Gibraltar, where he studied for the priesthood. At fifteen the fever for adventure urged him into action. He set out for America, assuring his mother that he would earn great fame and riches. His fiercely dominant manner, his dash and verve, his flashing smile of white teeth and black eyes emphasized his assurance. Now Señora Moreno from her country place in Spain travels to the *teatro* in Gibraltar to see her boy with the same flashing smile and fiercely dominant manner in pictures on the screen. And she smiles as she hears the hand-clapping and the “*Ole! Ole!*” Perhaps she crosses herself and murmurs a prayer when she sees him perform daring feats, but at least he is safer than if he had followed his impetuous desire to be a bullfighter.

On this page are pre-release glimpses of “The Veiled Mystery,” which later Señora Moreno will see in Spain. It is a serial that gives the star an opportunity for fine dramatic characterization as well as physical action. He assumes various characters, including that of the aged gentleman peering from the limousine window. In this disguise he is able to enter a girl's boarding school in quest of his sister, who has mysteriously disappeared.

There is a romantic glamour about Tony Moreno that causes us to wish him back in big feature productions of the type in which he starred with Edith Storey a few years ago. And he assures us with all his Spanish earnestness that the wish shall be gratified. If all goes well, he will sail away to Spain next year to make a picture against the background of his youth. The King of Spain and the government have offered full cooperation.



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Notice!

Be careful in buying aluminumware. Some sets offered for sale are made of cheap, soft aluminum which bends easily, dents with every fall or knock and is not durable. Insist upon genuine, heavy gauge, hard, sheet aluminum. The set offered here is made of genuine Manganese aluminum, heavy and extra hard, guaranteed for 20 years.

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Send the Coupon

with \$1.00 to us now. Have this 27-piece Aluminum Set shipped on 30 days' trial. We'll also send our Big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send coupon.

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Dept. 1756

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What the Fans Think

On different subjects concerning the screen, as revealed by letters selected from our mail pouch.

Please Omit Trimmings!

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

What do the rest of your readers think of all the extra trimmings we get with our movies nowadays? I for one would be glad to dispense with some of them, at least. Not with the music—I like that. Not with the fancy stage settings, either, in moderation. But—well, here's a fair sample of what we've been getting in our town lately.

We have two big picture houses here, and competition is keen. Each week the managers vie with each other to see which can pull the biggest stunt to attract attention. Last week one of them decorated his lobby with potted palms, hired a dancer from Detroit, dressed his ushers in would-be South Seas costumes, and engaged a special quartet to sing during "The Idol Dancer." The palms drooped and died by the end of the week, the dancer was distinctly second rate, the ushers' style of architecture wasn't suited to their costumes, which, incidentally, shocked their mothers and led to several resignations, and only the quartet was a success. And look at the expense! Yet when I asked the manager when he was going to show a big special production that I was looking forward to, he said:

"Oh, I can't afford to show that film; the rental's too high."

The owner of the other theater felt that he was forced to extra effort that week, so that he wouldn't lose his share of the town's patronage. He was showing "Dollars and Sense," Madge Kennedy's picture, in which a bakery figures, the first part of the week, and Marjorie Rambeau in "The Fortune Teller," the last half. For the first one he had a real stove on the stage, and bakers made fresh rolls which the ushers passed around the audience, and for the last half he sent three women dressed as gypsies around town, and had them give packs of fortune-telling cards to every thirteenth person they met. He also engaged our elocution teacher to speak a prologue. She was dressed as Miss Rambeau was in the picture, but that was the only similarity, and the picture fell flat before it had even started. He, too, couldn't afford to show that feature film!

Now, here's my point: Good posters would have let people know what were the attractions at these theaters. If the pictures were good enough, people would go to see them. Nobody'd go to get a roll; they could buy half a dozen or more for the admission price to the theaters. Furthermore, this town's not so large that everybody in it couldn't go to all three of those shows in one week if they wanted to. There's no need of such keen competition. And if less money was spent on needless side-show stunts, there'd be more with which to rent every good picture that comes along. What do some of the rest of you think about it?

L. G.—Michigan.

In Defense of Alla.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I am writing this letter in response to that of "An Interested Fan" in your July number, and in defense of the divine Alla—who is my ideal and my goddess. It goes without saying that she is the greatest artist of the silver sheet; to deny this would show a startling lack of gray matter and artistic appreciation. I have seen all of her pictures but "War Brides" and "Toys of Fate," which I am earnestly hoping will be reissued. Most of those which I have seen, I have seen a number of times over. She is so superb, so magnificent, that one can never tire of her. As to her "humanity"—no, she herself cannot be loved because her admirers do not know her—they only know the characters she creates for the screen. Who could help loving *The Brat*? Each time I saw the picture, my heart ached for her as poignantly as it had at first—

in the courtroom scene, the epilogue scene, and all the others. Who could help loving the lighthouse child of "Out of the Fog," or that wonderful and unforgettable little sprite of the underworld who "found" herself—*Joline* of "Revelation?" In each of these characters she has given a portrayal at once strikingly dramatic and very, very human—based on a profound knowledge of human nature. Imagine, say, Olive Thomas as *The Brat*, Norma Talmadge as *Joline*, or Mary Pickford as *Eve*—each of these actresses is beautiful, gifted, and popular; but, oh, what would they do with these parts? The characters would be exceptionally well done; but the vitality, the artistry, the peculiar charm and fascination of *Nazimova* would be entirely lacking. The characterizations would be exactly like their other characterizations; they cannot change. Each of *Nazimova's* creations is an utter stranger to the rest; compare, for instance, her two most recent ones—*Sigrid Fersen*, of "Stronger than Death," and *Sally Snape*, of "The Heart of a Child." It is no less than a miracle that the same person can play the two parts. Yet, they are each living, breathing, never-to-be-forgotten individuals. A NAZIMOVITE.

A Tribute to Mary.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I've read so many tributes to Our Mary in your department of letters from the fans that I want to contribute a tribute of my own. I'm going to do so in verse, for no one can gaze very long upon Mary without feeling poetically inclined toward her, or writing poetry at her, or about her.

At this late day one finds it somewhat difficult to utter anything about Mary that hasn't been said before; but I'll take a chance. I shall attempt to poetize for you a great and glorious truth about our sweetheart; with or without Doug's permission.

While it is doubtless true that Webster took a peep into the future and visioned Mary just before he put the word "beauty" in his book, I shall pant no paean of praise for her pulchritude.

I shall not orate o'er her pellucid orbs, her radiant smile, the enchantment of her pout, the luster of her curls, nor her when-they-want-to-be-humorous tootsies!

I shall not speak of her income. Suffice to say Mary does not need to make over her dresses this year, nor is she receiving her visitors at the poorhouse.

The way I feel right now, this here verse of mine shall be an epic. An epic is four pounds of white paper, printed on both sides. List, oh, list to the song I sing:

"*She Never Moves Forward, Alas!*"

I expect this statement will be greeted with an outburst of indignation from Mary's followers. Nevertheless, I stick firmly by my words. Others may read that line and immediately plunge themselves into gloom. That's all right. I mourn with you. That's why I put in the "alas!"

"*Still Others Can Never Her Pass!*"

Ah! now enters the element of mystery! You'd think, if she doesn't move forward, others would pass her, wouldn't you? It sounds absurd, I'll admit, but please remember this state of affairs is not without parallel. For instance—the Rocky Mountains do not move forward, still the ever-flowing Hudson River can never pass them.

"*And the Answers, My Dears!*"

I trust my fair fellow fans will pardon the familiarity in thusly addressing them; but I needed a rhyme for "appears" as you will shortly discover. And for the benefit of my fairless readers who run to whiskers and cigarettes, I'll say I'm but exercising my poetic license; therefore my seeming words of endearment must not be

Continued on page 91

ARE YOU A SATISFIED

With Your Appearance?

*Are you as strong and healthy as you wish to be?
Do you feel the fire and vim of youth surging through your veins?*

*Do you have a well developed, powerful physique, a pleasing appearance and a strong personality?
Ask yourself frankly, "Am I a Real Man?"*

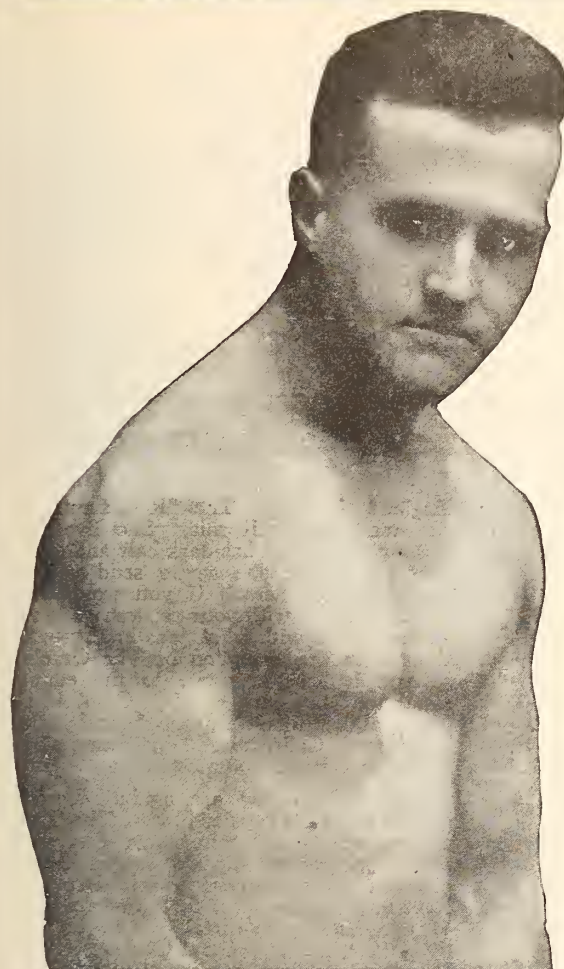
LOOK in the mirror this very night and see what it tells you. Would you be proud to have your picture produced in these columns? How does it compare with the illustration and measurements shown herewith? Your outward physical appearance reflects your internal condition. If you do not show a daily improvement outwardly, you must not be deceived. Your body is being consumed and you are clogging up like the stagnant pool. Stop then where you are. Get a grip on yourself this very minute. Let this be the start of new life and physical perfection, for it is yours if you will accept it.

You can easily obtain these proportions and perhaps better them if you really set your mind to it. Many of my pupils are stronger and have larger measurements than I have. Why not give me a chance to help you make the most of yourself? I have developed thousands of boys and men, taken many of them when they were physical wrecks—more dead than alive—and trained them into powerful athletes. Wouldn't you like me to do the same for you? No matter what your condition is at present. I CAN DO IT—now it is up to you to let me.

You are judged by your appearance

Look strong and feel strong and have a strong personality. Be a man of power! Broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest. make your arms thick and muscular, straighten your neck. develop your legs and obtain the energy and "pep" that only an athlete knows.

Why put things off? Every day you put off is a day wasted which could be spent in beautifying your body.



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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

CURIOUS KWESTIONER.—Fred Stone, De Wolf Hopper, and Ernest Truex are all earning their daily bread on the stage nowadays. Bill Hart is still making features for Paramount. Edna Mayo used to play in Essanay productions. George Cohan made "Broadway Jones," "Hit the Trail Holliday," and "Seven Keys to Baldpate" for the screen. Both the pictures you mentioned have been released. Franklyn Farnum is still silversheeting. "Twisted Trails," a serial, is his latest effort.

DIPPIE DOG.—The weather isn't so good here right now. If you look like Mary Miles Minter, as your friend says you do, you must be a very beautiful little girl. Yes, I know her personally. She is five feet two inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. Her hair is light blonde and her eyes are blue. June Caprice was born in Arlington, Massachusetts, in 1899. She is the same height as Mary Miles and her eyes are also blue. Her hair is a shade darker than Mary's, and she weighs one hundred and five pounds. Marguerite Clark, Edna Mayo, Billie Burke, Alma Rubens, Helen Holmes, Frances Burnham, Eileen Percy, Mildred Manning, Earle Williams, Paul Willis, James Morrison, and Wallace MacDonald are still working in pictures. Wanda Petit is a Realart star now. Miss Petit no longer. She became Wanda Hawley quite a while ago. No, we do not give the private addresses of players.

PAULINE C.—Doris Lee and Lila Lee are not related. Doris is now Doris May, Thomas H. Ince having changed her name again. Pauline Frederick was born in Boston in 1889. Bessie Love is not married. Marguerite Clark is married to Lieutenant Palmerson Williams. Yes, Mae Marsh has a baby daughter, Mary Marsh Armes, Charles Ray, and Albert Ray are not brothers, but cousins. Gladys Leslie is married. Norma Talmadge is the young lady's correct name. Why should they change their names when they are married? The fans have come to know them by their own names, and the change might cause confusion. Suppose you should see Mrs. Howard Hickman, Mrs. Harold Bolster, Mrs. Willard Mack, and Mrs. Thomas Clarke in electric lights over your favorite theater at one time or another? Would you know that they meant Bessie Barriscale, Madge Kennedy, Pauline Frederick, and Elsie Ferguson? You would not, and there is the answer to your question. No, any one could not be an actress. It takes talent, and every one hasn't talent for acting, although I don't think there

are many who realize that, judging from the numerous letters I get from readers who want to become motion-picture stars.

MISS UTAH.—Theda Bara has left the Fox Film Corporation, and is appearing on the stage. She is twenty-seven years old. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Your Pickford question is merely a matter of opinion. Mary Pickford very rarely has a male heavy working in any of her pictures. She likes to have her pictures as clean and as entertaining as possible, so that every one can go to see them. Of course you may write again.

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.

W. H. C.—The censor laws in New York are not quite as rigid as those of the Pennsylvania board. I don't know where you can obtain a list of all the pictures showing in New York for the current month. The only way you could find this out would be to get the information from all the motion-picture exchanges in New York, and that's *some* job, believe me.

DEAR NAZIMOVA.—You must have overlooked your answers before. Alla Nazimova was born at Yalta, Crimea, Russia. She first appeared in this country in New York in 1906 in "A Doll's House." Charles Bryant was born in Hartford,

England, in 1887. The "Red Lantern" was made in California. She lives in Los Angeles. She has dark hair and eyes. I am sure that she would send you a photograph of herself if you would inclose a quarter with your request. I have nothing to do with what goes in PICTURE-PLAY with the exception of The Oracle, so you had better write to the editor about the Nazimova article. Carol Holloway and William Duncan both live in Hollywood, California. "The Heart of a Child" is Nazimova's latest.

ARLIE.—Here you are again. You're getting to be the regular bird of The Oracle department. I can always find you on the job several times a month. How did you enjoy your vacation? Bet you went to a picture show three times a day. Wanda Hawley is certainly very attractive. You are right about Clarine. Carol Dempster was not in that play.

MELVIN G.—I have addressed the letter you inclosed to Henry King as directed.

WAYNE E.—Valeska Suratt and Virginia Pearson have both been used on the cover of PICTURE-PLAY. You can get any back numbers of the magazine by sending twenty cents to the circulation manager.

JENNIE S.—Alfred Whitman is married. No, Juanita Hansen is not in a sanitarium. She is now working on a new serial at the Selig Studios in Edendale, California. Monroe Salisbury is not married. Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Mabel Normand are still single. Madge Kennedy is married. Nell Shipman, George Chesboro, and George Larkin are all married, but Juanita Hansen is still free from the bonds of matrimony. Richard is his first name. What do you mean, you feel incompetent?

A. F. S.—Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. The birth records in that city show that. Her correct name was Theodosha Goodman, but several months ago she had it changed by the court to Theda Bara. At one time Theda's press agent declared that she was born on the Sahara Desert, and we thought she was; but we learned it was not so later on. No, that was not Bobby Connelly in the pictures you named. The freckle-faced youngster you refer to is none other than Wesley Berry, Marshall Neilan's protégé. Thank you for those kind words. Be sure to keep your threat to write again.

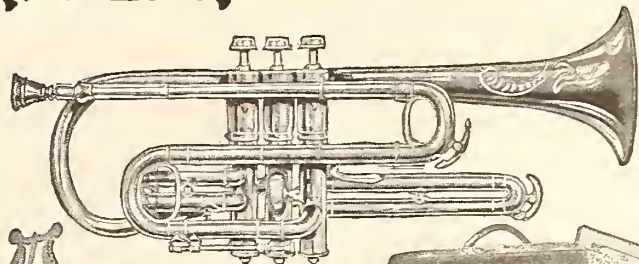
MISS NETTIE.—I am sure that Cullen will send you one of his photos if you inclose the quarter you speak about. He is still making pictures for Goldwyn.

Continued on page 97

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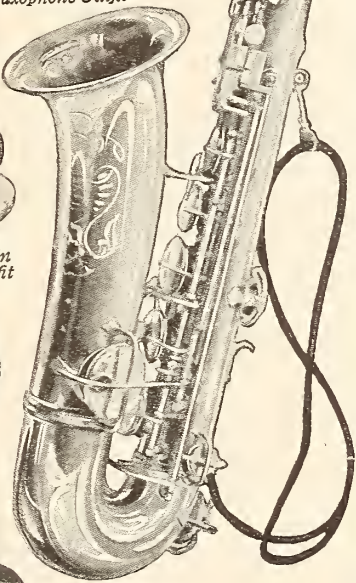
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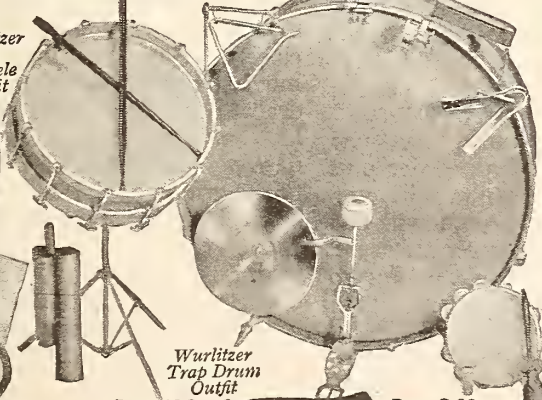
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Screen Gossip

By The Film Colonist



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It was at a bullfight in Tia Juana, Mexico. And, oh, the sights! Even Omar Khayyam would have been satisfied with the way folks were following his advice about drink and the morrow.

Charlie Chaplin had just arrived when a staid old cow was lead in for the matador's attack. The animal wouldn't fight, so a calf was led in. The young cow would only play tag with the bullfighter. A third animal of mild aspect was then brought forth. The bovine procession was too much for Charlie. He put his hands to his mouth and yelled:

"Say, why don't you try milking that one before you bring her in?"

When a certain lady cross-examined Buster Keaton as to what he was doing at the wild, wild Tia Juana, he replied succinctly:

"Losing."

The Katherine MacDonald Company, chaperoned by Director James Young, was also in attendance. Director Young kept a close eye on Florence Deshon, one of his players, because Florence is young and very beautiful.

"You mustn't go around alone," cautioned Mr. Young. "You know, this is Mexico."

Florence, who had just won fifty dollars at the wheel of fortune, felt perfectly safe.

"Mexico?" she murmured. "Why, Mexico is lovely. I never saw so many policemen in my life except in a comedy."

An Open Letter to Lieutenant Locklear.

Dear Lock: This is a warning.

If you don't quit flying so close to the pavement on Hollywood Boulevard, thereby knocking off my last year's panama, valued at twice its original cost, I'm going to sue you or tear a wing off your plane.

Yours afoot,

THE FILM COLONIST.

P. S.—If the young lady who dropped a dollar and a powder puff while turning somersaults with you over St. Stephen's Church will call at my office I'll gladly return same, otherwise I'll leave them at the Metro office.

The film fold of Hollywood are to have a half-million-dollar picture theater in which to see themselves as others see them. Ground was broken for the building recently. Anita Stewart, Katherine MacDonald, and Mildred Harris Chaplin

turned the earth with silver spades and chopped down the orange trees on the site. That is, they chopped long enough for the photographers to get pictures of them doing the stunt. The oranges from the trees were distributed among the spectators by Wes Barry, King and Florence Vidor, Mary Thurman, Annette Kellermann, Mr. and Mrs. Carter de Haven, and Ben Turpin.

When House Peters finishes his work as leading man for Louise Glaum in "The Leopard Woman" he will join the list of stars heading their own companies.

The other day a certain young lady tearfully reported to Grace Darmond that she was unable to collect her salary from a certain film producer.

"What's the difference between a film producer and a banana?" was Miss Darmond's irrelevant query.

"I don't know," replied the girl.

"Well, you can skin a banana," chirped Grace.

Dorothy Phillips is working on her first picture since she and her husband, Allen Holubar, left Universal and formed their own company. Miss Phillips' life has been insured for one hundred thousand dollars, the policy to last till the picture is finished, and as a result can't ride in an aeroplane, can't visit Tia Juana, where the stars spend their weekends, because Mexico is rather unsettled, and can't even drive about in an open car for fear she'll catch cold—and she's just bought a new roadster!

All stars are not on the screen. Mary Roberts Rinehart would make a great picture star if she weren't so clever. She is quite unlike the movie conception of a writer—no drab, ill-fed, ill-dressed, sallow scribe is she. Beautiful, well dressed, dashing, and altogether fashionable, this author of "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave," "Dangerous Days," the Bab stories, and all such is quite seductive. We met her at the Beverly Hills hotel when she came out for a week to write subtitles for her latest picture.

Every girl has a heroine, and Mrs. Rinehart happens to be the big H of Ann May's life. The actress was having tea with Mrs. Rinehart one day and expressed her ambition to be a writer.

"I suppose you write mostly around midnight, don't you?" she queried.

"No, horrors no!" exclaimed Mrs. Rinehart. "I write just exactly eight hours a day."

"Do you stop for meals?"

"Indeed, I *do*," stressed the gay authoress, "and for a cigarette now and then, too. I'm no funny genius, my dear."

She is very proud of her sons. The eldest is now on a ranch.

"He has written seven tragedies, fallen in love, and is now recuperating," she explained.

Mrs. Sidney Drew has finished her contract to make comedies for Pathé, and is in the Adirondacks adapting several novels for the screen, preparatory to launching out as a director of dramatic productions.

Anita Stewart finished "Sowing the Wind" and then rushed across the continent to her country home on Long Island to spend the rest of the summer and the early fall.

After Wallie Reid finished "Sick Abed" he appeared in the stage version of it at the Little Theater, in Los Angeles, with Kathleen Clifford playing the leading feminine rôle. Vivian Rich was also in the cast.

Mary Pickford's departure for Europe didn't mean that the orphan asylum of which she has so long been guardian angel was deserted. Tommy Meighan became interested in it, and just before he left California to make a picture in the East he took Tony Moreno out to see the youngsters. Tony was enchanted, and not only indulged in several visits and donations, but also used the children in several scenes in one of his pictures.

Roscoe Karns, leading man in King Vidor's "The Family Honor," was recently married at Santa Barbara to Miss Mary Matilda Frass, daughter of a wealthy cattleman in Texas.

Lew Cody has purchased a fifty thousand dollar home on a hill of Hollywood. He says he paid twenty thousand for the house and thirty thousand for the cellar. When he mentioned that there was a "bridal path" in the fifteen acres of ground, every one jumped at conclusions, thinking Lew was going to play the marriage circuit again. But it is a bridle path of which Lew speaks.

When he has completed another picture brother Cody will commence a tour of the big towns of America, making personal appearances. While this trip is not for the benefit of the

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WHAT THEY'RE DOING.

Ann May is leading woman for Bryant Washburn in "Wanted—A Blemish."

Agnes Ayres is playing the lead in "The Furnace" for Realart.

Priscilla Dean stars in "Outside the Law," supported by her husband, Wheeler Oakman, and Lon Chaney, Ralph Lewis, and R. A. Warren.

Wyndham Standing is in "Black-mail," with Viola Dana.

Molly Malone has graduated from Christie two-reels to Goldwyn fives.

Otis Skinner stars in "Kismet," his great stage success, for Robertson-Cole, with Elinor Faire as leading lady.

Doraldina, the Hawaiian dancer, will shake a hay skirt in "Passion Fruit."

Hope Hampton is being directed by Maurice Tourneur in "The Tiger Lady."

Mary Miles Minter appears in "Sweet Lavender," by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. Harold Goodwin, Milton Sills, and Theodore Roberts assist.

"You Never Can Tell" is Bebe Daniels' first star picture, taken from two magazine stories. Conrad Nagel is her leading man.

Monte Blue has commenced "The Jucklins," by Opie Read.

"The Witching Hour," Augustus Thomas' play, will be resumed by William D. Taylor.

Ethel Clayton wears a dress of

pearls weighing fifty-five pounds in Tom Forman's screening of "Rozanne Ozanne."

Harrison Ford is vacationing after doing a picture with Wanda Hawley to follow "Miss Hobbs."

Thomas Meighan and his wife, Frances Ring, are in New York, where Tommy is doing "The Frontier of the Stars," by Albert Payson Terhune.

Charles Ray has completed "Peaceful Valley," the first of his own productions. It will be released after "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," which he is doing now.

Nazimova has two more pictures to do under her present contract with Metro. She is now supervising the cutting of "Billions."

Rex Ingram is directing Ibanez's "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" for Metro.

Mae Allison's next is "Are All Men Alike?"

Alice Lake is immersed in "Body and Soul."

Grace Darmond, Colleen Moore, and T. Roy Barnes will appear in the Christie composition of "So Long Letty."

Dellorice Johnson, whose resemblance to Gloria Swanson caused her to leave her happy home for pictures, has signed a contract to appear in Rolin comedies, thus making her start even as Gloria.

Mae Busch, who appeared in "The Devil's Pass-Key," has been reëngaged by Von Stroheim for his next picture.

Jack Pickford is doing George Ade's "Just Out of College."

Tom Moore has completed "Stop Thief" and is to do "Officer 666."

Mabel Normand has commenced "Head Over Heels," from the musical comedy of the same name.

Her First Love Affair

Continued from page 42

Lloyd. There she remained until she was eighteen, when Lasky signed her.

"You know I was awfully quaky about playing heavy drama," explained Bebe. "Because, you see, never since I was a child had I done anything except comedy. I did three pictures after 'Why Change Your Wife?' and didn't know whether I was pleasing Mr. De Mille and Mr. Lasky or not. One day Mr. De Mille said to me, 'Mr. Lasky wants to see you.' My heart was in my mouth. I felt sure Mr. Lasky was going to tell me that after all I wouldn't do. You see, I had one of those optional contracts. When I got into Mr. Lasky's office, I found

him sitting at his desk without a mite of expression on his face. He started out with, 'Well, Mr. De Mille and I have decided—' and then he stopped. I was just sure he was going to end up with, 'that you aren't any good as an actress and we'll have to let you go.' Instead of which he said, 'that you are good star material!' Well, I just leaned over to thank him, but I choked up so I couldn't speak!

"Now they want me to play comedy dramas. But I'll tell you something. I don't want to. I feel as if I never wanted to see another comedy in the making as long as I live. I want to play sob parts—the sobbier, the better!"

Back-Stage with Constance Binney

Continued from page 69

announced, the reflection of her eyes twinkling at me in the mirror. "Now, what ought I to have said? Love, probably—*bah!*" with a contemptuous shrug of her round shoulders.

There was some argument over that, but she stuck to her guns. That "Bah!" perfectly expressed her sentiments. Consequently the conversation swung into sentimental channels. If she felt that way about love, what sort of man would she be willing to marry?

"Well, he must have a good mind—that's more important than anything else. And he must be in sympathy with my work, because I shall go right on working after I'm married. He mustn't think I'm going to be bothered with this idea of sitting home and waiting for him to come—that's *nonsense!* And he's got to have a strong will; stronger than mine, which is pretty strong."

"What about money?"

"He must make more than I do, and I'm going to make heaps more than I do now." Her firm little chin was firmer than ever as she pronounced that ultimatum. "And his looks don't matter so very much; though, I'd rather have him tall and handsome than short and dumpy."

"But don't think I'm considering marriage now." She whirled around in her chair to make that protest. "I'm not—I'm just planning more work."

Our conversation had been punctuated by shouts from the narrow hall without, just beyond which lay the stage. A boy had shouted "Overture!" just outside the door, meaning that the orchestra was playing and the curtain would go up in a few moments; later came reports of "The twins are on, Miss Binney." "Miss Binney, the doctor's on—" "Now the doctor's off." And presently, from the next dressing room—"Constance, I'm going now," in the leading man's voice.

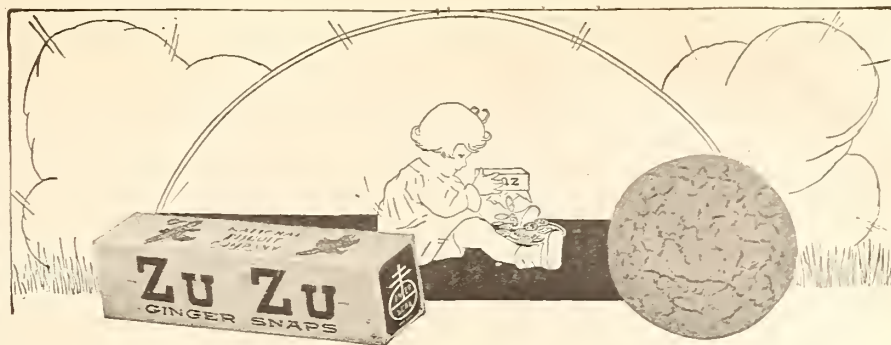
"All right—I'm ready," and she hastily hooked up the little pink linen dress that she wears in the first act and turned to say good-by to me.

"I do hope that you're going to spend the rest of this gorgeous day outdoors somewhere," she said with a wistful little sigh.

"No, I'm going home and write an interview with you," I told her.

"Oh, not an interview—surely you weren't getting one!" she cried. "Oh, what *did* I say? I didn't know you were interviewing me!"

So, if I've repeated anything that she shouldn't have said, please forget it at once.



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Uncle Sam—Camera Man

Continued from page 16




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the nation's wheat supply as a war emergency, did not suffer a single loss by dust explosions.

Few persons know of the advantages of recreation in the national forests—how the government, under certain conditions, will furnish the ground at a nominal rental and the lumber at cost to any one who wishes to build a summer home. Yet this is being explained through motion pictures, as are all phases of the work of the forest service, including lumbering.

One agricultural film that resulted splendidly for the government was entitled "To Feed a Hungry World." This, shown in the cities, particularly in the Middle West, resulted in the organization of what came to be known as "shock troops," composed of business men and others who went into the harvest fields at noon each day and worked until dark to decrease the shortage of harvesters caused by the war.

The department of agriculture is arranging with a large motion-picture corporation to show the government films generally. The law forbids the charging of an admission fee to see the pictures, and the department's resources will not permit of distribution outside the area where the greatest good will be accomplished; that is, in the country districts. When the arrangement is complete it will be possible for theater owners, at a nominal charge, to show the pictures to the general public as an added attraction to the regular program.

In the treasury department the chief use of motion pictures is in the coast-guard service, charged with the protection of shipping and life at sea. Numerous films have been prepared to show coast-guard cutters aiding navigation, as a model for self-help when vessels are battered by storms or against the rocks.

All the great American reclamation projects—the building of dams, the irrigation of deserts, and the transformation of useless swamps into fertile fields—are shown in the remarkable series of motion pictures of the reclamation service of the department of the interior. This branch has one hundred thousand feet of film for distribution to schools, colleges, and business organizations, to demonstrate what has and what can be done with waste areas. "Making the Desert Blossom" is the chief production of this group, and it is a picture of the sandy West transformed into a wonderful garden

The most complete and spectacular of motion-picture libraries in the department of the interior is that of the bureau of mines, which is charged with the development of mining in all its branches and the protection of the miners. Productions ranging from one to nine reels have been prepared to show miners the part they play in the gigantic industry in which they are engaged and the best methods evolved for their welfare during everyday conditions and in time of disaster.

"The Story of Coal" is a film production showing coal from the time of its recovery in the mine, through the various stages of mining to its delivery in the market. "The Story of Oil" is its companion production, and in its way it is just as spectacular. The two are being made into one evening's entertainment and soon will be sent through the country for educational purposes. As in most instances, because only slight government funds are available for the purpose, these pictures were produced chiefly with money supplied by the coal and oil industries.

"Iron Mining Operations," showing this work in all its phases, is a four-reel production. "Mine Explosions and the Rescue" is a single-reel film, demonstrating improved methods of first-aid treatment for miners in time of need. There are other films to show what to do in special instances of injury to the eye, the throat, the heads, the arms, and legs.

"Social Welfare and the Human Side of Mining," in two reels, is a film that undertakes to improve conditions in the mining communities. And then there are some that deal with dynamite and teach its application to the mining industry, in order to minimize the number of injuries in explosions.

Even the spirit of romance penetrates the supposedly staid mining films, as is evident from the happy ending of a one-reel film entitled "An America In the Making." This picture shows the career of a European peasant from his arrival in America, when he is placed under the proper guidance by the Y. M. C. A., to his employment in up-to-date mills and mines that use model safety devices. In this atmosphere of well-being he falls in love with and marries a teacher in the night school. And then—in this the government film takes a step further than the customary commercial picture drama—the pair finally becomes the proud parents of six happy children.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 60

soothsayer of ancient days tells the modern story in which he seems quite aware of such things as roof gardens and other modern accessories.

"Blind Youth" is an adaptation of a play and is so long drawn out that it is tedious. It has some very beautiful passages between a father and his son and some very human action between the mother and her sons, but it is so slow that such merits are likely to be overlooked. If, however, you wish to see William De Mille's new leading lady, Ora Carew, you have the chance, for she is seen here in a typical De Mille rôle.

The British producer is coming along. "Midnight Gambols," in which Marie Doro is starred, was made in England and shows a very satisfactory production with exterior scenes that interest. For one thing there is not the slightest suggestion of California about them. It is too bad that with such a nice production the producers were unable to find a better story. "Midnight Gambols" is so simple that it carries little interest, nor does the plot sweep through to a highly intense finish. The story is passable, nothing more.

"The Girl in the Rain" is a Universal picture that suffers from the same fault, lack of meritorious story. Here, too, the production is very good, the rainstorm scenes being highly realistic and a number of the exteriors unusually interesting for themselves alone. The star is Anne Cornwall, a young lady who may be remembered for her portrayal of the granddaughter in "The Copperhead" and who has ability. Here, however, it isn't given a chance to show.

Tom Moore appears in "The Great Accident," which was made from a magazine story by Ben Ames Williams. It makes very interesting "looking." A regular "souse" is elected mayor on a prohibition ticket through a political trick, and, being a perverse sort of a fellow, he cleans up the town after he himself has reformed. Mr. Moore gives a very sincere and effective performance. Jane Novak is the girl.

"Whispers," with the refreshing Elaine Hammerstein, is another picture that hasn't got the necessary story material. The production here also is of great merit, and there are some good comedy touches, but the interest lags woefully at times.



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stance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. All these troubles have been constantly increasing, because brushing methods failed to keep teeth clean.

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Every dentist knows this. All urge periodic cleaning in a dentist's chair to remove the fixed film. And dental science has for years been searching for a daily film combatant.

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Come-On-Inn

Continued from page 48

Al Cohn, who was immediately put on ice by Wanda Hawley, the latest debutante of the stellar set.

"According to that, Mr. Cohn, I ought to be a mental cyclone," sighed the saucer-orbed ZaSu Pitts, as she snapped her fingers in a way that would make you think she had unjointed both elbows. "I'm beautiful, but it don't show. Too far under the skin."

"Here come the Siamese twins," exclaimed Tony, as Alice Lake and Viola Dana, the inseparables, limped over the threshold.

"Don't talk to us," warned Alice, easing herself cautiously onto a chair. "We've been horseback riding—what are you laughing at? We've been horseback riding. You ought to have seen Vi. They gave her a fire horse. She looked like a fly on top of it, and I guess it thought she was, because it kept trying to brush her off with its tail."

"Have you seen the new menu cards of the Blue Bird room?" inquired Vi, drawing one from her coat. "They've got everything named after stars. Look-it—look, Alice—what you are—mushrooms!" Vi nearly rolled off her chair in giggly-sterics, but was checked by pains where the horse had bumped her.

"Where—where?" Alice's nose was scaling the menu. "Oh—'Alice Lake mushrooms with cream and pepper sauce,'—'Louise Glaum salad of tomatoes, onions, and red peppers'—oh, look who's crab legs!" she squealed, tossing the menu high in the air.

Tony Moreno and Tom Meighan bumped heads reaching for it, but Eddie Sutherland got it.

"Crab legs," he read. "Dorothy Dalton and Lillian Gish."

"Not Dorothy Dalton," cried Viola, then subsided in embarrassment.

"Not according to her pictures in 'Aphrodite,'" was the discreet observation of Eddie Sutherland.

The discussion was broken by the entrance of Texas Guinan wearing a half-and-half—evening gown and yellow powder.

"Look at me!" she cried. "Drunk, dressed up, and the trunk empty! First time I've played plush horse in years."

"It's time to go," announced Tony. "Texas is here and the place is going to get rough. Watch her, Betty, she'll start shooting up things."

"Ah, no," was Betty's good-natured defense. "Texas is a little crazy, but she's all right, ain't you, Miss Guinan?"

"Crazy?" shouted Texas. "Say if

they made any of you handsome heroes turn out a two-reeler every twenty-four hours, you'd be crazy. And if they don't give me a night's rest pretty soon, you'll be putting lilies in my hand."

"Not lilies, Texas," said Tony. "Cactus."

"Say, do you want to hear something good?" queried Texas, ignoring Tony's floral tribute. "I got a letter from a certain picture producer the other day. He said, 'Well, Texas, I got both your husbands working for me now'—meaning Messrs. Guinan number one and number two. I wired back, 'Congratulations; that's more than they'd ever do for me.'"

"Speaking of marriage, how's Lieutenant Locklear, Viola?" asked Tony, at the same time retreating through the door toward his automobile.

"Speaking of marriage, Tony Moreno," shouted Viola after him. "How are all the pretty girls of Los Angeles?"—then directing her volley broadcast—"I'm going to sue some one if they don't stop these lies about me being married. I'll sue—"

"Ah, keep still, Vi," put in *soror* Alice. "If you don't stop denying it everybody will know you're married."

"But I'm *not*!"

"Of course not," said the pacific Betty. "If she was in love she wouldn't eat so much."

"Which proves she's married," ventured Casson Ferguson.

"Just for that you don't get no pie, Mr. Ferguson," snapped Betty.

Silence ensued. No filmer likes an unhappy ending to a luncheon.

"Good-by, Betty, we had a wonderful lunch," called Margaret Ettinger, as she chaperoned Bessie Love out of the roughening atmosphere.

"Yes," said Bessie. "This is the first time I have been here, and I think it lovely."

"It's kinda homy," admitted Betty. "All the stars are coming here now. Lew Cody was here yesterday."

"Say," burst out Texas, "if you can get the business of his ex-wives you'll die rich, my dear."

"Oh, lots of ex-husbands meet their ex-wives here. It's such a nice family place."

That cleared the place for one day. The men departed, nervously juggling their money, and the women their alimony.

Betty's bungalow is unique. Nowhere is there anything like it or Betty or the patrons.

Wild Bronchs and Busted Ribs

Continued from page 49

observed to applaud this exhibition emphatically. He knows how difficult is the feat.

Broncho riding, however, is the peer of all Western sports, and when Lambert Hillyer fired his revolver for the great event, a great shout went up.

"Ride 'em, cowboy!"

With all due respect to the boys who were picked to carry the colors of the good old U. S. A. to athletic victory at Antwerp, I know of two or three "unknowns" who hold the world's records for the one-hundred-yard dash, the high and low hurdles, the broad and high jump, and even the quarter-mile—easily. This may sound like taking in a lot of territory, but the athletes I refer to are the boys who beat both a wild bucking broncho and a wilder and madder longhorn steer to, over, through, or under the aforementioned board fence of the contest arena in—absolutely nothing flat.

Of course, these records were not officially recognized by the A. A. U., but Bill Hart had parked his plastered ribs and Will Rogers his gum right at the spot where this Olympic contest happened. Both gentlemen swear that the American athletic officials sure overlooked the champion sprinters, jumpers, and hurdlers.

Lambert Hillyer, himself a recognized athlete of note in his collegiate days, unintentionally acted as field judge, since he was mounted on his favorite horse, directing the riders coming out of the chutes into the arena. I speak with absolute knowledge of facts because, despite a feeling of personal modesty, I must lay claim to being one of the "unknown" champion athletes. Joe August, chief camera man, and Cliff Moran, "still" photographer, were the others.

At vantage points all about the arena were the motion-picture cameras. Most of them were placed on high platforms just outside the arena near the horse corrals, overlooking the entire scene. Worked to the fever-point of enthusiasm by the thrill of the broncho busting, Joe August clambered down with his camera to the ground inside the arena. With another camera man, I jumped down alongside. Here it was that a carpenter, with rare presence of mind, knocked off the lower board of the fence with a hammer. In a few seconds all of us had need for that space. Mr. Hillyer fired his revolver, and out of the chute came a cowboy on a stick of dynamite better known as a broncho. Instantly the broncho spied us and down he swooped,



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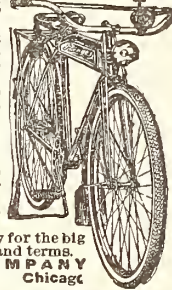
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bucking and fighting. Even the rail-birds left the fences for safety while we who were trapped broke all speed records going right away from there.

All except Joe August, who manfully stood his guns even after the horse kicked his camera out from under.

Three daring cowboys on the wild longhorn steer caused the other speed catastrophe, and this time the event

looked like a squad of marines going through their famous wall-scaling exercises. In fact, I believe we might have given the marines pointers, if they'd been there. But it's too late now—never again will that same group repeat that performance—not even to make Bill Hart and his guest of honor laugh as they did the day of the rodeo.

Nazimova Speaks

Continued from page 30

me," she murmured the word, "scarlet. I have not made up my mind whether or not to like Lenin. They say he is very simple—no flowery speech. I like that."

Nazimova came to this country from Russia some fifteen years ago with Paul Orlenev, also a Russian player. Richard Watson Gilder and Robert Underwood Johnson, now American ambassador to Italy, first became interested in her work while she was playing in a little East Side theater, at Third Street and the Bowery, in New York, which she had to enter through a saloon. They became so enthusiastic about her work that they wrote open letters to the New York newspapers, declaring a new genius had been found. Jeanette Gilder, sister of Richard Gilder, finally introduced her to Lee Shubert, who was her first manager. He besought Caroline Harris, the actress and mother of Richard Barthelmess, to teach Nazimova English. In less than five months Nazimova was mistress of our language. She spoke of those days.

"Yes, Mrs. Barthelmess is lovely—a splendid woman. And Dickey—ah, Dickey!" She clapped her hands gleefully. "I have Dickey's first love letter. Yes, he wrote it to me!

"I lived in Washington Square. You know Washington Square? Well, there is where I lived in a little room in the Judson Hotel, way up in the tower. Mrs. Barthelmess would come there to give me lessons. She, too, lived in a little room, somewhere uptown. She had no place to leave Dickey. He was nine then. I said, 'Why don't you bring your little boy with you?' So she brought Dickey, and Dickey brought his cage of white rats. He would turn them loose to scamper around my room." Her fingers fluttered in imitation of the scampering rodents. "Dickey would play with his rats, and I would play with Dickey. Then he went to the seaside. He wrote to me on a postal card. He said:
"Dear madame: The white rats

are fine. I hope you are, too. Love, Dickey."

Nazimova gave me permission to publish this passionate billet-doux.

"Yes, and you may say, too, that I am very proud of it," said she. She had praise for Dickey's *Cheng Huan* of "Broken Blossoms."

Nazimova speaks fervently of pictures. "They have absorbed me," she said. Yet her love for the stage has not failed.

"I will return to the stage. But first I must find a play. I have been spoiled. I have become a gourmand. I will not be content with a New England dinner. Oh, I—yes, I myself—I will eat a New England dinner, but I will not serve it to the public.

"Art differs from business," said she. "You must give—give—always give. Give your best and it will come back to you. I have such hopes—such plans—dreams—"

She dismissed them with a quick gesture. She had eight changes of costume to make that night. Already it was after eleven and the first had not been made. We returned to the set. On the way she paused to chat with the "extra" girls. She was so very sorry she must keep them working so late.

"These girls are shivering. Have you no drink of brandy for them?" she cried gayly to a group of men. "No? Well what is the matter with your doctor's prescription?"

A moment later Nazimova was the girl of "Billions," posing in the Garden of Dreams, quite oblivious that I or any one else was present, had ever been present. She drew the great silver flowers down to her face and drank long breaths of them as if they held a perfumed wine. She cautiously touched the swan maidens and the naked little cherub lying in the bamboo. Before her mind was a picture. She saw it, she felt it, she was it. While to us appeared a complex personality, a rare work of art, one of life's most elaborate masterpieces—Nazimova, genius and workman.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 78

construed as an attempt at a flirtation:

Now—er—I have decided to make this poem a limerick instead of an epic, on account of the shortage of white paper; and other reasons. A limerick is a biblical term for "stanza," and means "jazzed." In this syncopated form it stanza better chance of being read. An epic is too darned long, anyhow.

"To This Riddle Appears!"

You see? There's the "appears" I was telling you about! Now, it was my idea to omit the last line and let you chew—pardon me, guess—on the riddle. But I can just hear the editor say: "Nixthisisnopuzzle-department!" and a lot of other things, so:

"In the Fact that She's Head of Her Class!"

There you are!

Ain't it the truth, fellow fans?

H. J. YELLAMS—Chicago, Ill.

A Plea for the Last Frontier.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Last week I saw the much-advertised picture, "The Courage of Marge O'Doone." There was real Northern scenery and a clever plot, and the box office did good business, but part of the audience seemed to be disappointed, for the real spirit of the North was not in this picture. For years I have taken a keen interest in Northern plays, but they are always disappointing. The silent drama claims to have a lot of real cowboys. Why can't we have some real Alaska miners and prospectors? A few years more and the boys who blazed the trails where the real brotherhood of man existed will be dead—the boys of the Last Frontier.

Recently I read an interview with a cowboy actor who said that the cowboys were the only red-blooded Americans. Now, I have seen the last of the Old West, and a few cowboys, but I wondered if this boy ever saw anything of the life of the miners and prospectors in the great Northwest. Perhaps he would have thought twice before making that statement if he had made a trip up the east fork of the Chandler River toward the Arctic coast in the early days, alone and on foot, depending on his gun for food for six months, as Jack Cornell did—not as a daredevil or for sport, but to find two lost prospectors. Alaska is often referred to by writers as "The Lawless North." The old-timers of the North will tell you that lawlessness came in with law and order—I know, because I am one of them.

A CHILD OF THE WILDERNESS—Seattle, Wash.

In Answer to C. R. G.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: I am inclined to agree rather more with "The Hooligan at the Gate" than with C. R. G.

It is quite easy for C. R. G. or any other movie fan to pick out certain plays and base their argument for the uplifting power of the silver sheet on these good plays. There are, undoubtedly, some splendid plays, which are both educational and elevating, but the question in my mind, and apparently in the mind of "The Hooligan," is, "What proportion of the whole do these good plays form?" In my humble opinion, they form a very small minority, and we have to endure the ninety-per-cent dross for the sake of the ten-per-cent gold.

As a theater organist, I sense the "atmosphere" of the audience, and can readily feel the difference in the clean laughter produced by a Charles Ray or Douglas MacLean picture compared with the somewhat hys-

Continued on page 93



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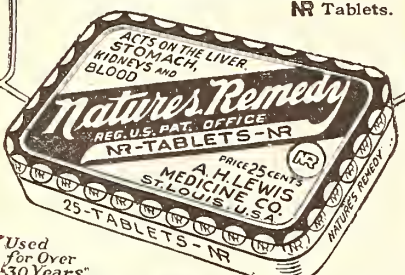
Continued from page 56



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crouched back against the wall; one of the fiddlers, his bow still dangling helplessly in his hand, gasped helplessly. His gun leveled, the drink-maddened man advanced toward the bridegroom. He swung to one side, then to the other. But, quick as he was, Sherd Raines was quicker. However Pap would turn, the black-coated parson was between him and the foreigner.

"Keep back o' me," Sherd ordered. "Ye're the man she wants—it'd better be me."

"Git out o' the way, Sherd Raines," Pap ordered levelly. "When I count three, I'm goin' ter shoot! One, two—"

There was a scream, a flash of white, the crack of a gun.

There was deathly silence. Pap, sobered, staggered back, the pistol falling limply from his hand. There on the floor, the blood a crimson stream down the snowy wedding dress, lay Easter.

"I've killed her—I've killed her!" Pap gasped.

As the sound of his voice broke the silence, the others pressed quickly forward. Eager hands lifted the slim, little white figure; one horse-man started down the rocky trail for the nearest doctor. Some of the women clustered in the little upstairs room where the men had carried Easter; the others waited in the room below, the room that was to have seen her wedding.

"Will she die?" Pap asked one and another helplessly. "Hev I killed my little gal? I—it was the drink—will she die? Hev I killed her?"

But nobody could answer him. "I take my solemn oath," said Pap, "ef she gits well, I'll never touch another drap o' liquor 's long 's I live."

"He'll stick to it," one mountaineer said to another. "Pap Hicks allus keeps his word."

At last the doctor came. While he was in the room above, nobody spoke, even Pap ceased his questioning. When the doctor appeared at the head of the stairs, nobody dared ask the question. The doctor cleared his throat.

"She had a close squeak," he said. And with that homely phrase, Pap's reprieve was granted. Easter would not die.

At last her mother came down the stairs.

"She wants ter see ye," she said to Clayton. "An' ye," to Sherd.

"Naw, I won't go," said Sherd with awkward delicacy. "She says me, too, cuz she's sorry fer me. Let her see him alone fust."

"She asked fer you, Sherd," said Easter's mother, "fust."

So the two men mounted the narrow stairs to the attic where Easter lay, white, big-eyed, on the cot.

She turned first to Clayton.

"Ye know," she asked, "how I feel to Sherd? I—I'm sorry, but I didn't know myself till I had ter leave him, an'—an' then when I thought he was goin' ter be killed—I—ye taught me most all I know," she said to Clayton. "I said I'd marry ye, an' if ye want me this way—I'll do it, now. But I'll always love Sherd—I know it now—but ef ye want me this way, I—I'll be glad ter marry ye."

Clayton looked down at the little white figure, the girl who had taught him what love could be.

"No, Easter," he said gently, "I love you too much. I don't want you—this way."

"Mebbe it's jes' as well," said Easter, shyly eager, "fer ye, I mean. I couldn't hev been a good furriner, like yer mother and sister—I couldn't be the wife fer ye that I could fer Sherd. Ye'll find yer own kind of a gal—"

Even while his heart was aching for his loss, something deep and honest in Clayton told him that it was the truth she spoke. He was a "foreigner," she belonged to the mountains that she loved.

"Good-by, Easter, dear," he said tenderly. "Good-by, I wish you well."

Then he went downstairs and out into the woods, down the path.

In the bare attic room Easter turned to Sherd. And the mystery, the hushed joy, the romance she had seen in the mists of the blue Cumberland distances, were in her eyes.

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hurry across the Atlantic, make a short stay, shoot back, and still be at work in time to keep their schedule.

We're glad they had the trip, after all; only we wish that their final decision to go had been made in time to have saved us from misinforming our friends regarding it.

A Creator of Characters

Continued from page 40

players puppets—subject to early motion-picture traditions.”

“It is not lack of knowledge—we are all learning,” he answered. “I think the beautiful part about pictures is that they are in a stage of growth. The stage has attained its growth, and it remains in a sort of mellow middle age. On the screen we are all growing together, and that human touch is probably why we all love it so and are conscientiously working for its advancement. People say, ‘Oh, that is bad—this is good’—and so on. I say that we must have the lights and shadows. Some day it will be shown that all these things are but development.

“If we stop striving for dramatic situations, take a slice out of life, learn to think and to rely on intuition, we shall, without doubt, show the world in a few years that we are not acting—but living for all time on the screen.”

Let me whisper a bit of romance to you—Bertram Grassby, fascinating *heavy* in “The Inferior Sex,” acknowledges absolute *equality* of the sexes and is very much in love with his wife. Mrs. Grassby never takes a professional engagement which calls her to distant locations, unless it happens that her distinguished husband has a few days between pictures and is able to accompany her. They live in an atmosphere of books and cultured friendships, of close understanding, and they care nothing for outward show.

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“Because, you see,” said Mr. Grassby, as he ended our chat, “people with an object in life and who don’t have opportunities ready-made, simply must have time to think.”

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 91

terical laughter produced in the suggestive, risqué problem and sex plays, with which the screen is flooded.

I have the extreme temerity to disagree with the great Mr. Lasky, when he says that the public are appreciating more and more the sex plays. Mr. Lasky may have his finger on the public pulse, but I rather suspect that he is trying to hypnotize the public into believing that they prefer this class of play, because it is easier to produce and secure. To say that these plays have a moral lesson is to beg the question, for we do not go to the movies to be preached at, and it is human nature to apply the moral to your neighbor rather than to yourself.

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"Who Is He?"

HE must be an expert book-keeper; he must be a secretary of no mean ability; he must effect the subservient attitude of an office boy and combine with this the executive ability of the president of a large corporation, that he may take nasty orders without grumbling, and that he may give orders to many people and be obeyed.

He must possess an accurate knowledge of history and science. He must know the costumes worn by the Bolivians in 1882, the Russians in 1910, the French in 1870, the Americans in the settlement days, and the resident of the mythical European kingdom in his George Barr McCutcheon prime.

He must know the streets of New York City, of Los Angeles, of Chicago, of San Francisco, and of Jacksonville, with the degree of thoroughness that a resident in a town of six thousand knows his streets.

He must have correct information on regimental formation in Revolutionary War times, in Civil War times, in Spanish War times, and in Great War times. He must be able to distinguish between the Croix de Guerre, the D. S. C., and the Congressional Medal of Honor. He must be able to procure any one of these medals at a moment's notice.

He must have a thorough acquaintance with the members of the police department in each city in which he works, but must never have been

arrested. He must know crooks and prize fighters and dope fiends and be able to locate any of them within a half hour.

He must be an actor when called upon and be always ready to appear as a callow youth or an ancient man or an imbecile. He must be proficient in the art of make-up.

He must know fake bombs as well as a professional bomb-thrower knows real ones. He must be something of an architect; something of an interior decorator; something of an arbiter of fashions.

He must know the whereabouts of a high waterfall; the location of a trickling brook; where to find the finest trout stream; where to find a rocky ocean coast; where to locate dense woods and peaceful pastures.

He must rise early in the morning and remain up late at night. His time clock is the sun and the whims of his superior. If his work assists largely in making the product in hand a thing of joy or serious entertainment or beauty he must be content to congratulate some one else for achieving success. If the product is bad he must take the blame whether it is his fault or no.

He must be ever ready to risk his life in the execution of his duty, and, if his neck is broken or his leg clipped off, he must not complain.

He must remain forever in the background.

He is the assistant director.

Two Views

By H. J. Yellams

By An Admirer:

"She flits 'cross the screen like a sunbeam; like a fairy is she; or an elf! She's winsome and gay as a kitten at play; unconscious is she of herself! And when she comes into your vision, you swear that an angel is near! Her grace and her art brings new joy to your heart—oh, Gracious! but she is a *dear!*"

By Her Employer:

"Her contract expired last Monday, but she signed a new one, it's true. So, two thousand per I shall have to pay her each week of the next fifty-two! Also a per cent of the profits; oh, she'll get along, never fear! She's worth it, but, Gee! If you leave it to me,—Oh, Honest to Gosh! she is *dear!*"

A Tragedy

By Marjorie Charles Driscoll

I met a very ancient man

With gray and reverend head.

"It's growing dark," I said to him,
And this is what he said:

"Drifting shadows crept over the world, as suppliant Day knelt at the

threshold of Night, pleading for the boon of darkness."

I looked at him in mild surprise.

He wept: "Ah, well-a-day!

I once wrote titles for the films,
And now I talk this way!"

Fade-Outs

Continued from page 67

Yessir! And then, too, will appear the inevitable and inspired criticism—such as:

"It is unfortunate that such a highly finished actress as Apryle Skeeters is allowed to bog her talented tootsies in such a soul-less hoofhicle as 'The Short Vamp.' Admitting her ankles are twin histrionic and optical delights; as usual—her feet in this picture, especially in the close-ups do not reveal the vital and vivid extremes of mood of which she is capable. Not since she kicked our hearts a-thrill with 'Half-Soled'; that high-heeled, twelve-button perfection of the cobbleist's art—has she been given a footfilm which allows her exceptional feet a chance to spread themselves!"

—O—

They'd All Be Noticed.

Thomas Meighan says, sezze: "A star can never go out and have a good time, when and where and with whom he pleases without attracting attention!"

Just to cheer up Tommie a bit and to show him there are others in the same fix, we mention:

- Der ExKaiser.
- The Side-Show Fat Lady.
- Measles.
- Pink Whiskers.
- Zebbras.

—O—

Severe Punishment.

Sitting in a theater and listening to the optience hiss his cussedness, caused Charles Clary to cease his portrayal of screen villains. Charles hates to be hated.

Ah, if we could but round up about forty-eight comedians (you know the kind), and force them to sit in the optience and list to the muttered anguish o'er the two-reel comedies (you know the kind)—perchance they'd see the error of their antics and seek other jobs.

—O—

Vivian's Various Vicinities.

Vivian Rich is the proud possessor of just the cutest little jokelet you ever heard. When you ask Vivian the name of her home town she answers sweetly: "Newbosco!" Of course, you give it up.

Then Vivian-explains, sweetly, of course, that she was born at sea on her father's boat. Her birth was registered in Boston where the ship touched. Also in New York whence the boat proceeded. Also in San Francisco, the home-port of the vessel.

Pretty Rich, eh?

Are You Satisfied with your Appearance?



Look Better—Feel Better—Make Your Appearance Count For You and Not Against You—No Drugs or Cosmetics

All from 5 Minutes' Fun a Day

10 Days' Free Trial to Prove It

MEN—WOMEN—If you want that healthy, wholesome look that wins admiration, that brings success, that helps make friends, then here is a 10-day trial offer it will pay you to know about.



Many moving picture stars enjoy a daily vacuum massage with the Clean-O-Pore which science has acclaimed the only perfect method of massaging.

Vacuum Massage is the greatest natural aid to better health and better appearance. It cleanses the pores as nothing else can, takes out the poisonous trouble-making impurities and puts new life and health into the tissues

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Think of it! A face, scalp or complete body massage every day for years at a total cost of only \$3.

Simply attach the Clean-O-Pore to any faucet and turn on the water—no electricity needed. The running water creates the vacuum—giving suction massage—massage in its most beneficial form. No water touches the skin. The Clean-O-Pore brings the benefits of massage within the reach of all.

FACE—SCALP—BUST

You can try it 10 days free. Use it on face, scalp or any part of the body—see for yourself how it improves your appearance by stimulating a vigorous circulation that feeds the tissues and carries away impurities—how it brings color to the cheeks and a sparkle to the eyes—how it cleans the pores, smooths out wrinkles and makes firm flesh—how it builds up the neck, bust or other hollow parts of the body—soothes and strengthens the nerves, and relieves headaches—how soothing it is after shaving—how it invigorates the scalp and hair and takes out dandruff—and how it is downright fun to use.

Only \$3.00 If You Keep It—Nothing If You Don't Write Today: This is a special advertising offer for a limited time only.

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Please send me a Clean-O-Pore Massage Outfit complete and prepaid (with full directions for using, also your hook on the care of the health and complexion), on 10 days' trial. I enclose \$3 in full payment. If not entirely satisfied, I will return the outfit and you are to promptly return my money.

Name
Address

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for Coughs & Colds



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EVERY WOMAN should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are, First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-cared for eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be—gray, brown or blue,—if they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

Nowadays, no one needs to be the dissatisfied possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyebrows and eyelashes, causing them to become gradually thick and lustrous, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes, and added charm to the face.

M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is a rare and expensive organic concentration which is unequaled for the purpose of stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

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Upon receipt of 75c in stamps, coin or Money Order, I will send you post-paid, in plain wrapper, a bottle of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier together with my copyrighted booklet on Beauty Hints.

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- M. T.'s Nature Beauty Cream, a wrinkle eradicator.....\$.75
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 - M. T.'s Depilatory to remove superfluous hair.....\$.50
 - M. T.'s Freckle Cream, for stubborn freckles and tan.....\$1.00
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T. Goldman's through the hair. In from 4 to 8 days every gray hair will be gone.

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Send the coupon for a trial bottle and our special comb. Be sure and give the exact color of your hair. Try it on a lock of hair. Compare the results and the pleasure of using with the old way. Send in the coupon now.

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Hadams' Best's SPECIALIST

12 West 40th St. Dept. 7, New York City

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Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 74

these "others" are on the pay rolls of film scenario departments. One day this author came in with a script entitled, "The County Fair." It was the old Burgess play retyped, original title and all.

"But this is the old-time stage play," we protested.

"Not at all—what do you mean? There might have been some play by that name, but this is my own work."

"But this 'business' very closely follows that of the play," we replied.

"Can't help that," he answered. "Great minds run in the same channels sometimes."

And so editors are fearful of taking a chance with him, and he cannot sell his work, much of which is fresh and fine.

It pays to be honest.

should arouse interest, tell a story, incite expectation. "The Unpardonable Sin," "His Majesty The American," "The Hoodlum," "A Man's Fight," "The Spite Bride," et cetera, are examples of good main titles. They have poster value and count with the proletariat. Not one main title in ten is retained on originals written directly for the screen. With well-known books, the film producer wishes to take advantage of the previous publicity of the book. However, if the name of the book is too fanciful, it is often changed. The main titles of plays, later made into pictures, are not often changed. The reason is that the stage version has, enjoyed a large amount of publicity which reflects in a beneficial manner on the motion-picture version.

If So, Write!

Have you had any unusual experiences in your work of writing for the movie screen? Is there anything particularly puzzling? If so, write to us. We shall be glad to publish your letter if you so desire. An exchange of experiences is always beneficial to every one concerned, you know.

Main Titles

Recent letters to this department carry complaints that certain film companies change the title of books and stories. One correspondent expresses it in these words: "My story, 'When Evening Came,' was accepted and paid for, but they changed the title to something more trite and less beautiful. I note that this is also done even with some books. Will you tell me why?"

It is because of the commercial end of the industry. Remember that while art is all very well, the pictures must sell after being made. Money must come in to pay salaries, and other production costs. "When Evening Came" means nothing but that evening has arrived. It is commonplace, states something that every one knows, and excites no interest. A main title is invaluable, and those who can select them should draw large stipends. One producer recently said: "I count a good main title with a punch as one third of the production." It's true, too.

After a motion-picture production is ready, it must be advertised. The main title on billboards and posters

Forget the Old Pictures

A number of the readers of this department send us brief outlines of plots which they say they consider unusually fresh and original and which we find—with an occasional exception, of course—to be just exactly the opposite. The editor of this department does not read motion-picture plots. He has not the time. But those that have come in during past months, before this rule was clear, lead us to the belief that the subconscious mind is powerful indeed. Nine out of ten of these plot outlines are reminiscent of old picture plays. Sometimes we have a sneaking idea that certain of these writers have the old back files of certain trade journals which formerly printed the plot synopsis of each picture released. That was in the good old days of six, seven, and eight years ago. And these old plots bob up serenely now and again.

There is the plot about the baby's shoes. The good old mortgage standby. The story about the young lady of the house who becomes the camouflaged maid and wins the hand of some young millionaire. These and many, many others make their perennial appearance.

Forget the old picture plays, and by "old" pictures we mean pictures released past and present. Subconsciously the mind may be influenced by this or that situation, or this or that climax seen in the motion-picture theaters, in times past, and plays startlingly imitative sometimes result. Don't try to imitate. Be original in the truest sense of the word.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 80

MRS. T. L. H.—Look for the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle. Your letter was answered. You must have received it by now.

MAC.—It is the stars' own handwriting that you get on their autographed photos, and not their secretaries. "Heart of the Hills" is the Mary Pickford picture you refer to. Those are all their real names. There are several firms who have pictures of the late Harold Lockwood for sale. Look in the advertisements.

R. J. K.—I never heard of the player you mentioned. Are you sure you have the name right?

MRS. J. E. M.—William S. Hart has not retired from the screen. His latest picture for Paramount is "The Toll Gate." His sister is not an actress. Both Douglas Fairbanks and Alice Brady are married. Fairbanks is Mary Pickford's husband and Alice is Mrs. James L. Crane. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are still confining their efforts to the spoken drama. Mildred Harris Chaplin returned to the screen in "The Inferior Sex."

HERMINE N.—Mahlon Hamilton had the title rôle in Mary Pickford's "Daddy Long Legs."

THE ABANDONED.—That is her correct name. She was born in Chicago.

G. M. S.—No, all the movie stars do not have naturally curly hair. You refer to the late William Stowell as opposite to Dorothy Phillips. He was killed in a train wreck in South Africa while on his way to make some scenes for the Universal-Smithsonian expedition there. Arline now has her own company.

B. GOOD.—See addresses at the end of this department.

S. H. K.—You, too.

PENNY.—Wheeler Oakman's latest picture is "What Women Love," a comedy drama in which Annette Kellermann has the featured rôle. Mary Pickford is not going to retire from the screen just yet at least. I don't know whether Constance Talmadge and Harrison Ford will play together any more or not. It is not likely as they are with different companies. Your friend is wrong about the Fairbanks case. Wheeler Oakman married Priscilla Dean during the filming of "The Virgin of Stamboul."

ERNEST LACKEY.—Norma Talmadge was born at Niagara Falls, New York, in 1897. Wilton is dead.

ARLIE.—Kind of thought you weren't even going to get in The Oracle this month. What made you so late? I liked both of those films myself. We have about the same taste in pictures.

MAY.—Ruth Roland has auburn hair.

ROBERTA C. R.—Your questions were answered personally. Bill Parsons died last year after a brief illness.

BABY FAIR.—The baby is growing every day, so it is hard to pin a poundage on to it. Olive Thomas is married to Jack Pickford. She was born in 1898. Elinor Fair is not married. Alla Nazimova is Mrs. Charles Bryant. Leon T. Osborne is Baby Marie Osborne's father. The Dolly sisters are back on the stage. The Fairbanks twins have been confining their efforts to the stage since they left Than-houser.

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Every time Sid Smith makes a stroke of his pen, millions of people laugh, and every laugh means money for the man who creates it. Andy and Min earn big money for him every day.

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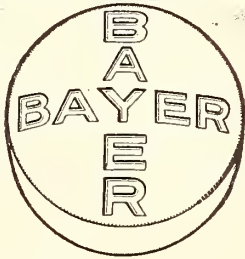
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Say "Bayer"—Insist!



Say "Bayer" when buying Aspirin. Then you are sure of getting true "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"—genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

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A 14-kt. gold filled knife and chain absolutely free with this offer. State if you wish a "Waldemar" (shown in cut), Dickens, or vest chain.

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If you are pleased when the watch comes send only \$5.50 as first payment. Then wear the watch for ten full days. If you do not consent it the greatest value in America, return it at our expense and your deposit will be refunded immediately. If you decide to buy, send \$2.00 a month until \$22.50 is paid.

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J.M. LYON & CO., 1 Maiden Lane, New York, N. Y.

FAITH Mc.—Charles Chaplin's mustache is a ready-made one, and he leaves it in his dressing room when not working before the camera. They are all about the same off the screen as on. The Talmadge girls are sisters. Look for the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

R. P. K.—Addresses at end of this department.

H. C. B.—Harrison Ford is not starring as yet. His latest picture is "Miss Hobbs," in which he plays opposite Wanda Hawley, in her first starring vehicle for the Realart.

FELICIA J. P.—Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. She is an American.

H. M. H.—Thanks for all the nice things you have to say about PICTURE-PLAY. We are trying to give the fans the kind of a magazine they want, and it is very encouraging to see that our efforts are appreciated. Warner is not working in any picture at present. You certainly have some collection of photos. Look for addresses at the end of this department.

BERNICE.—Yes, that would save you a great deal of trouble. Write to the circulation manager about subscriptions. I am sure that Alla Nazimova would send you one of her photos. I greatly admire her work, too. No trouble at all. You're entirely welcome. Maybe you didn't use the right address when you wrote her. Try again.

BLUE EYES.—I have several correspondents in far-away Alaska, but am very pleased to add you to the list. Tom Forman and Niles Welch are both married. Dorothy is not. Dorothy was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1893. Tom Forman was born in Mitchell County, Texas. He is light. Niles was born in 1888.

E. M.—Theda Bara is not blind, as you heard. She is now on the road with her stage production, "The Blue Flame." Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Schenck. She has no children.

HATTIE B.—Francis MacDonald is married to Mac Bush.

ROSE MARY W.—George Cheseboro went with Texas Guinan to play her male leads after coming back from the war. He is now playing opposite Grace Darmond in the "Hope Diamond Mystery," a serial. Thomas Meighan's latest starring vehicles are "Civilian Clothes" and "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." Kenneth Harlan was born in New York City in 1895.

HAPPY KORN.—I can't see anything in that to be happy about. I don't find it that way. You can get pictures of Norma Talmadge and Mahlon Hamilton by writing to them for one. Norma has another sister besides Constance in the movies, the youngest of them all, Natalie. You will find the addresses at the end of The Oracle.

LEONARD W. E.—Robert Mantell is not playing in pictures at present, but is back on the stage. Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture is "The Mollycoddle." Robert Leonard has been directing exclusively now for several years. He is now directing his wife, Mae Murray, in a series of features.

ANNA O. B.—I forwarded the letters which you inclosed. No trouble at all. William Desmond is married to Mary MacIvor, and recently was presented with a baby girl, Mary Joanna. Bill's smile

is broader than ever nowadays. He is not playing opposite any one. They are playing opposite him. Desmond has been starring for several years. Gloria had the leading feminine rôle in "Male and Female." Cleo Madison and Eileen Sedgwick are not with Universa!. "Husbands and Wives" is Vivian Martin's latest picture. It was made by Gaumont. Pearl White is with Fox.

BROWN EYES.—I like 'em all. Your Norma Talmadge and Alice Brady questions have already been answered. Eugene O'Brien was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1884.

BETTY.—William Duncan and Edith Johnson will continue together in Vitagraph serials.

A. P.—You are quite correct about Katherine MacDonald.

MRS. J.—Dorothy Dalton is now making features for Paramount at their New York studio.

MRS. J. H.—Phyllis, Marvel, and Harriett are blondes with blue eyes. Marie has dark hair and eyes, as have Myrtle, Mollie, and Vera. Mildred has blond hair and brown eyes.

R. S. B. C.—William S. Hart has been on the stage since he was a youngster. Charles Chaplin was on the stage when he was a kid. He was born in Paris, France. Hart was born in Newburgh, New York. Geraldine Farrar is thirty-eight years old. Hart is six feet one, weighs one hundred and ninety pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes.

A READER.—You will find your question already answered in this issue.

WILLIAM RUSSELL ADMIRER.—You refer to Albert Roscoe in "Cleopatra" with Theda Bara. William Russell is married to Charlotte Burton. I think he will send you a photo if you ask him for one.

ANNA LUTHER ADMIRER.—Anna Luther has not made a serial since "The Great Gamble." Mae Murray is still making pictures. William Duncan is married. Tom Moore's youngster doesn't play in pictures. Your Dorothy Dalton questions have already been answered.

H. J. H.—Charles Ray is no longer with Thomas H. Ince. It is six months since he worked under the Ince banner. Charlie's latest pictures for First National are "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway" and "Peaceful Valley." Alice Howell is making her own comedies now. Billy Watson, of "beef-trust" fame, has not gone in for pictures as yet. He is one of the few who haven't.

H. H. J.—Your questions have all been answered in this issue.

A GIRL SCOUT OF AMERICA.—Robert McKim is married to Dorcas Matthews. He recently became the proud father of a bouncing baby boy. Pearl White has reddish-gold hair.

MRS. M. W. C.—There was never a picture of that name released with George Walsh. That was probably just the temporary title of the picture and it was changed when released.

A WALLY REID ADMIRER.—Wallace is married to Dorothy Davenport. Yes, I like Hershey's.

MATILDA F.—I can't send you the book you mention, because there's no such animal. Look for the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

EDWIN V.—Louis Bennison has returned to the stage. He went into pictures when he took a rest from the stage,

and has now resumed his place back of the footlights.

MYRT. J. D.—You, too.

KISS ME.—I'm afraid I'm too far away for that. Herbert Heyes plays the principal male rôle with Ruth Roland in "The Adventures of Ruth."

ROMANCE.—You must be closely related to the above. Roscoe Arbuckle tips the beam at over two hundred and fifty pounds.

DELLA FIRTH.—You will find the names and the company addresses at the end of The Oracle. No trouble at all. Come again.

A WESTERN GIRL.—Your William S. Hart question has already been answered. Dick Barthelmess is twenty-five. Gloria Swanson's hair is not red. It is a very dark brown. Bebe Daniels will not be seen with Harold Lloyd any more. She is now being starred in Realmart productions after playing leading rôles in several Famous Players pictures. Not at all!

MISS DEEL K.—Bobby Harron is not married. I think he will send you a picture. Better inclose a quarter with your request. Pearl White is her correct name. She was born in Springfield, Illinois, in 1889.

THEODORICK G.—Louise Glaum was born in Maryland. She is five feet three inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. Her hair and eyes are dark. "Sex" is her latest vehicle. Her stage career consisted mostly of stock. She was also with the late Nat Goodwin.

LITTLE BLOSSOM OATS.—Constance and Faire Binney are sisters, but are not related to Mary Miles Minter. Neither one of the Binney girls is a blonde. Francelia Billington and Charles Clary had the principal rôles in the Universal feature "The Day She Paid." What do you want to know about Walter?

BLUE EYES.—Lottie Pickford has just finished a picture at the head of her own company. I am sure both Alice Brady and Tom Moore will send you their photos. Lillian is older than Dorothy. James L. Crane played opposite Alice in that picture. He is also playing opposite her in real life as well, being her husband.

MAVIS B.—Norman Kerry is playing in Alan Dwan productions. Molly Malone is with Goldwyn, playing opposite Cullen Landis. Wallace Reid, Jr., is correct. Dorothy Greene was born in Russia in 1895. Petrograd was the city. ZaSu Pitts was born in Parsons, Kansas, in 1898. She is an American. That is Alice Lake's correct name. She was born in Brooklyn, New York, a year before ZaSu. She is not married. Kenneth Harlan is still playing in pictures. He is with Goldwyn at present. Ann Pennington left pictures after a short try at the game and resumed her work on the stage. Carmel Myers was born in San Francisco, California, on April 9, 1901. She is not on the stage, but is making features again for Universal. She was only on the legitimate stage for a few months. Margaret Shelby has played in several pictures with her sister, Mary Miles Minter, including "Wives And Other Wives" and "Rosalie Climbs the Heights."

AN AROOSTOOK GIRL.—Whatever that is, Bill Desmond is married to Mary McIvor. They have a baby daughter which arrived during the month of March. Bill was born in Dublin, Ireland. Francis Carpenter was born in 1911. Virginia Lee Corbin was born a year later. Baby

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Marie Osborne is also a 1911 variety. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde, who used to be a leading light in the old Nestor and Christie comedies. Vivian Martin was born near Grand Rapids, Michigan. She is Mrs. Jefferson in private life.

IMPOSSIBLE BOBBIE.—There are some stars who send their pictures to the fans for nothing, and others who insist upon a quarter with each request. If you inclose a quarter you are bound to get a better picture from the star than the ones they send out gratis. Yes, I like auburn hair and brown eyes.

C. D.—Alice Howell is still making comedies at the head of her own company. Harrison Ford is under contract to Famous Players. His latest picture is "Miss Hobbs," opposite Wanda Hawley.

BERTHA H.—You should have inclosed a stamped envelope if you wanted a personal reply.

B. E. SUSIE.—You will find the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

CURLY B.—You will find your questions already answered in the replies preceding yours.

MISS GLADYS A. S.—Jack Pickford, Clara Horton, Pauline Starke, Park Jones, and William Crittenden had the leading rôles in Goldwyn's "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

LOLA A. L.—Marguerite Clark never appeared in a picture by that name. You have things all twisted up. G. M. Anderson is devoting all his time now to producing stage plays.

AREADY.—Ben Wilson was born in Corning, Iowa. He is married to Jessie McAllister. George Walsh is a product of New York, and arrived there in 1892. He is married to Seena Owen. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, in 1902. Jane and Katherine Lee are in vaudeville at present with a sketch.

TOMIX ADMIRER.—George Larkin has been married to Ollie Kirkby for a little over two years. Ruth Roland is a native daughter, being born in San Francisco, California. That's her name. She has reddish-brown hair and her eyes are violet. Quite a combination, isn't it? Tom Mix has been married to Victoria Forde for two years.

BEN S. W.—I don't know whether they would have time to answer your letter or not, but I am sure they would send their photographs. It was Cleo Madison who played the dual rôle in the old Universal serial, "The Trey o' Hearts." Neither Marie Prevost, Anne Little, or Bebe Daniels is married.

RALPH BUSHMAN FAN.—Ralph is but nineteen years old and is several inches over six feet. He is making his screen début now in a Goldwyn picture, so you will get a chance to see him on the screen very soon. He is not the son of Beverly Bayne. You mean Gertrude Claire, don't you?

PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC.—They're all leaders. Of course, they read their mail. They like to keep in close touch with the fans. You will find all your other questions already answered.

BLONDIE DIMPLES.—You will find all your questions answered in the other replies.

"SES" SEING TU.—Most of the stars change their leading men and women with every picture. Mary Pickford has no children. She was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. Viola is. I'm sure I can't give you the address of a motion-picture studio where you can go and be a motion-picture actress. It takes more than the mere ability to get to a studio to get on the screen.

VALERIE.—I told the editor what you said and he seemed very much puffed up, so I guess your compliments made a hit with him. The editor takes care of all the interviews, et cetera, in the magazine. All I look out for is The Oracle. However, I told him what you wanted. Why don't you write to Walter yourself? He's on the coast at present, playing in pictures, so I can't ask him what you want to know. Maybe he'd answer if you wrote to him.

PEGGY R.—A PREP.—You are right about the color of Mildred Harris Chaplin's eyes—blue. Olive Thomas is five feet three inches tall. I enjoyed Jack Pickford's work very much in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

THEDA BARA ADMIRER.—Theda Bara is now abroad, studying a new play. Theda is a very charming woman off the stage and screen and nothing like what she is pictured in her plays.

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JUST ALMA.—Yes, my picture was printed in PICTURE-PLAY once—just once. It has taken the magazine a long while to recover from the shock. Luckily, no one knew that the picture was that of The Oracle, so I still have lots of readers writing to me. Mae Murray is married to Robert Leonard, her director. They have formed their own company. Mae's hair is bobbed. Geraldine Farrar is not with Goldwyn any more. She is going to make pictures for the Associated Exhibitors. Your other questions have been answered.

G. I. L. C.—You refer to Rockcliffe Fellows, opposite Constance Talmadge in "In Search of a Sinner." Robert Warwick's correct name is Robert Bien. The others you mention are all using their own names. If you don't see your favorites often enough, you should ask the manager of your favorite theater to run more pictures with the ones you like best.

GIRL.—Madge Kennedy is Mrs. Harold Bolster. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron. Katherine MacDonald will send you a photo of herself, I am sure. She is not married. Joseph Schenck is Norma Talmadge's husband. Your other questions have been answered.

W. M. S.—They do look a great deal alike in some expressions, but they are not related.

MY FIRST WRITE.—William Duncan is not married to Carol Holloway. Pearl White is married to Wallace McCutcheon. Niles Welch is Dell Boone's husband. Ralph Graves is not married, but Jack Mulhall is. Jack has a little youngster named after himself. Marie Walcamp, Harlan Tucker, and Otto Lederer have the principal rôles in the new Universal serial you refer to. Of course, the little colored boy who played with May Allison was an actor. If he wasn't before, that made him one, anyway. Ruth is not married now.

J. M. J. T.—Send six cents in stamps for a copy of the "Market Booklet." I don't know whether Mary Hart would send you a photograph or not. You see, she is not an actress herself, so doesn't keep a collection of photos on hand to send to admirers.

MARJORIE WELLS.—You might have run across yours truly without guessing that I was The Oracle, for I have been to Fellows' Camp, right near you, several times. I bet that starts you guessing. I don't see how you can get very lonesome when you say you go to picture shows every night. Wallace Reid has only one youngster. Norma Talmadge is five feet two inches and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. Constance is three inches taller and weighs ten pounds more than her sister. Gloria Swanson is five feet three inches and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. Shirley Mason just reaches five feet and tips the beam at ninety-four pounds. Katherine MacDonald is five feet eight inches and weighs one hundred and thirty-four pounds. You are quite right. It takes more than a letter of introduction to get into pictures. You seem to want to be a lot of things. Why don't you just pick out one vocation and stick with it? A "Jack-of-all-trades" never gets very far, you know.

ALICE B. G., QUEBEC.—Here's your answer, just about the time you thought it would be printed, too. You are some guesser. Frank Mayo is married. He was born in New York in 1886. Have you run out of questions? I never knew you to ask so few before.

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AMILE.—Bessie Love was not on the stage previous to her entrance into pictures. She began her screen career with D. W. Griffith. Her mother brought her around to the studio, and D. W. liked Bessie's looks so well that he gave her a bit in a picture. She turned out so well that the bit suddenly swelled into a very big part and Bessie made quite a hit at the very start. Roscoe Arbuckle has deserted the manly art of ducking custard pies and is now devoting all of his time making features for Famous Players-Lasky. "The Round-Up" is Roscoe's first dramatic picture since he began his screen career.

ALICE IN MOVIELAND.—Charles Ray is not still working for Thomas H. Ince. He is now at the head of his own company, producing features for First National. The reason you are led to believe that he is still with Ince is because you see pictures still being released by Paramount which were produced by Ince. The reason for this is that Charlie got quite a bit ahead on his releases before he left. William S. Hart has not retired from the screen as yet, although he threatens to do so at the completion of his present contract. Whether he carries out his threat or not remains to be seen.

J. V. S.—The "Market Booklet" has been mailed to you, as requested. The "Guideposts for Scenario Writers" is an entirely different book.

H. J. G.—"The Perfect Woman" is the title of Constance Talmadge's newest release. No trouble at all.

ALVA.—You had better buy your ink by the barrel if you intend to write letters to all the players whose addresses you request. It would be much cheaper for you. Look at the end of this department for the addresses you want.

WARREN & JULIA.—There is no such person as Elizabeth Pelt being featured in pictures. She must have been kidding you.

SNOOKS.—Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are working for different companies, which is one reason they are not playing together. Grace is married to Joe Moore, Tom's youngest brother. Tom is not married. Ethel Clayton was married to Joseph Kaufman, her director. He died about two years ago from pneumonia. Elsie Ferguson and Casson Ferguson are not related. Addresses at the end of this department. Louise Glaum is still starring in features produced by J. Parker Reade, Jr. Francis Carpenter was Jack in "Jack and the Beanstalk." Wanda is nineteen.

ELEANOR & NELLIE.—Charles Meredith was just recently married. I think he would send you one of his photographs. Write and see. Conway is just as serious looking off as on. I don't see him in the type of part you mention at all. I don't think it suits his peculiar personality. If you want to write to Richard Barthelmess before he gets married, as you state, you are out of luck, because Dick became a blushing bridegroom on June eighteenth. Mary Hay, a former "Follies" girl, who took Clarine Seymour's place in D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East," is the fair damsel in the case. You refer to Pell Trenton as May Allison's husband in the Metro feature "Fair and Warmer."

STEVE M.—Constance Talmadge was born in 1900 and Lila Lee arrived on this hemisphere two years later. How do you figure in this dispute in your town, on the right side or the wrong?

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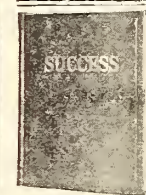


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EILEEN PERCY ADMIRER.—Yes, Eileen Percy is married. Her correct name is Mrs. Ulrich Busch. "Her Honor The Mayor" is her latest Fox feature to be released. Monroe Salisbury has just started work on his first picture at the head of his own company. "Bullet Proof" and "Human Stuff" are Harry Carey's films.

VIRGINIA M.—I never heard of any engagement. You must take a rumor for what it is worth—just a rumor. Antonio Moreno is busy on his latest serial for Vitagraph. I don't know whether he will answer your letter or not. He can't answer them all, that's a certainty, but yours may be one of the lucky ones.

H. W. A.—Edward Coxen is still playing in pictures.

DELPHINE B.—Vivian Martin is married. Harold Lloyd is not married to Bebe Daniels. In fact, Harold isn't married at all. You have quite a list of favorites; but why dislike an actress simply because a friend tells that that said actress has green eyes? Olga Petrova is married to a physician.

INQUISITIVE G. M. H.—Tom Mix was an honest-to-goodness cow-puncher, sheriff, revenue officer, et cetera, before going into pictures. Juanita Hansen is now making serials for her own company. They will be released by Pathé. You will find all your other questions already answered in the replies ahead of yours.

O. I. C.—Mabel Normand is the young lady's name, and she is not married. Education is not the big essential in getting into pictures. Of course, it helps in any walk of life; but a college diploma will never be transferable to a movie contract. It's ability to get over on the screen that counts. The education will help you figure up your income tax if you have plenty of ability and personality.

MILDRED K. HULSTEAD.—Pearl White is an American. Pearl, Shirley, Irene, and Dorothy all have bobbed hair. Pearl is still making features for the Fox Film Corporation. She has no children. Wallace McCutcheon is her husband. June Caprice has not left the screen. "Broncho Billy," otherwise G. M. Anderson, is devoting all his time now to the production of stage productions. The Lee kids now have a sketch in vaudeville and are making quite a hit in it. You will find all your other questions already answered in these columns.

GREENUP.—Pete and Magda are not married. I am sure that he would send you one of his photographs. The "Guidposts for Scenario Writers" has been mailed to you as requested. The ten cents in stamps was correct.

GABY.—I'm sorry I couldn't get your answer in the issue you wanted; there were too many ahead of you. I answer all letters in the order in which they are received, and yours did not come in time to be printed in that issue. I think you write very well for one who understands but little English. Charles Chaplin speaks French quite well. Pearl White has just come home from a trip abroad, so I guess she picked up quite a bit of French while in Paris. I never heard of the Marshall you speak of.

LAURETTA B.—Ruth Roland is not married now. She was formerly Mrs. Kent. She has no children. You can get a picture of her by writing to her personally. It is always best to inclose a quarter with your request for a star's photo.



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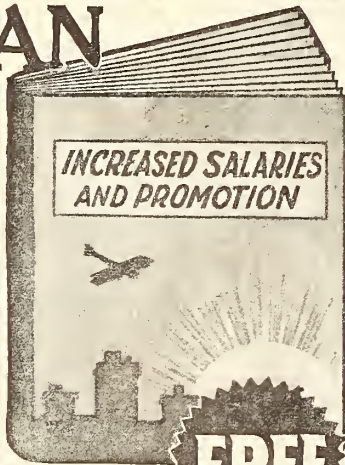
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J. T. L. R. U. S. N.—Dorothy Kelly used to be quite a prominent figure in the old Vitagraph pictures. She deserted the screen for the stage shortly after leaving Vitagraph. She is married.

DANIEL J. O'R.—Both the "Market Bocket" and the "Guideposts for Scenario Writers" have been sent to you, as you requested. The money order was sufficient to cover both. Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

NAPOLEON.—PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE pays for manuscripts according to their worth. As a rule, the editor only buys material which has been ordered beforehand, although any worthy manuscript will be acceptable. Fox's Eastern studios and offices are now located in their new building at Tenth Avenue and West Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

MARJORIE A. T.—The stamps will serve the purpose just as well as money. Pauline Frederick is Mrs. Willard Mack. Corinne Griffith is Mrs. Webster Campbell. Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron. Elaine is not married. I am sure they would send you their pictures. Charles Ray is twenty-nine.

VERONICA M. K.—Madge Evans was born in New York City in 1909. She is not working in pictures at present. She has an older sister and two older brothers.

ANNA M.—That is certainly a funny conception of me that you have. You think you are exaggerating, but you might be very complimentary at that; who knows? Madge has a sister, Vera, and a brother, Arthur. Baby Marie has a few freckles. What regular kid hasn't? She has no brothers or sisters. Pearl White has brothers and sisters. Her mother is not living, but her father is. I think she would send you one of her pictures.

MRS. O. P.—The story of the "Birth of a Nation" takes place during Lincoln's administration. Most of the war scenes in "The Heart of Humanity" were made at Universal City, California. William Stowell, Lloyd Hughes, and Frank Braidwood were the sons. Marjorie Daw played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in the pictures you mention.

FRANCIS M.—Olga Petrova has just finished a tour of the Orpheum circuit. I don't know whether she intends to return to the screen or not. I presume she does. I can't tell you how that serial is going to end, because it would spoil it for any one else who contemplates seeing the finish of it, even if you don't. Mitchell Lewis' features are now being released by Metro. Charles Ray finished his contract with Thomas H. Ince several months ago. He has already completed two pictures for his own company for release through First National. "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway" was the first one.

S. S.—Vivian is not playing in pictures at present. She is married and has a little youngster now to occupy her time.

FRED RATH.—I don't know whether you can get into motion pictures or not. That is something for some one else to decide besides myself. There is nothing that I can do to help you get into pictures. A great many of my readers seem to have the idea that all they have to do to become a motion-picture star is to mail me a photograph of themselves and await the inevitable contract. Those who think that way are all wrong. If I could get people jobs as stars as easily as that I would open up an agency and cease to be an Oracle.

DOROTHEA R.—You refer to Charles Meredith as the leading man in "The Thirteenth Commandment" and "Judy of Rogues' Harbor." The picture you are trying to think of with Marguerite Clark is "Luck in Pawn." Charles Meredith did not play in "The Copperhead" at all. You must have him confused with Arthur Rankin. There is a certain similarity about their general appearance, but I shouldn't say that they looked alike. Merely of the same type.

POLLY P.—You can begin the letter any way you want. Whatever you seem to like best. You will find all the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle. Evidently you are in for quite a spell of writer's cramp.

WALDO E. R.—"The Lure of the Circus" scenes were all made in California. That is not a strange life to Eddy Polo. He was a trapeze performer in circuses for many years before he went into pictures. He is married.

A FAN, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Your thirst shall be quenched—as far as questions are concerned. Wallace Reid was born in your own home town in 1892. Bryant Washburn was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1889. Pearl White is married to Wallace McCutcheon. Her latest feature is "The Tiger's Cub," produced by the Fox Film Corporation. Mrs. Vernon Castle still plays in pictures.

MYRTIS B.—I did not give you the personal answer you desired because you didn't inclose a stamp for a personal reply. All you thought to put in your letter was an addressed envelope. You will find all the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle. Wallace and Darrell are not married. Bert Lytell and Alla Nazimova are, but not to each other. Your other questions have already been answered.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Ashton Dearholt, Hart Hoxie, Carlyle Blackwell, George Larkin, Vivian Martin, Mary Anderson, Julian Eltinge, Winifred Allen, Virginia Pearson, Carmel Meyers, Henry Woodward, Neal Hart, Harry Hilliard, and Herbert Rawlinson at either Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, or Mabel Condon Exchange, Hollywood, California.

William Dunean and Edith Johnson, at the Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Vivian Martin, at Gaumont Studios, Flushing, Long Island.

Peggy Hyland, in care of Samuelson Company Ltd., Worton Hall, Isleworth, Middlesex, England.

Alice Brady and Constance Binney, at Realart Pictures Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Neal Hart, at Capitol Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California.

John Bowers and Louis Bannison, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Anne Little, Lila Lee, Kathryn Williams, Wallace Reid, Ethel Clayton, and Monte Blue, Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Tom Mix, Eileen Percy, Pearl White, Virginia Lee Corbin, William Farnum, and William Scott, Fox Film Corporation, Tenth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

Low Cody, Dustin Farnum, and Louise Lovely, at the Gasnier Studios, Glendale, California.

Engene O'Brien, Louise Huff, Zeena Keefe, and Owen Moore, Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Any players whose addresses do not happen to be given here can be reached by writing their name on the envelope of your letter to them, and then adding, below: "In care of the Mabel Condon Exchange, 6035 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Please forward." Letters to players will be forwarded if sent in the same way in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

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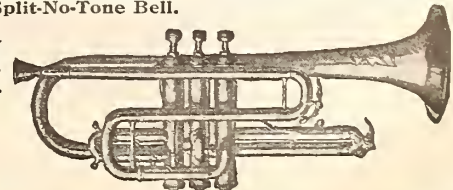
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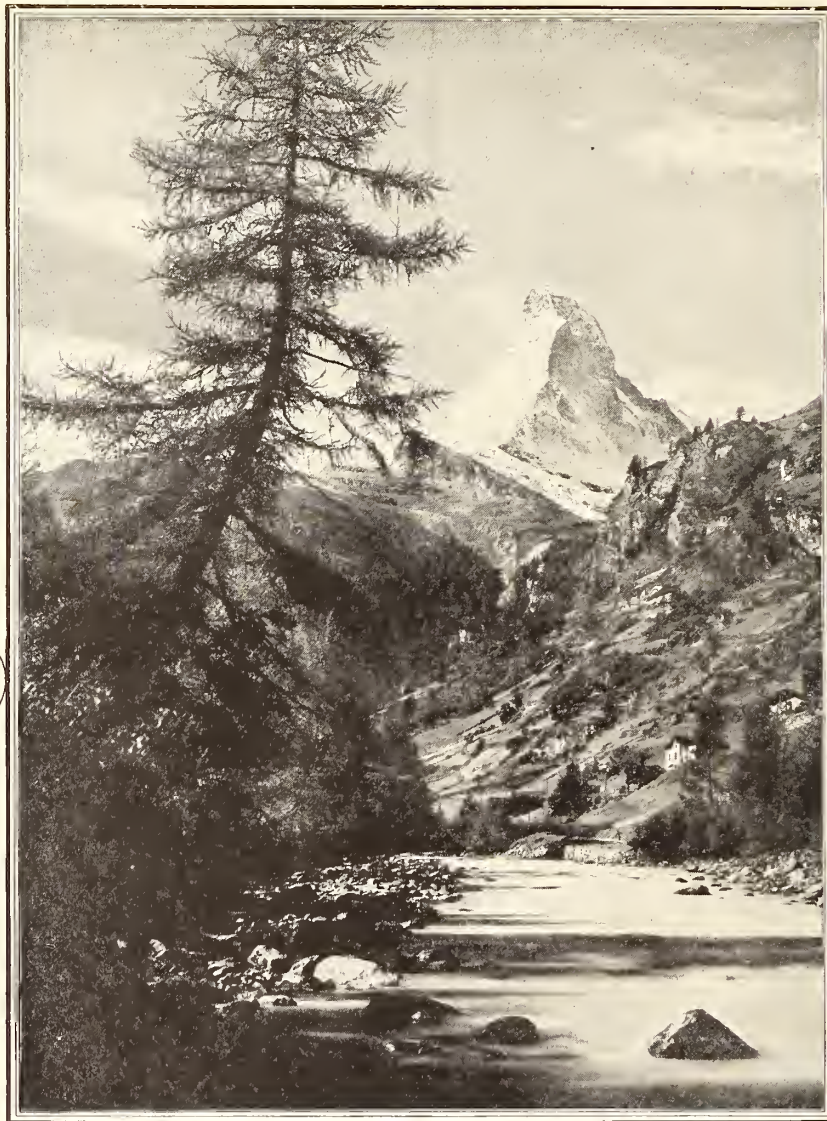
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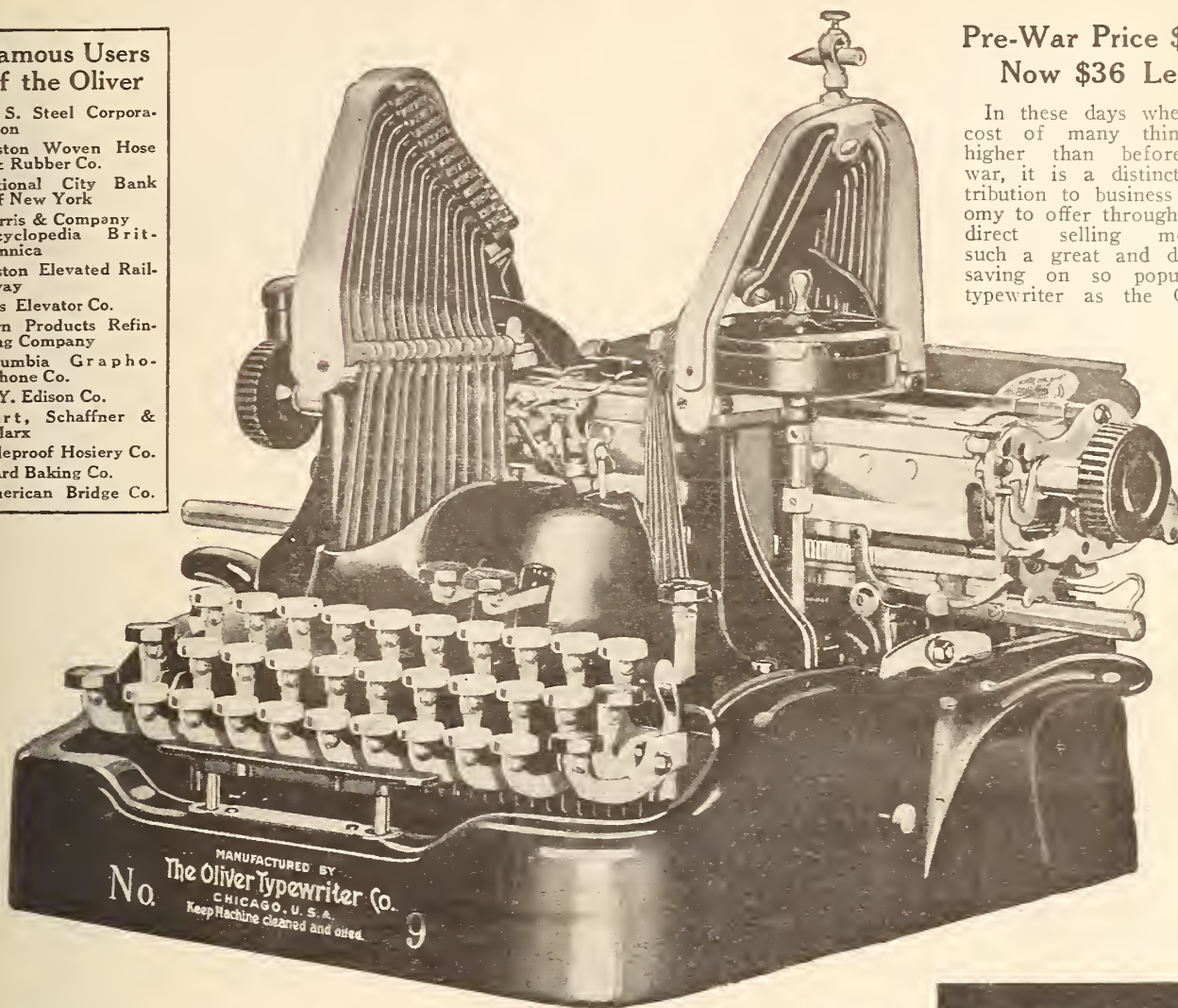
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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That is but one of the many features which will appear in that number.

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How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed. I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easy as I do. Any one with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one

hour, how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonyng, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1000% in 6 months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars.

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter, and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

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"Of Course I Place You! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth course is priceless. I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a dash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forgot that right now" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember," or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph Smith"? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

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DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO

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My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard*—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you *do* go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much*, because you *understand what you are doing*. Studying this way is a pleasure. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention, the **COLOROTONE**, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, **QUINN-DEX**. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated, moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. You *actually see the fingers move*. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from **MEMORY**—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The **COLOROTONE** and **QUINN-DEX** save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained *only from me*, and there is nothing else, anywhere, even remotely like them.

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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 E. B. Davison of New York, 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

sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

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 "huffed" by the 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** hook has recently been written on this very subject—a hook 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 goldmine 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 world-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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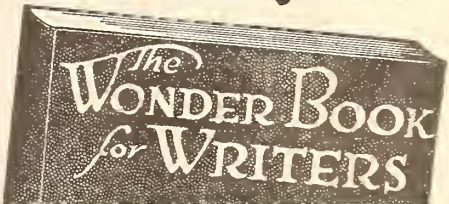
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Witwer is the highest-paid humorist in America to-day. His book of short stories called "Baseball to Boches" was the funniest and most popular war book ever written, and his new series of short stories—on movie maniahs this time—is even funnier and of special interest to all who go to the movies. Of course they will appear in book form later, at about \$1.75 per, but you can get them now in PEOPLE'S Favorite Magazine at only 25c a copy.

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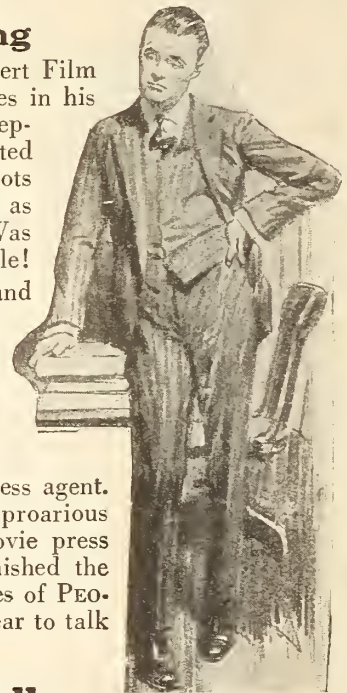
Then get *People's Magazine* for October—on sale September 10—and turn to the love affair of "Old King Coal Oil." You'll find a dozen rapid-fire giggles and three or four big laughs in every foot of it, and you will be laughing with, and sometimes at, real movie folk and the stage door hangers-on, for Witwer has been meddling with the movies himself lately and has run across some rare characters in and about—especially about—the studio.

Introducing Beatrice Charming

"Since I been tearin' off publicity for the Camembert Film Company's collection of camera comets," Witwer confides in his October story in PEOPLE'S, "I have met considerable representatives of the speaker sex which was madly infatuated with themselves and was there to tell the world what riots they was. The boy screen dare-devils is not half as bad as the girls—they're twice as bad. Sweet Cookie! Was boostin' yourself ice, them guys wouldst be the north pole!

"But Beatrice Charming copped the brown derby and made all them other babies look modest, shy, and retirin'. When it come to regardin' herself in a favorable light, it was a case of love at first sight, and I'll say she was head over heels! In her opinion, they had only been two real actresses since Eve—herself and Sarah Bernhardt, and Beatrice conceded Sarah second money."

Beatrice meets "Old King Coal Oil" through her press agent. Read the rest of the yarn in the October PEOPLE'S; it's uproarious—and, incidentally, if you don't already know why movie press agents hate their job, you'll find out before you've finished the story. With the rest of the series, to appear in later issues of PEOPLE'S, it will be one of the most amusing things of the year to talk over with movie fans and friends.



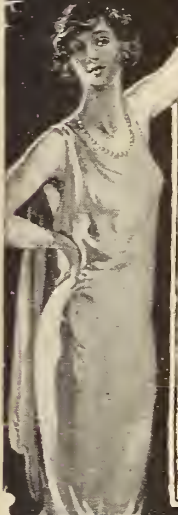
The Press Agent

But That's Not All—

A few of the other big features and famous contributors in the October PEOPLE'S are: "George W. Perkins' Creed for a Rich Man," by Frederick Lawrence; "What It Means to be Broad," by Dr. Frank Crane; "Polotics," the first of Hugh Fullerton's vivid stories of Chicago's Chinatown (they're as human and real as Burke's great story on which "Broken Blossoms" was founded); "If You're 70 Per Cent Well, You Are in Good Health; But it Takes More Than That to Give You Pep," an article by Dr. William Brady that is better than a doctor's prescription, and that includes his famous eleven exercises for acquiring health and personality; and "Getting Roosevelt to Talk About Himself," by Herman Hagedorn.

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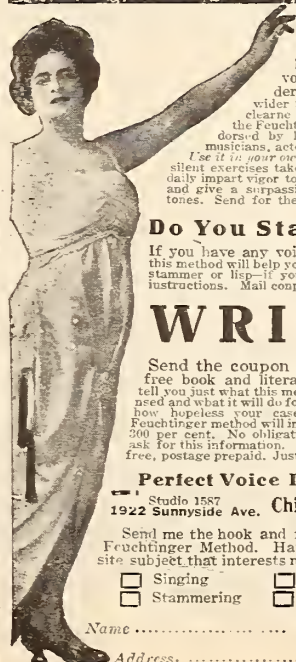
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And then, as you leave, comes the wish that you might know more about the *real* person who created that marvelous image on the screen, that you might come to know him—or her—intimately, as you know your own close friends.

Or, as you discuss the production, and questions begin to arise as to how some of these marvelous effects shown were produced, how some of the seemingly impossible feats were performed, you are conscious of a longing to be taken behind the scenes, to learn how it's all done.

You see the announcements of the forthcoming productions in which your favorite stars are to appear, and you wonder which ones are worth going to see, which ones you can't afford to miss.

And it is because **PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE** answers these desires of yours better than any other publication that you are reading this very issue. Turn the pages and ask yourself if this is not so.

Did you ever come closer to a human being through a word picture than in the article which Emma-Lindsay Squier wrote about ZaSu Pitts—or the story on Nazimova in last month's issue—a story, by the way, which the great star said was the best one that had ever been written about her?

You wanted to be taken behind the scenes—well, here are two trips: "What Becomes of the Story" and "How a Movie City Is Built."

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Herbert Howe, who is to conduct his own department, beginning in the November issue. Photo by Hoover.

And it has still more things in store.

Among them will be Herbert Howe's own department of chat and news, gathered in and around Hollywood. If you read the article, "Come-On-In," in our September issue, you know how intimately Mr. Howe knows the life of the film folk. His department will reflect, in a bright and humorous manner, the little inside happenings of the colony. **Watch for this new department—you will be repaid for doing so.**

There will also appear, in our next issue, the first of a series of **GREAT LOVE STORIES OF FILMLAND**, written by Grace Kingsley. There is no one who knows as many stars as intimately as Miss Kingsley, and there is no one who can write more truly, more sympathetically about them, as you know if you have read the many stories which she has written for us—such, for example, as the one we printed last month, in which Bebe Daniels told about her first love affair—and her second.

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Thus these three travel the roads that Destiny has put them on—Bedell, the Stony Path seeking Success and Fame; Eve, the Road of Roses with its thorns and Valinsky, the Road of Mud and Muck. After many windings and twistings these three roads converge,

bringing happiness and content to Eve and Bedell, while Death looms for Valinsky at the end of his journey.

Bedell's metropolitan orgies—his dissipations resulting from a too-bountiful Luck and a hopeless Love—his trip to Trumpet Island to become a man once more—Eve's fateful marriage—the airplane honeymoon—the storm—the wreck—the meeting which results in the strangest, the most alluring love story ever told—from this point on, sensational levels are touched in the unfolding of the story of Trumpet Island.

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TRUMPET ISLAND

TRUMPET ISLAND

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SOMEWHERE in America this year scores of new photoplaywrights must be developed, and your opportunity to win success is as good as anyone's.



Dorothea Nourse
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NEXT to ideas, the most important phase of this new art is the *arrangement* of ideas. And that is now being taught most successfully by correspondence through the Palmer Plan—taught to people who have never written and who never thought that they *could* write.

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5000 New Photoplays Are Needed

THE dearth of photoplays plots is an actual one—5000 new ideas are needed. The great producers must have many for immediate production.

For 20,000,000 people are attending motion picture theatres daily, and they don't want the same plays twice. This, remember, is now the world's fourth largest industry, and is still it's fastest growing one.

Producers are paying from \$250 to \$3000 for successful *first attempts* by unknown writers. They must hold out these

inducements to *get the stories, to develop new writers into photoplaywrights.*

On this great wave scores will rise to new fame, and you may be one of them. Don't think you may *not* be—"what you think, so you are," is a truth that all should seriously ponder.

In addition to those whose pictures are shown, the following novices have lately won success under the Palmer Plan:

George Hughes, of Toronto, Canada; Martha Lord, now staff writer for Clara



G. Lerol Clarke
Formerly a minister. Sold first photoplay for \$3,000.

Kimball Young; Idyl Shepard Way of Boston, author of "Keep Him Guessing" (Selznick); Elizabeth Thacher of Montana, author of "Reforming Betty" (Ince); James Kendrick of Texas, creator of six stories since enrollment less than a year ago; and Frances W. Elijah, author of "Wagered Love," recently purchased by D. W. Griffith.

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PICTURE PLAY PLAYERS



ERIC VON STROHEIM

is putting on the screen the Monte Carlo he knew some years ago, when he was a dapper young army officer, and so scorned his present profession that he wouldn't be seen going into a motion-picture theater, no matter how great the provocation.



Hoover

BESSIE LOVE

is one of the few actresses most of us would be willing to see as *Little Nell* in "The Old Curiosity Shop," so a warm welcome was accorded her announcement that she would screen the Dickens masterpiece, possibly going to England to do so.



EVANS

CLEO MADISON

is a favorite whose popularity is of long standing. Well known for her work on the stage before she went into pictures, she won the fans' hearts in the early days of the movies. Her most recent appearance is with Bert Lytell in "The Price of Redemption."



Edward Tayer Monroe

CONSTANCE BINNEY

finds success irksome at times; she's played "39 East" so many times on the stage that she loathes it heartily, she told us, and now Realart wants her to make it for the movies. So, despite her feelings, you'll probably see it on the screen before long.



Ira Hill

JUSTINE JOHNSON

is a famous beauty of whom you've doubtless heard much. Heretofore the stage has claimed her, but she recently signed up as a Realart star, and now her blue eyes and golden hair are daily being shot by the camera, with comedy drama as the background.



RUTH KING

is one of the reasons why even Mack Sennett comedies appeal to some highbrows. For photographic purposes we don't know of a better musician; never having heard her play, we don't know whether she plays as well as she looks at the piano or not.



Hoover

ANN MAY

has been bucking up against family opinion for some time, insisting that she was meant by Fate to be an actress. The public agrees with Ann, vociferously. So does Charles Ray, who had her for his leading lady in "Paris Green" and "Peaceful Valley."



Abbe

BETTY ROSS CLARK

has been voted "a comer" by those who know, and is living up to their opinion by putting her best foot foremost in such productions as "Romance," in which she looked as she does here. Her experience was gained in years of hard work with stock companies.

ZaSu Goes Home

Every one who ever dreamed of some day achieving fame and fortune has thought, "And then *wouldn't* it be great to come back to the old home town and hear what folks would say!" ZaSu Pitts did just that, and this is the story of how the "old home town" received her.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

I WAS on my way to Santa Cruz for a week's vacation. I had changed cars from the luxurious Limited to a funny little jerkwater train that stopped amiably to let cows get off the track and waited while drummers bade their small-town sweethearts a lingering farewell. The conductor was a friendly old man who knew most of the passengers by their first names, and who paused at my seat to inquire hospitably if I was comfortable and if I liked the country.

"Goin' to Santa Cruz?" he asked conversationally, as the little train trundled placidly ahead. "Nice town," he volunteered; "lots of celebrities come from there. ZaSu Pitts is there now on a visit—she came up yesterday. She's a high-up fillum actress now, and they do say she gets a whopping lot of money——"

I knew ZaSu Pitts, and told the conductor so. He seemed much impressed, and when I told him the exact figures of the salary that ZaSu is to receive now that she is to be starred he blinked with amazement and no little pride.

"I knowed she'd do something big," he assured me. "She had it in her. Why, I mind the day—it seems like yesterday — when she boarded this very train to change cars for Los Angeles. That was four years ago—just sixteen she was then—a little mite of a thing, with big eyes and a little round hat set up on top of her head that was always sliding over on one ear. She had on a funny-looking suit, too, with sleeves that were too short, and her arms were full of bundles that kept dropping, first one and then another.

"I mind that I set down by her and she told me she was goin' to be a fillum star. Not a bit afraid—not her! She wa'n't pretty, either, and her arms and legs were awful long, but say, she *knowed* she was goin' to win out—and she's done it!

"Yesterday she come back for the first time since she

ZaSu leaned over the fence of her old home. "I used to have such a pretty garden," she said.



She was kept talking and laughing every minute.

went away, and say, she certainly looked nice. And she knowed me, too. Wasn't the least bit stuck up—asked about my wife and if our old dog was still alive—not a word about her being a star or makin' loads of money——"

The train stopped with a jerk.

"Cow on the track," explained the friendly conductor, and hurried away to assist Mrs. Cow to safety.

Santa Cruz, I found, was a sleepy, early California town set in a crescent around the blue waters of Monterey Bay. A town with funny, old-fashioned houses and a main street where hitching posts still survive and are used. Somehow it seemed just the place for ZaSu's home town and was like her in many ways; unpretentious but wholesome, possessed of a quaint, distinctive charm, entirely unsophisticated and perfectly contented with life.

I was registering at the St. George Hotel, preparatory to hunting up ZaSu, when suddenly, at my elbow, was ZaSu herself, her shade hat over one ear—her hats never *do* stay on straight—a brown braid of hair threat-



"I certainly gave you a splurge in the paper," said the editor.

ening to uncoil from around her ear, and her gray eyes looking larger than ever against the creamy oval of her face.

"You're coming right up to my room," she announced, taking the pen out of my hand. "I have twin beds in it, and I was wondering how I was going to use them both unless I took turns sleeping in each of them—"

It's perfectly useless to argue with ZaSu. I imagine casting directors found that out when they tried to discourage her from becoming a film star. Her wide, almost mournful, eyes belie the iron will that is behind them. So, in a few minutes more, my bags were deposited in her room, and we were chattering away for dear life trying to tell each other everything of interest in a single breath.

"I came up yesterday," ZaSu explained, as we curled up on our respective twin beds. "This is my first vacation since I started in pictures, and 'Roulie' and I"—Rouland is her eldest brother—"came up for a month. He is going to fish, and I'm going to rest until time for my first picture under my new contract.

"I've always dreamed of this," she sighed contentedly, stretching out her long, slender arms; "of coming back to my home town—I lived here twelve years you know, and went through high school; and of staying in the best room of the best hotel in town—"

There were hours of aimless but thrilling conversation. Then came brother Roulie,

ZaSu's visit included a call on Mrs. Josephine McCracken, Mary Pickford's god-mother.

with a string of fish, which were cooked especially for us at lunch, with a celebrity-worshipping waitress attentively near. Afterward, ZaSu volunteered to show me the sights of the town.

But it transpired that ZaSu herself was the main sight of the day. Old-time friends waylaid her at every step. She was kept talking and laughing every minute. Well, if here wasn't little ZaSu Pitts, home again! A real star now, wasn't she—well, they always knew she'd make the town famous—how was her ma, and wouldn't she come around and see the folks while she was in town? Then the questions would begin. How did she like being a movie star? How did it seem to be so famous? Did the old town look about the same?

There was the grocery man who hailed ZaSu delightedly. He recalled the day, four years ago, when she had come into his store to buy currants. She was in a great hurry, and was worried for fear she wouldn't have time to make the currants into jelly before leaving for Los Angeles to become a movie star.

Then there was the mistress of the dancing school, who beamed as she told ZaSu she hadn't changed a bit, and that she certainly used to be an imp of Satan!

"ZaSu was always up to some kind of mischief," she told me. "A regular Topsy she was.



I remember the day when her teacher was going to whip her, and she ran out of the building and down the hill with the teacher after her—ZaSu was laughing, fit to kill, she thought it was the biggest joke in the world.

"But bashful, say, she was the funniest girl—she couldn't bear to have a boy near her. She used to come to my dancing school, and if she could dance with the girls she was all right, but let a boy try to put his arm around her, and she'd wriggle away like an eel.

"Even when she took the lead in the high-school plays, she always tried to make them cut out the love scenes. And once when a boy wanted to carry her books home, ZaSu slammed them into his arms and said, 'Oh, all right, come on'—and stalked ahead of him, never letting him catch up with her or walk beside her."

We met the editor of the evening paper, a hardy old-timer who had come across the plains to Santa Cruz with an ox team, and who owns half the town. He was a perfect type of editor of the old school.

"ZaSu has certainly made us proud of her!" he boomed in his best oratorical style. "I always expected it, too. She took the lead in school exhibitions ever since she was a little girl, and whenever she came upon the stage, you knew at once that she was master of the situation!

"When they told me about the big salary you were to get from now on, I didn't believe it until I saw the contract," he continued apologetically, "but when I *did* see it, I certainly gave you a splurge in the paper!"

"You certainly did!"



Friends stopped her at every step. The lady holding the flowers was ZaSu's school-teacher who chased her down the hill.



Photo by Hoover

ZaSu was just a small-town girl, who was loved by friends and neighbors for herself alone.

agreed ZaSu gratefully, and I happen to know that of all the printed praise she has ever received, that item from her hometown paper was nearest and dearest to her heart.

We walked up the street to the Pitts homestead, where ZaSu had spent her childhood. It was a white, frame house, with bay windows, and the yard was overgrown with weeds and unkempt grass. ZaSu leaned over the fence and regarded it sadly.

"You'd never know by the way it looks now that I had one of the prettiest gardens in town," she sighed. "Raising flowers was my hobby, and I had them in little beds, all neatly arranged—one of the neighbors used to tease me by telling me the yard looked like a cemetery."

That night we went to the movies, and the proprietor of the theater

told ZaSu that he had booked every picture he could find in which she appeared, even for the briefest moment. When he advertised "The Little Princess," in which ZaSu had her first big part, he had featured her name instead of Mary Pickford's. Such is fame in one's home town.

We were two tired girls that night. ZaSu's progressive welcome-home reception had been rather strenuous for both of us. As I watched

Continued on page 91



What Happens to the Story

If you sold a scenario, here's
what would happen to it.

By
Hunt Stromberg



The court of last resort has to pass judgment on all sets.

THERE'S a crackling splatter of light across the screen, and you see a giant tree struck by lightning, while the drums in the orchestra rumble, and peas are rattled in a can to simulate rain.

"Gosh! They can do anything in the movies now!" murmurs a man behind you. "Must have taken months to catch that. How do they do it!"

That same remark applies to a lot of other things you see on the screen. How do they catch a storm at sea, in which great liners are shown sweeping up to the crest of a wave and then hurled to watery depths? How do they go about making a picture, anyway—where do they begin?

It's interesting to watch the progress of a scenario through the studio, just

Nature was denaturalized here.

Even big sets like these are used for but one picture.



as engrossing as it is to step behind the scenes and see how nature is denaturalized, so to speak, and the fury of a storm depicted right on the studio lot. By visiting the Thomas H. Ince studio recently I learned something about this mysterious journey, and, incidentally, about some of the tricks that make picture-making what it is.

When a story is accepted for production, twelve copies of the continuity—the specially written version of the story, in which it is divided into scenes—are made and distributed among the departments concerned in the making of the picture. The heads of these departments and their assistants must become familiar with it and its general requirements, and everybody, regardless of rank or office, is asked to submit ideas and suggestions to the director assigned to the picture. This is one reason why the very best place to learn to write for the screen is from a job inside the studio.

The casting director then selects the players who are to surround the star; sometimes two candidates, possibly three or four, are chosen for every rôle, each is tried out, and finally one is selected. Meanwhile the director and his assistant, the technical and art directors, and the stage manager get together in the office of the production manager to arrange a definite schedule for the construction and placement of all sets for the picture.

With this schedule completed, the art director makes

It would be impracticable to wreck an ocean liner, so miniature models are used for shipwreck scenes.



Here's the cabin shown on the opposite page, plus a studio snowstorm.

and submits to the director rough sketches for these sets; the director must stretch his imagination and make sure that such sets are in strict accordance with the action and "atmosphere" of the story—every detail must fit in perfectly with the general feeling of the story. For example, when a recent picture of Enid Bennett's, "The False Road," was in preparation, it was necessary to get sun-baked lumber, and, in the studio, build the "little cabin around the foothills" called for in the story. Wintry scenery and a realistic snowstorm also had to be created; cotton batting, tinsel, bits of snow-white paper, and a special fluid whose formula the studios will not divulge, produced the proper effect.

Continued on page 82



The Mutiny of the *Elsinore*

It took a desperate fight with a rebellious crew on the ship that carried his sweet-heart to make Dick Sommers realize that he was "a real salt son of an old salt father."

By Samuel Hartman

JOHN PIKE thoughtfully paced the clean, white, moonlit deck of the *Elsinore* as she lay against the dock in San Francisco. From somewhere aft came the occasional light laughter of Margaret West, where she and Dick Sommers sat in the shadows. It was a wonderful night, the air wet with the sea and the high sky clear with stars. Perhaps the boy would come out all right, after all, was the burden of John Pike's thought as he looked down over the rail deep into darkened waters. If they could only get him to sea on a long voyage with Margaret! He smiled sadly. He honestly wanted her to have Dick if she loved him—but he wanted the boy to be worthy. He wanted Dick to be a man—his kind of a man.

Slowly he sauntered to his cabin, peeled off his coat, and with a full, glowing pipe settled himself comfortably in his bunk for a quiet hour of reading before he went to sleep. Once he almost dozed off, but jerked himself suddenly awake, a trick acquired from the long habit of a first mate's responsibility at sea. The *Elsinore* gently snuggled in her berth as she settled with the falling tide. The hawsers creaked as they tightened and slackened on the friction-polished hawser posts of the dock. Ferryboats all alight slipped noiselessly back and forth across the bay—a sturdy tug whistled hoarsely as she lumbered toward Oakland, lashed to the gloomy side of a great barge loaded with freight cars. Then out of the distant noises of the night came another noise, strange, different, close. The noise of a stealthy tread, a metal click, a ghostly shuffle, a dull, jarring thump—and then—a long pause.

Suddenly alert, John Pike stepped to the open door of his cabin and listened. Then with a lunge he leaped down the companionway and into the main cabin just in time to see a man with a smoking gun as a shot crashed out. And as he threw himself upon the man with the gun he was dimly aware of the sinking figure of Captain Sommers in an open doorway. Then came the sound of running feet overhead—dully he regretted that Jason West was so old, he would have been a great help in his day—and he cursed softly because the big, hard-fighting second mate had shore leave for the night. But the man in his arms was a small one. He crushed him easily, smashing his great fist repeatedly into the lean, snarling face, and flung the frantically clinging body free in order to meet unhindered the rush of the other, who was big and powerful.

The watchman on the dock heard the shot and came running, blowing his whistle as he came, and in less than three minutes two husky policemen leaped over the side and added a convincing finish to the battle.

"Oh, you rat!" said Tim O'Reilly of the dock squad as he shook his victim between his two great hands. "I've been lookin' for yuh, yuh one-eyed rat! It's murder and robbery both this time, and a thousand years you'll get, and maybe a hangin', too!"



"The Mutiny of the *Elsinore*"

Written from the Metro picture which was adapted from Jack London's novel by the same title, and played by the following cast:

John Pike.....	Mitchell Lewis
Margaret West.....	Helen Ferguson
Dick Sommers.....	Casson Ferguson
The Rat.....	William V. Mong
Captain Sommers....	Nowal MacGregor

But John Pike turned away from the scene of battle. The shot had brought Margaret and Dick, and they knelt at the side of the wounded captain. Some one went for a doctor, but it was useless, for Captain Sommers was dying. John Pike could see that as he bent gently over him. His captain that he had sailed the seas with for so many years!

"It's all right, John," murmured Captain Sommers with a little smile, patting Margaret's hand. "You'll sail the *Elsinore* with Jason West and help take care of Margaret."

His fading glance traveled to the grief-stricken face of his son for a moment. "And the boy, John. Make a man out of Dick. He's a good boy—I think he means to be—but—but somehow he's not the man I'd have him. Not a sailorman, John. Promise me you'll make—a—a sailorman out of—" And Captain Sommers died with John Pike's solemn promise in his heart.

It was a wild night in Frisco, the night Dick Sommers was born. A southeast gale lashed the coast with the mightiest storm of the decade. In San Francisco the twisting blow swept over the town with threatening fierceness, tumbling chimneys and shattering glass, booming relentlessly along at ninety miles an hour.

In the saloons along the water front wise men of the sea listened to the roar of the storm with no regret that for the time theirs happened to be a land berth during a lull between voyages. While the women of the sea, those brave things who give up their men to long uncertain voyages, the safety of whose loved ones lies in the siren whimsies of the mighty ocean, they huddled in their shabby little cottages with terror-stricken eyes and forgot to pray.

One of these was Dick Sommers' mother, a young girl facing the vast outer darkness that a life might be, crouching in the shadows of death, with the din of the storm in her soul and a desperate dread and fear of the sea in her heart. A sad little sea-wife, only a child whose sailorman had been six long, lonely months from home. Month after month the girl-wife of Nathaniel Sommers had been pursued by that fear of the sea, that fear and dread for her man, and now her great hour had come, had come in his absence, in the midst of a crashing storm. It was too much. The battle of fear and the battle of life were too much for her, and she slipped out on the ebb tide of the storm with the tired sigh of a beaten angel, leaving a small son for Nathaniel Sommers to father when he returned from his voyage.

But if Nathaniel Sommers had transmitted the spirit of the sea to his son Dick, there was little evidence of it when the boy grew up. He hated the sea and the ships of the sea. He hated the long voyages, monotonous and deadly. He hated the storm and the calm,

the flapping of the sail and the dank, wet smell of a brine-soaked deck. All those things that were the breath of life to his sea-dog parent were distasteful to him, and there came a time when years of growing dread brought the conviction to the father's heart that the son of Captain Sommers was a coward! With kindness and patience the old man tried to school his boy to love the sea, without result. He had prospered, had Captain Sommers. Together with his friend Jason West, he owned and sailed the *Elsinore*, with which they traveled the seas of the Orient and brought rich cargoes into San Francisco. And foolishly and fondly they planned for the children, for Jason West had a daughter, a lovely dark-eyed thing who loved the sea as much as Dick Sommers hated it. Dick almost loved Margaret—all except that! She almost lived on the *Elsinore* with her father, hardly ever missed a voyage, while Dick stayed ashore in idleness.

His father had plenty of money, he argued to himself. The old man went to sea because he loved it, not because he had to. Why should he, Dick Sommers, spend his life on the smelly old *Elsinore* in the sun and rain and stuffy cabin when the luxury of his home ashore was so alluring! And so, stubbornly, he refused to yield to the hopes and plans of his father—while the bluff, kindly captain grieved over the son who was a coward. A Sommers who was afraid of the sea! His own son, with the salt of the sea in his veins!

But Dick was young, full of the zest of living. He had his friends and his interests ashore. His habits and associates had no approval in the eyes of Captain Sommers and Jason West. And John Pike, the privileged first mate of the *Elsinore*, loving the boy as he loved the boy's father, tried with all his great, clumsy sincerity to win Dick over to the love of the sea. For not to love the sea was as much a crime in the sight of John Pike as to lack devotion to Margaret West.

He had loved both Margaret and Dick as children. He loved them both now, differently, even though he would not admit it even to himself. But Margaret was a live, flesh-and-blood woman, and John Pike looked on her with great, sad eyes, for he knew that she was not for him. And yet—he was not so old! Old on the sea, yes—but in age not so old. Thirty-five is not old—and yet it seems old to one of twenty. But there were times when Margaret smiled up at him in a certain way that made him wish for ten lost years back again—and there were other times when he wished he could make a man out of Dick—a real man—a sailorman who would be worthy of her.

In spite of life and death ships must sail the seas, and after Captain Sommers had been buried, the *Elsinore* was cargoed and slipped her hawsers for Hongkong.

Dick said good-by to Margaret and her father with a clutch of sadness in his throat.

John Pike looked on her with great, sad eyes, for he knew that she was not for him.

"I wish ye was goin' *with us*, boy," said the first mate seriously.

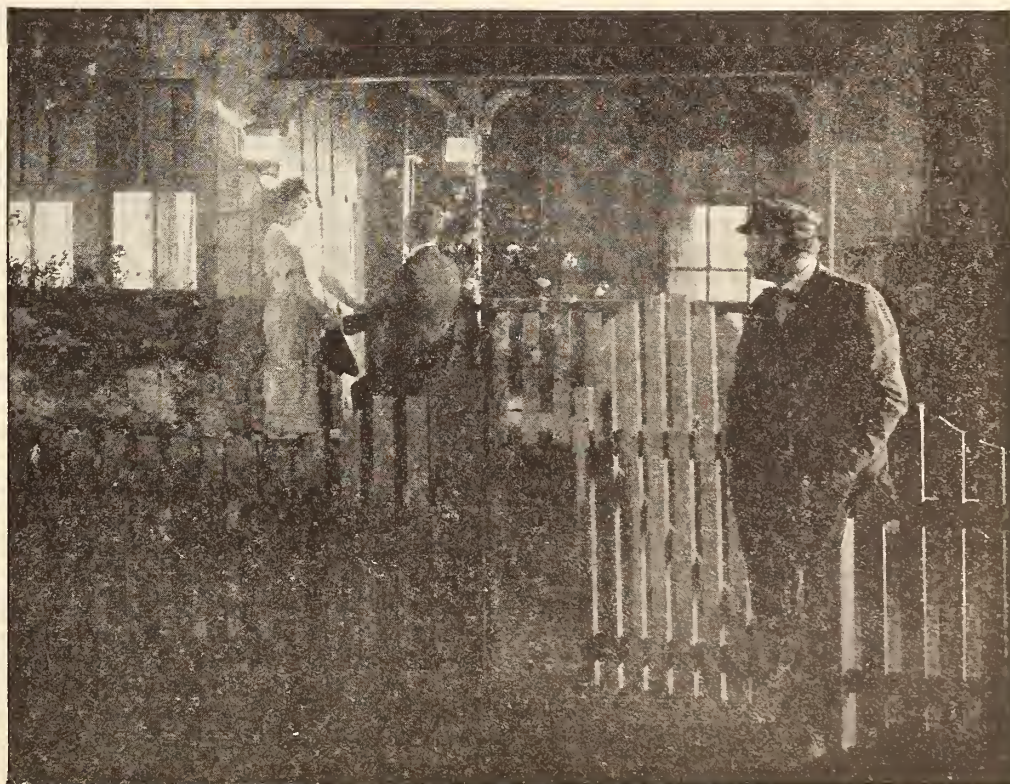
"Not this time, John. Maybe in the spring," half promised Dick.

And with the spring came the return of the *Elsinore* from an exceptionally successful voyage, but to the disappointment of Margaret and John Pike, Dick made no plans to sail with her when she was ready to go to sea again. He had spent very little time with them during their stay in port. Margaret was heart-broken over his neglect, but John Pike was so busy with the loading and the details of clearing, and was so taken up with the difficulties of getting a crew, that he failed to notice it. The crew problem had bothered him considerably. His second mate had qualified for a first mate's berth and had been taken on by another master, and the motley crew that came aboard the *Elsinore*, sent by a berthing agent, was quite the worst lot that had ever manned her.

To make matters worse, when the second mate did come aboard he was of the pattern of the rest. A black-bearded fellow with a strange and sinister resemblance to some one that John Pike had known before but could not place.

Then in the midst of the thousand and one things to be done on the morning of sailing, Margaret came aboard in tears. She had expected Dick down to say good-by, but he had sent her a little note of farewell instead. This was too much for John Pike, and a sudden righteous wrath arose within him. He knew where the difficulty lay. It was another girl, that girl he had heard about but hadn't considered because he could not believe that any man in his right mind could prefer any girl to Margaret. The young cub probably was taking the other girl to lunch on the *Elsinore's* sailing day, and John Pike strode forth in search of the delinquent.

Seldom has an exclusive restaurant been the scene of such an event as occurred upon the arrival of John Pike. Dick was surprised and angry, but handled the irate first mate with courtesy and courage. Baffled by Dick's suavity and dignified attitude, angered by his





This was the signal for half a dozen of them to leap upon him.

calm and determined refusal to abandon his luncheon and go to the ship, John Pike suddenly struck him with his mighty fist and dragged him out of the place. Then throwing the half-unconscious boy into a cab he drove hurriedly to the dock. And when the *Elsinore* caught the offshore breeze outside the Golden Gate and cast off the tug that had towed her out, she started on her long voyage with her young half owner a prisoner in his cabin.

But Dick was not the only passenger on the *Elsinore*, for huddled in the starboard boat aft lay a small, wiry, rat-faced man with one eye. And whenever there was the sound of voices or footsteps that one eye he kept glued to a small hole he had bored through the side of the boat with his penknife. The rat-faced man had a score to settle. It was not an old score, but it was a big one. A pal had squealed and The Rat had suffered, and whenever The Rat suffered, somebody paid. It was rather a joke to The Rat that the trail had led him the night before to the *Elsinore*. He would have rather found its end on almost any other ship, for he and this very same pal who had squealed had fizzled a job on her less than a year before, and croaked an old man in the process.

So from the very start of the voyage there was trouble brewing on the *Elsinore*. To begin with there were strange doings at night. Things were stolen from the galley—food and trinkets belonging to the cook. Other things about the ship began to be missed. It was reported among the crew that a furtive figure haunted the decks at night. There was a growing unrest and continual bickerings. Several times John Pike had struck swift and sure in cases of impudence, a thing he could not stand aboard his ship. And this but added to the general dissatisfaction and uneasiness.

There were long days of sullen seasickness for Dick. His pride had been hurt almost beyond repair, and even the pleasing joy of Margaret at his presence on board failed to ease the hurt. His young heart was full of hate for John Pike, the big, brutal, crude sailor who had so humiliated him. But Dick was not the only

one who had a grudge against John Pike. There was talk in the fore-castle. Veiled mutterings and threats. Those who had fallen under the mighty fist of the first mate waited for an opportunity. It was generally understood that the second mate was with them. He was said to have a right fancy grudge of his own over something in the past. It was openly whispered that he was going under a name not his own, that he had shipped aboard with the intention of getting even.

And on top of it all Dick had thrown a cat overboard! That it was a sick, mangy, sore-eyed cat, and that Dick considered his act a humane one had nothing to do with the case. No ship can stand the misfortune of having a cat thrown over her rail. In the eyes

of a sailorman nothing can bring disaster to a ship quicker. Bad luck was in the halyards, bad luck was in the hold, and the cutthroat crew of the *Elsinore* was spoiling for trouble.

Eventually when the seasickness wore off Dick Sommers began doing various odd jobs about the ship just for the sake of something to do. His knowledge of the ship was painfully slight, but he kept his eyes open and learned many things. But he was still easily disturbed by perilous situations. Time after time he had tried to go aloft, but had to give it up because of the sick dizziness which always seized him. Once it caught him on the ratlines, and he nearly fell overboard, but gradually he began to get the feel of the ship, and Margaret was overjoyed at the change that began to be in his manner. However, he avoided John Pike as much as possible. He could not conceive of anything that would enable him to forgive John Pike, and the first mate knew it, so he watched the boy in silence and noted with approval the things about the ship that Dick was beginning to do of his own accord and interest.

But the turmoil that seethed just below the surface was becoming more evident every day. John Pike knew that trouble was coming, and his only hope was that he could stave off an actual outbreak until they made port.

He might have been able to do this had it not been that the *Elsinore* nosed her way into a terrific north-easter. The barometer fell like a shot pigeon, and in the last hour of the dog watch all hands were called to reef her down to her poles. It was in the midst of this operation, extremely dangerous in a driving gale with sheets of rain slashing through the rigging, that The Rat emerged from his hiding place. With a heavy sea running and dangerous work to be done it would be easy to get his man and leave the impression that the victim had been swept overboard.

This very same idea filled the minds of the second mate and several of the crew. Now was the time to get John Pike! But John Pike was not to be trifled with. The second mate returned an impudent answer

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You Ought To Go Into the Movies!

Here are eight good reasons why.

We'd like to announce publicly that Breezy Eason, Jr., has a Boy Scout turn of mind and considers that day lost on which he doesn't live up to the exhortation on this waste receptacle and so register his good deed for that twenty-four hours. But alas! The painful truth is that he's standing there not to show that he backs up the slogan, but merely to see if the rest of the kids know where he's hiding—and as an embodiment of the reason why half the children in the country long to go into the movies. Nor do we blame them, when a studio lot offers so many opportunities for having a riotous good time.

Don't you wish you'd been asked to Tom Mix's birthday party? Everybody on the Fox lot was, but they all had to come dressed as youngsters. In the front row, center, we have Tom, of course; at his right sits Francelia Billington, whom you'll remember as the wife in "Blind Husbands," and on his left—next the heart, you know—is his own wife. Parties like this are another reason why casting directors are popular with those who are on the outside of the studio longing to get in.





Above we have Corinne Griffith showing what a difference a wig can make in a girl. Now, we can't imagine Corinne's tiring of her own reflection—but wouldn't it be nice to experiment with different-colored tresses in pictures like "The Whisper Market" and then let the change be permanent if it was becoming and the mirror's tale grew monotonous? But, of course, they *do* try on wigs even outside of the movies.



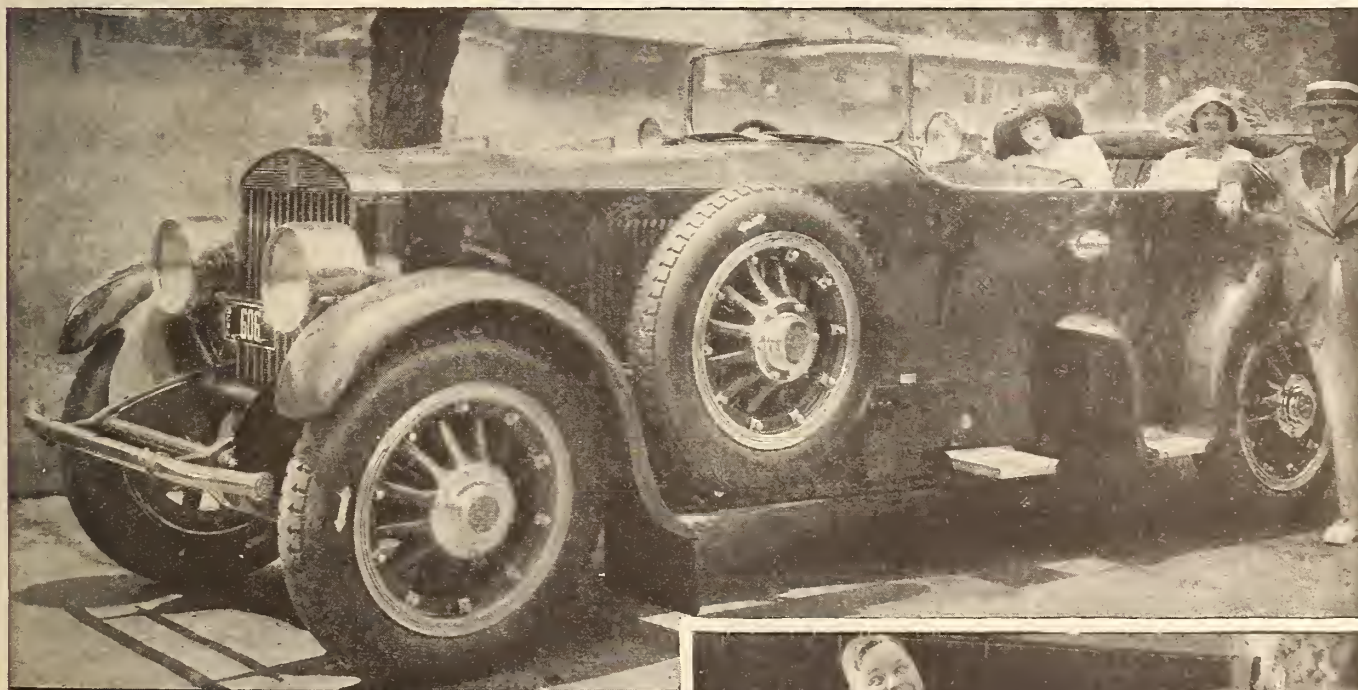
You remember the Selig zoo—who could forget those thrilling animal pictures that used to tear us from hearth and home even when we didn't have seventeen-reel feature productions that cost millions and millions of dollars, as we do now, more or less? Well, if you were in the movies, as little Mary Anderson is, you could walk right in at the elephant-guarded gate and see the famous spot for yourself.



If you like to put wet sponges in people's beds, or send a man to call on another man, telling him the man was deaf, after you've already told the second man that the caller was deaf, when neither of them is—if that style of humor appeals to you, the movies would offer you many a golden opportunity. Mary Thurman's not afraid of snakes; she just runs when she sees one—you know how it is. So somebody arranged this would-be boa constrictor for her. We're glad to report that Mary saw through the joke right away, however.

Here's Corinne Griffith giving another reason why those who tire of their own crowns of glory should go into the movies. In real life, if you decided to wear a wig you'd have to stick to it forever and ever. But Corinne can change as often as she likes. So in "Bab's Candidate" she wore her own hair. And, while we don't want to intrude or anything of the sort—we wish she'd leave the wigs to other people in future.

Here, perhaps, is one of the very best reasons for wanting to earn one's living in front of the camera—it enables people to buy things like this superautomobile that Fatty Arbuckle's rolling around Los Angeles in. The description of the car is simply overwhelming. It cost, we are told, twenty-five thousand seven hundred dollars; it has special wheels and tires such as are used on trucks; it is equipped with cigar lighters and a cellarette. It was specially designed, took months to build, and nobody knows how fast it can go, though the motor cops in the vicinity of Los Angeles are hoping Fatty will let 'er out some day. As for the size of the monster—well, you can see that the photographer couldn't get both car and owner into the picture!



But here we have the real Fatty, in a car that lives up to his reputation as a fun maker instead of a money maker. Can you imagine anybody pulling *real* rough stuff in the baby Pullman above? Neither can we. But in this one—well, the possibilities are infinite. We'd try to get a job as extra ourselves if it meant that we could buy a car like this.



Photo by Hoover

She's a genuine Parisienne.

THE place was Hollywood—but the atmosphere was Paris. The chief character in the plot was Beatrice la Plante, Pathé's newly discovered comedienne. I was at once the audience, the critic, and the supporting cast. The properties were a bed and a bottle.

Beatrice lives in one of those quaint little apartment houses which consist of a number of suites arranged about and opening upon a flower-decked patio. I located her door, knocked, and in a moment was hearkening to a soft voice that bade me enter. I obeyed and found myself in a large, shadowy room, in the middle of which stood prop number one, a bed, and in the middle of the bed, buried beneath mountainous quilts, lay the chief character, Miss La Plante. About her head was a bandage. From beneath it one of the largest brown eyes in the world was watching me; the other was hidden from view by a voluminous bandage. For a moment I stood there, a little awkward in the face of this unusual and unexpected situation, while she coolly appraised me. Then she spoke again, in that soft, slightly husky voice, with a queer little accent, which I won't attempt to reproduce, breaking persistently into every sentence.

"You are nice," she said calmly. "You may sit on the bed."

I suppose I should have hesitated, but I didn't. Perhaps I was afraid she would change her mind. Be that as it may, I did sit down—on the bed—and was soon listening sympathetically to a torrential tale of woe, for the charming young Frenchwoman had a severe case of Klieg eye—the studio name for the painful inflammation caused by working under the strong studio lights.

"Poor me!" she groaned softly, her hand pressed to her forehead.

A Bed, a Bottle. and

She yearns for emotional rôles while she

By Helen

"My head is killing me!" There followed an interval of silence while she rubbed her forehead. Then—

"This hot bottle!" There was a tremendous upheaval of bedclothing, while she shifted the unseen but obvious "hot bottle," prop number two, which I decided was none other than what is known in common American as a "hot-water bottle." When she had arranged herself she turned to me once more.

"You have come to get acquainted, eh?" she inquired, fixing her great eye upon me. I made it evident that I had.

"Then I shall tell you all about me," she offered pleasantly.

Beatrice is nothing if not naïve, with that naïveté which only a genuine Parisienne can achieve. We should call it frankness in this country, and if we were inclined to be spiteful, conceit.

"I have come to this country two years ago," she began, "and to make

a career has been my one idea. But careers are many, and a woman's mind is hard to decide! I travel about for a year or more

searching that the right thing may come. To no good—until I reach Los Angeles. And who has come to Los Angeles who has not tried this picture game? You should believe me, I am no different than they. I leave my name with a—what you call it? Agency? Yes! And in one I am fixed! I am the cast of 'Rose of the West,' with Madlaine Traverse." She paused a moment to regard me with her lone brown eye, frankly expectant of admiration. I smiled

"And me—I ride on a barrel!"

encouragingly. She went on to tell me of her immediate engagement, after the com-



Beatrice

nurses a Klieg eye.

Ogden

pletion of "Rose of the West," as a member of the cast of "Dangerous Waters," a William Desmond picture. The remarkable thing about all this is that she had had no previous stage or screen experience. But though she is delightfully pleased with her cleverness, Beatrice by no means overlooks her faults. She bewailed her appearance in "Dangerous Waters," with a horrible frankness.

"I was what you call 'punk.' Do not mention that 'Dangerous Waters,' I implore you!"

But later came the female lead with Hayakawa in "The Beggar Prince," in which her vivid, delightfully "different" personality quite captivated both fan and producer. She was next featured in the Youngdeer production, "The Stranger," and then offered a three-year contract to make comedies with Pathé. It was all accomplished in eight months, a record that is almost phenomenal in the screen world. But still she is not satisfied.

In "The Beggar Prince" she had a part she liked.



Photo by Hoover



Beatrice has a "different" personality.

"Stupid that they were!" She turned indignantly upon me. "In the first place they tell me, this Pathé, that my name is no good. I must change. It is hard to say and remember! I say 'No,' I will not change. Tell me, what on the world is the matter with my name?"

"It is charming," I murmured.

Her great eye widened, and a faint smile erased the wrathful curve of her lips.

"You have a little French in you, haven't you?"

I made a reluctant denial—and she promptly forgot me and returned to her woes.

"No, no! I do not want comedies! I could cry! I want to do emotion. When I see Gloria Swanson up there on the screen in 'Why Change Your Wife?' the tears all come because I cannot yet do that. That fight with Bebe Daniels! It is wonderful! And me—I ride on a barrel and go to bed with hot bottles and Klieg eye!"

She shrugged her shoulders as though to say, "What's the use?"



Photo by Lumiere

Agnes—and a Bag of Peppermints

Agnes Ayres is as quaint and old-fashioned as her favorite sweet.

By Selma Howe

ONE day last winter I was in a little, New York shoe shop on Sixth Avenue, where the elevated railway shrieks and rumbles high overhead and the taxi drivers in the street below dodge the pillars that uphold that strange structure. Few persons knew about the shop in question, and most of those who did were members of the theatrical profession—for it was one of the few shops in this country which, at that time, sold the short-vamped French pumps, and everybody was afraid that if the whole town knew of its existence the price would go up and the supply would go down.

But Gloria Swanson, straight out of the West, knew all about it.

"It's on Sixth Street and Fiftieth Avenue," she calmly announced to our taxi driver, reversing her directions and thus upsetting his equilibrium; being a stranger in town little things like streets and avenues meant less than nothing to her. But finally we arrived, and just as Gloria was trying on her 'steenth pair of shoes, and deciding that she would have two bows instead of one, in walked a girl—a girl with sea-blue eyes and hair the color of bright new pennies.

"Gloria!" she cried, in a voice that you promptly wished you could hear again.

"Agnes!" cried that gorgeously gowned young person, hopping across the floor in her stocking feet. And then they embraced and kissed and embraced again, and finally settled down on the little bench beside me, and the newcomer was introduced as Agnes Ayres.

"And just think—we haven't seen each other for years—not since we both played small parts at Es-sanay, in Chicago!" Gloria told me. "And now here we are! Do tell me all about what you've been doing; of course, I've seen notices about your work, and some of your pictures—but tell me everything right from the beginning."

Photo by Abbe

She's signed up for stardom now.



"Well," replied Agnes, "that's a big order, but I'll try. I guess that what I've liked best was the series of O. Henry stories I did for Vitagraph—I was *The Girl* in them, you know—I did twenty of them, and it was a wonderful experience. I was under contract with Vitagraph for two years. And I supported Marjorie Rambeau and Nance O'Neil—you know how I always wanted to go on the stage, and used to beg to make personal appearances where my pictures were shown! Well, I kept that up here in New York, too; everybody else thought I was simply crazy, but I didn't care; I'd go to little theaters everywhere, and take mother along to sit in the back and tell me if she could hear me. The first few times she said it sounded as if a mouse might be squeaking somewhere. But I wouldn't give up. Then, pretty soon she said she could hear, and finally she said, 'For pity's sake, Agnes, put on the soft pedal; you're beginning to sound like a Kansas cyclone.'"

She paused to laugh at her own efforts, and Gloria laughed with her.

"We used to have such fun," she confided to me. "Agnes and I would go off in a corner at Essanay and eat candy and talk about our ambitions and make plans——"

"And that reminds me—I've got some candy right here," Agnes cut in, rummaging in her muff. I expected French bonbons at least, but she produced a bag of old-fashioned peppermints.

And she makes you think of that delicious, old-fashioned candy; she's just as wholesome and unassuming as it is; not a frill or an affectation about her.

She did twenty of the O. Henry stories before the camera.



Photo by Koehne

A girl with sea-blue eyes and hair the color of bright new pennies.



Not long after that shoe-store meeting, Gloria Swanson went back to the coast to begin another De Mille picture, and Agnes went with her, to play the lead in a Lasky production, "Held by the Enemy." That was the last of her free-lancing, for another producer, Al Kaufman, liked her work so well that he signed her up for stardom with a two year contract.

I saw her the other day in Hollywood, and as I crossed the hotel dining room to her table I wondered a little, foolishly; wondered if she'd have changed much, or if she'd be as sweet and unassuming as she had been that day in New York. But I needn't have; she was as natural as ever.

He May Not Be a Genius, But—

His salary is seventy-five times what it was three years ago. And here's the story of how he did it.

By John Addison Elliott

THERE is no field of human endeavor which can compete with the motion-picture industry in pointing the way to success—by means of endless examples—to every ambitious man and woman, boy and girl.

Take the career of almost any of the big stars, they are almost like fairy tales in—

“Yes, of course!” you exclaim. “But what Charlie Chaplin did, for example, isn't any guide for me. He's a *genius*.”

Quite right. And so I shan't talk about Charlie or Mary or Nazimova — but I shall pick at random a man who perhaps isn't a genius, and whose achievement in motion pictures is, for that reason, a better one by which to prove my point.

About three years ago Chester Bennet was graduated in law from Leland Stanford University. He went to Los Angeles and hung out his shingle. A few clients responded. Some were from the movie colony out Hollywood way, and they sought advice as to the legal way of breaking unjust contracts which awarded them only five hundred a week for their services when they were worth a thousand. Instead of giving them advice,

Attorney Bennet took a tip from them. He applied for a job at Universal City and got one as assistant camera man at ten dollars a week. The next morning, after obtaining this lucrative position, he took down the shingle. Stepping into his motor, he said to the chauffeur:

“To the studio, James.”



He will direct Antonio Moreno when the famous serial star returns to features.

His employers were amazed to behold their new assistant camera man arrive in an automobile. But it happened that Mr. Bennet had a little bank roll already, and as he was confident that it would be increased soon, he intended to live as befitted his future position.

An assistant camera man is the lowliest of all people in the movie domain. He is simply a dog-robber or striker for the camera man. His labors for art consist mainly of carrying the camera tripod and of holding up the focus board when the camera man gives the word. But he has a chance to observe and to learn.

At that time Ruth Stonehouse was directing two-reel comedies at Universal. As she also starred in her productions, she felt that she needed an assistant to relieve her of some of the burden. She liked the looks of ex-Attorney Bennet, so she engaged him as assistant director. Later she discovered that Mr. Bennet had a good camera countenance, whereupon she made him her leading man. Determined to know every angle of the business and to be as thorough in his study of it as he had been of law, the

young lawyer's next move was for a position in the production office of the studio, where all the business pertaining to the manufacture of pictures is transacted. Then he made an important decision. He determined that directing was the best road to fortune. Again he became an assistant to the megaphone shouter, who,

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San Francisco on the Screen

More and more the city at the Golden Gate is being called upon to furnish certain types of picture settings which no other locality near the film capital of the West can supply.

By Marjorie Charles Driscoll



San Francisco settings are often demanded by the authors. In "The Cradle of Courage" Bill Hart was called upon to take the part of a San Francisco policeman.

BECAUSE ocean liners do not dock at Los Angeles, because the Los Angeles Chinatown is unpicturesquely Occidental, and because the business section of Los Angeles is a poor hand at disguising itself to look like New York—these are a few of the reasons why many a film star is becoming quite as much at home in San Francisco as on his native heath of Hollywood and why it's a dull day when a motion-picture camera isn't clicking somewhere about the city on the bay.

It used to be that when a script called for Chinatown locations the studio carpenter did it with his little hammer; ran up a few dingy fronts, hung a few lanterns on the balconies, and let it go at that. Nowadays when *Shifty Pete* and *One-eyed Mike* seek their favorite opium joint to plot for a reel or so, they sneak furtively down a real Chinatown alley, encounter a few real Chinamen in their usual walks of life—if the director is lucky—and slide through a door that is probably as innocent as a cafeteria, but needs no make-up to look wicked.

Chinatown and the water front are the two big reasons why San Francisco is coming to play a star part in the films. They are a fertile field for the picturesque, and their possibilities are, as yet, only beginning to be developed.

"Shooting in Chinatown" is an occupation that is fairly sure to be productive of interest. The difficulty lies in the fact that if you happen to want a Chinaman in the scene to add a bit of atmosphere, he is as elusive as a dollar bill; whereas, if you don't want him, he is

quite likely to become so numerous and attentive in his perfectly innocent interest in what is going on that he walks straight over the camera.

For example, a brief while ago Wallace Worsley, Goldwyn director, was in San Francisco with a company, gathering footage for "The Penalty," the Gouverneur Morris story, which demands a strong flavor of underworld atmosphere. Just to help things along, he decided to get a few shots of Chinese inhabitants hurrying down a particularly picturesque alley. Knowing that if he set up his camera in the open that alley would instantly become as deserted as an alley can be, he plotted a plot.

Cameras and camera men were carefully hidden where they commanded the desired view. At the crucial moment, two plainclothes men of the Chinatown squad, all too well known to every Chinaman in San Francisco, strolled along the street. Suddenly two officers in uniform dashed around the corner, seized the strolling detectives and a beautifully staged battle ensued. Aroused by the astonishing spectacle of policeman fighting policeman, every Chinaman for blocks around shut up shop and came to the party, while the hidden cameras were busily registering a mob scene that no studio performance could equal.

But when you don't want Chinamen, and they insist on coming, that's different. Director Worsley says so. He got all he wanted one afternoon when he was after another scene.

The scene was a simple one. Certain men, lounging on a street corner, were suddenly to snatch off their



Photos by Consuelo Kanaga

straw hats, put on caps, and run down the street. The signal was to be a blast on a police whistle.

Everything would have been quite serene except for the unconsidered fact that San Francisco's Chinatown knows a police whistle when it hears it and wakes from a siesta to see what the trouble is.

The scene was started according to schedule. The cameras were placed in a truck, the actors were located. Across the street and safely outside of the picture an artist had set up her easel and was sketching a bit of Chinatown. Everything was as peaceful as a summer day.

"Toot!" went the whistle. The men yanked their hats and grabbed for their caps. Then one million Chinamen arrived. Worsley says there were at least that many. He knows that fully that number walked over him. Chinamen poured out of every door, every alley entrance, every window, every crack, and apparently sprang up out of the pavement. The artist and her easel went down under the stampede, the trucks were surrounded, and before the echoes of the whistle had died away, the street was packed with inquisitive Orientals. It took many minutes to rescue the cameras and the actors from the crowding spectators.

Chinatown, of course, is only one sought-after feature of San Francisco. The water front with its miles of dockage, where anything from a tug to an ocean liner may be found, is a story in itself. San Francisco's famous Barbary Coast with such locations as the Thalia dance hall, familiar to many a slumming party, gets into the pictures again and again. Instead of reproducing the Thalia in a studio scene, a Goldwyn director brought a big company north not long ago for half a dozen scenes in the real location.

Does a script call for a glimpse of a metropolitan business district? Los Angeles has big buildings, but the skyline is broken by many low roofs. New York

and Chicago are far away, but Montgomery Street can double for New York any day in the week, providing due care is taken as to details, such as planting a property subway kiosk or the like. Many a film fan—yes, even many a New Yorker—has looked undisturbed at a bit of San Francisco and never dreamed that he was seeing anything west of the Mississippi.

Even so small a thing as a cable slot helps. There are times when overhead trolley wires simply won't do; Mr. and Mrs. Audience are too wise. Very well, San Francisco offers many a street with perfectly satisfactory cable-car tracks.

Goldwyn companies are not

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Only in San Francisco can the real Chinatown settings be obtained.



“There’s Nothing to Write About Me,” Said Claire

But the interviewer found a number of things which couldn’t fail to interest any one who had caught a glimpse of the picture above.

By Edna Foley

SHE never uses make-up off the job. One of her favorite pets is a mouse. She has a special musician of her own, who is always with her.

And yet Claire Adams insists that she’s just a perfectly ordinary person; that there’s nothing unusual about her, and therefore nothing to write about.

“How about this?” I demanded, holding out a list of her picture performances.

“‘Spirit of the Red Cross,’ ‘End of the Road,’ and ‘Lord Jim,’ for Betzwood, ‘The Invisible Bond’ for Paramount, ‘Desert of Wheat,’ and some rôles opposite H. B. Warner.” She read my list and handed it back with a little smile.

“Lots of people have done more than that,” she commented. However, here are the reasons why I think she’s wrong about not being interesting:

She was born in Winnipeg, Canada. She was educated in Calgary and London, and has lived in Toronto and New York, which certainly paints in an interesting background for her present life. She’s a true Canadian; loves cold weather and all sorts of winter sports, and has the snapping black eyes and very black hair which distinguish so many of our northern neighbors.

As for not using make-up, she doesn’t need any, and

is sensible enough to know it. When you meet her away from the studio you almost wish she’d stay there, because she’s so pretty “as is.”

Her own musician is Tina Marinelli, a violinist.

“Nearly all studios furnish music for the players during big scenes,” Miss Adams told me. “But somehow I don’t always seem to be able to work with the musicians they provide. Tina always knows exactly what to play for me, because she knows me so well—so I take her along with me.”

And Tina has played to good purpose, as you will agree if you saw Claire Adams in “Riders of the Dawn” and “The Dwelling Place of Light.” Incidentally, the little Canadian can claim musical honors for herself, for she’s quite an organist, and between scenes of “The Money Changers”—the Hampton picture in which she’s recently been working—her fellow players would call off the regular musicians and urge her to play for them.

“So you see, there’s nothing interesting to tell about me,” she remarked, when I’d gleaned the above facts and retired to the background while she played for the rest of the company.

If you agree with her it’s my fault, however; in reality she’s one of the most interesting people I’ve met recently.



Photo by Ira H. Morgan

Husband, Wife, and Company

Florence Vidor feels that it's the best firm in the world.

By Jane McNaughton Baxter

FLORENCE VIDOR and I were discussing intermittent matrimony as it's practiced by a good many professional women nowadays. She didn't believe in it, and I—well, I was on the fence until I'd talked with her a while. Now I'm a convert to her ideas on the subject.

"The women who keep their own names and homes and just see their husbands by special arrangement insist that it's the only way to keep marriage from getting monotonous," I explained, trying to remember all the arguments I'd heard at a luncheon that noon. "They say it's the only way to be happy though married. Of course, I know that not many go to that extreme; that most of them have the same home, but have grown away from the idea of always having at least two meals a day together. And as for the reasons why they think a wife should keep her own name after she's married—well, they're too numerous to mention. But you took your husband's, didn't you?"

"Of course, I did," she answered,

*She could be
Florence Arto
—but she won't.*



Photo by Ira H. Morgan

her brown eyes very earnest. "I never thought of doing anything else. My own was Florence Arto, but I don't believe many people know it. You see, I—well, I like the thing it stands for in my life to use my husband's name in my work."

Nobody could possibly doubt her sincerity; I doubt whether Florence Vidor could pose if she wanted to. She's one of these beautiful women whose character is so apparent that you hardly realize her beauty. She has wonderful dark eyes, lovely coloring, and pretty features, but you keep translating her into what she reminds you of; a quaint, ringleted girl of long ago, in tulip skirts, treading the stately mazes of a minuet, or a gray gull winging its way across a luminous twilight sky. You think of her serenity, her deep, still calm, her charm, and almost forget that she is beautiful.

"You see, we're a firm as well as a family," she told me that afternoon, in her little ivory-tinted dressing room at her husband's studio. "There's King Vidor and Florence Vidor," she checked them off on her slim fingers, with a little

laugh. "And Suzanne Vidor, who was a year old last Christmas—she's the 'Company,' I suppose—and Charles Vidor, King's father. Of course, King and I are doing the same kind of work, and that makes it easier for us, perhaps; but I believe that no matter what he was doing there'd be the same interest in it and understanding of it on my part that there is now, and I don't see how any family that is bound together by a oneness of interest could ever reach the point where the wife wanted to indulge in 'intermittent matrimony,' as you call it. Why, I am most anxious to keep a sense of unity between my work and my family. If I had to give up one of them it would be the work, of course; I could put on a gingham apron and retire to the domestic realm most contentedly. But I never could give up the feeling that I was part of an important partnership."

"But don't you ever want to—well, want to stand on your own feet, assert your own individuality?" I asked.

"I do stand on my own feet—but I haven't the slightest desire to separate my individuality from my husband's. I admire him too much. I admire the type of picture for which he stands—the clean, fine, sincere picturization of truth. And I just want to help him exemplify his creed of making pictures that will uplift humanity's thought just a little bit, anyway. I help in any way I can. Sometimes I play a big part in his releases—in 'Poor Relations' and 'The Test of Honor' and some of the others I did. But in 'The Jack-Knife Man,' his latest one, I helped in a lot of other ways, and just appeared in the picture in a few scenes at the very end.

"He's very anxious not to hamper my progress as an actress, of course," she went on. "And when we first began making pictures together we had to work things out quite clearly, and eliminate the husband-and-wife feeling, so that we'd just be director and actress. At first I dare say I

Sometimes she's featured in her husband's releases—sometimes she's "handy man" off stage.

Photo by Ira H. Morgan



Photo by Hoover

You get so interested in Florence Vidor's character that you almost forget her beauty.

was a bit self-conscious about 'acting' under his direction, and he was overeager not to force me to do things or change my ideas. But that soon passed, and now we work together as well as if we were strangers."

"And will you always work just with him?" I was interested to see how far this partnership was to be carried.

"Oh, no—I'm going to work in a picture that Thomas H. Ince is producing, as my next engagement."

"And don't you and your husband ever quarrel over things—not fight, exactly, but disagree strongly? Working together so much I don't see how you could help it," I remarked candidly.

"Oh, no!" And again Florence Vidor's brown eyes were opened

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Photo by Campbell Studios

the most brilliant fabric or unusual design. Knowing enough to dress up to the store of vitality and just plain "pep" that she possesses is largely responsible for her selection of frocks that many of us wouldn't dare to put on.

Then, too, she knows how to "key" her frocks and wraps to her own beauty. That is, she understands that she has a definite tone, which really is sounded by the brown of her hair and eyes. As long ago as when Anita did "The Girl Phillipa" I remember hearing a man say: "If Anita Stewart were painfully homely and couldn't act, her hair is so beautiful that it would save her pictures." Doubtless you remember it. For years she wore a tiny curl in the middle

A Heart's Worth of Frocks

The emotional upkeep of Anita Stewart's clothes would bankrupt a girl of any other type.

By Louise Williams

MY dear, I simply can't wear that hat today; it exhausts me unless I feel like a million dollars!"

"Well, I always consider that when I buy clothes; I mean, I select gowns and hats that look well whether I'm tired to death and worried because the cook's leaving or am perfectly hilarious over Henry's birthday present to me."

And there, my friends, in that snatch of conversation which I overheard one day on a Fifth Avenue bus, you have the secret of Anita Stewart's stunning gowns and the reason she can wear them so effectively. No fabric is too brilliant, no design too unusual, for her to wear. Gowns like hers demand a personality that fits in with their gorgeousness; one can't afford ever to be tired or bored or headachy or indifferent in such frocks, or the effect is spoiled, and the deadly "clothes horse" impression of being just something on which beautiful clothes are hung dominates everything else. The emotional upkeep of such frocks would soon exhaust any girl who hadn't been designed by nature to wear them. Of course, Anita has. And the autumn bride who is planning her trousseau and who is of Anita's type can learn a lot of things about clothes from her. For Anita's just bride age, even though she has been Mrs. Rudolph Cameron for some time now.

You know Anita's type, of course—sparkly, always effervescent, brilliantly beautiful, and always alive all over. She's dark and slender, and her own looks have distinction enough to dominate even

Photo by Campbell Studios

You can't afford to be tired or bored in a frock like this.



of her forehead; she knew that she could be distinctive and cling to that curl no matter how far other girls embarked on marcel waves and puffs and braids. And now she realizes that her hair must always claim its own place, and that a frock or hat which calls attention to it is twice as becoming as one that doesn't. An example of such a frock is one of bronze



Photo copyrighted by Evans



photo by Witzel

A hat whose coloring calls attention to her hair is twice as becoming as one that doesn't.

satin and gold brocaded fabric. The satin forms a straight, close underskirt; the brocaded material is made into a straight blouse, square cut in the neck and long-sleeved, and with a coatlike skirt drapery. A mink scarf of the brown of her hair and eyes is thrown around the neck of the frock, and mink edges the cuffs. Anita's a symphony in brown in that dress—and few realize how very cleverly it was planned.

But more important is the other keynote, not one of color but one of mood, which she strikes in her frocks. Anita Stewart, as I've said before, is of the brilliant, vivacious type; consequently brilliant, unusual gowns fit in well with her personality. You can't imagine Bessie Love, for instance, in an evening gown of pale-gray chiffon whose entire skirt, with the exception of the front panel, is formed of straight ostrich feathers, divided into short strands and sewn to the chiffon petticoat. Bessie's a dear child, and her looks might make it possible for her to wear such a gown, but, though she's bright and sparkling, she's like a clear brook bubbling along gayly through a springtime wood. And Anita's more like the brilliant sparkle of champagne; not artificial, but clear and bright.

She has another evening gown with a Cleopatra-like charm all its own. The bodice is cut very low, and the gown is made almost entirely of pearl beads. The girdle is a great double rope of them; the long, square train is edged with them, and at its corners are two great, trailing tassels. It's a white gown—the very essence of whiteness—and it's perfectly keyed to Anita's personality.

Her frocks are keyed up to her own personality.

And yet she hates to shop. "People think it's

Continued on page 82



Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

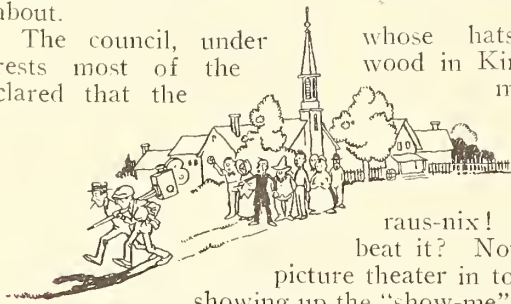
SKETCHES BY
H. L. DRUCKLIEB



Ever Hear of Kirkwood, Mo.?

Neither did we. Well, sir, it seems that Kirkwood, being unable to attract attention in any other way; pulled off a desperate stunt to get itself talked about.

The council, under whose hats probably rests most of the wood in Kirkwood, declared that the movies were essential, and gave 'em the



raus-nix! Can you beat it? Not a moving-picture theater in town! Kinda showing up the "show-me" State, huh?

Well, there may be people in Kirkwood, but nobody LIVES there!

—o—
M. M. M.

It matters not to me her play,
If simple, strong; or grave or gay,
Just so she's in it!
Applause from me is hard to get,
Grim pessimist am I, you bet—
But SHE can win it!

From out my life she drives the gray,
Not Charlie's, sis, but she's a ray
Of light; a prism!
There is a word—just search it out—
That fills my case, and yours, no doubt—
It's "mytaicism"!*
—o—

Do You Remember When:

For five cents you could buy a nice, fat,
lucious glass of—er—pardon!
—You could see Mary Pickford, Henry
Walthall, Blanche Sweet, Owen Moore, and
Mack Sennett, all at once; for a nickel?
—o—

Answer to Correspondent:

Twin Girls. Kansas City, Mo.: Two belles, go ahead!
Yes, there are two "T's" in Hollywood. One is the high
cost of living and the other is getting a job. Same in
Los Angeles. Fatty keeps so by worrying each day.
It increases his sighs. Betcha The Oracle couldn't do
that! Yes, the Southern Pacific Ry, is noted for its
curves. So is Marie Prevost. Yes, we're fond of
scenery. All out; far as we go!
—o—

We Couldn't Get It.

We took a peep into "The Dark Mirror," but it was
too melanoid for us. We remember seeing Dorothy
Dalton twinning herself, but all the rest went right over
our head and out into the lobby.

The play is called a psycho-analysis of the subcon-
scious hieroglyphic; or something like that. Guess
they call 'em that when the spectator doesn't know

*We had to consult Webster's Unabridged to get this. You will be repaid for doing the same.—THE EDITOR.

what the author means; the author isn't exactly sure of it himself; the director doing some ground-and-lofty guessing—and the actors just taking a chance!

Eggsalting Kerrigan.

Hodkinson is at it again! Really, we wish they'd refrain from advertising their one-and-only J. Warren Kerrigan in the puzzling manner as is their wont. Here's their latest:

"Kerrigan rivals, and in spots excels the best male screen stars of the day!"

If that ad meets the eye of an egg-candler with a sense of humor, he'll laff hisself into an omelette!

Those Misleading Titles!

Mike Kelly was a carrier who worked for Uncle Sam. All Michael had to do was walk all day. He'd walked so much his feet were shaped just like the ham what am. To rest those feet he sought a picture play. Said Kelly: "There's a picture here with me will make a hit!" So in he walked and found a cosy seat. The play was all "society," and Kelly had a fit. For "Tortured Souls" did not refer to feet!

A Grave Danger.

Perhaps Marshall Neilan, the world's greatest gold-fish director, has started something besides one of his wonderful pictures. Mickey grasped the possibilities of our plastic English language and referred to his "Don't Ever Marry" as a "mirthquake."

And it sure was. It rattled our chuckle structure clear to its foundation.

But we fear Mickey's inspired neonism may encourage others to don their mental overalls and attempt some verbiculture on their own hook, or whatever typewriter they happen to be using.

Then we'll get a gust of "joyphoons," "hahanadoes" and "gigglecans"—which ain't!

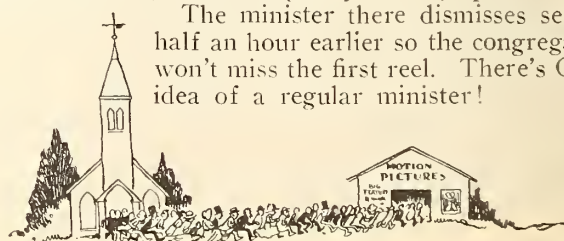
But They'd Probably Title It: "Hands Off!"

Lon Chaney's portrayal of *The Legless Man* in "The Penalty" proves the ingenuity of our movie actors and directors. We're betting if a producer tackled a script with the *Venus de Milo* for its heroine, he'd get away with it!

But On The Other Hand:

As an antidote for the first paragraph on this page, here's news from Wilmot, Wis. There are not many folks in Wilmot, but their quality is 100% pure.

The minister there dismisses service half an hour earlier so the congregation won't miss the first reel. There's OUR idea of a regular minister!



A Delirious Ad.

A year or so ago we could view a picture and be either joyed or gloomed; as the play hit one. 'Tis different now. We tarried in the lobby long enough to peruse the ad for "Dollars And The Woman": "A Slice of Life, A bit of Heaven, a touch of Hell, a mint of Mirth, a tint of Pathos, and a ton of Delight!"

All of which scared us back into our taxi (honest!) and we wended to another theater.

We'd rather watch a picture than eat, but who wants to be sliced, bit, touched, minted, tinted, and squashed under a ton of delight?

Not we!

—o—

But They Were Worth It!

Of course, it wouldn't be natural-like for the movies to stand still. We don't expect that, neither do we ask it. But we do wish actors would be more inclined to stay put.

Coupla years ago we could go forth and view Fatty, Buster Keaton, Molly Malone, and Al St. John, all for two-bits, and all in one night.

Recently, on a wager, as we say at the club, we saw 'em all in one night. But not for two-bits! Oh, dear, no!

It cost us \$2.35 for seats, \$87.00 for taxi, and \$13.20 for luncheon!

—o—

She Makes A Typewriter Talk!

Emma-Lindsay Squier, the astroscopeical authoress, who knows more about the stars than the stars ever dreamed of—recently interviewed some of Hollywood's most dazzling four-legged skylights.

Sez Emmy: "I think it cruel to keep an animal from his meals!"

Huh! She'd better p w s p's! Every-time we become immersed in one of Emmy's interviews the butler has to call us six times for dinner, and then finally come and take the magazine away from us.

—o—

A Dyer Dilemma.

After making "The Deep Purple" perhaps the producers of it did some worrying.

You know, if a deep purple is no good it will run. And if it IS good the fans will cause it to run. If it doesn't run it doesn't pay. And if it DOES run it's no good. And —if aw, you finish it; 'tis too deep for us!

—o—

Any Denials?

The Bystander indignanted her side-kick, Fanny, by telling her (over the tea-cups) that Katherine MacDonald was once fired because she wouldn't let George Ovey squish her in the features with a custard pie.

Fanny was no more horrified than we at the thought of the lovely Katherine's complexion being desecrated by a loose pie, but—list to us, girls—

If some beauty scientist suddenly discovered that a custard pie applied externally was an infallible beauty bringer; all you flappers would be slapping yourselves with custard pie—and you know it!



Last night we saw a one-reel comedy, (you know the kind) and lost three things; our time, our money, and our temper.

And found three things; our hat and exit and the street!

—o—

Earl Growled When He Read This!

"Earl Rodney, of Christie's, has been loaned to play an important part in a Selig animal comedy." (News Item).

—o—

The Short-And-Simple Title.

Every time a play comes to the theater bearing a title containing twenty-five or more letters, the electricians go down into the basement and howl a hymn of hate at the producer.

That's why "Duds" and "Suds" were warmly greeted by these electric-sign lads. A four-letter title is plenty for any play at that.

Try it. Take buds, spuds, and cuds, for instance—and see how many plays they would fit. You'll be s'prised!

—o—

Queer Exits.

Film villains are certainly suffering unusual injuries and demises these days.

In "The Dark Mirror" the villain drowns himself in fear. And in "The Riders Of The Dawn" the chief villain gets a wallop in the rendezvous, and his pals are killed by dozens.

You know dozens are really quite dangerous at this season of the year, and should be boiled and then carefully dusted before engulfing.

—o—

Statistics.

During the past year the films have shown us:

- 17,692 things that never happened.
- 124,208 things that never will happen.
- Some things that happened.

A few that might happen.

That heroines always wear their stockings to bed.
That all lady villains whose lives are spared become trained nurses.

That people always look back when going through a door.

That flowers are always placed in waterless vases.
That a polar-bear rug is in all boudoirs.

That heaven does not always help the poor working-girl.

—o—

We Expect To Be Chided For This!

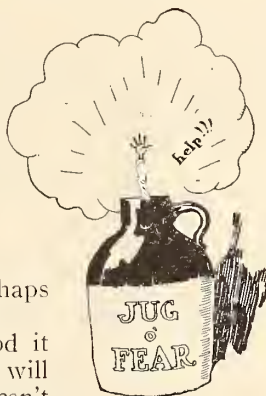
Whenever a film actress temporarily deserts the screen for a whirl on the stage—we know the reason why.

Some women can keep silent just so long, and then they just GOTTA talk!

—o—

Film Jokes.

- "The Eyes Of The World."
- "The Shepherd Of The Hills."
- Earle William's cow-boy clothes in "The Usurper."
- Female Chaplins.
- Female Bill Harts.





Something to

By John Addison

is the story itself. You'll think about it whether you like the idea back of it or not. In a way it suggests "The Miracle Man"—not in any sense as an imitation, but only because both are based on the same idea—the power of right thinking.

It is the story of a wealthy cripple who falls in love with the daughter of the blacksmith in the little town where he lives. He watches her grow up, and finally sends her away to school. When she returns, he hesitates to tell her of his love because of his infirmity. Her father, understanding this reticence, urges the girl, *Ruth*, to propose to *David*, which she does.

And then, almost on the eve of their marriage, *Jim Dirk* returns from agricultural school. He and *Ruth* have always been friends, and now they discover that they love each other. Unwilling to tell *David* the truth because he has been so

JUST the daughter of a blacksmith in a quaint old country town, wearing funny little hats and stiff starched dresses—showing us Gloria Swanson in that rôle is one of the ways in which Cecil De Mille's new production lives up to its title, "Something to Think About." Of course, Mr. De Mille always makes us think. "Old Wives for New" and the other pictures in which he dealt with different phases of marriage, "The Whispering Chorus"—I don't recall one De Mille production which hasn't drawn a train of thought in its wake.

He's started several with "Something to Think About," however. Giving Gloria Swanson a rôle so different from any in which she's been seen before is but one. There were those, who, after seeing her in the exotic gowns and peculiar coiffures which distinguished her in "For Better, For Worse" and "Male and Female," said she was nothing but a figurehead; then "Why Change Your Wife?" while it clothed her in strange garments, also gave her a chance to act. And now she takes advantage of a better one—and you think about it. First as the little village girl, later as the poverty-stricken, broken-hearted woman who feels that suicide is the only solution of her problem, she makes *Ruth* a real character.

Elliott Dexter's return to the screen after a year's absence, caused by illness, is something that most of us will think about with a good deal of pleasure. He has long been a favorite leading man, both on stage and screen, and was sadly missed during his retirement, and his return as the crippled rich man in "Something to Think About" is most welcome.

But perhaps the most important thing that Mr. De Mille has given us to ponder over in this production



Think About

Elliott

good to her that she hates to hurt him, *Ruth* elopes with *Jim*, leaving her father to explain.

She leaves bitterness and broken hearts behind her. Her father, angry at her cruelty to *David*, prays that he may never see her again, and, working at his anvil, grows careless and is blinded by flying sparks. *David*, his dream shattered, loses his faith in human nature.

I won't go on and tell you how love finds a way of straightening out the snarl of these relationships. It isn't an easy way, but it is much the way that life usually takes, and one is thankful to Mr.



De Mille for not reaching his happy ending by short cuts and so detracting from the realism of his story.

The cast includes, besides Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter, who plays *David*, such favorites as Theodore Roberts as the old blacksmith, Monte Blue as *Jim*, and little Mickey Moore.

There's one more thing about this picture that gives cause for thought—and that is the fact that it's the last one in which we will see Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter appearing as featured players, as both will be starred under their new contracts with Famous Players-Lasky.

And last, but far from least, according to Mr. De Mille, he has given us something to think about in the way of subtitles. A new method of making colored pictures has been used—it is known as the Loren-Taylor-Quadi-Teller process—and Mr. De Mille is convinced that it will revolutionize screen photography. He is so enthusiastic about the color effects of these subtitles that he is featuring them in the advance notices of this special production, and his enthusiasm seems to have proved contagious, as it was caught by a celebrated landscape artist, Frederick Bergdoll, who consented to paint eighty backgrounds for the colored titles.

Remembering some of the colored films of the past, in which red and green splotches flickered before the eyes of the audience most distractingly, one is inclined to feel a bit doubtful, despite Mr. De Mille's enthusiasm. However, whether his prediction of a revolution in screen photography comes true or not, he certainly has lived up to that title!



From a portrait painted by Karl Anderson

Though she looks no more than eighteen, Anita Loos claims to be "the oldest writer in the picture game."

The Higher the Fewer

A most amazing story of two young geniuses of the screen who calmly announce that they have made enough money!

By Helen Klumph

DO you remember the old riddle, "Why does a mouse when it spins?" whose perfectly meaningless answer was, "The higher the fewer"? Well, John Emerson and Anita Loos are a riddle, but they have put a meaning into that answer. The unexplainable riddle part of them is how they have been able to turn out such dozens of sparkling and brilliant scenarios, and the answer, "The higher the fewer," has to do with their future plans.

You see, it is this way: John Emerson and Anita Loos are the only ones of their kind. They have all the money they want. Let Mary Pickford rail at the size of her doctor's bill, and Charlie Chaplin balk at buying forty-cent gas, but you

can't make John Emerson talk about the high cost of living, no matter how hard you try. And the same goes for Anita. They are the only people on record who aren't watching for their ship to come in. They've declared the harbor closed, quite content with the skiff already anchored there.

But before you start rejoicing for their sakes, hearken to this: Their prosperity means that you will no longer be able to see an Emerson-Loos picture every four or five weeks. The happy days of having an Anita Loos caption to adopt as your pet repartee at the monthly dance of your fraternity will be no more. John and Anita are through with contracts that bind them to deliver scenarios with clocklike regularity. In the future they will write scenarios only when they get so lonesome for the Klieg lights that they just can't stay away any longer—and whoever is lucky enough to get them will have to pay and pay and pay. That's where "The higher the fewer" applies to them. They plan to write about two scenarios a year, and the rest of the time

John Emerson earned his success by a thorough apprenticeship on the stage.

Photo by Apeda



they will do something frivolous and unprofitable, like writing symbolic dramas.

But why this stern resolution on their part? It is simply this: Neither of them has expensive tastes, take it from Anita's sealskin wrap and John's silk shirt, and the sum already to their credit in the bank will satisfy their simple wants for some time to come.

It sounds like an awful pun just after I have told you that John and Anita are practically leaving the motion-picture business to say that they have retiring dispositions. But it is true. They don't seem to crave the spotlight. Neither of them has a taste for coral-pink aëroplanes, John has never been known to want the biggest amethyst ring in the world, and as for Anita, she just doesn't seem to have any interest in diamond anklets. But there you are! Princes and queens have visited our shores this past year and dressed just like the rest of us more or less human beings, so I suppose that we will have to excuse John and Anita for not being more flamboyant.

Now you may never have known John Emerson and Anita Loos until they started writing the Constance Talmadge pictures. Or, you may be lucky enough to remember the perfectly delicious captions Anita Loos wrote for the early Fairbanks pictures. But how many, if any, of you know that at the age of thirteen, when the petite Anita was a schoolgirl in San Diego, she wrote caustic paragraphs on world events for the front page of a New York newspaper? And that John Emerson was right-hand man of Charles Frohman, the late theatrical magnate, long before he went into motion pictures? One might say that he went into pictures

headfirst, as he hung around the old Majestic-Reliance studio in Hollywood for some time just finding out what it was all about before he became an actor, then a director, then a writer of motion pictures.

One afternoon last winter at a meeting of an exclusive club of women writers in New York, Anita Loos remarked that she was the oldest writer in the motion-picture business. Whereupon there were gasps of dismay from the gray-haired coterie, and a few of the younger ones leaned forward to look at her again. She looked about eighteen, an eighteen of fully developed beauty and disarming poise, but eighteen, nevertheless. And then she elucidated by saying that she had been writing motion pictures longer than any one else in the business. She wrote them in the days when all the plot that was needed was a chase. She claims to have written all the seven—or is it seventy?—standard plots in those early days.

"And they lived happily ever after"—is the most satisfactory way for every scenario to end. That usually means being married to the most adorable person in the world and not having any money worries. So, it would seem almost as though John Emerson and Anita Loos had written their own scenario, and provided amply for the "happily-ever-after" part, for you see, in addition to being so prosperous, they are married to each other.

It is my private opinion that, even though they can do without more money, they won't be able to get along without the pleasure of having a brand-new, up-to-the-minute, scintillating comedy to their credit every once in a while.

What Appeals

By Sylvia

Type to You?

Cushman



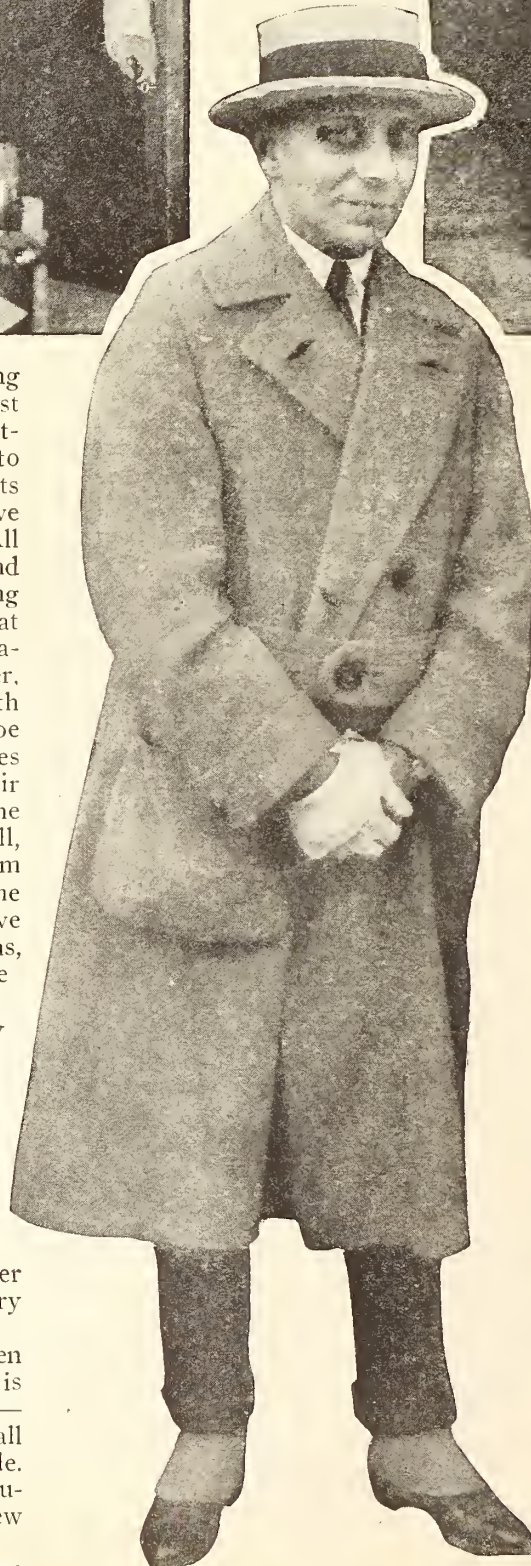
DID you ever stop to consider why you liked certain screen favorites better than others? Or why other persons, who seem to be perfectly sane in other respects, rave about players to whom you are quite indifferent? Sometimes, of course, it's a mere matter of taste quite unexplainable, like our likes and dislikes for certain articles of food. But I think I can show that in the majority of cases there's a more fundamental reason, and that nearly every one of the leading stars has his or her own special following because of a special appeal

to a certain type of person.

The person who has passed the age of romance in his or her own life, to whom romance makes a special appeal, invariably enjoys the pictures in which the young lover and the flapper flap through five reels of mushy sentiment which does not at all appeal to those youngsters who are enjoying that kind of intoxication at first hand. Why is it that Auntie Lou secretly adores Wallie Reid and Charlie Ray? I'll tell you—because through their screen reflections she sees the mist of years fade away. She



Three screen stars who have very different followings: Pearl White, Elsie Ferguson and Erich von Stroheim.



is young again—young, wishing and craving for love, the most desired of all things. No matter what a woman may say to the world, in her heart of hearts she knows that her hunger love is her greatest of all desires. All women want to be loved and caressed, and when advancing years bring the realization that for them the gates to this paradise are probably closed forever, they live in the image of youth when love is reality and hope eternal. When Wallie kisses Bebe Daniels, they recall their courtship with Will Berring, the grocer's son, or Jed Kimball, who used to drive over from Connersville to take them to the barn dance. The years have gone, but the memory remains, and it is for Charlie and Wallie to make them live again.

The youngsters invariably enjoy serials. They cheer the hero, hiss the villain, and weep with the heroine, because with youth comes the spirit of adventure, and all serials are ninety per cent adventure. Pearl White probably has more fan letters from children than any other star with the exception of Mary Pickford.

Between the ages of sixteen and twenty the heart interest is strong. It is the romantic age—love is very, very serious, and all the world is its sacred circle. Norma Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson, Pauline Frederick, and Lew

Cody are their gods. The girls say their prayers to Lew while the boys have Norma and Elsie all over their rooms at college, and spend their allowance on the magazines that display their ideal's picture.

A woman of tarnished life will go to the pictures of Mary Miles Minter, while the little foolish girl who wants to be a vamp will generally be found in the front row when a lurid vampire picture is in full sway. Older men love Lillian Gish, and see in her the kind of woman they want their daughters to be. Dorothy Gish is the idol of the grammar-school girls who imitate her sailor suits and empire dresses.

In a theater in Stoneham, Massachusetts, early last spring, "Blind Husbands" was being shown. Back of me sat two dear old ladies who probably never had been out of Massachusetts in all their lives; at any rate, it is safe to say they knew nothing of the life and idiosyncrasies of an Austrian army officer. But they knew human nature, and even a clever man like Erich von Stroheim couldn't fool them. After the picture was finished they snorted in disgust. A friend was reviling Erich, rejoicing in the fact that he had been killed—in the picture—and hoping that he would spend all eternity in torment.

"Really, Amy, you shouldn't talk like that," said the one directly back of me. "It's only play acting, you know, and besides he has a nice face. Any man with a smile like that couldn't be really bad."

Over the Teacups

Fanny the Fan simply can't help gossiping; she knows so many people.

By The Bystander

DO you think it would be tactful," demanded Fanny, brandishing a shopping list over the teapot, "to put a bottle of seasick medicine in a steamer basket?"

I declared forcibly that I didn't.

"But it's far more necessary than jars of jam and teaballs and fruit," she retorted. "The things people put in those baskets are perfectly inane, anyway; they seem to think that travelers' tastes change the instant they step on board a liner. Why, when I went abroad I was given a steamer basket that simply *bulged* with gooseberry jam, which I've always loathed, and pickled kumquats, or whatever they do to those things, and guava jelly—and my appetite's anything but exotic. Now, with everybody who's who in the screen world sailing for somewhere, the subject of what to give them as going-away presents is horrible to contemplate. And when they say they will sail and then say they won't—well, I found two gray hairs this morning!" she concluded gloomily.

"Isn't that taking it pretty hard?" I inquired, with the indifference of the outsider looking in.

"Maybe—but what are you going to do when you order a scrumptuous basket of fruit and imported biscuits for a star, and then she says she isn't going to sail, and you countermand the order, and then she says she is, and you phone it in again, and then she says she isn't, and in desperation you send the basket to the old ladies' home, and *then* she sails after all."

"Well, never mind; you can meet her at the station when she gets back to Los Angeles and pelt her with bananas," I suggested.



Phyllis Haver will leap out of comedy into straight drama if we don't watch out.

Photo copyrighted by Mack Sennett Studios



Photo by Sarony

Barbara Castleton is to marry Willard Mack.

"I suppose I'm not going to," she answered gloomily. "I'm confining my offerings to flowers now, and telegraphing the orders to New York at the last minute. I sent Johnny-jump-ups to Dorothy Gish when she sailed in August, and bachelor's buttons to Constance—hope she liked 'em. And I got about a bushel of California poppies for Norma—of course, they'd close up tight when the sun went down, but luckily she sailed at high noon. Do you suppose she saw the sweet significance of them? I loved her in 'Poppy,' that picture she did so long ago, and I wish she'd come back to California—I think that was pretty clever, myself!"

We were sitting in my sun parlor, and could look way off down the hill at Los Angeles, and way off up to the hills far away. Fanny had announced her arrival by declaring that there wasn't any news of anybody; but then, she has a taste for the sensational when it comes to gossip, and nothing short of a startling engagement or raising an extra to star rôles gets her excited.

"What do you think about Dorothy Devore's promotion?" she demanded now, lazily. "She's always been



Photo by Hoover

Elinor Fair is to have the leading feminine rôle in the screen production of "Kismet," Otis Skinner's famous stage success.

in the Sennett bathing-beauty brigade, and now she's Charlie Ray's leading lady in 'Forty-five Minutes From Broadway.' Comedies have it all over dramatic schools nowadays, haven't they? And there's Molly Malone, too—she used to be a comedy queen after

wicked, because I always lose. Now I'll never be able to stick to my convictions."

"I suppose you know that Elliott Dexter isn't to be with Famous Players-Lasky any more, but will both star and direct for the new Rockett Film Corporation?"

I cut in. When Fanny gets to moralizing you might as well either interrupt forcibly or give up the struggle to be interested and go to sleep. I chose the former. "His first picture will be 'Truant Husbands.'"

"Yes, I heard that—and that Jack Pickford leaves Goldwyn with the completion of his present picture, and that Betty Compson will go right on making pictures with her own company, but will release them through Goldwyn. Also I hear that Flora Finch is coming back to the screen—you remember how funny she used to be when she was with John Bunny?"

Bob Gordon wound up "The Vice of Fools," with Alice Joyce, and then rushed off to Ithaca to do "Three Women Loved Him," but don't worry; his wife went with him.

"I could if it didn't make me feel so old to remember things that happened in the early days of the movies. Oh, I had some news from Rob-



ert Gordon the other day. You know, he finished 'The Vice of Fools,' with Alice Joyce, and then went up to Ithaca, New York, to be featured in 'Three Women Loved Him'—doesn't that sound hectic for nice Bob Gordon? And he says that he likes this new company he's with—they engaged him for the part after seeing him in 'Dollars and the Woman'; before that they wouldn't believe that he could do anything different from *Huck Finn*. And he and his wife have rented a big touring car and are driving around the country and having the time of their young lives; they say they wish they could live in Ithaca forever. That's where Irene Castle Tremain lives, you know."

"Oh, some news—Molly King has an infant son, Kenneth Alexander—I almost forgot that. You remember her, don't you? She was on the stage, and then made a lot of pictures—I think 'Women Men Forget' was her first one."

"Wonder if she'll come back to the screen. Evelyn Greeley's returning, you know; she's to be in 'Diana of the Stars,' a Select program picture. It seems like a long time since

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*Molly Malone
has deserted
comedy to
become a
Goldwynite.*



Puritan—Parisienne —and Picture Player

As Mark Twain said of the bicycle, it isn't reasonable. Yet we find the blend in Ann May.

By Herbert Howe

Photos taken exclusively for PICTURE-PLAY by Hoover

MY word! I hope you don't mind the bu-umps," she ejaculated, shifting gears on the Stutz speedster. "What were you—mercy—saying?"

I had involuntarily blurted out a bit of "dough-boy French," as the sudden lurch almost lifted me out of the seat. Ann looked at me and laughed.

"Comment? No, I'm not French—well, maybe—a few grandmothers back."

Ann May possibly is not French, but she has the spirit. When I saw "Paris Green"—and her—I exclaimed, "At last, the real French girl." For she has the misbehaving eyes immortalized by Anna Held and





"If that girl succeeds in transplanting her personality to film, she'll be one of the greatest stars in the business."

the mouth for—well, a very kissable mouth. And her black curly hair, terminating at the tips of her ears, pirouettes around her head in the mode of the Parisian apache dancer.

"Ninon" they call her at Charles Ray's studio, where she is playing opposite Ray in "Peaceful Valley." *Ninon* was the French girl in "Paris Green."

"Ninon, you'd be a star to-morrow if you didn't have so many arguments for everything," I heard Director Jerome Storm tell her after a voluble debate as to the amount of rouge on her lips.

"But, Jerry, I don't look well without it. You *know* I don't."

"Do you want to look like a chorus girl?" interrupted Mr. Ray sedately. "Try to be something besides beautiful."

"That suits me, Charles!" Her eyebrows shot upward under the forehead curls. "That's all that's necessary. Yes—you bet—that satisfies me."

"What do you know about lips?" she demanded as we shot away from the studio over a range of asphaltic hillocks. "Dot Gish gave me some pointers about make-up. And I'll stick to them if I lose my job. Yes, I will. If I ever have the following and salary of Dot Gish, I'll——"

A bump punctured her plans. She was about to resume them when there was further interference from a traffic cop.

Arguments may be impolitic in a studio, but they certainly come in handy with a cop. Miss May dismissed the threats of fine, imprisonment, and seizure of car with a queenly wave of her hand and a parting. "You're awfully sweet, mister. I'll send you a Christmas card."

One need not be a psychologist to detect personality in this young lady. Photographically, she's perfect. As for expression, she has more shrugs, moues, and optical caprices than Dorothy Gish or Constance Talmadge. In action, she resembles these pepsters. In repose—if she ever is—I fancy she might suggest Norma Talmadge.

"If that girl succeeds in transplanting her personality to film, she'll be one of the biggest stars in the business," Jerry Storm told me in an aside. "If she doesn't—she won't be anything—merely a pretty leading lady."

The beautiful Ann is superfeminine, hence super-obdurate. She's positive she would qualify as a *Desdemona* or a Broken Blossom. Those who know her are quite as positive she's another *Little Disturber*.

I ventured to remark that I'd heard she was a lady of fortune who didn't need to picturize herself for a livelihood. From the Studio Club fly such rumors as—she ran away from home, renounced a million, has an income of five hundred a week without working, owns two dozen hats, fifty pairs of shoes—untold wealth.

"My word!" Disgust shortened her upper lip. She slumped down in the car so that she appeared to be chinning herself on the steering wheel. "*My word!* I think that's disgusting. They're always bothering about my affairs. It isn't true. Nobody will take you seriously if they think you have enough to keep from starving. You simply have to starve to be a regular in this business. It's—it's traditional. Well, I am in earnest. If I weren't, I wouldn't be in pictures. And if I were starving I wouldn't be, either. I'd work at something more reliable."

She violently twirled the steering disk. The front right wheel shaved the concrete corner; the rear right trounced over the curb. "Afraid to die?" she glanced up with tantalizing smile. "No? All right, here she goes."

The speedometer shimmied to sixty miles. *Ninon's*

hair swirled and curled and kinked itself around her head. From the cushion beside her two frightened books bounded to the floor. One was Beaudelaire's "Fleurs de Mal," the other Plato's "On the Immortality of the Soul." The combination was as congruous as the elements of Ninon's nature. Dashing and hurdling over those mountain roads I experienced for the first time some agitation as to the immortality of the soul. It was engulfed by a greater curiosity. I asked the lady Jehu concerning her pictorial experiences.

She told me her vanity had been utterly defaulted when she saw "Paris Green." She thought herself "terrible—positively *terrible*." Mr. Ince didn't think so, neither did Jerry Storm or Charles Ray or C. Gardner Sullivan. Mr. Ince and Mr. Sullivan wanted her to play a part in "Sex," that of the girl from the country who becomes a vamp champ.

"They described the part. I had to smoke cigarettes and act intoxicated and wear—my word!—you should have seen what they wanted me to wear. It was less than a thought. I said 'unh-unh-never!' Why! what would the girls back in school have thought if they'd seen me in such a part?"

She was horrification personified, her eyes veritable orbs, her mouth pursed with Puritanical grimness. A curl right above the middle of her forehead stood upright, as upright as a curl can. She registered the solemnity of a kewpie.

For all her interest in the immortality of the soul, demised Ann is a girl just out of school. I fancy she still believes that to have a fudge party at midnight or to sneak up the stairs of the Studio Club with her slippers in hand is delectable sin.

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*Photographically
she's perfect.*

THAT Shakespeare ne'er heard of the film world
Is a fact that we all will concede,
And yet apt quotations he's written
To fit its every need!

Star

She's beautiful; therefore to be wooed. She is a woman; therefore to be won.

Leading Man

I am not in the roll of common men.

Vampire

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

Comedienne

They have a plentiful lack of wit.

Villain

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!

Extra

Double, double, toil and trouble.

Director

Man, proud man, dress'd in a little brief authority.

Screen

To hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature.

A Good Play

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

A Poor Play

Between the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion, all the interim is like the phantasma, or a hideous dream.

Subtitlès

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

Fan

It were all one that I should love a bright, particular star.

Answer Man

I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.

Critic

Condemn the fault, but not the actor of it!

VARA MACBETH JONES.



If you are interested in the unusual you will enjoy Tourneur's "The White Circle."

The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on current releases by New York's best-known and most widely read reviewer.

By Peter Milne

JUST what is the determining factor which makes a picture stand out as an unusually good one? This question is the bane of a picture reviewer's existence; it certainly is my particular bane.

It is easy enough to determine whether a picture is good or bad, but to explain your conclusion through a correct course of reasoning is one rather difficult.

There are times when I feel certain that a production's merit is due to the careful efforts of the director. I write down my feelings and subsequently the mail brings me word from the author of the



Robert W. Chambers' tricks of writing have been adequately translated to the screen in "The Fighting Chance."

work that the director was merely following out his ideas. And time and again I have credited the author with acquitting himself in fine style only to have my verdict knocked into the shape of the celebrated cocked hat when the director has met me on the street and told me that he threw the author's manuscript into the wastebasket and went ahead on the picturization, using nothing but his own ideas.

The picture reviewer who labors to inform without the benefit of knowledge of sundry studio policies, the liberties accorded divers directors and scenario writers, the

restrictions placed upon them, et cetera, is up against a task as difficult as that which confronts the baseball critic who would determine the relative values of a strike-out pitcher and a home-run hitting outfielder. First it's one, then the other, and then again—it's both.

There is one element, however, which enters into every successful picture, for which either director, author, or star may be responsible. For want of a more definite term this element is called atmosphere. No great work of the picture art achieves its success through anything else but this element. Other elements may have contributed, but a realistic, a poetic, a highly imaginative, or a sensational atmosphere is always the big factor. I feel safe in defying any one to name a great picture that lacked this essential.

Recently it has been my fortune to see some eight or nine pictures, in all of which this determining atmosphere is striking. And at the risk of offending several authors I make the bold statement that in each case the director has been responsible for the achievement. The authors paved the way for them, provided them with the opportunities, but the directors contributed the finishing touches. The architect might draw plans for a palace, but the builder, through his blundering, might turn out a mountain of junk.

First in the list I place Maurice Tourneur, despite the fact that his present picture, "The White Circle," will perhaps not become as popular as some of the others I have seen. The story, based on Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Pavilion on the Links," is one of fantastic lengths, telling of the manner in which a man named *Northmour* hid away *Huddleston* and his daughter *Clara*, when the former was threatened by members of an Italian secret society whose funds he had embezzled. *Northmour's* craving for the girl is a conventional villain's attribute, but when at the end he could dispose of his rival easily he sees of a sudden his freedom vanished, visualizes to himself years of humdrum marital existence.



"The City of Masks" is a delightful bit of whimsy.

Tourneur has played with wonderful atmospheric effects in the succession of nightmares that visit *Huddleston*. The moral coward dies a thousand horrible deaths in his mind, and Tourneur's way of visualizing some of these is altogether masterly. He clearly demonstrates himself an artist in the way of effects—and effects, of course, constitute atmosphere.

If you are interested in the unusual I am sure you will enjoy Tourneur's bold ventures in the realms of extraordinary atmosphere. And I am sure the scenes between Spottiswoode Aitken as the cowardly *Huddleston* and Wesley Barry as the boy who is unacquainted with fear will appeal. More than this Tourneur has brought to the screen a new leading woman, Janite Wilson, a young woman in whose eyes lies the ability to topple the reserve of a pompous prince.

More extensive in appeal than "The White Circle" is "The Mutiny of the *Elsinore*," another Jack London adaptation. In this story of a boy's making, of his coming into manhood, London injected an atmosphere of virility and deep, human appeal that has been communicated to the screen with wonderful fidelity. And it is Edward Sloman, who to my knowledge never made a sea picture before in his life, who has this achievement to his credit. "The Mutiny of the *Elsinore*" teems with the invigorating atmosphere of the salt sea. It has a tang that courses all through you.

The effects which have aided him in achieving this are a wonderful series of fight scenes aboard the ship when a storm is lashing the craft about at will, a fine performance by Mitchell Lewis that is superbly simple in its appeal, excellent work by the support, particularly William V. Mong, and the presence of a dog who is as much



"The Prince Chap" has a delightfully romantic atmosphere.

an actor as any of the rest. Certainly London, if he were alive to-day, would congratulate Sloman for so faithfully extending his ideas to the celluloid.

Atmosphere is an essential part of Marshall Neilan's "Go and Get It." This atmosphere is nothing more than Neilan's personality. Neilan is a man of a dozen moods. He may perpetrate the severest slapstick jokes on you one minute, and the next second will see him discoursing on something approaching ideals. He will relate to you a story he has read in which a pretty romance is dominant, he will wax tearful, humorous, widely imaginative. All these moods are represented in "Go and Get It." It has separate thrills and in itself is one long thrilling melodrama. It has a charming romance, moments of humor and more of purely slapstick comedy. Like Neilan himself, it is a three-ring circus. Its atmosphere is wild, ever changing from one key to another. He has pounded all your emotions at the end, and you like him for being so downright clever about it.

"Go and Get It" is a melodrama of newspaper life that never could have happened. It has a romance that is too good to be true and comedy that is burlesqued to the breaking point. It has thrilling airplane stunts that you will not believe until you see them. And it has the benefit of delightful performances by Agnes Ayres and Pat O'Malley, while the clever little Wesley Barry supplies the comedy. "Go and Get It" is a picture that you will want to see more than once.

Imaginative atmosphere again marks "The City of Masks," a George Barr McCutcheon story, which Thomas Heffron directed, with Robert Warwick in the leading rôle. The idea behind this reads as quite crazy. It concerns a group of mere employees in the city of

Those who enjoyed Pearl White in her serials will find plenty of thrills and entertainment in "The White Moll."



Wesley Barry in a new kind of role in "Go and Get It."

New York who congregate on a certain night each week and play at make-believe, indulging their whims to the extent of calling themselves lords and ladies, knights and princesses. And, of course, it is these people who have the souls of knights and princesses, those of wealth whom they serve being contrasted as commonplace and vulgar.

It is a delightful little bit of whimsy, of fantastic imagination over all of which spreads an atmosphere of dreamlike quality which must go to the credit of Heffron.

He was aided by a performance of stellar quality on the part of Warwick and another of the same water by Lois Wilson.

And while I am on the subject of Mr. Heffron's work I must also mention "Firebrand Trevison," a Fox picture with that new star, yclept Buck Jones. Mr. Heffron undergoes a transition from the sublime to the wild when he steps from the McCutcheon story to this tale of the movie wild West. And yet he has done his work here just as well, equipping it with an atmosphere of dash and daring that is infectious. Jones—I believe he is the only star who ever dared use such a common, or garden variety of name—helps him a lot with divers stunts and a very clean and manly personality.

In "One Hour Before Dawn" Director Henry King was supplied with an ideal murder-mystery story. Not even little Willie who frequents the pictures every day will guess the identity of the murderer. I can readily see how nine out of ten directors would have botched the story by neglecting to supply the atmosphere of tense mystery and suspense which King has injected. Here is really a marvelous example of the power of suggestion in making a picture. From the very outset King lets you know something dire is scheduled to

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Putting the "Gee!" in Geography

Globe-trotting serial makers are doing it right along.

By Caroline Bell

Marie Walcamp in the Philippines.



Eddy Polo took "The Vanishing Dagger" to England.

THE class in geography will now go to the 'Bijou' for the next two episodes of 'His Leap for Life.' Please notice particularly the parts showing the Taj Mahal, in India, and the Tower of London. Don't forget your tickets, and be back in time for arithmetic."

Fantastic? Not a bit of it! Grammar-school teachers everywhere may take to this method of teaching both history and geography if the other motion-picture producers follow Universal's example and send their companies all over the world on serial-making expeditions.

Perhaps you saw Eddy Polo in "The Vanishing Dagger"; if you did, you'll remember the English scenes. Dignified old estates, beautiful gardens, the Whitechapel district of London, famous as a haunt of

criminals—they were all shown on the screen, not rebuilt as studio sets, but as they really are; for the whole company went abroad on location, and "The Vanishing Dagger" vanished on its native heath.

Japan made an effective background for Miss Walcamp in "The Dragon's Net."

Marie Walcamp was the next Universal star to sail the seas in order that a series of hair-curling adventures might be authentically presented. She crossed the Pacific to do "The Dragon's Net," and scenes were shot beneath the historic Great Wall of China, besides flooded rice fields in Japan, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippines. Miss Walcamp wore native garb in these various countries, and, of course, natives were used as extras.

Universal is now planning to send Eddy Polo out on another globe-trotting expedition, with a scenario for a serial in his pocket. This time South America has been selected as the setting.

Think of the ambitions that will be aroused in small boys who follow these serials. Their grandfathers who longed for adventure and planned to ship before the mast in order to get it are terribly out of date. Being a hero of serials has such tame ambitions beaten a mile!





How a Movie Town Is Built

Once planned, it goes up as though by magic.

By Charles Carter



The road, fences, lawns, and sidewalks—in fact everything except the trees, had to be built.



THREE weeks before the place had been but a patch of vacant land high above the Hudson River, across which lay New York City. But on the night when the great storm was about to burst, the work of sixty men had transformed it into a small French-Canadian village, the setting for William Faversham's new picture, based on Frank L. Packard's novel, "The Sin That Was His." And in the fury of that storm—produced by aéroplane engines and propellers—Faversham and a great company of extras spent the last night of work on the production in making some of the story's most dramatic scenes.

The accompanying pictures tell, at a glance, how such a set is made. The first is the miniature model made in cardboard for the director's approval before a single spadeful of ground is turned on the actual work. And you can see, by comparing the model with the picture of the finished set, how carefully the model was followed.

The picture is one on which both Packard and Faversham have set high hopes, and which Packard believes will surpass "The Miracle Man." And since he wrote the stories from which both productions were made he surely has a right to make the prophecy, which we shall soon see fulfilled—or not fulfilled—since the picture will be shown early this fall.

Faversham in the rôle of a gambler masquerading as a priest.





Photo by Evans

Grace Darmond, who is appearing in the serial May Yohe wrote, "The Hope Diamond Mystery."

SHE was the toast of London. Everybody'd heard pretty May Yohe sing her famous song, "Honey, My Honey"; she sang it on the musical-comedy stage for the general public, and at private parties for royalty. Her madcap escapades were the talk of the town; every one knew all about the American girl who had gone to France to study, and then come to England and won all hearts. And the town speculated as to which of her titled suitors she'd accept.

She ended the talk by marrying Lord Francis Hope, and started more by wearing the famous Hope Diamond, which, according to tradi-

The Toast of London Town

Grace Darmond tells of her visit to May Yohe—once wearer of the famous Hope Diamond about which the story of Miss Darmond's new serial was written.

By Barbara Little

tion, ruins the lives of all who possess it. And now some say that it ruined May Yohe's, just because, not so very long ago, she had to work as janitress in a California shipyard to support herself and her husband. But May Yohe doesn't think so. She told Grace Darmond, who is appearing in a serial, "The Hope Diamond Mystery," based on the history of the famous jewel. And Grace Darmond told me all about it.

"She's the happiest person you ever saw," Grace told me, the day after she'd called on May Yohe Smuts in her little cottage in San Pedro, near Los Angeles. "She lives in a wee little place all covered with honeysuckle—there are just three rooms in that house, and it's filled with souvenirs of the time when May Yohe was famous. She met me at the door—and she's still so pretty; when you look into her brown eyes you don't wonder that she dazzled all London."

"Tell me all about your visit," I urged.

Miss Darmond did so; and here, in as nearly her own words as I can recall, I shall try to repeat the story to you, just as she told it to me.

I'll catch up on May Yohe's history for you first. Lord Hope's relatives didn't take to her any too kindly, you know, and she was just as much of a madcap as she'd ever been after she was married, and finally she ran away with an American officer.

He later deserted her—doesn't that show the influence of the Hope Diamond on her life? But she refused to be downed by Fate, and toured the Orient, singing and dancing. Then she married Captain John Smuts of the British army; he's a relative of General Smuts. And they're happy as kings.

I never had a nicer time in my life than I did the day I spent with them. He works in the shipyards now, you know, and wasn't home when I arrived, but came soon after. And when we heard his step on the back porch she called to him, "John, dear, wash up and come into the sitting room." Imagine a woman who's lived in a castle in that environment!

So he did, and she played, "Honey, My Honey," on the piano for me, and he turned the



May Yohe and her first husband, Lord Francis Hope.



Deep Dene, Dorking, England, of which May Yohe Hope was mistress.

music. She had a photograph of King Edward on the piano—and on the silver frame is engraved, “To May from Edward.”

“He was my friend—he was kind to me,” she said. “I would not part with this picture for all the diamonds in the world.”

It seemed a funny combination of events, for me to be sitting there thinking about how I’d portray May Yohe on the screen, and using a napkin that had once been in the linen closet of the castle of the famous Hope family of England, and eating a salad of lettuce, radishes, and onions that May Yohe had raised in the little garden behind her three-room house.

Yet, somehow, you can’t think of the change in her life as a misfortune; she has a philosophy that absolutely discounts it.

“I’ve been at the top, titled, wealthy, a friend of nobility, and I’ve been at the bottom, a social outcast, penniless, a janitress in the shipyards—when we first came here John was ill, and I had to do whatever I could to earn money, you see. And I’ve always been happy. I never walked the floor at night nursing my troubles. Happiness is here,” she touched her heart, “and never did I dream that I could be so happy as I am here in my little house with John and the flowers and the rabbits.”



You can’t feel sorry for the fallen fortunes of a woman who sees life that way; there’s nothing to feel sorry about.

However, she doesn’t intend to remain in her little house forever.

“I’m going to tell you a secret,” she told me. “I wrote the story of the Hope Diamond for a purpose. I mean some day to return to England; I love that old country, where I have many, many friends. And with the money I get from this serial about the diamond I am going back there and show them that May Yohe is alive, happy, and prosperous. And I am eager to get John away from the shipyards; people are always being hurt there—and I’d rather have him away from it.”

And how much money do you suppose it’s her ambition to have? Fifty-five thousand dollars. Certainly her former life did not leave with her an inheritance of extravagance.

And if I’ve shown you May Yohe as she really is—kindly, unassuming, lovable—you’ll understand why I’m trying harder than I’ve ever tried before to do the best work I can in this picturization of the story she’s written; I’m so anxious to do my part in helping her to get back to England.

“You can’t feel sorry for the fallen fortunes of a woman who looks at life as she does.”

What the Fans Think

On different subjects concerning the screen, as revealed by letters selected from our mail pouch.

Mrs. R. J. D.—Please Read!

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I must comment on Mrs. R. J. D.'s letter regarding Cecil De Mille's latest production, "Why Change Your Wife?" as it afforded me the best amusement I have experienced in weeks.

Unfortunately, however, Mrs. R. J. D. does not state her daughter's age. If she is under eighteen, mother is to blame for her foolishness; but if she is past that age and does not know when her dresses are too low-necked to be becoming—Heaven help her, because she is not the average American girl, and any amount of censoring will not help much, so why censor a truly remarkable production that very subtly teaches a moral just because one young lady out of a thousand chooses to take a grotesque view of it and make herself absurd?

If she merely imitated Miss Swanson, all would be well, for you will remember the striking street costume she wore at the time of the accident. Her evening gowns were very beautiful—Miss Swanson's back being largely responsible—but, of course, any common-sense girl will realize that she could not wear them and "get away with it," especially if she is still in, or lately out of her teens.

As to perfume, Miss Swanson used it sparingly. I do not recall any instance that would lead one to believe that *her* clothes "fairly reek with it." Surely the picture cannot be to blame, for the young lady could just as easily get her ideas from a novel.

If it is very warm in Winsted, Connecticut, I am very much afraid that most of her fudge adheres to the cushions, and if it is cool, she is running a terrible risk, because one of her "un-initiated" admirers might accidentally sit on it, and—! ? !
A. DE MILLE ADMIRER—Butte, Montana.

"Hoping Mary Pickford Never Grows Up."

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I am thirteen, and will be in the second year of high school in September. And I buy your magazine every month.

I have been reading "What the Fans Think," and some one in Canada wants Mary Pickford to grow up. I *don't*, and I saw her in "Pollyanna," and she was *wonderful*. I can't agree with the Toronto writer about Mary Miles Minter, either; I didn't like her in "Anne of Green Gables;" she didn't act like a kid at all. Mary Pickford is the only one that can play kid parts well, and I hope she will keep playing them.

I like Nazimova, too—she sure is a wonderful dancer. I enjoyed so much the article about her in your last number.

I am so glad they are going to star Marjorie Daw; I have loved her ever since I saw her with Mary in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

I enjoy your magazine, every bit of it, very much.
ROSE E. WARD—Ithaca, New York.

Putting a Pedestal Under Gloria.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

In a late issue of your magazine I found a letter of criticism of Gloria Swanson. And I want to protest against the things it said of her.

First it said she could not act. In several plays she showed that she did not have as much acting ability as some other players, but she was better than some girls I have seen starred, at that. And in "Why Change Your Wife?" she proved that she ranked among the best players.

In another issue some one wrote that Gloria Swanson was not beautiful. I don't think she is pretty, but she is one of the most beautiful women on the screen.

J. W. S.—Covington, Kentucky.

An Appreciation of Elsie Ferguson.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

The saddest thing about the English language is its frequent inability to express truth without perverting it so that it loses the semblance of truth. But may I be permitted to offer, in all sincerity, a humble appreciation of Elsie Ferguson? To me she is that "something afar" which signifies an ideal. In the magic of her wistful smile I read the whole history of

romance. In the depths of her clear eyes I catch a glimpse of ancient Greece—a vision of the perfect art of Athens and of her tolerant sanity. The charm of her voice carries me to the Land of Heart's Desire. She is beautiful, cultured, patrician, an aristocrat as delicately aloof in the midst of a crowd as on a lonely hilltop. A slender goddess, made to be adored. I am shaping an idol from my dreams, you say. No; to me she is quite human, quite alive; and I can pay her no greater tribute than to say that I should not be afraid of a fallen idol, should my path ever cross hers, as hers has already crossed mine.
DIXETTE—Yonkers, New York.

A Bouquet for Nazimova.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

In your July issue "An Interested Fan" asks that some one come to his aid in defense of Nazimova. Believing that it is much better to "give flowers now" where they are justly deserved, I send to this incomparable star "my whole garden of roses."

Did you ever sit at your window after a violent storm and look at a beautiful rainbow, noting the many colors that go to make up the whole—the warm shades, the cold shades, and even those that suggest tenderness? Nazimova's characterizations are like that. She is fire and she is ice. She is autumn and winter and spring and summer—she is anything she wills herself to be. If she were cast to portray every feminine rôle in a play, she could do it—and wouldn't it be a novelty?

With best wishes for your very interesting magazine, I am
Sincerely yours,
ANNIE B. GILES—Austin, Texas.

A Word or Two to the Directors.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I'd like to back "D. K.," of Sioux Falls, when he says, in the August number, "Why doesn't Norma Talmadge stick to light, airy plays, instead of dipping into heavy tragedy?" Why can't the directors leave that stuff to the Nazimova and Alice Joyce types? It's almost as bad as it would be to feature Doug as *Shylock* in "The Merchant of Venice!" I've heard at least a dozen people deplore Miss Talmadge's dips into heavy drama, while thousands applauded her "She Loves and Lies."

Why don't you magazine editors conceive some plan to put a good suggestion for the aid of bettering art before the producers, when one comes along? You have your finger on the public's pulse through the medium of your columns. When the majority deplores some incident, such as the above, then you can let the producers know. It might not mean much at first, but as time goes on they'll feel the weight of your words and it will help. See what the other film fans think of it.

C. F. M.—Buffalo, New York.

"Me for the Star."

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Under the caption "What the Fans Think" you publish some very readable stuff. I do not wish to infer that the balance of your output is flat. It is really good. In fact, to my mind yours is the most readable of all the many movie magazines published. Got a pretty good staff, I guess, or maybe ye editor knows what to throw out and what to print. Both, perhaps.

But back to the first proposition. Most folks like to know what others think. I do. I get lots to chew on and mull over in these letters you print from other fans. So I'm going to contribute my bit.

We all must have a hobby outside of business to maintain high efficiency. "In the chairs" in secret orders was mine for ten years, but when I had no more fields to conquer there I took to the movies. Works fine. I like 'em. Like professional baseball, about one performance out of ten is worth seeing. The rest of them don't hurt one any.

Continued on page 87





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HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William

Lord Wright

How to Write a Synopsis

Several of my readers recently have sent similar letters of inquiry, trying to find out specifically how to put a screen story together. These are difficult questions to answer, because writing cannot be reduced to a basis of rules or formulae. No one can do more than to give you the general broad rules. Still, I shall try to do what I can to clear up the problems presented to me, beginning with the one offered by Lawrence L. Spencer:

I believe that if we had a way to see and study the synopses of the current pictures that come to the theaters in our respective towns, we would know much better how to go about to prepare our own stories. I feel sure that if I could only see one finished picture, the original scenario of which I could study, I would have far less trouble in writing my own. My greatest trouble lies right here: I do not know what to write and what not to write, in spite of your advice to write only the naked plot.

At the theater, where I am operator, I will see a picture with little scenes inserted all through it, and I wonder how the author ever wrote all that in fifteen hundred words. Or didn't he? Or does the director or continuity writer fill out the story? If not, then my trouble would be in not writing enough; but if they do, then my trouble lies in writing too much. Right here I wish to make a suggestion. If you could add to your department a few of the current pictures' scenarios we would like to study them.

The limitations of space forbid our printing detailed synopses. There is a sample short synopsis in our Guide Posts booklet, and one of the inexpensive text books listed in that booklet contains a long synopsis, which is carefully explained and analyzed. If you cannot grasp the form from reading both of these I do not believe you have it in you to construct a story. If you have read our Guide Posts booklet carefully, you should know that a fifteen-hundred-word synopsis is the mere skeleton of the plot, and that all the little details and bits of business to which you refer could not be packed into so small a compass. It is a matter of your own good judgment as to whether or not you wish to attempt to write a long synopsis, packed with details. If you have the real story writer's gift, and can write concisely, such details will be appreciated by the scenario editor. But if your story once starts to ramble with details which are of no value to him he is likely to lose interest.

As a general thing, persons who have had no training and experience in writing should not attempt a long, detailed synopsis, but should content themselves by telling the story as briefly as possible. If your plot is new it will catch the editor's attention without "trimmings."

What About the Details

A similar problem is presented by Mrs. J. I. Giddings, who says that she is trying to write a comedy. "Should the amateur include the small comedy situations in his synopsis?" she writes. "Take, for example, the picture 'Mary's Ankle.' In the scene where the three hungry men are looking through the window watching the cook frying waffles, was this scene in the original synopsis, or was it put in by the continuity writer?" If I remember correctly, this bit of business was nothing on which the structure of the plot depended. It is therefore likely that it was inserted by the continuity writer, though it may have been suggested by any one connected with the production. The point for you to bear in mind, however, is this: The writer of the original story need only write such incidents and details as are strictly necessary for the development of the plot. If, while writing your plot, bits of business such as the "waffle-watching" episode occur to you, and you believe they would heighten the effectiveness of the picture, there is no harm in inserting them. If such incidents are well chosen, they will improve your synopsis.

QUESTIONS concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, when accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Beginners, however, are advised first to procure our "Guideposts for Scenario Writers," a booklet covering all the points on which beginners usually wish to be informed, which will be sent for ten cents. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with statements of the kinds of stories they want, may procure our Market Booklet for six cents. *Please note that we cannot read or criticize scripts.*

Don't Overstress Technique

J. O. Milnauer evidently has spent some time in the study of plot construction, as you can see from his letter of inquiry. He first asks whether or not it is against the rules of screen storywriting to begin a story by characterization, giving, as an example, the following:

"Elsie is a splendid type of girl—shy and demurely wistful. Jimmy is a hero of baseball and football fame, but modest withal."

Following the introduction, I start off fast with interesting action, not letting down till the story is over half done. My stories are built on this model: mmmrrttllllldFFr. There is a lull at the first f and the climax is on the double F. I find myself the same as lost in the woods, if I do not fix my great climax before I develop my story. Is this correct? If I have five threads to my story, should I work out each thread to its conclusion and then weave the threads together? Or should I carry them along together, adding a new phase, or thread, as the theme seems to be losing life—timing them in such a manner that will be equivalent to adding new coal to the fire? I find that close observation and careful deliberation are great assets to screen writing.

Certainly it is all right to begin briefly by characterizing the principal personages of the story, though the

Continued on page 74

Dear Marjorie:-

A chap across the street just treated me to a real thrill. No, he didn't appear on the window ledge in indelicate negligee and do setting up exercises or anything like that. He just showed me a picture

If you can look at that picture without the same sort of thrill, then I'm sorry I'm coming home next week! Just get a look!

Hammock; old maple tree down by grape arbor; birds and grasshoppers; bees and humming little whiffs of breeze across the flower beds; sweet little girl; music—

Oh, Madge! Finish the picture yourself! I've just got to go and take that mandolin away from that fellow across the street; if he keeps on playing *burstunes* I'll go dippy—

You know you ought not to read any more of Marjorie's letter because you're almost sure what the rest of it is, and you wouldn't want everybody to read *your* letters, or pry into the intimate little memories and vague longings that are brought to your mind by this "picture."

Queer what music, or the mere *thoughts* of music, will do to a person's mind—yet not so queer after all. Music is so intimately personal, no wonder we automatically associate it with the things that are nearest and dearest.

But think of the barren places in the lives of those who do not know the joy of *making music!* Yet even these are just as human as we—they get the same thrill from Marjorie's letter and the picture—but it's a thrill with *something missing.*

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characterization should be developed more or less along with the story. As for the other problem, it seems to me that the writer is making matters difficult for himself. It is a good thing to learn all you can about theory and methods of constructing plots. Most writers at some time or other have dabbled in this. But all the successful writers whom I know forget that sort of thing when they start to write. No artist of any sort thinks of technical rules when he is engaged in creating a work of art, whether he be a painter, a musician, a writer, or what not. So when you set about to write your story forget all about the "five threads" and the "double F." You are quite right, I may say, however, in figuring out your main climax before you start. You *must* do that, since the climax is what the story must work toward from the time it begins, and if you haven't any climax in mind when you begin, you couldn't very well work toward it.

Another of 'Em "I'm another one of 'em—but not yet successful," writes J. Norris Collier. "I notice that Mr. Pearson has trouble in getting his ideas on paper. So do I—but there is something else I would like to ask you." He then continues as follows:

In writing a scenario synopsis, there is a scene where a timid boy, a stranger in the city, works in the same factory with a girl whom he admires, but is not acquainted with. He makes it a point to get out of the factory, at quitting time, ahead of the girl, and wait until she appears, then following after her, wishing that he could walk with her. He repeats this each evening until an incident happens that makes them acquainted. The action is commonplace, but the scene should be repeated, in order to show that the boy is timid but persistent. Should the boy's every action be in the synopsis, or how could you explain the action otherwise? The story in mind is very pretty, but how to write it without being too wordy is what stumps me. My impression in writing a synopsis is to tell it in as few words as possible, but it is hard to explain what my mind sees without going into detail.

Explain what your mind sees, by all means. When we say not to be too wordy we do not mean to sacrifice clearness. It is not necessary, though, to write the boy's every action in the synopsis. Carry the meaning, the intent, and the continuity writer will care for the rest. And by way of example, I might add that in the preceding paragraph you have expressed clearly and concisely enough for any one to understand what you have in mind, and without explaining the boy's every action and move. Go and do the same in your synopsis.

Pointers from De Mille Cecil De Mille has recently written an interesting article on "Things to Avoid in Writing Scenarios," from which I take the liberty of quoting a few excerpts. What any one in his position has to say on this subject should be read and thought about by every one interested in writing for the screen. He says:

Perhaps the most frequently quoted reason given by the budding screen writer for his or her literary output is that the story in question is founded upon personal experience. This is sufficient to doom the story without a hearing. No individual experience is sufficiently broad and comprehensive to serve as the basis for a screen play. That fact was discovered long ago by no less an authority on dramatic construction than David Belasco, dean of stage producers. And the rule established by the stage dramatists is equally applicable to screen drama.

Personal experience may be woven into a story; it may furnish the starting point or climax, but in general, any one man's experience—dramatic though it may be in spots—is insufficient for the elaboration necessary in a successful stage

or screen play. A truly successful drama must be many-sided; it must be the complex result of many experiences.

Many a person, after seeing a particularly bad or stupid motion picture, hurries home and writes one which, he claims, is far better than the picture which he has just seen. Not infrequently such a person explains just why he was forced to write the inclosed story.

Perhaps the picture he saw was faulty, but he is no more justified, on that account, in thinking that he can do, offhand, a better one, or one that ought to sell, than he would be justified in thinking that, because he recognized a certain building as being a poor example of architecture, he could set to work and, with no training, erect a better one.

Historical tragedies or plots which make use of fictitious kingdoms seldom find favor and may be safely avoided by would-be writers. Yet a large percentage of the scenarios submitted are of this type. If the student writer would take the trouble to follow the current productions issued by any of the established producers, he or she would speedily learn what general divisions of the subject matter are under the ban.

Few writers in the making seem to realize that screen writing is a fine art which must be acquired. Many of them seem to feel that they are writers by virtue of a special gift, that they are, in other words, born scenario writers. Scenario writers are *made*. Of course, native intelligence, some education, mental capability, and a special creative talent are necessary for the writing of stories. But the special technic of scenario construction is acquired and not inherited. The person who submits a manuscript with the hope that it will succeed because of the innate merit of the writer would not dream of attempting to play a violin without studying music. Yet he attempts the far more difficult task of scenario writing without any preparation.

Plot seems to be the objective which every would-be scenario writer seeks to achieve. The one idea of many inexperienced writers is that if they cram their stories full of complications it is bound to succeed.

Contrary to popular opinion, photo plays do not succeed because of intricate plots. To-day, *theme* is far more important. Plot, in the usual sense of the word, is being relegated to the background. Character delineation, founded on a theme of value, is the thing which the successful photo play of the future must have. But—above all things, the story must have theme.

To sum up these negative hints to beginners: Don't write scenarios because you have had an experience which seems to you sufficiently unusual to make a successful screen play; don't write historical tragedies or plots laid in mythical principalities; don't write because you think you are a born writer; don't write without studying the way in which others have written screen stories; and don't write with plot as the sole reason. Learn the mechanics of the art, select a theme of real merit, and develop it and the characters which make it live.

I may venture to add this: Don't attempt to write motion-picture continuity. Leave it to the veterans. Write your story in synopsis form. And if you have a good plot—develop it along with the character delineation—and the theme!

The Surest Sign Here is the surest sign that the stock of stories, novels, and plays for the movies is diminishing. "The Prince Chap," "The House of a Thousand Candles," et cetera, made as features by the Selig Company four or five years ago, are to be remade as new productions. "The Garden of Allah" is to be remade. The old Hoyt comedies, all of which have been made into pictures at one time or another, have been collected and will serve as future vehicles for Charles Ray.

Other plays and books which have been produced as pictures within the last few years have been acquired by others, the old negatives scrapped, and new productions planned. When this is done the fund of old material will be small indeed.

Originals, *good* originals, will be at a premium sooner or later. One of the signs of the times is the reported combination of four or five of the more versatile writers of plot and continuities, who anticipate a big demand for original stuff within the year.

Continued on page 86

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Seena Takes a Flier

We refer to her investments in oil—not to exploits in aviation.

By Grace Kingsley

SHE was just trying on a new khaki walking suit, and when she looked up I saw that she was Seena Owen.

Of course, I knew it would be Seena, because that's whom I came to see; but an interviewer always has to start off some mysterious way like that, so that it will sound more exciting.

Anyhow, her blue eyes were shining, and her face wore that alluring smile of hers.

"For a new part?" I asked, referring to the khaki. You remember, she used to be Bill Hart's leading lady, so she was born to the khaki, so to speak, even if she has departed since from the Western atmosphere and indulged in things like Tourneur's "The Life Line" and "Victory" and other such dramas.

"For a new part," she exclaimed, stopping in the buttoning-up process, "why, my dear, they've struck the black line!"

"Struck which?" I demanded breathlessly. "And did it hurt?"

"Hurt?" she demanded scornfully. "Why, that just means they may strike oil any day, now!"

"Oil?" I repeated. "What's that got to do with your new rôle?"

"Everything," smiled Seena calmly; "you see I'm a member of the board of directors of an oil company down in Texas!"

"Why, Seena Owen!" I exclaimed. "Did you hear what you said?"

"Yep," said Seena. I've known Seena so long that she has a right to "Yep" me any time she wants to.

So she's two kinds of queen—film and oil! And being two kinds of queen, it seems to me, is more than any one girl has any right to hope to be.

And you aren't a bit more surprised than those rough oil men were, that day when she walked into the lobby of the Westbrooke Hotel, at Fort Worth, Texas, all dolled up in her prettiest clothes, was greeted by a tall, brown young man who looked a lot like her, only in a masculine sort of way, and the two joined a group who were talking oil, with Seena as much at home as if she'd been used to such scenes all her life.

That was only five short months ago, since which time Miss Owen, and the tall, brown young man who is her brother, have cleaned up a small fortune, all of which has gone back into the oil business, because Miss Owen is no mere speculator, but means to make a real business of it.

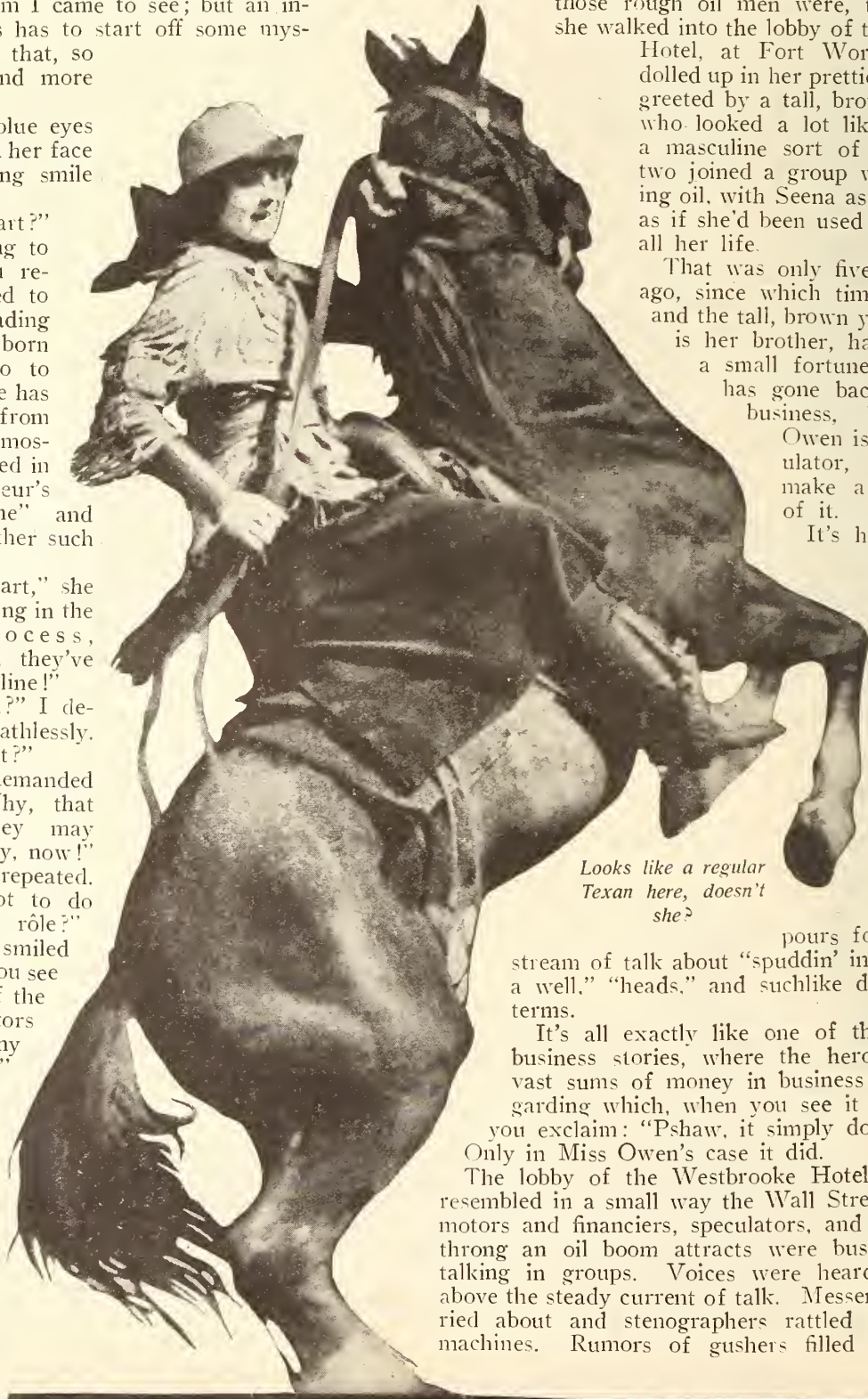
It's highly amusing, as well as edifying, when you see those red lips open, and that alluring smile reveal itself, and, expecting to hear her make some remark about some matinée idol or a new gown, she

pours forth, instead, a stream of talk about "spuddin' in," "bringing in a well," "heads," and suchlike deadly technical terms.

It's all exactly like one of those up-to-date business stories, where the heroine helps win vast sums of money in business enterprise, regarding which, when you see it on the screen, you exclaim: "Pshaw, it simply doesn't happen!" Only in Miss Owen's case it did.

The lobby of the Westbrooke Hotel that morning resembled in a small way the Wall Street Curb. Promoters and financiers, speculators, and all the motley throng an oil boom attracts were bustling about or talking in groups. Voices were heard in argument above the steady current of talk. Messenger boys scurried about and stenographers rattled away at their machines. Rumors of gushers filled in the chinks

Continued on page 78



Looks like a regular Texan here, doesn't she?



“The Proudest Moment of Our Lives Had Come!”

“It was our own home! There were two glistening tears in Mary’s eyes, yet a smile was on her lips. I knew what she was thinking.

“Five years before we had started bravely out together! The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cheaply as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of training. In a year Betty came—three mouths to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

“Then one night Mary came to me. ‘Jim’, she said, ‘why don’t you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You’ll make good—I know you will.’

“Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken up a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

“And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that ‘Betty can be proud to grow up in.’

“I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within.”

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of conversation, and everybody was tensely excited.

Suddenly into the midst of it all tripped a lovely blond girl, clad in tasteful and fashionable raiment. Instantly she became the cynosure of all eyes. (Doesn't that sound just like a subtitle?) There was a hush of voices for a moment, the crowd being taken by surprise at seeing a girl in the midst of activities in which only men were generally known to participate, and—

Well, of course, as I've said before, the girl was Seena Owen. And this is how it all happened:

A few months ago, her pet brother, one with whom she has been chums all her life, met with business reverses. He was feeling pretty blue, and the two used to sit up night after night discussing the lad's future, after everybody else had gone to bed. Suddenly, one night, Miss Owen bethought her of the oil boom in Texas. She asked her brother why he didn't go down there and try his luck. He slapped his knee, and said he just believed he would. Then they began to examine over oil reports, to study geological bulletins, to talk with experienced oil men, and one day brother, loaded up with "imperial gallons of fact" about oil, kissed his sister goodbye, and sallied forth to make his fortune.

Did sister Seena forget all about what brother was doing, and devote herself solely to picture art and picture-folks' festivities? She

A few months ago he and she sat up nights discussing his future.

Photo by Monroe



Photo by Monroe

You can see for yourself how becoming the khaki duds were.

did not. She read everything she could lay her hands on concerning the Texas oil situation, devoured her brother's letters, and shortly began sending him advice. That does seem odd, doesn't it? But it seems the advice was good, for soon brother got right in and became a director of one of the companies. Then sister Seena wrote him she was going to visit him. And instead of gathering together a wardrobe wherewith to dazzle the husky Texans, she got busy on some khaki duds and set forth. Of course, she took some pretty clothes along, also. That was good business too.

Continued on page 83

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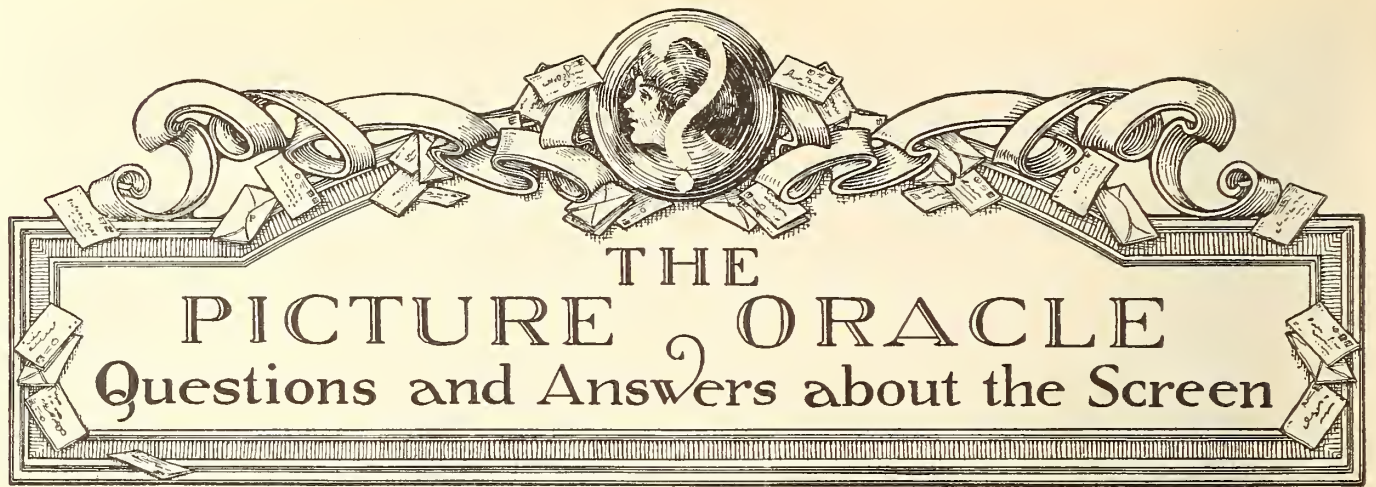
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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

BONNIE FRANCE.—"The Love Expert" is the Constance Talmadge film you refer to. Darrel is not married. Your other questions have already been answered in this issue.

RUTH S. BUFFALO.—I have quite a few correspondents in your home town. Mildred Harris is not divorced from Charles Chaplin. Ruth Stonehouse is still working in pictures. She is with the Metro Pictures Corporation at the present time. Baby Marie Osborne was born in 1911. Virginia Lee Corbin was born a year later. Marjorie Daw arrived on this earth in 1902.

BOBO & HOB.—Richard Barthelmess is married to Mary Hay, of the Ziegfeld "Follies."

MARS.—My, you're full of questions, aren't you? That was Norman Talmadge's own hair you saw. Yes, Eva Novak played with Tom Mix in that picture. Kathleen Clifford was Douglas Fairbanks' leading woman in "When the Clouds Roll By." Molly Malone is the girl you refer to in "The Garage" with Roscoe Arbuckle. Buster Keaton was the assistant. Ben Turpin is really cross-eyed. William Carrol was the heavy in "The Trail of the Octopus." We have already had the interview with Tom Mix. You must have overlooked it. The editor looks after all the interviews. Look at the end of The Oracle for addresses. Clarine Seymour died in April, following an operation.

VIOLET M. L.—Gladys Leslie looks just the same off the screen as she does on. Marie Waleamp seems to live on stunts and thrills, doesn't she? You can get the photos you desire by writing to the stars personally for them and inclosing a quarter with your request. You certainly have a raft of favorites. Jack Pickford is married to Olive Thomas. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone. He was born in 1888. Violet Mersereau has blond hair and dark-blue eyes.

EILEEN AND ETHEL.—Norman Kerry and Lew Cody are not related to each other. "Polly of the Storm Country" is Mildred Harris Chaplin's latest play. Monte Blue is playing opposite Mary Miles Minter in her latest Realart feature. Juanita Hansen was born in 1897.

NOODLES.—You hear all kinds of gossip about professional people. Gossips always choose people who are well known to talk about, so, naturally, the theatrical end gets hit the hardest by these verbal bombardments. It is true that Clarine Seymour passed away. Yes, I know Constance Talmadge very well. Bebe Dan-

iels looks just the same off the screen as she does on. Naturally, Mary has to have a secretary to help her with her letters, which mount well up into the hundreds weekly. It takes me a good, full month to answer all the questions in one issue. Yes, I guessed you liked to write after noting the length of your letter.

HAPPY BUD.—Olive Thomas is Mrs. Jack Pickford. She does not wear a wig. I am sure that she would gladly send such an ardent booster as yourself one of her

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.

photos if you wrote to her. She has brown hair and blue eyes. She is five feet three inches and weighs one hundred and eighteen pounds.

TAR HEEL.—There is no use of your going to California to see Norma Talmadge, because it would be impossible, principally because you would not find her there, as she is in Europe at the present time. Better change your direction if you intend to see her personally. That was hard luck in missing Geraldine Farrar's concert. Maybe you have your mind twisted a bit. Spottiswoode Aitken is not a leading man. He is a character man. You certainly must be a Norma Talmadge booster to be willing to sacrifice all that for a glimpse of her.

URA JOKE.—Why not ask Tom Mix those questions yourself? Drop him a line. I'm sure he'd be interested. He is married to Victoria Forde. He has been in pictures for about six years.

THOMAS W.—Thanks for the stamps. The editor has mailed you copies of the "Market Booklet" and "Guideposts for Scenario Writers."

MARY PICKFORD FOREVER.—Yes, John Barrymore played in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" on the screen. This picture was made by Famous Players-Lasky. The Pioneer Film Company also released an adaptation of this famous book, with Sheldon Lewis in the title rôle.

X K VATE.—Every one of the questions you asked has already been answered in replies to the queries preceding yours.

MARVEL.—George Loane Tueker is still directing for Mayflower. Albert Ray is not acting at the present time. He is directing a picture for First National.

THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.—The "Market Booklet" has been sent to you by the editor. It shouldn't take very long to get the pictures after you write for them, unless the actors should be out of photos and waiting for a new batch when your letter is received. I should say several thousand letters per month. Walter is not an Englishman. What would you do if you did have all her money? You must not judge any one by the place or circumstances they were born in. You know that wise old saying about all great things having a small beginning.

FLORIDA.—Hugh is coming rapidly to the front. His latest picture is "The Slim Princess," opposite Mabel Normand. Yes, I saw him in the plays you mentioned. Yes, he is. Look at the end of the department for addresses.

RATA.—You certainly are a veteran reader of PICTURE-PLAY, but what kept you from asking any questions all this time? Niles Welch is still working in pictures. The last release in which he appeared was "The Courage of Marge O'Doone," by James Oliver Curwood, which was produced by Vitagraph. Pauline Starke had the leading feminine rôle in this play. You probably had the wrong address for him. Try again. Clarine Seymour died on April twenty-ninth, 1920. Webster Campbell is still with the Vitagraph forces. Mary Pickford is now Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, as you must surely know by this time. Don't be so long in writing again. You will find the addresses you want at the end of this department.

Continued on page 96

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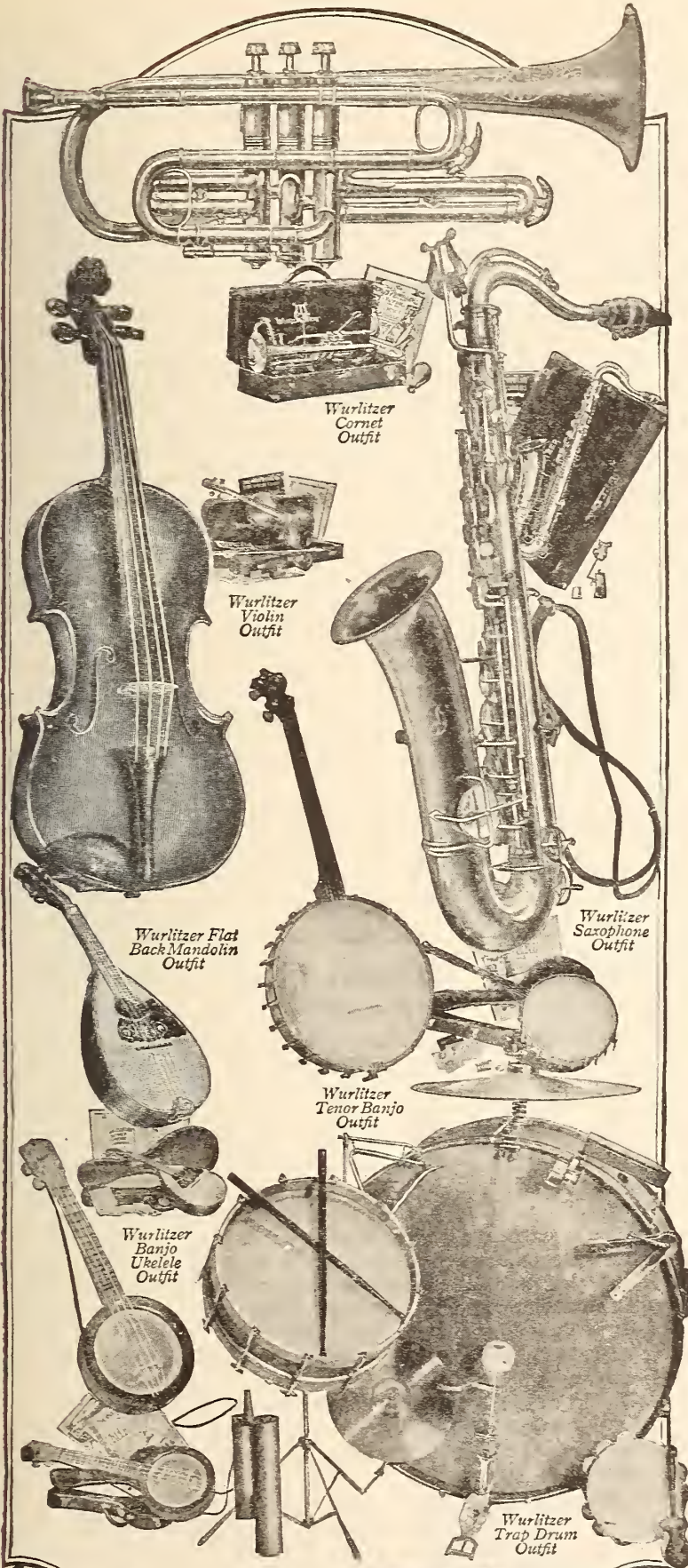
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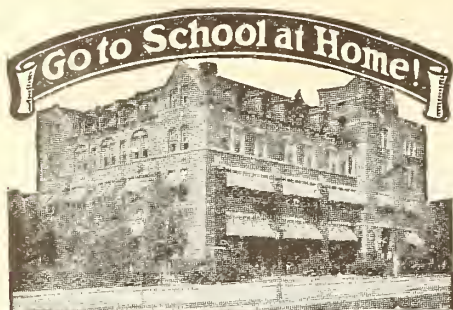
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What Happens to the Story

Continued from page 31

Under the head of "atmosphere" such details as furniture, decorations, and all the odds and ends of the set are included. For instance, if the heroine of the picture is blond it would be criminal to provide a light background; to gain a contrast and insure crystal-clear photography the walls of the set must be dark.

A staff of draftsmen handles those first plans of the art director's, and they are passed on by Mr. Ince, the director, and the continuity writer of the picture before they go to the stage manager and the carpenters. Usually the building of a set takes from two to thirty days. Sometimes such building takes place on the stage where the set is to be used, but in the case of elaborate sets miniature models are first made, and the actual building takes place in the mammoth shops adjoining the studio proper. The sets are then moved piecemeal to the stage where they are to be set up, and it's no unusual sight to see husky stage hands talking about the studio bearing a Greek column or a large portion of a winding stairway to the proper destination. Samson would have found no difficulty in getting a job around the studio, and Hercules could have had a life contract as a mover of scenery, if they lived nowadays.

Finally the set is O. K.'d by that court of last resort, which I have already mentioned. Then comes the familiar cry of "Ready—lights—camera!" And actual production begins.

Now for the promised revelations regarding ways of outwitting Mother Nature. Of course, it might be possible to have camera men hang around the woods until a nice, big tree was struck by lightning, but several camera men might grow old and hoary waiting to catch such a scene. And it's much simpler to move a good, big tree to the studio lot, wire it with electricity—and then let it be artificially "struck" in full view of the camera.

As for the storm at sea—this, too, might have been accomplished by using real ships, on a real ocean, the ships being insured against loss, and the storm just being waited for until it arrived. But—to build perfect miniature models is much less expensive and far easier, and to make a storm in the studio tank is equally simple. Which all goes to show that while the makers of the movies will go the limit when necessary, they aren't averse to using commendable thrift and making clever substitutions whenever they can.

A Heart's Worth of Frocks

Continued from page 49

an easy matter to spend forty thousand dollars a year for clothes," she told me one day, when she'd been making a round of the shops and was wearing the simplest sort of little tailored suit because she knew her mood would never stand for anything more noticeable. "Yet it's much easier for me to earn five hundred thousand than to spend less than a tenth of it on clothes. Buying clothes that will express me, and will register well before the camera, and fit in with the character I'm playing—oh, for the rags and tatters of 'In Old Kentucky!' I've been trying for hours to match these shades of tulle with this metallic cloth—it has all the pastel shades in it, and my maid had given up in despair, but I know it can be done. The tulle has been dyed, but the cloth changes color just like a chameleon in between dyeings."

However, the finished frock was well worth her trouble. Anita's clothes always are, though frocks such as those she wears necessitate their wearer's going to a lot

more trouble than you and I would probably be willing to take.

For instance, there's the gown which has an accordion plaited petticoat of brown chiffon over one of bronze metal cloth. Over that is a very full skirt of brilliantly striped material which stands well out on the sides, fastened without belt or sash to a very tight bodice. The sleeves are of mauve chiffon, cut out on top of the arm, and wrist length. And with this quaint frock Anita wears a cape of taffeta trimmed with wide bands of ostrich feathers.

Then there's a black gown, suitable for teas or informal dinner parties, which is made of finely figured black lace, made over black satin. The bottom of the tunic skirt is edged with a very wide band of white lace, and another band of the same lace, somewhat narrower, forms the belt. The gown is very simple—simple as French frocks so frequently are. I know a man who said that he'd rather see his wife wear cloth of gold made in America than plain black net made in France.

"The black dress would have an awfully strong kick if it were a drink," he explained, rather enigmatically. So has Anita's simple little black one; it embodies the sparkle in her eyes.

Her hats are moods. There's a snug little one of dull brown trimmed with grapes in their natural colors; it makes Anita look like an autumn nymph, and expresses all the richness of her beauty. There's another very wide brimmed one, edged with ostrich, which explains one of the reasons why fans are no longer so popular as they once were—to-day's girls flirt from under their hat brims.

But you mustn't think that all the verve and sparkle of Anita's clothes mean that that introduction of mine applies to her; she's sublimely content as Mrs. Rudolph Cameron, and if you want to know what her favorite gown is, it's a dull blue house gown which she calls, "Home, Sweet Home."

Husband, Wife, and Company

Continued from page 47

wide. "Long ago we worked out the understanding that one opinion is as good as another, and that neither is any good, because opinions are only personal judgment, you know. And quite apart from what people think, there is just one right thing—one right solution—and if the two people who are trying to reach it just remember that, personal opinion won't enter in, and there'll be no chance to quarrel."

I began to feel that I understood her serenity somewhat.

Seena Takes a Flier

Continued from page 78

Down there she met Doctor H. E. Peterson, of the University of Texas, an authority on geological structures, who has been very helpful in the discovery of oil-well localities.

Outsiders smiled a bit when they heard about it, but Miss Owen's associates knew of her careful study of the oil fields, and respected her sound business judgment. You see Miss Owen came from a family of business men, and it soon became known she was there to attend, with her brother, meetings of the board of directors of the company in which she was interested.

This company, as is the case in many other large oil concerns, dealt in leases. Much acreage was owned by it, adjacent to a newly drilled well, owned by another company, which was capped as soon as it was known to be a producer.

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to the effect that this new well was not a gusher, but that it was a "duster," meaning a dry hole. Some of the directors, of whom Miss Owen was one, wanted to sell the concern's holdings. She argued against it, telling her associates she was sure the stories were being circulated for a reason, and that there was a nigger in the woodpile somewhere, as they say down in Texas. Finally the majority of the directors were won over.

The time came, just as it does in the picture scenarios, when the company owning the well, having acquired all the acreage it wanted, uncapped the well; it turned out to be a gusher, and Miss Owen and her associates sold their holdings at a handsome profit.

To have it all just like the picture story, Miss Owen should have been present when the well was brought in, because that would have been the dramatic thing to have had happen. But truth compels me to state that she wasn't. Instead of being in the

great throng which surged about the well when it was uncapped, she was away off in New York, where she had had to go in order to fulfill a picture engagement.

"But it was awfully exciting, and I had my big moment, anyhow. I was in my room at the Biltmore, the night the well was brought in, and I got a telegram from my brother. It read: 'Your hunch was right. Well is a gusher!'"

"Well," I asked, "do you mean to quit the pictures for the land of gushers, Fords, and heat?"

"I really don't know," she answered. "There is a tremendous fascination for me in handling business affairs. But there is also a lot of fascination in being a screen star. I don't know—if I find the right sort of a picture for my next one, maybe I'll forget the oil business altogether. Then again, I may not."

So there you are. It all depends, and Miss Owen reserves the time-honored right of woman to change her mind.

San Francisco on the Screen

Continued from page 44

alone in discovering the merits of San Francisco locations. William S. Hart has done many a scene there. Tom Mix blocked traffic on Market Street one day when he rode from the Ferry Building to the St. Francis on his cow pony. Douglas Fairbanks and Annette Kellermann have disported in the waters of the bay. The storm scenes for "The Old Homestead" happened down on the San Francisco water front. Mitchell Lewis and the crew of the *Elsinore* mutinied on San Francisco Bay, with a puffing tug towing their white-sailed barkentine over the blue water.

Another reason for San Francisco scenes is that the city, with its picturesque and interesting atmosphere, has been used for the setting of so many stories that have been translated to the screen. Frank Norris once wrote that only three cities—

New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco—really offered good backgrounds for fiction purposes, and though O. Henry disproved the statement, a great many writers seem to have agreed with Norris. To catalogue a long list of San Francisco stories which have appeared on the screen seems hardly necessary—every fan who is interested in the city of the Golden Gate will doubtless remember several of them. It's interesting to note, however, that William S. Hart alone has had three San Francisco stories within a comparatively recent space of time. These include "The Poppy Girl's Husband," "The Narrow Trail," and "The Cradle of Courage," in which Hart not only used the settings of the city, but immortalized the uniform of the San Francisco police force.

Puritan—Parisienne—and Picture Player

Continued from page 61

We stopped at the florist's while she purchased a gigantic basket of flowers for "Daddy" Woodruff, who played with her in "Paris Green" and who is now in a hospital. Incidentally, while purchasing the flowers she smiled the young florist out of two dozen American Beauties for herself. I believe she threw him a kiss in payment.

I left her with her arms full of roses—warm, fire-flaming roses as vivid as herself. She was going to

spend two hours at the hospital reading to the old actor. At least, such were her intentions. The day before in her haste she seized the wrong volume. Instead of something peaceful and quiet she took Oscar Wilde's "Salome." Now she was none too sure the nurse would let her in. "But it seemed to cheer him," she defended.

My word! she's a curious witch, this blend of Puritan, Parisienne, and pictures.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 59

we used to see her in World releases, doesn't it?"

"Um-hum, and she was so pretty; I don't see how such an attractive girl with so much ability can fade off the screen so completely, do you? Oh, did you hear that Barbara Castleton's to marry Willard Mack? Pauline Frederick divorced him some time ago, you know. And *did* you hear that Theda Bara had a long interview with Sir James Barrie—they say he never sees any one, but apparently the author of 'Peter Pan' and America's best-known vampire had a lot in common. She's really a very intelligent person, you know—probably they had a perfectly delightful time."

"Probably they did," I agreed, wishing I could know what they talked about.

"Oh, and did you hear what happened in New York a while ago!" You know how Fanny leaps from subject to subject, like the gentle chamois from crag to crag. "Well, they've been having a terrible time trying to find out who murdered somebody, and finally the district attorney announced that, following a suggestion received from France, they were going to photograph the dead man's eyes, to see if the reflection of the man who killed him would still be there. Nice and gruesome, wasn't it? And then Pathé stepped forward and announced that that very thing was done in the third episode of 'The Third Eye,' their current serial. But the stunt didn't work, after all."

Fanny paused for breath, and I added a few contributions to the news fund. Noel Tearle was one of them; he's Conway's brother, you know, and is playing the leading rôle in a big Fox production. Fanny was quite excited over that fact, as she's always deeply admired Conway.

"But I'm afraid he'll leave the movies flat and go back to the stage," she sighed mournfully; that's her one fear about her favorites. "Florence Reed has, you know; she's to do a play called 'The Green Jade' on the stage this year, and just says nothing at all about movies."

"She'll come back with her own company," I prophesied. "They all do it eventually."

Languidly Fanny rose to go, pinned on her hat hindside foremost, by mistake, decided that she looked like Norma Talmadge with it that way, and began hunting for her pocketbook.

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course," she told me apologetically. "But I had a note from Ethel Clayton saying that she simply loves England, and one from Dorothy Gish raving about Paris, and one from the Bryant Washburns saying that they don't know when they'll ever cross the pond and come back home again. And I want their addresses—I'm going to cable the whole bunch that I've cut their acquaintance!"

"Oh, I forgot to mention that Edith Roberts is leaving Universal," I remarked, as she extracted a hatpin from my best hat and stabbed it through her own.

"I didn't know that—but I did know that the Smith Syndicate is starring Helen Jerome Eddy—and I do hope they'll let her be funny! And Morosco, the theatrical producer, has formed a film company and is to make two pictures to begin with: 'The Master Thief,' the stage play in which Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne have been appearing—the most awful melodrama, my dear—with them playing their own parts, and 'The Humming

Bird,' written by Maude Fulton, an actress, with her and Henry Walthall in the leading rôles."

"Morosco will be making pictures that are regular old-home weeks if he keeps on," I commented. "Did you know that he was one of the originators of the Paramount Company? He's made a lot of pictures, and now that he's going to build a studio and go in for picture-making in earnest we'll probably see startling things."

"Well, I wish he'd start Phyllis Haver on the road from comedies to emotional stardom," remarked Fanny, sauntering toward the front door. "She's my favorite bathing beauty, and might as well meet the fate of those who've gone before her up the ladder. I'm going to a slumber party to-night—I'll phone you in the morning if I hear any startling news."

"They wouldn't let what you consider startling go over the wires!" I shrieked after her. "But call me up, anyway."

Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 74

More of
the
Same

Our old friend Arthur Leeds, writing in the Writers' Magazine on the subject of original stories for screen plays, says: "Today, among the more successful writers of action stories for the magazines, there exists a feeling that it is a criminal waste of time to write 'originals' for the screen." He continues as follows:

Their method is deliberately to plan their magazine fiction—especially their serials, novels, and novelettes—so that they will furnish abundant photo-play material, and at the same time contain the necessary word painting and dialogue which good fiction demands. In other words, they systematically plan their stuff to make its picture possibilities "hit the producer in the eye" the first time he or his scenario editor reads it. On publication there follows the wild bidding for the story, and the fancy options paid to "beat the other fellow to it." Summing up, it amounts to just this: First you must write real stories. They must have plot and must have clean-cut characterization. If you are starting out as a fiction writer, and are really

possessed of a natural talent, you are on the right road. Almost nine-tenths of the pictures shown to-day were first conceived as fiction stories or plays. Second, you must learn the fiction form. Argue as you will, the fact remains that the producers will accept and even fight for a story from a popular magazine that has only a small percentage of real screen material before they'll purchase a thoroughly worth-while original from even well-known writers of either form. To-day, no matter what changes may take place with even a year—and changes do take place quickly in the photo-play game—to-day you are thoroughly equipped to write good for the screen only when you are properly equipped to write good fiction and sell it to the magazines.

I differ from Mr. Leeds. There is but one company maintaining a scenario department that has the absolute rule that nothing but printed stories can be considered for their productions—published stories and plays. A year from now even that company will be buying originals. It must come. And then the scenario editors will almost exclusively demand the clearly written synopsis of action, *without* word painting.

The Movie

I believe that Life is a Movie,
And the films that each of us make
Are full of humor and drama,
And the hearts we gladden, or
break.

I believe, in the World's Big Picture,
It's the human things that count,
And over the everchanging screen
It is Love that is Paramount.
NAN TERRELL REED.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 70

The most animated discussion at the present time seems to be about whether "the play's the thing" or the star.

Me for the star.
We all like a good play, but deliver me from the so-called "all-star" cast. To me it is a little of everything and not much of anything. The successful starless plays have been loaded down with coming stars. "The Miracle Man" would have been a farce without Tom and Betty.

To be a star is a gift. Many capable performers lack that indescribable something, known as personal magnetism, which is absolutely necessary to carry them to stardom.

The star is "there" now, has been in the past, and always will be.

Before the movies we all went to the theater to see—what? The star, man, the star.

My whiskers are not yet gray, but I am no kid. I have seen many times Irving, Mansfield, Drew, Mrs. Fiske, Julia Marlow, Mrs. Leslie Carter, yes, and even Weber and Fields.

What did I see them play? Search me. I might name a few of the plays, but the stars themselves, their art and marvelous personalities I shall never forget.

And when time rolls on and my son's son—if he ever has a son—wants some dope on the pastimes of the early prohibition era, shall I tell him of the plays? No.

And, as a shyster lawyer would say, "and my opponents, 'way down in their hearts, know it." I will tell him of Bill Hart, Doug, and little Mary, Nazimova, et al.

I shall never forget them, but I have forgotten most of their plays already.

Some contend loudly that stars never change and are the same in all of their plays. True without argument. That is what makes them stars. It was the same on the speaking stage. Irving was always Irving and Mrs. Fiske was always Mrs. Fiske. Mansfield could come nearer to changing with his plays than any of the old guard, in my humble opinion.

On the screen few are able to hide themselves.

Nazimova is great, probably the greatest of the lot, but to me she is always Nazimova. No knock intended. Suits me fine. I never miss her plays.

Yet lesser stars do change. Witness Viola Dana. Note the jump from the weepy little ragamuffin in "Blue Jeans" to the hovden in "Satan, Jr.," and on through "The Gold Cure" and "Please Get Married," then back with a flop to "The Willow Tree."

Clever, I'll say. The vivacious little lady is good. A great attraction, beyond a doubt. I never miss her plays, either. But does versatility pay? How would you like to have as your yearly stipend the difference between her doubtless good salary and the befatted wad paid to and fully earned by the great Nazimova?

Why is this? To my mind it is because Nazimova is always Nazimova, and vivacious Viola is sometimes not V. V. but Miss Dana.

So much for an argument in favor of the star.

By the way, I'm not so blooming old. I went through grammar school with Milton Sills. Milton used to sign his examination papers "Milton G. G. Sills."

He dropped the G. G. when he went on the stage, for obvious reasons. How could he cry, "My kingdom for a gee-gee" when he already had one?

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There is a thousand dollar guarantee of purity printed on the box, certifying it does not contain white lead, rice powder or any harmful substance. This guaranteed pure powder is called La-may (French, Poudre L'Amé). Because it is pure and harmless, La-may is now used by over a million American women; it is now the most popular complexion powder sold in New York. Women who have used even the most expensive face powders say they cannot buy a better powder than La-may anywhere at any price. There is also a La-may Talcum that prevents the souring of perspiration.

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He May Not Be a Genius, But—

Continued from page 42



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this time, was James Young. When Mr. Young left Universal to direct Earle Williams in "The Wolf" for Vitagraph, Mr. Bennet went along. He made himself so useful and agreeable at the new establishment that Earle Williams decided to give him a trial as a director.

The name of Chester Bennet, director, now appears on four Vitagraph pictures starring Earle Williams. They are "When a Man Loves," "Captain Swift," "A Master Stroke," and "The Purple Cipher," the last of which is one of the best Williams-Vitagraph pictures on record. And now Antonio Moreno has declared for "Chet" as a director for the first feature in which Tony will star after "The Veiled Mystery."

Mr. Bennet's salary is now just seventy-five times the original ten dollars for which he started three years ago, and he soon will be in the four-figure class of picture directors.

The question is, did his college education pay?

Mr. Bennet thinks it did. A law course that gives you such keen business judgment and foresight sufficient to quit law for the movies is decidedly profitable. But, of course, you must study the movie business as closely as you did the law.

The judicious young director thinks there is plenty of room on the "lot" for others holding similar ambitions, but they must start as he did, a green freshman all over again.

And, by the way, his chauffeur who drove him along the road to fortune on that momentous day three years ago is now one of his assistants. Perhaps his patience with gas-engine troubles will avail him much in handling stars.

There are several "interesting morals" to be learned from this story, but I leave it to you to figure them out—and to apply them.

Screen Gossip

Bits of inside information and interesting anecdotes concerning the players.

By The Film Colonist

Bryant Knocks 'Em Cold.

A certain actress appearing in support of Bryant Washburn had lovely eyes, but her hands—well, they didn't look well in close-ups. A stenographer working on the Lasky lot was summoned to "double" for the lady when it came to the magnified handclasp. The camera walked right up and focused for the clasp. Bryant seized the girl's hand, squeezed it significantly, and with a gentle pat withdrew from the finger embrace. It was noted that the girl had her eyes fixed with a deathlike stare upon the handsome countenance of the star. When the scene had been shot she started to move away as though in a daze. Before she had quit the stage she turned for a last look at the great star and—collapsed in a faint. When revived with buckets of cold water she murmured feebly:

"Oh, Bryant Washburn! He held my hand."

Bryant, much aghast and greatly confused, exclaimed:

"Great Scott, what would have happened had I kissed her?"

ZaSu's Great Riches.

One of the most interesting stories of filmland is ZaSu Pitts' leap to fame and fortune. ZaSu couldn't get a job three years ago at a dollar a day. The office girls at the studio used to inquire flippantly if she wanted to see the janitor. Then Mary Pickford gave her a "bit." Subsequently Brentwood put her under contract at seventy-five dollars a week. ZaSu supported herself and all her relatives on that sum, allowing herself only ten dollars a week for spending.

"I had just two pairs of shoes and two dresses all last year," says she.

Then came a contract from the Smith

syndicate at one thousand dollars a week. ZaSu signed, but refused to believe a word of it until the first check for a thousand was handed to her. Then she did a kangaroo leap out of the office, summoned a taxicab, and rode down Hollywood Boulevard. Whenever she espied an acquaintance she leaned out of the taxi window, shouting and brandishing the check. Then she proceeded in state to the hairdresser, the manicurist, and the ice-cream-soda bars. But first she had a picture taken of herself and the check, just to assure herself that she wasn't suffering some sort of hallucination.

"Me for luxury from now on," is ZaSu's edict. "I'm going to save part of the money, and at the end of three years I'm going to Egypt."

She feels the land of Cleopatra calling her. Says she:

"I may look like 'the help,' but I've yet to see a picture of Cleopatra, champ beauty that she was, holding a thousand-dollar check."

Turning the Tables.

A certain star's contract was terminated abruptly not long ago. It was said that he did not please the box office. A day or so later another star, who sends the box office into fits of ecstasy whenever he appears, strolled into the office of his company and remarked nonchalantly:

"I'll have to have one thousand dollars a week more or part company with you."

"But you have a contract?"

"I know," smiled the star amiably. "So did so-and-so. But he didn't earn you the money, so his contract ended. I do earn you the money, so my contract will end for the opposite reason."

"We'll give you five hundred more."

He smiled and started for the door. "A thousand."
 "Thank you," said the star.
 As a matter of fact, this star is one of the biggest money makers among male stars, but he received little of the profits, possibly less than half the amount some failures receive. So the raise was coming to him, and the company acceded, rather proud, we fancy, of their star's pluck.

Moral: You can beat the other fellow at his own game if you have the nerve.

Some Bathroom!

A star who owns a half dozen luxurious cars, twelve servants, a cellar full of bottles and all the luxury of a profiteer was describing his new bathroom.

"All the rugs are imported Orientals," said he. "The walls are of imported enamels. The water flows into the tub from the mouth of a huge gold statue of a woman holding flowers in her arms. The mirrors are gold-framed and full length. There's a bank of palms across one side of the room. The lights are concealed by rose silken petals."

We were all quite awed by the magnificence. Then George Stewart, brother of Anita, murmured dreamily:

"Gee, it must look like a Greek soda fountain."

They're All Alike.

Julie O'Grady and a picture lady are sisters under the skin.

The other evening at the Hollywood Hotel Betty Blythe was having dinner with her husband, Paul Scardon. She came to our table for coffee and was chatting merrily when suddenly her face registered "TERROR!" in headlines.

"What time is it?" she gasped.
 "Eight o'clock," we said.

With glassy eyes peering forth into the lobby, she exclaimed:

"There's Count Georges de Monaco and his two friends. I—I invited them to dinner and forgot all about it."

Whereupon we witnessed a great piece of acting—Miss Blythe smiling over a second dinner and murmuring vague apologies about the warm weather robbing one of appetite, et cetera.

Agnes Ayres Married?

We are informed that Agnes Ayres is playing Sphinx about the secret of her life. According to an intimate friend of the beautiful star, Agnes was married two years ago to a lieutenant, who was sent to Siberia and hasn't returned. He wasn't sent to Siberia for punishment, but—well, for whatever reason our troops are sent to Siberia. Miss Ayres is appearing in a Realart production, "The Furnace."

Another Newly Rich Lady.

Colleen Moore, like ZaSu Pitts, is dizzy with new riches. About a year ago Colleen earned a hundred a week. Now she is being offered stardom at a thousand. Her latest dramatic work was in Marshall Neilan's "Dinty," and she's soon to be seen in "So Long, Letty." Her salary is said to have already reached the seven-hundred-and-eighty-dollar mark.

New Stellar Arrivals.

Helen Jerome Eddy is to star in productions made by the Smith syndicate, which recently signed ZaSu Pitts.

Anna Q. Nilsson has incorporated her own company.

Grace Darmond is to be starred by Christie, we hear, following her appearance in "So Long, Letty."

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Mam'selle Now Mrs.

Mlle. Beatrice la Plante, who came from France two years ago and entered films, is now Mrs. Clyde Drollinger, according to the marriage-license bureau of Los Angeles. The dashing mam'selle has been seen in Rolin comedies and in the leading rôle with Sessue Hayakawa in "The Beggar Prince."

Barbara Castleton Weds.

Barbara Castleton, formerly a Goldwyn high light, has become the third bride of Willard Mack. Her predecessors in the rôle were Marjorie Rambeau and Pauline Frederick. Miss Castleton recently bought her, release from her Goldwyn contract in order to appear on the stage in one of Mr. Mack's plays. She secured a divorce from her former husband a few months ago at Reno.

Jack Gilbert, Director.

Jack Gilbert is to direct Hope Hampton in her next picture. Jack has been prominent as the hero of Tourneur productions.

Doraldina's Hula Hours.

Doraldina has arrived in Hollywood to star in "The Passion Fruit" for Metro, and straightway excited the soporific ville by announcing hula hours to replace tea-time. Doraldina and her husband, Frank Saunders, are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Edward Earle—Eddie you'll remember as the Vitagraph O. Henry man, who was seen last in "The Law of the Yukon."

Doraldina has signed a five-year starring contract with Metro.

Anita Stewart, Censor.

If all stars were like Anita Stewart, the censors would be jobless. And that wouldn't cause any one to drop a tear.

An attempt was made to introduce "sexy" vulgarity into Miss Stewart's picture, "Sowing the Wind." There were such pretty little objects as nude ladies and such edifying spectacles as a gentleman biting a lady's shoulder. Miss Stewart, unable to prevent these Rabelaisian scenes, went on a strike and refused to work in the picture until assured those portions of the film were garbaged.

"But look at 'Sex,'" was the aggrieved retort of the person responsible for the "sexiness."

"I don't care to look at 'Sex,'" replied the fighting Puritan. "You can produce such pictures without me."

"But the public wants that sort of thing."

"Then I'm too old-fashioned to please the public," said Miss Stewart.

"But they are just little De Mille touches."

"You think so?" was the reply. "Then you have to learn that there is a wide difference between art and its cheap imitations."

Upon the completion of the picture Miss Stewart went to her home on Long Island for a long rest. We may expect to hear that she has made new affiliations before long.

Miss Stewart is not quite the only star who has waged a war on film bestiality. Madge Kennedy recently censored the script of one of her pictures. And we hear she is to head her own company, where she will have complete dictatorship as to the sort of pictures in which she appears.

Here's a subject which might be discussed in PICTURE-PLAY's forum of fan letters: Does the public want vulgarity

or does it want Miss Stewart and Miss Kennedy?

Nazimova's Ambition.

It has been Nazimova's lifelong ambition to own a theater in New York, where she can produce stage plays. Perhaps, however, she will become a film producer when she no longer wishes to devote herself to acting. As a matter of fact, madame is now her own producer. She directs, cuts, assembles, and even supervises her own pictures. Upon the completion of three more pictures for Metro she will make a contract with another organization. Her husband, Charles Bryant, is now negotiating the contract business in New York. We understand that the "Big Four" will become the "Big Five" if a suitable agreement is reached. Mr. Bryant will no longer act in Mrs. Bryant's pictures, but will devote himself to business management. Nazimova is now producing "Madame Peacock," a magazine story by Rita Weiman.

The Latest Line-Up.

While dining at the Alexandria the other night we made the following observations of who-goes-with-whom:

Lew Cody with Bebe Daniels.
Charlie Chaplin with Florence Deshon.
Mildred Chaplin with George Stewart.
Viola Dana with Lieutenant Locklear.
Frank Mayo with Dagmar Godowsky.
Louise Glaum with J. Parker Read.
Doris May with Wallace MacDonald.
William Duncan with Edith Johnson.
Marshall Neilan with Blanche Sweet.
Naomi Childers with Luther Reed.
Alice Lake with Buster Keaton.

And three stars flirting unconventionally with their own husbands. The guilty ones were: Anita Stewart, Priscilla Dean, and Betty Blythe.

George Arliss in Pictures.

George Arliss has signed to appear in a pictorial version of "The Devil," in which he starred on the stage. Andrew J. Callaghan, producer of the Bessie Love pictures, has secured the Arliss signature.

Jerome Storm Productions.

Jerome Storm, who directed Charles Ray in the star's principal successes, now has a company of his own with a capitalization of one million dollars. Mr. Storm will produce four pictures a year from famous stories and plays.

John Bowers, Water Racer.

Johnny Bowers has bought a boat, and it is called the *Uncas*. Johnny is going to enter it for the Honolulu cup next year, and in the meantime is keeping it in trim by racing with Dusty Farnum.

Bushman and Bayne Again.

Francis X. Bushman and his wife, Beverly Bayne, are to return to pictures in a production of their stage play, "The Master Thief," sponsored by Oliver Morosco. The Bushmans have been appearing on the stage of the Little Theater, in Los Angeles, in Paul Dickey's "Rainbow Bridge," which Mr. Morosco also plans to convert into film with the same stars.

Francis Bushman's eighteen-year-old son, Ralph, is becoming so popular in the film colony that father probably will have a chance to make good on son's reputation.

Monroe Salisbury's First.

"The Barbarian" is the first picture to be made by Monroe Salisbury and his company of players. Donald Crips, who played *Battling Burrows* in "Broken Blossoms," served as director.

ZaSu Goes Home

Continued from page 29

ZaSu take down her long hair, which reaches below her hips, I couldn't help thinking how beautifully she and Santa Cruz fitted together. At no time during the day had I seen the slightest trace of self-consciousness in her. She was not a star with a fabulous salary just ahead of her, she was just a small-town girl who was loved by friends and neighbors for herself alone; for her droll personality, her wholesome candor, and her blithe spirit.

She is still a small-town girl, you see. She doesn't smoke or drink, and she disapproves of swearing. She likes to ride in a buggy, and even in the privacy of her room, she wears—not filmy negligees—but neatly scalloped flannel "wrappers."

ZaSu was still brushing her hair when it suddenly occurred to me that I knew nothing of her early work in pictures.

"Oh, that isn't much of a story," she said. "Mother was willing for me to try my luck in Los Angeles because she had almost as much confidence in me as I had in myself.

"When I got into town, I registered at the Lankershim Hotel—all alone, mind you—and then I started in trying to get work. But at first they wouldn't even give me extra bits. Directors would take one look at me and then tell me kindly to go home to mother.

"But one little comedy company thought I looked funny enough to be funny, if you know what I mean, and they gave me a trial. Then Marshall Neilan gave me a part with Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess," and after that it wasn't so hard. Directors called me a 'type,' and used me for all sorts of parts where awkwardness was required. I played with Florence Vidor in several of her pictures, and then Brentwood featured me in two productions, 'Seeing It Through' and 'Better Times.' But my big chance is just ahead—and do you know why I want to make a great big success?"

I yawned, and hazarded a guess about world fame and greater fortune. ZaSu shook her head and prepared to turn out the light. I was fast sinking into dreamless slumber, and I heard her voice as from a great distance.

"I want to see a great, big headline on the front page of the Santa Cruz paper that says, 'Local Girl Makes Good!'"

I murmured a sleepy assent. ZaSu asserts that it was a snore.



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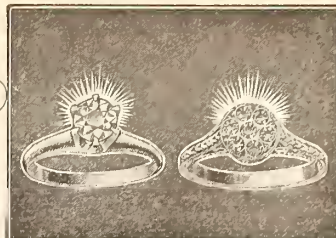
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The Mutiny of the *Elsinore*

Continued from page 34



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to an order, and John Pike's ready fist smashed out in rebuke. This was the signal for half a dozen of the discontents to leap upon him. They were a herd of cowards fighting in a pack so that one after another fell away from the punishment of the first mate's mighty blows till the way stood clear for the great battle. The wheel had been abandoned, and the *Elsinore* wallowed in the trough, with the seas sweeping fore and aft. The terrific rolling of the ship brought Dick to the deck, and when he would have mixed in the fighting the voice of John Pike bellowed through the gale. "Take the wheel and sail the ship—the fight is mine!" And then he closed with the second mate fighting for his life, the ship, and Dick and Margaret.

With Dick at the wheel the staggering *Elsinore* steadied with her nose in the wind, and the two antagonists fought on the slippery deck with more security. The second mate was a desperate man and fought as such. Time after time he arose from the mighty blows of John Pike only to go down again, and then suddenly realizing that he was deserted by the rest of the mutineers, he twisted out of the strangle hold of John Pike and bolted aft.

With a long knife in his hand The Rat had been watching from the shadows for this very move, and craftily swung back and met the second mate behind the deck house. For an instant they crouched there eye to

eye in the gloom, the mate terrified by the apparition of the stowaway.

"Ah-h-h!" snarled The Rat. "A bad man on a good ship! A squealer! Squeal now—curse you!" And he struck deep with the knife he held.

With a cry of pain the mate grabbed him around the neck, the *Elsinore* heaved and they rolled out on the deck. Again The Rat struck savagely as a great tongue of the sea reached aboard and lapped them over the side into her hungry maw.

Down in the cabin Margaret bathed the wounds of John Pike. Old Jason West was up at the wheel holding the *Elsinore* in her course while Dick prodded the crew into getting in the sheets. And once the sails were tightly reefed he herded them forward with a gun in his hand and told them just what was expected of them for the rest of the voyage. He was very calm about it all, with a cold, still, blood-curdling calm, and there was a scathing slash to his words and a convincingness in his manner that deeply impressed those tramps of the sea.

"Yuh can take it from me," said one old buizer, "the kid's like his old man, quietlike and gentle, but he'll be a crew-killin' cormorant if he's tampered with."

So down through the years Margaret and Dick sailed the *Elsinore* with never again a mutiny to disturb the serenity of the voyage, for Dick had found himself the real salt son of an old salt father.

It's Art, Bill Hart

Dear Old Bill Hart!
You are a bear,
You shore do tear
A ragged hole
Rite in the atmosphere.
You have no fear.
It seems, you just break loose
And make the whole
Damned ranch "vamoose."
You are a pleasant kind o' chap.
You've got a grin
That "gets my goat."
But when your chin
Begins to quiver, then I know
Them barroom bullies shore will float
Off into space, so suddenlike.
It's mighty cute!
To watch 'em drift when you go mad,
And just for fun shoot
Off an ear or two.

Say, Bill! you're my ideal
Of the bad wild West;
And often I just seem to feel
Them bullets in my chest.
When the bold villain tries to kiss
The orphan girl,
And his sharp hiss!
Makes slips in the tense silence.
Then you just happen in,
And pull a six-gun
From your hip, and grin,
And then he wilts, just like a
Rose leaf in the desert sun.
Aw, shucks! Bill Hart,
I can't describe it, but
It's art, and say
You are the best I've
Ever seen
Upon the screen.

WILL. D. MUSE.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 64

occur, and he builds up on this knowledge of yours with a skill that is admirable. Then when he reaches the pinnacle of his physical action, the murder, he keeps right on the upward scale of suspense. Your interest doesn't drop, rather it accumulates in anticipation of the conclusion—but what that conclusion is you are unaware.

King has been aided by H. B. Warner, the star, who also realizes the power of accumulative mystery and suspense and who knows full well how to play for it. I want to go on record as saying that this is the best murder-mystery picture I have ever seen. Pictures on such themes are common, but they are exceedingly difficult to handle.

In this connection it is interesting to note "The Girl in the Web," a robber-mystery picture. "The Girl in the Web" is as poor as "One Hour Before Dawn" is excellent. There is no fine atmosphere about it, and, to contradict my first assertion, I doubt if even King could have supplied it for the reason that the story is rather foolish, poorly developed, unclarified even at the end, and containing a number of false leads that have no business being in the plot. Blanche Sweet is the girl in the case, and it is to be regretted that "The Girl in the Web" is the only poor picture in her new star series.

William C. De Mille's production of Edward Peple's play, "The Prince Chap," in which Thomas Meighan is featured—and ought to be starred—is a picture filled with a delightful and unusual romantic atmosphere. The story of the artist who adopts a baby girl and so loses the woman he favors because of her false suspicion, and who watches the girl grow to young womanhood finally to realize himself in love with her, has been beautifully pictured by De Mille. His atmosphere is sentimental to the extreme, but who is there that doesn't glory in real honest sentiment? I have seen many pictures where the sentiment has been a false thing of saccharine quality. Here it is mixed with fine red blood. Meighan is excellent in the title part, and Lila Lee is the adopted girl grown up.

The only thing that De Mille omitted in this picturization of the noted play was the comedy. The original had much. The picture has none.

I had occasion once to point out the thoroughly sympathetic work of Director Charles Maigne in the handling of a picturization of a Robert



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W. Chambers story—"The Firing Line." Maigne has perfected the art of translating Chambers' tricks of writing to picture terms. This he has demonstrated in previous productions, and this he again demonstrates, only more richly and fully in his latest work, "The Fighting Chance." Chambers writes of romance and of the strange workings of women's minds. Putting the latter psychology on the screen is a difficult task. The printed word really has the better of it over the pictures in this case. But however difficult this is to do, Maigne has done it. "The Fighting Chance" is a fascinating picture, extravagant in production details, reflecting the superficial glory of a high-society life and mirroring its shams, unrealistic though some of them be, in quite convincing fashion. Anna O. Nilsson and Conrad Nagle play the leads in it and catch the spirit of the Chambers-Maigne combination in faultless style.

To compare again, where Maigne has succeeded in drawing a sumptuous though artificial life on the screen, B. A. Rolfe in "A Woman's Business" has failed. The stories of the two photo plays, the latter the work of Charles Belmont Davis, are much alike in general aspects. But there is no atmosphere to the Rolfe work, the illogical parts of the story—and these are many—show through. Rolfe's work is not up to the standard he once maintained and even with such an attractive person as Olive Tell heading his cast he has been unable to score many points.

"The White Moll," while it is lacking in an atmosphere of a quality such as the majority of those pictures I have named possess, is to be noted for the reason that it marks the return after a long absence of Pearl White, erstwhile serial queen. This is a Fox picture, and it is Miss White's first effort along the feature lines since a day long ago. "The White Moll" is a melodrama based on a story by Frank L. Packard, author of "The Miracle Man." Though the director has endeavored to impart that same atmosphere of spiritual uplift to this work that was present in such abundant quality in the greater picture, he has obviously failed.

The picture turns out to be a melodrama of roaring quality, quite similar in various of its sequences concerning crooks and the underworld to the serials with which the star's name is still linked. I think those who delighted in Miss White in the to-be-continued-in-our-next pictures will delight in "The White Moll" as well. The star is as active as ever,

and besides creating the character of a lively heroine does some clever eccentric work while wearing a wonderful make-up. The gist of the story concerns the efforts of the *White Moll*, a reformed crook herself, to reform others of her old gentry.

"Life's Twist" is a picture in which the duty of creating interest rests almost entirely on the shoulders of Bessie Barriscale, who appears in a dual rôle. The story is rather unusual but fails to generate any great degree of drama. Miss Barriscale appears as an ignorant child of the tenements who by a strange series of circumstances awakens the love of a well-to-do wife for her husband, after a misunderstanding. Playing also as the wife, Miss Barriscale creates widely contrasting characters, both of which command and hold the interest throughout.

"The World and His Wife" is a story dealing with the results which idle gossip brings on an innocent wife. They are tragic in the extreme, and certainly there is more than an atom of reality in them. The locale of the picture is laid in the Spain of several years ago, the action is colorful, the acting full of flourishes and grand manners. It is something of a welcome change to see a picture produced in such a key, and Robert Vignola deserves the credit here for establishing and maintaining such a refined and traditionally true atmosphere. His cast aids him considerably, headed as it is by Alma Rubens and Montagu Love, and with such competent players as Charles Gerrard, Pedro de Cordoba, and Gaston Glass in support.

"The Misfit Wife" plainly lacks the required atmosphere of reality, that which is at least partially present in the majority of pictures produced to-day. It is indeed very old-fashioned in plot and direction, dealing with the poor little girl who marries a man "above her station," who is snubbed by her husband's relatives, and who ultimately proves her mettle before them by assuming her sister-in-law's place in a compromising situation. I have little doubt that the picture-wise spectator of this subject will be able to call every turn of it considerably in advance. Alice Lake, one of the most competent of the younger stars on the screen, deserves vehicles of a much better caliber than this.

Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, those Universal comedians who recently graduated from the one and two-reeler to the feature production in "Everything But the Truth," score again and score strongly in "La La

Lucille," an adaptation of the stage farce by Fred Jackson. Jackson wrote one of the best of "bedroom" farces when he wrote of this twoply marital mixup with several other characters thrown in and a hotel of questionable reputation as a background; and the two star comedians certainly have taken every advantage of his work both in the acting and the general direction of the picture, to which end they also attended.

"Moon Madness" is a very peculiar combination of old-style melodrama in quite an artistic setting. The producers, Robertson-Cole, frankly advertise it as the adventures of a wild desert maid among the wild men of Paris. This description may be attractive to some, but it wasn't to me. The picture exists mainly for what sex appeal it is able to work up, and aside from this it is to be noted for the reappearance of Edith Storey. Miss Storey isn't starred, but she should be. She has many striking poses, wears some startling clothes, and has the advantage of some thoroughly artistic lighting effects.

"The Rose of Nome" is a typical Alaskan dance-hall number in which Gladys Brockwell appears as the sophisticated dance-hall heroine. It has all the familiar twists of the Northwest tale, even the Mounted Policeman who strays into the action from Canada.

"Under Northern Lights" is another subject dealing with a member of the Northwest Mounted Police. It is very conventional and has the benefit of no stellar personality or performance. Stories dealing with the M. P.'s are about as passé as the M. P.'s of the World War days.

"Going Some" is a Goldwyn picture, based on Rex Beach's old novel and play of the same name. The story of the college crowd on the sheep ranch fails to charm as it did between the book covers and on the boards save in the details concerning the race between the bogus champion and the ranch cook, the which are as funny as ever.

To D. G.

"Your "Battling Jane" caused me to weep—
 (Don't think me cranky!)
 When "Boots" I viewed damp tears did seep
 Into my hankie!
 "I'll Get Him Yet!" "Nobody Home!"
 And others after—
 I cried—excuse this weepy pome—
 My dear—with laughter!



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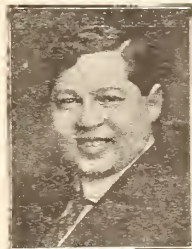
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 Yours very truly, (Signed) Ferdinand Hohnhorst."

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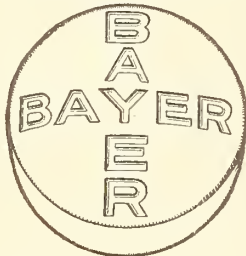
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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 80

G. McL. M.—You must have overlooked your answers, because I distinctly remember answering your question, and no one else has ever asked it. Erasmus Hall High School, in Brooklyn, New York, has turned out quite a bunch of motion-picture stars. Anita Stewart, Constance and Natalie Talmadge, and Mary Anderson all attended that high school when they did their first screen work with the Vitagraph Company.

CONNIE.—Write just as often as you like. You are always welcome. "Yes or No," "The Woman Gives," "The Isle of Conquest," "She Loves and Lies," "The Way of a Woman," "The Probation Wife," "The New Moon," "The Heart of Wetona," "Her Only Way," "De Luxe Annie," "The Ghosts of Yesterday," and "Panthea" are her last dozen features.

LENA FROM WALES.—Antonio Moreno is not married. I am sure that he would send you one of his photographs. Better inclose a quarter with your request.

MARIE COLE.—You certainly are the bitter little thing, aren't you? What on earth has caused your intense hatred for the popular pair you mention? Isn't there just a little bit of jealousy connected with it? Your letter certainly sounds that way.

BLUSHES.—Pearl White and Wallace McCutcheon are man and wife, not brother and sister. William S. Hart is not married. That is his right name. He was injured a while ago when he was thrown from his horse, but he is quite all right again. Katherine MacDonald is not married. ZaSu Pitts was born in Parsons, Kansas, in 1898. Yes, Marguerite de la Motte was born in Duluth, Minnesota.

CAROLINE M.—William Scott acts opposite Gladys Brockwell in all of her releases, probably because she likes his work better than that of any of the other leading men she has had. He is not married to her. Pearl White has auburn hair.

ELIZABETH M.—All of your Pearl White questions have been answered in the replies ahead of your own. The best way to get anything off your mind is to try not to think about it. You are acting just opposite to what you want to accomplish. Why ask a lot of questions about something that you want to forget?

MISS MARION B.—You forgot to inclose the two-cent stamp for a personal reply, so I am answering your questions in the department. You will find your questions about Clarine Seymour and Richard Barthelmess already answered. "Alias Jimmy Valentine" is Bert Lytell's picture. If Bobby Harron is engaged he is keeping mighty quiet about it. See end of this department for addresses.

MISS KRAUSE.—Conway Tearle was born in New York in 1880. He was on the stage for a good many years before entering the picture game. He supported such stars of the footlights as Sir Charles Wyndham, Billie Burke, Ethel Barrymore, Ellen Terry, Viola Allen, Grace George, and others.

HEDDA NOVA FAN.—Hedda Nova is now starring in her own pictures, which are being directed by her husband, Paul Hurst. I have nothing to do with the placing of pictures or interviews in PICTURE-PLAY. I have all I can do to attend to The Oracle. The editor has charge of everything else and it is entirely up to him—not me. Pauline Curley was born in Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Ruth Roland is a native daughter, being born in San Francisco, California. Charles Spencer Chaplin was born in Paris, France.

LIROSE.—Madge Evans was born in New York City in 1909. Elsie Janis is her name. She is. She was born in Columbus, Ohio.

I. R. H.—Viola is married. You can get a photo of her by writing to the little lady and asking for one. Better inclose a quarter with your request.

PUTER.—That is merely a wild tale of some busybody who has nothing to do but gossip, one of those who make up a lot of yarns if there isn't any real gossip worth telling. The statement is absolutely false in every respect.

SUSIE G.—Eileen Sedgwick played with Eddy Polo in that serial. Carol Holloway answers all the mail she can. "The Adventures of Ruth" is the latest Pathé serial starring Ruth Roland. There was no serial released under the title of "Ruth of the Rockies." Addresses at the end of The Oracle.

H. J.—Your questions have already been answered in this issue.

J. E. J.—Send six cents in stamps to the editor for a copy of "The Market Booklet." You are right about William S. Hart. Fannie Ward was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1875.

SUGAR PLUM.—You mean Larry Semon, don't you? He is still making comedies for Vitagraph. Larry used to be a newspaper cartoonist on the New York Telegraph before he became a director for Vitagraph. Peggy O'Dare is playing the leading rôle opposite Eddy Polo in his newest serial for Universal. Addresses at the end of this department.

TOODLES.—What do you mean—Wallace Reid support Wanda Hawley? It has been just the opposite, but as Wanda is now starring on her own for Realart, I don't see any chance of seeing the two playing together in any more films. Her hair is not naturally curly. It takes a curling iron to do the trick. Wallace was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. I don't think your term, "Isn't he beautiful?" would make very much of a hit with Wally. "Handsome" would be more appropriate.

BEAULAH L.—Thanks for the six cents in stamps. I turned them over to the editor and he has mailed you a copy of the "Market Booklet." There is a Hope Hampton playing in pictures. Is that the one you refer to? She has that color hair.

FERNIE.—The editor has mailed you the "Market Booklet." Your Antonio Moreno question has already been answered in this issue.

H. G.—That is his real name. George was born in New York. Neither Constance Talmadge nor Bebe Daniels is married. George Walsh is twenty-eight years old. He is five feet eleven inches and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. He is married to Seena Owen and they have a baby daughter about three years old. "The Dead Line" is his latest picture.

KALEM FAN.—Kalem reissued the Alice Joyce-Carlyle Blackwell and the Alice Joyce-Tom Moore pictures in 1915.

J. A. G.—I receive hundreds of letters every week, and they are all answered in this department just as quickly as possible and in the order in which they are received. "First come, first served" is The Oracle motto. The "Market Booklet" contains a complete list of all the motion-picture companies, with their addresses, and tells what kind of stories they are in the market for. You can get it by sending six cents in stamps to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY. Bebe's name is pronounced just as if there were two B's, accent on the first B. Look for all addresses at the end of this department. Wanda Hawley was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania. She was educated in Seattle, Washington, and New York. She is five feet three inches tall and weighs but one hundred and ten pounds. She has blond hair and grayish-blue eyes. Katherine MacDonald was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. She spent her last days of education at Blairsville College. She is five feet eight inches in height and weighs one hundred and thirty-four pounds. She has blond hair and blue eyes. Beatrice Joy first saw the light of day at New Orleans, Louisiana, and received her education at the Sacred Heart Academy in the same city. She is five inches shorter than Katherine and weighs nine pounds less. That's a good puzzle for you to work out. You certainly felt very inquisitive to-day, didn't you? Maybe you have been saving all this up for a long time; is that it? Beatrice has black hair and brown eyes. Blanche Sweet is a prized product of Chicago, Illinois. Her stage career included such well-known stars as Chauncey Olcott and Gertrude Hoffman. She began her screen career on five-dollar checks at the old Biograph Studio under D. W. Griffith's direction. She remained with Griffith until she was signed up by Lasky, then with Harry Garson, and now with Jesse D. Hampton. Douglas MacLean looks like a good example of a denial that Philadelphia is a slow-moving burg, because his peppy personality comes from there. He attended Northwestern University. He is five feet nine and one-half inches tall and carries one hundred and forty-five pounds around with him. He has brown hair and eyes. Lila Lee was born in New York City in 1902. She attracted the attention of Gus Edwards, the theatrical producer, when she was a wee youngster, and he adopted her, putting her on the stage and securing private tutors for her. She became well known on the vaudeville stage as "Cuddles" Edwards, before being signed to a long-term contract by Lasky. She is five feet three inches tall and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. She has black hair and eyes. Doris May is a gift of Seattle, Washington. She was educated in a French convent there. She stretches to five feet two inches and tips the beam at one hundred and seventeen pounds. Her hair is golden and her eyes are brown. Enid Bennett was born in York, Western Australia, and was educated in Perth, Australia. She is five feet two inches tall and weighs all of one hundred and two pounds. She has golden-brown hair and hazel eyes. Violet Hemming is a native of Leeds, England. She received her schooling at the Malvern House School, Southport, England. She is five feet four inches tall and weighs one hundred and eighteen pounds. She has blond hair and blue eyes. Vivian Martin is not a native of sunny California. She was born near Grand Rapids, Michigan. You'll have to write to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY about the pictures you would like to see in the gallery and the interviews between the cov-

ers. I have nothing to do with that, having all I can handle with The Oracle department. Where did you get hold of enough paper to write all your questions on? You shouldn't save them up for a grand landslide, but let them come in a few pages at a time, and in that way you get quicker results and more answers in these columns. The letters you wrote to the players in care of the exchange will have to be forwarded, so that explains the delay.

WALLIE REID FOREVER.—Although you are as regular as clockwork, you don't seem to find any trouble in having a new batch of questions regarding your favorites for me to answer every month. It was Marguerite Clark, not Dorothy Gish, who did the "Bab" series for Paramount. Yes, Richard Barthelmess played with her in them. "Haunted Spooks," "An Eastern Westerner," and "High and Dizzy" are the names of the three latest Harold Lloyd comedies for Pathé. Bebe Daniels did not play in any of them. She was with Lasky at the time they were made. Yes, Ann Little played opposite Wallace Reid in that picture. Emily Stevens played in "Wheels of Justice," "The Slacker," "Alias Mrs. Jessup," "Outwitted," "Daybreak," "The Wager," "The Soul of a Woman," "A Man's World," and "Kildare of the Storm," all for Metro. She was also featured in the Schomer-Ross production of "The Sacred Flame." Thanks very much for your check to cover a year's subscription to PICTURE-PLAY. At last you have found a place where you can get your questions answered. You should have saved time and tried The Oracle in the first place. The editor is taking care of your subscription.

EDITH-IRENE.—Pearl White is five feet six inches tall. Of course, I like them all. So you think William Russell is a darling? I'm sure he would feel flattered if he knew. Anita Stewart is five feet five inches tall. Yes, George Stewart looks very much like his sister, Anita. He has become a full-fledged movie actor himself, and you will see him as the juvenile with Mildred Harris Chaplin in her latest First National feature, "Old Dad." Eugene O'Brien is not married, so your mind can rest easy—until the next rumor. Frank Mayo is married. Bebe Daniels is five feet four inches tall. Priscilla Dean is the same height as Bebe. Dorothy Phillips is just half an inch shorter. So you think me a wonder and as clever and handsome as Douglas Fairbanks! How do you know, when you don't even know who I am or what I look like? However, I feel highly flattered, although I wouldn't know that Doug would be by the comparison. Yes, it does seem strange that Doug could stand still long enough to get married. I am always willing to oblige, so I'll bite. What is the story about "Kisses" and "I Want a Daddy"? I hope it's nice.

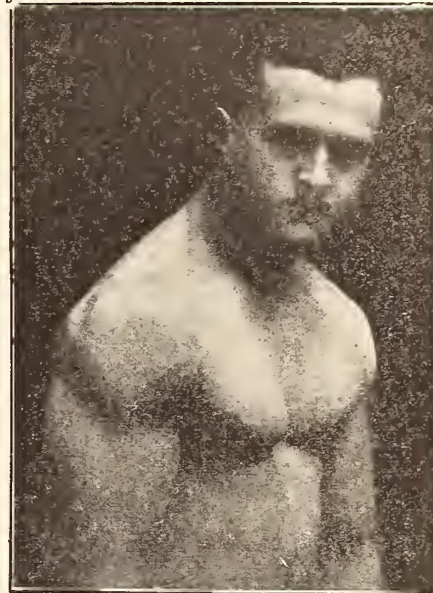
JAMES L. Y.—California has by far the greatest number of studios of any State. In fact, a great many more than all the States put together. Fully ninety per cent of all pictures made in the United States are produced in California, and this percentage seems to be increasing every year. Motion pictures have gone a long way toward making Los Angeles what it is to-day.

FERDINAND ALONZO.—This is a pretty short answer in response to such a long letter, but all of your questions have already been answered in the different replies before this one.

MABEL.—Look for addresses at the end of this department.

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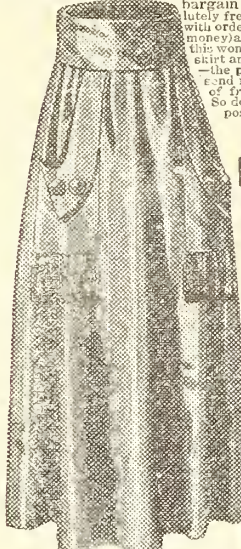
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Unless you are sincere in your desire to get in the movies, please do not send for this printed guide.

E. M. J.—The Screen Club was first formed by King Baggot, who conceived the idea of having a place where motion-picture actors could get together. It was founded in 1914. King Baggot is thirty-six years old. He began his career as an amateur, and finally secured an engagement with a cheap repertoire company, playing anything and getting very little for it. He had considerable experience on the stage before entering pictures. At one time he was leading man for Marguerite Clark in the stage play "The Wishing Ring." He has returned to the screen once more and was recently featured in the Metro production "The Man Who Stayed at Home." He is now doing a serial for Burston Films, Inc.

DIPPY DOG.—The weather isn't so good here right now. If you look like Mary Miles Minter, as your friend says you do, you must be a very beautiful little girl. Yes, I know her personally. She is five feet two inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. Her hair is light blond and her eyes are blue. June Caprice was born in Arlington, Massachusetts, in 1899. She is the same height as Mary Miles and her eyes are also blue. Her hair is a shade darker than Mary's, and she weighs one hundred and five pounds. Marguerite Clark, Edna Mayo, Billie Burke, Alma Rubens, Helen Holmes, Frances Burnham, Eileen Percy, Mildred Manning, Earle Williams, Paul Willis, James Morrison, and Wallace MacDonald are still working in pictures. Wanda Petit is a Realart star now. Miss Petit no longer. She became Wanda Hawley quite a while ago. No, we do not give the private addresses of players.

LOOK OUT.—No, Hedda Nova is not the young lady's correct name. It is Hedwiga Leonie Kuszewski, but she has simplified all this by becoming Mrs. Paul Hurst, wife of the director. She is twenty-four years old and was born in Odessa, Russia. You are going back quite far. That picture is five years old. Here's the cast for "A Bunch of Keyes," which is the one you refer to: John Slavin was *Jonas Grimes*, William Bures was *Littleton Snaggs*, June Keith was *Teddy Keyes*, Charlotte Mineau was *Rose Keyes*, and Leota Chrider was *May Keyes*.

WILLIAM S. HART, JR.—I cannot send you a picture of William S. Hart. You will have to write to him for one. I am sure that he will gladly accommodate you. See his address at the end of *The Oracle*.

CURIOS.—Mildred Harris is still Mrs. Charlie Chaplin. She uses Mildred Harris Chaplin as her screen name now.

MAIDEN G.—Jane and Katherine Lee are six and eight. They are now appearing in vaudeville. They are not related to Lila Lee. "Why Smith Left Home" is one of Bryant Washburn's Paramount pictures. In it Lois Wilson plays opposite him. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron. Bryant is married and has two little sons, one of whom arrived just a few months ago. He owns his own home in Los Angeles. Wanda Hawley also resides in Los Angeles. Yes, I think it is quite a good name. Write again.

TOM TAYLOR.—Edmund Lowe has finished his picture work between seasons and has gone back on the stage. His latest picture to be released is "The Eyes of Youth," with Clara Kimball Young. He is married to a nonprofessional.

CASTLE BARB.—Constance Talmadge was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April nineteenth, 1900. She received her education at Erasmus High School. Her screen career has been with Vitagraph, National, Triangle, Griffith, Select, and now First National. She is five feet six and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is light and her eyes are brown. That is her correct name. Irene Castle was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1893. Certainly, her hair is bobbed. She is the one who introduced the style to New Yorkers. Norma Talmadge was born in 1897.

VICTIM OF MOVIE ITIS.—You refer to Marjorie Bennett in the "Midnight Patrol," produced by Thomas H. Ince. Patsy O'Connell in the same play was Rosemary Theby. Dorcas Mathews is the name of the young woman you are thinking about in "The Market of Souls" with Dorothy Dalton. William Scott opposite Gladys Brockwell. Henry Walthall was *Colonel Ben Cameron* and Mae Marsh and Miriam Cooper were his sisters in "The Birth of a Nation," or "The Clausman." Josephine Crowell was his mother and Spottiswoode Aitken his father. Jennie Lee was the faithful old servant. Elmer Clifton, Lillian Gish, and Robert Harron were the children of *Ralph Lewis*, the radical leader. George Seigman was *Silas* and Walter Long was *Renegade Gus*. Donald Crisp was *General Grant* and Joseph Henaberry was *Abraham Lincoln*. Robert Harron and Lillian Gish were the one pair of sweethearts in "Hearts of the World," while Dorothy Gish, as the *Little Disturber*, loved Bobby and was loved by *Monsieur Cuckoo*, played by Robert Anderson. Kate Bruce was Bobby's mother, Ben Alexander his littlest brother, and George Fawcett his pal. It's a wonder you didn't wear your typewriter out with all those questions. If there is anything else you would like to know, just drop me a line.

PAULINE C.—Doris Lee and Lila Lee are not related. Doris is now Doris May. Thomas H. Ince having changed her name again. Pauline Frederick was born in Boston in 1880. Bessie Love is not married. Marguerite Clark is married to Lieutenant Palmerson Williams. Yes, Mae Marsh has a baby daughter, Mary Marsh Armes. Charles Ray and Albert Ray are not brothers, but cousins. Gladys Leslie is married. Norma Talmadge is the young lady's correct name. Why should they change their names when they are married? The fans have come to know them by their own names, and the change might cause confusion. Suppose you should see Mrs. Howard Hickman, Mrs. Harold Bolster, Mrs. Willard Mack, and Mrs. Thomas Clarke in electric lights over your favorite theater at one time or another? Would you know that they meant Bessie Barriscale, Madge Kennedy, Pauline Frederick, and Elsie Ferguson? You would not, and there is the answer to your question. No, any one could not be an actress. It takes talent, and every one hasn't talent for acting, although I don't think there are many who realize that, judging from the numerous letters I get from readers who want to become motion-picture stars.

BILLY.—Theda is quite nice off the screen. Yes, she is married. Nazimova was born in Russia. How does she look? Pretty good, I should say. I could say "with her eyes," but that's too old. I don't know where you can get the life stories of all the actresses. Better keep tabs on the PICTURE-PLAY interviews and you will get them all that way. The pleasure's all mine.

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R. BARTHELMESS FAN.—Your favorite appeared with Dorothy Gish in "Boots," "Peppy Polly," "I'll Get Him Yet," et cetera. Wallace MacDonald was born in Mulgrave, Nova Scotia, Canada. Eighteen ninety-one was the date. He is five feet ten inches tall and weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds. He has brown hair and dark eyes. Yes, he played the juvenile with Anita Stewart in "The Fighting Shepherdess." Didn't you recognize him? Dorothy Gish is just five feet tall. Dorothy Dalton weighs all of one hundred and twenty-seven pounds. Constance Talmadge weighs seven pounds less than Dorothy. You mustn't believe all you hear. That is just another of the many false rumors going the usual rounds. Wait until you see facts actually printed in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE—then you can believe them.

CLEO.—The paper shortage sort of keeps you changing stationery with great regularity these days, doesn't it? You aren't able to stick to your well-known patterns any more. I used to know your letters the moment I spotted the envelope, but now I don't know until I open them up. Thomas Meighan is not playing with Gloria Swanson any longer. He is a star in his own right with Paramount now. "Conrad in Search of His Youth" is his latest picture. Albert Ray is not playing in pictures at present, and I don't know whether he will make any more in the near future or not. He has cast aside the grease paint for the megaphone again, and is now directing comedies for the First National Exhibitors. You will find your other questions already answered in the replies ahead of your own.

MABEL N.—Edwin Carewe is now directing special productions for Louis B. Mayer. She doesn't play in pictures. I can't tell you the children's names because there aren't any. That's a good reason, isn't it?

MISS PLAY.—You must be some sort of relative to my other correspondent, Miss Take. Charles Chaplin and Mabel Normand are not playing together. Those pictures you saw with these two famous gloom destroyers are several years old and were made by the old Keystone Company for Mack Sennett. The latest Tarzan picture is "The Return of Tarzan," they are now making a Tarzan serial, which is all very pleasant to the author, Edgar Rice Burroughs, who is realizing quite a big sum out of the filming of his famous stories. That picture was made long before the producers ever thought of putting their players' names on the screen, so I can't give you the cast of it, because the producers themselves haven't any record of who played in it. It's that old. The Oracle letters are all answered in the order in which they are received. You must have overlooked your other answers, because I distinctly remember answering them. I hope you don't overlook this reply, too. Juanita Hansen is making serials for Pathé. Her last serial was "The Lost City," made by Colonel Selig for the Warner brothers, Sam and Jack. Pearl White has left serials for good, so she can not be called the serial queen any longer. She has left a good field to fight it out for the coveted title. Far be it from yours truly to pick the successor to Pearl. The public will do it eventually.

LITTLE ONE.—You, too. Robert Harron is making features under the supervision of D. W. Griffith. His films, when completed, will be released by the Metro Pictures Corporation, however.



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HUTCHIE.—Dick Barthelmess is not a woman hater by any means, since he married Mary Hay last June. Who put that idea into your head? Dorothy Gish is not married. Mary was born in 1893. Dorothy Gish used to play in her blond hair, but prefers wearing a bobbed wig for picture purposes since her success in "Hearts of the World." You haven't bored me a bit. Don't let your first offense be your last.

C. G.—Harry Morey had the featured rôle in "The Gamblers."

MISS UTAH.—Theda Bara has left the Fox Film Corporation, and is appearing on the stage. She is twenty-seven years old. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Your Pickford question is merely a matter of opinion. Mary Pickford very rarely has a male heavy working in any of her pictures. She likes to have her pictures as clean and as entertaining as possible, so that every one can go to see them. Of course you may write again.

HAZEL O.—Kenneth Harlan had the leading rôle opposite Mildred Harris in "The Price of a Good Time." Carlyle Blackwell was born in New York. Tom Mix is working at the William Fox studios in Hollywood, California. His hair is black. He is married to Victoria Forde. Mabel Normand is not married.

OPAL.—Bessie Love and Montagu Love are not husband and wife. They are not even related.

M. R. P. D.—Miriam Cooper was born in Baltimore, Maryland. She has dark hair and dark eyes. Naomi Childers was born in St. Louis, Missouri. She is five feet six and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. She has brown hair and blue eyes. Marguerite Clayton was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. She is five feet four and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is blond and her eyes blue.

OCTAVIA.—Yes, Eddie is. She is not on the screen, and they haven't a son. Yes, I know Wanda Hawley personally. Leo Maloney was Helen Holmes' leading man in that serial. Margarita Fisher has a new leading man in every picture.

BILLIE.—I can't send the letter you wrote me on to Monroe Salisbury. You had better write him yourself. It would be the best way. Bluebird Features are not being produced any more. Universal makes only special features now and a few short subjects. Monroe is not married, and owns a big ranch in California, where, he says, he is going to settle down with his mother as soon as he has finished his screen career. We hope that won't be for some time, though, eh? Owen Moore and Mary Pickford are divorced. Kathleen Clifford and Ruth Clifford are not related.

W. H. C.—The censor laws in New York are not quite as rigid as those of the Pennsylvania board. I don't know where you can obtain a list of all the pictures showing in New York for the current month. The only way you could find this out would be to get the information from all the motion-picture exchanges in New York, and that's some job, believe me.

SHIRLEY T.—Dorothy Dalton was once Mrs. Lew Cody. Gail Kane works in pictures every once in a while. Dorothy Gish is twenty-one and Lillian is twenty-three. Charles Ray is married to a non-professional. Wallace Reid has one child, a boy. What do you mean—pretty? I should call him handsome.

DOROTHY H.—See addresses at the end of The Oracle.

W. T. R.—You should have inclosed a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wanted a personal reply. Send six cents in stamps to the editor for a copy of the "Market Booklet," which will give you a complete list of all the motion-picture producing companies in the United States who are in the market for scenarios. You will find that it answers your purpose exactly.

C. H. S. P.—Your questions have already been answered.

ELMER R.—"Too Much Johnson," "It Pays to Advertise," "What Happened to Jones," and "The Sins of Saint Anthony" are Bryant Washburn's latest releases. "Lombardi, Ltd.," and "The Right of Way" are Bert Lytell's latest. Herbert Rawlinson is now being seen in "Passers-By." Next time you write just say "Dear Oracle," and you can't go wrong.

JACKIE, BOBBIE, & BILLIE.—Pearl White is now making features for Fox. Write to the editor about covers on the magazine. You three must be great pals. I like fudge very much.

DEAR NAZIMOVA.—You must have overlooked your answers before. Alla Nazimova was born at Yalta, Crimea, Russia. She first appeared in this country in New York in 1906 in "A Doll's House." Charles Bryant was born in Hartford, England, in 1887. The "Red Lantern" was made in California. She lives in Los Angeles. She has dark hair and eyes. I am sure that she would send you a photograph of herself if you would inclose a quarter with your request. I have nothing to do with what goes in PICTURE-PLAY with the exception of The Oracle, so you had better write to the editor about the Nazimova article. Carol Holloway and William Duncan both live in Hollywood, California. "The Heart of a Child" is Nazimova's latest.

MARY THURMAN ADMIRER.—Mary Thurman is now with the Mack Sennett Company and hasn't been since she left to go into drama several months ago. She plays in productions for different companies now. Carol Holloway is her real name. "Infatuation" is Gaby Deslys' last.

ARLIE.—Here you are again. You're getting to be the regular bird of The Oracle department. I can always find you on the job several times a month. How did you enjoy your vacation? Bet you went to a picture show three times a day. Wanda Hawley is certainly very attractive. You are right about Clarine. Carol Dempster was not in that play.

WAYNE E.—Valeska Suratt and Virginia Pearson have both been used on the cover of PICTURE-PLAY. You can get any back numbers of the magazine by sending twenty cents to the circulation manager.

A. F. S.—Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. The birth records in that city show that. Her correct name was Theodosha Goodman, but several months ago she had it changed by the court to Theda Bara. At one time Theda's press agent declared that she was born on the Sahara Desert, and we thought she was; but we learned it was not so later on. No, that was not Bobby Connelly in the pictures you named. The freckle-faced youngster you refer to is none other than Wesley Berry, Marshall Neilan's protégé. Thank you for those kind words. Be sure to keep your threat to write again.

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BLUE EYES.—I have several correspondents in far-away Alaska, but am very pleased to add you to the list. Tom Forman and Niles Welch are both married. Dorothy is not. Dorothy was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1893. Tom Forman was born in Mitchell County, Texas. He is light. Niles was born in 1888.

H. C. B.—Harrison Ford is not starring as yet. His latest picture is "Miss Hobbs," in which he plays opposite Wanda Hawley, in her first starring vehicle for the Realart.

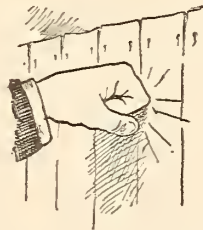
BERNICE.—Yes, that would save you a great deal of trouble. Write to the circulation manager about subscriptions. I am sure that Alla Nazimova would send you one of her photos. I greatly admire her work, too. No trouble at all. You're entirely welcome. Maybe you didn't use the right address when you wrote her. Try again.

H. M. H.—Thanks for all the nice things you have to say about PICTURE-PLAY. We are trying to give the fans the kind of a magazine they want, and it is very encouraging to see that our efforts are appreciated. Warner is not working in any picture at present. You certainly have some collection of photos. Look for addresses at the end of this department.

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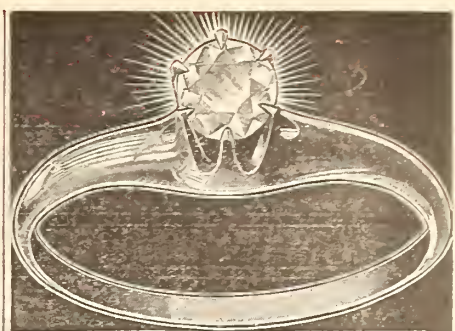
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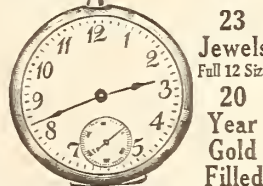
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ANTONIO A.—Carl Laemmle is president of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. Their studios are at Universal City, California, and at Gower Street, Los Angeles, California. Albert E. Smith is the head of the Vitagraph Company of America. They have studios in Los Angeles, California, and one in Brooklyn, New York.

J. B. L.—William S. Hart is not married. You will find all your other questions, and a lot more besides, answered in the reply to J. A. G.

PRETTY BABY.—Where have you been all these weeks? I thought you had deserted me. Yes, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—pardon me, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks—went abroad, shortly after their wedding in Los Angeles, California. Object—honeymoon. See addresses at the end of this department.

FUTURE MOVIE STAR.—I'm sure I can't tell you where you can go to become a motion-picture star. A great many fans seem to be under the impression that I can tell them to go somewhere, and they'll become stars when they do it. It's all wrong. If I knew of such a place, I'd go there myself and give up Oracling. Your bakery job is not to be despised in these days of the high cost of living. You are sure of three square meals a day. If you knead the dough, as you say, it's a cinch you will make more in the bakery than you ever will in the movies. The "Market Booklet" will give you the names and addresses of all the film companies; but take a bit of friendly advice and stay where you belong, and save yourself a lot of money and disappointment.

MISS CHERRY BLOSSOM AND SWEET PEA.—I've got a lot of your brothers and sisters growing in my back yard. I only hope you radiate as much happiness as your namesakes. Certainly, Mary Miles Minter's curls are natural, and all her own, too! Lucille Carlisle is the young lady you refer to in the Vitagraph comedies with Larry Semon. Her correct name is Lucille Zintheo. She is still playing opposite Larry. Some men are born lucky while others just get that way. Fannie Ward is in England at present, making pictures. Maxine Elliott is no longer in pictures. You might write and see. It won't do any harm to try. Edith Roberts is near the completion of her contract with Universal. I don't know whether she intends to remain with that firm or not. Her correct name is Armstrong, and her father, Doctor Armstrong, was killed in a train wreck in South Africa, with William Stowell, while they were down there making films for the Universal and the Smithsonian Institute. What makes you think I feel like spanking you? You must think I am tired of life.

NYE.—Raymond G. Nye was born in Tamaqua, Pennsylvania. He received his education in Wilmington, Delaware, and at the University of Pennsylvania. His stage career before going into pictures consisted of five years in stock, vaudeville, and road shows. He is five feet eleven and one-half inches tall and will break any scale that won't register two hundred and fifteen pounds. He has dark-brown hair and eyes. He is living in Los Angeles, California, at present, working with William Farnum at the Fox Studios most of the time.

HOP.—What on earth has come between you and your typewriter? Have you parted company. Only a short loughand note from you so far this month, and you even failed to ask any questions. I fear you are deserting me.

TOOT.—Not necessarily against you. Dark-red hair would photograph like dark brown or black. Ethel Lynne is now Mrs. Fred Fishback, wife of the comedy director, and she isn't working in pictures at present. Doraldina was the last Hawaiian star we had, and she is now making a picture for Metro.

MELVIN G.—I have addressed the letter you inclosed to Henry King as directed.

JENNIE S.—Alfred Whitman is married. No, Juanita Hansen is not in a sanitarium. She is now working on a new serial at the Selig Studios in Edendale, California. Monroe Salisbury is not married. Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Mabel Normand are still single. Madge Kennedy is married. Nell Shipman, George Cheseboro, and George Larkin are all married, but Juanita Hansen is still free from the bonds of matrimony. Richard is his first name. What do you mean, you feel incompetent?

ALBERT ROSCOE ADMIRER.—Your favorite was born in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1887. He was educated at the Vanderbilt University, in Nashville. He has been with Famous Players, Leonce Perret, and Fox. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He has brown eyes and black hair. He recently signed a contract with Fox to play leads. His latest picture is "The Hell Ship," opposite Madlaine Traverse. Kenneth Harlan has appeared in "The Microbe," with Viola Dana, "The Hoodlum," with Mary Pickford, and "The Trembling Hour," with Helen Eddy, since returning from service in France. He has just finished a picture with Katherine MacDonald for First National. Florence Vidor has been appearing in King Vidor's productions for First National, and is now working in a Thomas H. Ince production. King is Florence's husband. Monte Blue is with Lasky under a long-term contract.

MISS NETTIE.—I am sure that Cullen will send you one of his photos if you inclose the quarter you speak about. He is still making pictures for Goldwyn.

F. K. M.—You are quite right. See addresses at the end of this department.

H. W. A.—Edward Coxen is still playing in pictures.

MARY THURMAN ADMIRER.—Mary Thurman is not with any special company. She is working by the picture and with different companies. Vonne Thurman is her correct name. Olga Petrova will probably come back to the screen at the head of her own company again.

JUST ALMA.—Yes, my picture was printed in PICTURE-PLAY once—just once. It has taken the magazine a long while to recover from the shock. Luckily, no one knew that the picture was that of The Oracle, so I still have lots of readers writing to me. Mae Murray is married to Robert Leonard, her director. They have formed their own company. Mae's hair is bobbed. Geraldine Farrar is not with Goldwyn any more. She is going to make pictures for the Associated Exhibitors. Your other questions have been answered.

VIRGINIA M.—I never heard of any engagement. You must take a rumor for what it is worth—just a rumor. Antonio Moreno is busy on his latest serial for Vitagraph. I don't know whether he will answer your letter or not. He can't answer them all, that's a certainty, but yours may be one of the lucky ones.

DELPHINE B.—Vivian Martin is married. Harold Lloyd is not married to Bebe Daniels. In fact, Harold isn't married at all. You have quite a list of favorites; but why dislike an actress simply because a friend tells that that said actress has green eyes? Olga Petrova is married to a physician.

G. I. L. C.—You refer to Rockliffe Fellows, opposite Constance Talmadge in "In Search of a Sinner." Robert Warwick's correct name is Robert Bien. The others you mention are all using their own names. If you don't see your favorites often enough, you should ask the manager of your favorite theater to run more pictures with the ones you like best.

INQUISITIVE G. M. H.—Tom Mix was an honest-to-goodness cow-puncher, sheriff, revenue officer, et cetera, before going into pictures. Juanita Hansen is now making serials for her own company. They will be released by Pathé. You will find all your other questions already answered in the replies ahead of yours.

GIRL.—Madge Kennedy is Mrs. Harold Bolster. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron. Katherine MacDonald will send you a photo of herself, I am sure. She is not married. Joseph Schenck is Norma Talmadge's husband. Your other questions have been answered.

O. I. C.—Mabel Normand is the young lady's name, and she is not married. Education is not the big essential in getting into pictures. Of course, it helps in any walk of life; but a college diploma will never be transferable for a movie contract. It's ability to get over on the screen that counts. The education will help you figure up your income tax if you have plenty of ability and personality.

W. M. S.—They do look a great deal alike in some expressions, but they are not related.

MILDRED K. HULSTEAD.—Pearl White is an American. Pearl, Shirley, Irene, and Dorothy all have bobbed hair. Pearl is still making features for the Fox Film Corporation. She has no children. Wallace McCutcheon is her husband. June Caprice has not left the screen. "Broncho Billy," otherwise G. M. Anderson, is devoting all his time now to the production of stage productions. The Lee kids now have a sketch in vaudeville and are making quite a hit in it. You will find all your other questions already answered in these columns.

MY FIRST WRITE.—William Duncan is not married to Carol Holloway. Pearl White is married to Wallace McCutcheon. Niles Welch is Dell Boone's husband. Ralph Graves is not married, but Jack Mulhall is. Jack has a little youngster named after himself. Marie Walcamp, Harlan Tucker, and Otto Lederer have the principal rôles in the new Universal serial you refer to. Of course, the little colored boy who played with May Allison was an actor. If he wasn't before, that made him one, anyway. Ruth is not married now.

GREENUP.—Pete and Magda are not married. I am sure that he would send you one of his photographs. The "Guidedposts for Scenario Writers" has been mailed to you as requested. The ten cents in stamps was correct.

LAURETTA B.—Ruth Roland is not married now. She was formerly Mrs. Kent. She has no children. You can get a picture of her by writing to her personally. It is always best to inclose a quarter with your request for a star's photo.

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Agents Wanted.

MARJORIE WELLS.—You might have run across yours truly without guessing that I was The Oracle, for I have been to Fellows' Camp, right near you, several times. I bet that starts you guessing. I don't see how you can get very lonesome when you say you go to picture shows every night. Wallace Reid has only one youngster. Norma Talmadge is five feet two inches and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. Constance is three inches taller and weighs ten pounds more than her sister. Gloria Swanson is five feet three inches and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. Shirley Mason just reaches five feet and tips the beam at ninety-four pounds. Katherine MacDonald is five feet eight inches and weighs one hundred and thirty-four pounds. You are quite right. It takes more than a letter of introduction to get into pictures. You seem to want to be a lot of things. Why don't you just pick out one vocation and stick with it? A "Jack-of-all-trades" never gets very far, you know.

BETTY.—William Duncan and Edith Johnson will continue together in Vitagraph serials.

GABY.—I'm sorry I couldn't get your answer in the issue you wanted; there were too many ahead of you. I answer all letters in the order in which they are received, and yours did not come in time to be printed in that issue. I think you write very well for one who understands but little English. Charles Chaplin speaks French quite well. Pearl White has just come home from a trip abroad, so I guess she picked up quite a bit of French while in Paris. I never heard of the Marshall you speak of.

A. P.—You are quite correct about Katherine MacDonald.

J. M. J. T.—Send six cents in stamps for a copy of the "Market Booklet." I don't know whether Mary Hart would send you a photograph or not. You see, she is not an actress herself, so doesn't keep a collection of photos on hand to send to admirers.

MRS. J.—Dorothy Dalton is now making features for Paramount at their New York studio.

ALICE B. G., QUEBEC.—Here's your answer, just about the time you thought it would be printed, too. You are some guesser. Frank Mayo is married. He was born in New York in 1886. Have you run out of questions? I never knew you to ask so few before.

BROWN EYES.—I like 'em all. Your Norma Talmadge and Alice Brady questions have already been answered. Eugene O'Brien was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1884.

MRS. J. H.—Phyllis, Marvel, and Harriett are blondes with blue eyes. Marie has dark hair and eyes, as have Myrtle, Mollie, and Vera. Mildred has blond hair and brown eyes.

A WALLY REID ADMIRER.—Wallace is married to Dorothy Davenport. Yes, I like Hershey's.

R. S. B. C.—William S. Hart has been on the stage since he was a youngster. Charles Chaplin was on the stage when he was a kid. He was born in Paris, France. Hart was born in Newburgh, New York. Geraldine Farrar is thirty-eight years old. Hart is six feet one, weighs one hundred and ninety pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes.

A READER.—You will find your question already answered in this issue.

WILLIAM RUSSELL ADMIRER.—You refer to Albert Roscoe in "Cleopatra" with Theda Bara. William Russell is married to Charlotte Burton. I think he will send you a photo if you ask him for one.

MATILDA F.—I can't send you the book you mention, because there's no such animal. Look for the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

ANNA LUTHER ADMIRER.—Anna Luther has not made a serial since "The Great Gamble." Mae Murray is still making pictures. William Duncan is married. Tom Moore's youngster doesn't play in pictures. Your Dorothy Dalton questions have already been answered.

MRS. M. W. C.—There was never a picture of that name released with George Walsh. That was probably just the temporary title of the picture and it was changed when released.

H. J. H.—Charles Ray is no longer with Thomas H. Ince. It is six months since he worked under the Ince banner. Charlie's latest pictures for First National are "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway" and "Peaceful Valley." Alice Howell is making her own comedies now. Billy Watson, of "beef-trust" fame, has not gone in for pictures as yet. He is one of the few who haven't.

A GIRL SCOUT OF AMERICA.—Robert McKim is married to Dorcas Matthews. He recently became the proud father of a bouncing baby boy. Pearl White has reddish-gold hair.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Douglas MacLean, Doris May, Lloyd Hughes, and Jane Novak, Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Douglas Fairbanks, Fairbanks Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

William S. Hart, W. S. Hart Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd, and Harry Pollard, Rolin Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Compson, Lottie Pickford, Mary Pickford, James Kirkwood, Lillian Walker, and Sessue Hayakawa, Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Charles Murray, Ben Turpin, and Charles Conklin, Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Wyndham Standing, Billie Burke, Marguerite Clark, Elsie Ferguson, Ann Pennington, Catherine Calvert, and Irene Castle, Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Charles Hutchison, George Larkin, and Ruth Roland, at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Kathryn Adams, Marie Walcamp, Eddy Polo, Harry Carey, Edith Roberts, and Priscilla Dean, Universal City, California.

Mildred Harris Chaplin and Anita Stewart, care of Louis B. Mayer, Los Angeles, California.

Heale Hamilton, The Lambs' Club, New York City.

Viola Dana, Bert Lytell, and Alla Nazimova, Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Ethel Lynne, L-KO Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Ray Stewart, Niles Welch, Ashton Dearholt, Pauline Curley, Ruth Clifford, Dell Boone, Bertram Grassby, and Hall Cooley, in care of Willis & Inglis, Los Angeles, California, or the Mabel Condon Exchange, Hollywood, California.

Constance Binney, Mary Miles Minter, Wanda Hawley, and Bebe Daniels, Realart Pictures Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Robert Harrou, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Ralph Graves, and Richard Barthelmess, Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, New York.

Norma and Constance Talmadge, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.



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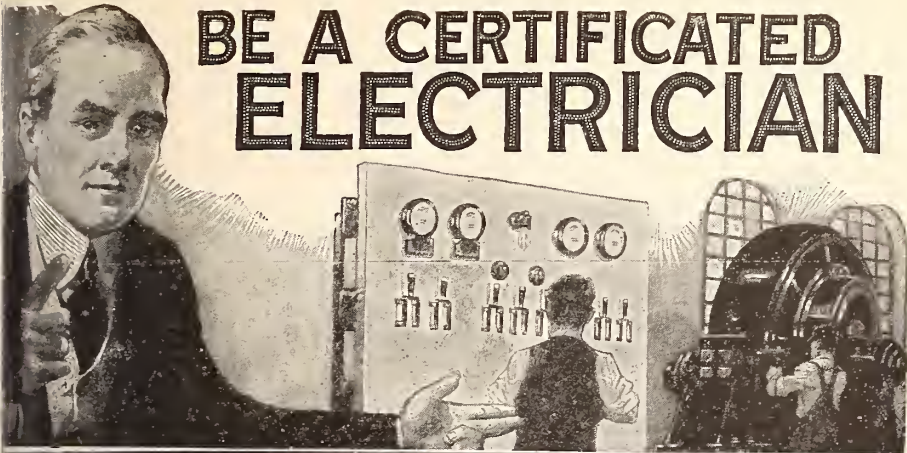
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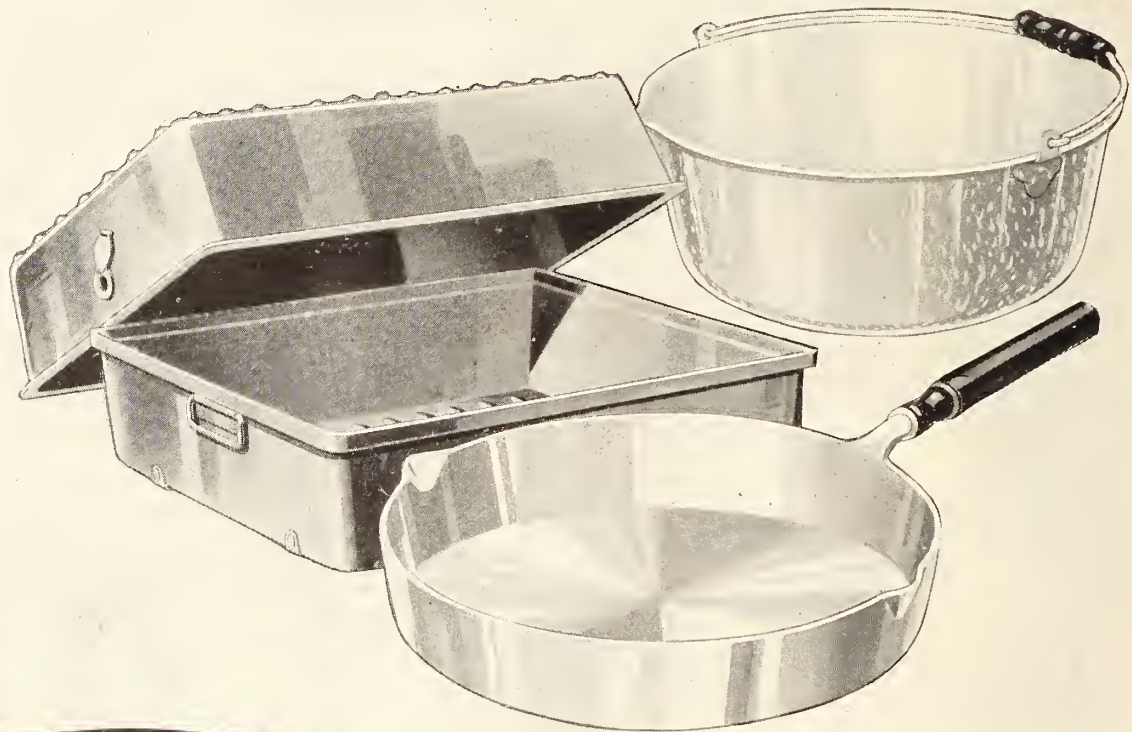
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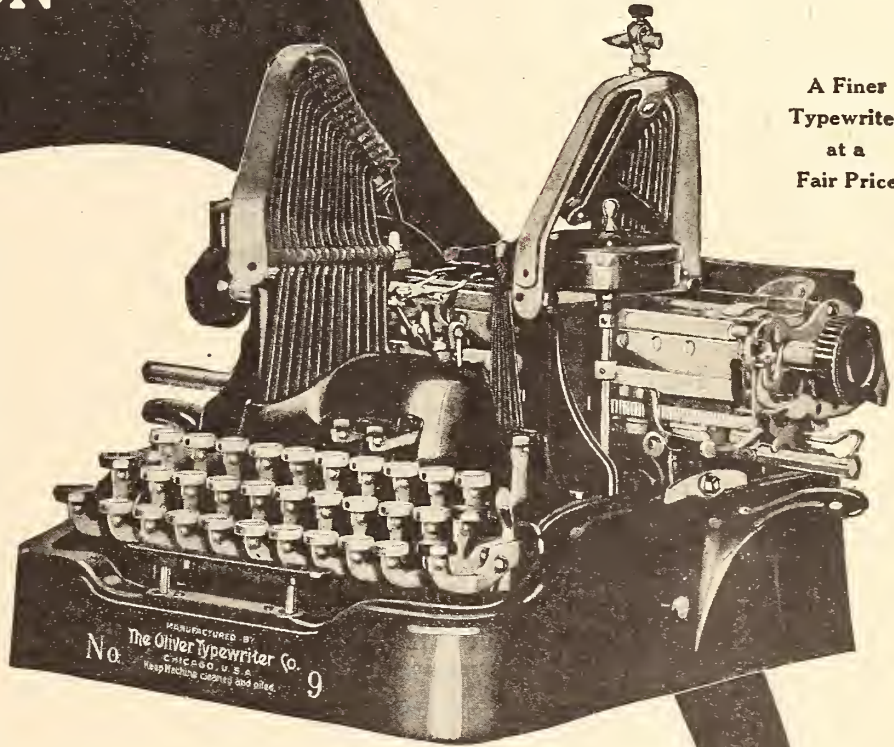
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Two Stories You Must Not Miss!

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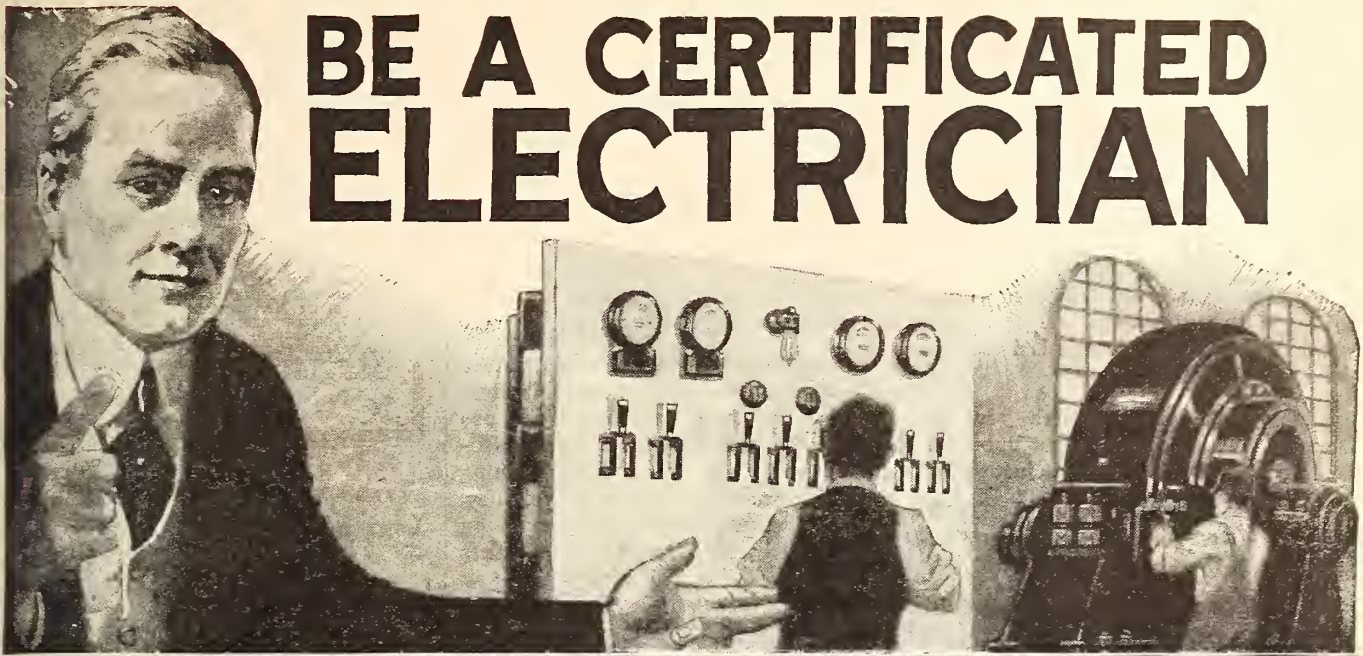
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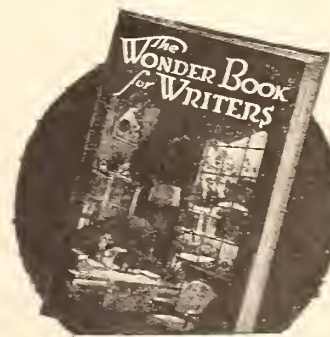
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How Every Woman Can Have A Winning Personality

Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: I wish to tell you how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without *personality*, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain conditions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of loveliness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right

and saying the right word would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; yet they seemed so. They didn't do this by covering their faces with



Juliette Fara

cosmetics; they knew the true means. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is an art, that is studied and acquired by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. This includes you, dear reader. There are numerous real secrets for developing your personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately, the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know how alluring are the French girls. Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American



You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

journalist that "American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the Juliette Fara whom I want you to feel that you already know for your sincere friend, but I speak of YOU and for YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their fascinating powers.

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulae that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or over-modest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become discreetly and charmingly daring, perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity?

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be gentle and unassuming, to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become an Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is a real art and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he does not know what you are accomplishing until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now!

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an appealing personality. Don't

think it is impossible. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

No Fad—the Success of Ages

I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my life I have understood the value of plain common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an inspiring little book called "How" that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book "HOW" if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a lovely and winning personality.

Juliette Fara

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

Volume XIII

NOVEMBER, 1920

No. 3

A Chance of a Lifetime

The experience of being tried out for the movies in a recent contest.

By
One of the Contestants

IF you've ever wanted to go into the movies you know just how I felt when I saw in a Los Angeles paper an announcement that anybody who wanted to try for pictures could come to the Ince Studio on a certain Saturday afternoon, between two and five, and have a try-out.

You see, I'd tried every possible way to get in. I'd registered at all the big offices, and sat around for days, hoping to see a casting director or have a director see me and think I was just the type he needed in a picture. I'd written to stars and asked if they couldn't get me a chance, and sent my photographs to Mr. Griffith and Cecil De Mille and other big producers. But somehow nobody ever seemed to send for me.

So of course this chance meant an awful lot—more than any one can know who hasn't wanted to get into pictures themselves. It was the one great chance of a lifetime. I spent hours deciding what to wear and how to do my hair, and I planned out a little drama that I'd do before the camera, "The Romance of the Rose," which would prove that I could act. If I'd had more time I'd have tried to study up one of these will-power systems that tells you how to make people do what you want them to; I've never known any one who made any such thing work, but it might have been worth trying, anyway.

I went out to the Ince studio early on the day of the try-out. But just about everybody else had gone early, too. You can imagine how I felt when I reached the big Colonial building and saw just *mobs* of people everywhere! They were standing and sitting around on the clover lawn as if it had been a public park—munching lunch out of paper bags, stretched out on the grass, reading the papers; it really looked rather like a park, near the grand stand, just before the band concert begins. Every electric car unloaded a new crowd of people, and automobiles came in a procession and spilled more of them out at the gates. Others came on foot. There were



Photo by C. Curtis

Mr. Ince was an interested, but unseen spectator of the tests.

Thomas H. Ince recently swung open the doors of opportunity to screen aspirants, just as he stated in PICTURE-PLAY a few months ago that he would do. He advertised in the Los Angeles papers that every one was eligible for a tryout before the camera at his studio. One whole day was devoted to the test. So many thousands came that it was necessary to continue the examinations each Saturday for several weeks. Mr. Ince agreed to engage ten of the entrants for his stock company, which he has done. It is significant that out of some ten thousand who passed before the camera, only two were adjudged "finds" by the producer.

This story is the account of one who went through. You will enjoy her "Romance of the Rose" which she devised and enacted for Mr. Ince's benefit.

as many men and boys as girls, and lots of children, of course. One woman with six children had her hands full trying to keep them from getting their clothes dirty or their hair mussed, and a girl near by, with curls like pine shavings and a black velvet dress and little bonnet, just clung to a young man's arm and simpered. If I hadn't been so anxious I'd have been amused.

Behind just about every tree and shrub was a girl peeking into her vanity case and making up her face; some of them looked like futurist landscapes done in pink and white—all this in spite of the fact that Mr. Ince had written a piece in the paper warning women that make-up and affectation were the poorest road to a prize in the contest!

I didn't make up at all; I'd read that it's necessary to touch up the



Many were tested but few were taken—here's one of those who weren't.

lips and eyes, to make them register well before the camera, so I did that, of course, but nothing else.

About two o'clock men came out of the big white building and went among the crowd, calling to one another through megaphones and making us form in lines, two and two, like animals marching into the ark. The woman who marched with me said they'd already picked the winners; that we might as well not stay; but I noticed that she wasn't making any move to go, and afterward I found out that that wasn't the truth at all; they picked the winners right out of the crowd.

The lines stretched from the two gates fully a block away clear to the front steps, men on one side, women on the other, and the camera men were stationed in front of the big Colonial portico. I began to get nervous; I know that if I could just have seen Mr. Ince alone I could have convinced him of my ability, but in front of all those mobs of people it looked as if it might be pretty difficult to do my little "Romance of the Rose" before the camera.

Just as the camera men signaled they were ready, Hobart Bosworth suddenly appeared. He'd come all the way from the Santa Cruz islands, where he was making a South Sea Island picture, to help with the tests. As the lines of people moved forward, one by one, he stopped them for a

moment in front of the camera, shook hands, told them to turn the face this way or that, and now and then tipped back the broad brim of a hat or pushed back some one's hair to let light on the face.

I was near the head of the line, and while those ahead of me passed along I kept trying to think how I could act my little drama; how could any one express personality or genius just by shaking hands? A few tried it and made an awful mess of things. About all they did was to drop Bosworth's hand, clasp their own hands on their breasts, inhale as if they were taking deep-breathing exercises, and roll their eyes upward. Then they'd hurry away sheepishly and lose themselves in the crowd that was packed around the camera men, ready to jeer at any one who tried to act.

My turn came almost before I was really ready for it. I started across the steps—and suddenly remembered that I was chewing gum, thanks to indigestion! How could I act now? Trying to plan how I could do my little drama I'd forgotten about it, and now here I was before the camera! Hobart Bosworth reached out his hand to me. I tried to swallow the gum, but it stuck in my throat, and I could only put my handkerchief to my lips and hurry past the camera and out to the street—home. I was crying with rage and embarrassment. I had wasted my great opportunity!

Imagine my delight when I read in the paper the next day not only the names of the winners, but the announcement that there would be another test the following Saturday. I resolved to try again; this time I would benefit by my experience.

There was an even bigger crowd the next week; there were nearly two thousand people there, they said.

I had to smile at the woman who went first. She had been standing, idly chatting, but when the signal was given she was galvanized as if she had been shot full of electricity. She started toward the camera, be-

The Ince studio, where the trials were held.



came confused, didn't get near the box nor in range of the camera, then hurried on. The man who collected the cards with the names of the contestants called after her, but she did not stop. Of course it didn't matter, as she wasn't on the film. I wondered how long she had rehearsed the little part she forgot to play.

This time I was quite mistress of myself. I started toward the camera very, very slowly. I held by the stem a faded red rose which lay in the palm of the other hand. I looked at the faded rose, my lips moving as I talked to the rose I had worn last night—ah, last night! I was so absorbed in my bit that I did not know I had reached the box until I stubbed my toes against it. But I had myself well in hand, and though the crowd tittered I made no sign. With real emotion I pressed the rose to my lips, to my heart, then walked sadly away.

This time I was satisfied.

I took my place in the crowd to watch the others. On they came in quick procession as the camera man turned his crank. There were elderly women of the housewife type, looking abashed; schoolboys on a lark. Now and then one of the boys did an "Alias Jimmy Valentine" or apache stunt, with cigarette drooping from the corner of his lips and coat collar turned up. Perhaps two together would do a planned scene, ending in a self-conscious snicker. There were young fellows who had been told they had a jolly smile, a wicked wink, or beautiful hair. With men, as with women, you could tell just where the vanity lay. If a woman had a dimple she smiled to show it. A handsome hail-fellow girl flashed her brown eyes toward the crowd, waved a hand, and called: "Hello, Billy!"

A plain woman, perhaps a seamstress or school-teacher tired of her job, came with a newspaper, stopped by the box, read the paper, tossed her head, and laughed—as if that meant any-

There were hundreds of children—most of them just everyday youngsters.



Photo by E. M. Shultz

Here's one of the winners—does she look the part to you?

thing! No doubt she was angling for a certain character part. I am sure she had practiced it before her mirror.

There were women who looked as if they had got their costumes in a curio shop, and others with odd dresses like those you see in pictures of Fourth-of-July picnics in Kansas. Now and then an old man or old woman came past with the strange clothes of their generation. I wondered why they came. Indeed I wondered why most of them had come.

Presently I went to the other side of the great lawn to see the kiddies. Just common everyday kiddies, most of them. Very few really pretty ones, but all of them shiny and clean. Before the camera some cried, some pouted, many didn't know what to do and had to be led away. It was easy to see which had been to kindergarten and dancing school, for these curtsied, bowed elaborately, assumed for a moment calisthenic or classic dancing poses. Sometimes a mother or father came with babe in arms, and how they twisted and screwed the heads to make baby look, and generally baby wouldn't before they had to pass on. Getting

Continued on page 89



My Friend, Lillian Gish



Photo by Abbe

She'd rather be popular in Camden, Maine, than on Broadway.

You just like Lillian Gish so well that you feel you've known her forever and ever.

IT'S queer, the ideas you get about stars, isn't it? Some of them fit right in with your daily life perfectly; it's easy to imagine yourself going to the movies with Constance Talmadge and strolling down to the corner drug store for a soda afterward, or being asked to a bridge party at Anita Stewart's, or driving off somewhere for a picnic with Corinne Griffith. And then, again, there are others that haven't any point of contact with your own affairs at all; you see them on the screen, like them, and that's about all there is to it.

Lillian Gish used to be one of those people to me. I couldn't imagine myself knowing her. I cried over her in "Hearts of the World" and "Broken Blossoms," and privately considered her just about as human and knowable as the Dresden china figure on my mantel-piece.

Then, one day, in a hotel lobby, Richard Barthelmess said quite suddenly: "There's Lillian Gish; let's go over and say hello to her."

"No, I don't want to," I retorted, sinking farther down into my chair. "I'm afraid I might not like her."

A bombardment promptly began. Had I ever seen her off the screen? No. Ever met any of her friends? No. Why didn't I want to meet her? Well, she seemed so ethereal, so fragile, so out of the world, somehow. If he didn't mind, I'd rather not even turn around and look at her. But he did mind—and two seconds later I was being introduced to a slender girl with a little black hat drawn close over her light hair, and a black tulle scarf drawn up close around her throat, and she was clasping my hand warmly and saying: "I don't see just why you should want to meet me—but I hope you won't be disappointed in me."

I had a guilty feeling at that; I've told her about it since. For you see, she's one of my best friends now, though I don't believe she knows it. Lillian Gish is one of those people whose personality makes for her a wide highway to your very heart. She's frank and unassuming, except about her sister Dorothy, for whom she claims the world and the fullness thereof. You don't feel like going around gushing fatuously about her—but you just *like* her so well that you feel as if you'd known her forever and ever.

The people who compare her to lilies in the moonlight and violin music in a garden at dusk and all that sort of thing are perfectly right; she does suggest things like that. She has great, deep-blue eyes, and a wist-



The screen really tells you almost nothing about her.

By
Louise Williams

ful mouth, capable of the most heart-breaking smile, as the fans know all too well. But she has a sense of humor that carries her through even when the cellar of her house is flooded in mid-winter, and the floor of the garage gives way and lets her car into the abyss beneath. And when there's something practical to be attended to she's no more the sweet, girly-girly type of person than is her own sister Dorothy.

For she's one of the most practical people I know. The theory that if you have lots of money you must spend it like a South American millionaire, which governs so many actresses, has no part in her scheme of things. When I discovered that she planned the spending of her income as carefully as I do that of my allowance I was rather startled. One of the Talmadges had phoned her, and that led to a discussion of the gorgeous clothes which they wear. Mrs. Gish suggested that Lillian find out where Norma had bought the frock she'd worn the evening before.

"Oh, mother, I did—and I never could afford to go there!" Lillian exclaimed, aghast at the mere thought of such a thing. And since then I've learned that she never rushes out and just spends for the joy of spending; that she orders the use of her money just as wisely as she does that of everything else.

The last time I saw her was just as she was beginning work at the head of her own company. She might have been a young man just going into business for himself, opening a garage or a plumbing shop or a lawyer's office, from the way she talked. Her years in the motion-picture business have not been spent with her eyes shut; she knows just how a picture's market value affects the production end, the things you've got to consider when you buy a scenario, and why not even an artistically unhappy ending is as successful as an out-and-out happy one.

"There's no telling how this new venture of mine is going to turn out," she told me that day. "Maybe I'll be back in Mr. Griffith's company at the end of my



Photo by Abbe

Those who compare her to violin music in a garden at dusk are perfectly right.

two-years' contract with the Frohman Company, that's starring me. Well, we all have to find out some time whether we're the kind of people who can stand alone or the kind who must lean on some one else.

"I'm going to do some rather tragic rôles, I think," she went on. "Of course, it's the people in the little country towns whom I must please; they are the ones who are really responsible for the success of a picture. Having New York like us is flattering—but I'd rather be popular in Camden, Maine, than on Broadway."

Which, while it's a wise choice, isn't really a necessary one, in my opinion: from what I know of Lillian I'd wager that both Broadway and Camden will be at her feet when she makes her stellar début.

Dagmar, the Wanderer

From Petrograd, via Vienna, Paris, Monte Carlo, and Turkish harems, the daughter of Leopold Godowsky, world-renowned pianist, seeks fame upon the screen.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Photo by Freulich



HAD it been almost any one else, the verdict would have been "Affectation in the first degree!" without even leaving the jury box. But in the case of Dagmar Godowsky, it was different, because she is *so* different.

If, on an interview bent, you should enter a Chinese sitting room and inhale soft incense as you glimpse gilded flowers, rare Japanese prints, silk-shrouded electric bulbs, and luxuriously draped divans, you would ordinarily whisper to yourself, "Fake!" But not so when Dagmar Godowsky is doing the receiving there. She fits in so harmoniously.

Her accent is a rare combination of Lenore Ulric, Nazimova, and Anna Held. And perhaps the last named is suggested more especially by the Godowsky eyes—sparkling, daring, wicked, green eyes. This mixture of tongues may be accounted for by the fact that she was born in Petrograd, educated in Switzerland, Vienna, and Paris—always through native governesses—and came over to America at the age of fifteen.

"I think that my father is the *great*-est pianist in the wor-r-ld," she admitted slowly, as she inhaled a slim, Russian cigarette. "But I hate to be known as his daughter!"

Being the daughter of Leopold Godowsky has worried her more than anything else. People insist, she says, that "pull" is placing her on the ladder to fame, when as a matter of fact, her father opposes her picture work quite emphatically.

"He wanted me to be a pianist," said Dagmar. "But there would be *ab-so-lute*-ly no credit given me if I were to succeed along the same lines as my father has done." She shrugged her expressive shoulders. "The children of artists are *al*-ways at the disadvantage. I love music—ah, much!—but I cannot give myself to it, because no one would think of me as anything other than *the* Godowsky's daughter. I *hate* that!" And the pendant earrings jangled vehemently.

Her tastes are interesting in that they are alarmingly varied. She swears by McCormack as a singer, Mae Murray as a flicker star, and Heifetz as a violin virtuoso. Here is a strange mixture! And why? McCormack, she avers, "sings wiz his soul"; Mae Murray carries what is to Miss Godowsky the most potent personality on the silver-sheet; and Heifetz reigns in her heart by virtue of his technique. "Kreisler, too, is superb," she said. "But whereas he plays Beethoven as he thinks Beethoven *should* have written it, Jascha plays it as it *is* written—flawlessly."

Atmosphere is essentially a part of her make-up. Although still comfortably on the green side of twenty-five, Dagmar Godowsky has known the glories of Venetian moonlight, summertime along the Riviera, Monte Carlo at its height, and the Orientalism of the harem, as she and her parents

Continued on page 85

PICTURE PLAY PLAYERS



ALLA NAZIMOVA

gave us, in "The Brat" and "The Heart of a Child," examples of what she can do when she doesn't care to be mysterious and strange. And in her two newest releases, "Madame Peacock" and "Billions"—in the latter she wears this costume—she goes to the other extreme.



Photo by C. Helgton Monroe

MARY ALDEN

has been in pictures since the old Biograph days; before that she was on the stage, and before that she was a newspaper reporter. She has done much excellent work—one notable rôle was the mother in "The Unpardonable Sin." She now has an important rôle in "Milestones," a recent Goldwyn production.



Photo by Norblad Studios

WALLACE REID

needs neither introduction, description, nor comment. Everybody knows he's recently done "The Charm School," and appeared on the Los Angeles stage, that he plays everything, from the violin to the slide trombone, is married to Dorothy Davenport, and has one son. What is there left for us to say?



Photo by Geisler & Andrews

GERALDINE FARRAR

will soon be singing again at the Metropolitan Opera House. But while you were spending the blazing hot days of last summer lolling in a canoe and wishing you led the easy life of a movie star, she was screening "The Riddle: Woman" for you to see this winter.



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

ALMA FRANCIS

used to shine in the spotlight when she was a well-known star in "The Pink Lady" and other musical comedies. She has made a picture with Julian Eltinge since that time—but is inclined to attach far more importance to the fact that she happens to be the wife of Robert Gordon.



Photo by Evans

HALLAM COOLEY

labors under the disadvantage of being called the best-dressed man on the screen. It must be discouraging to do as good work as he has done in support of Enid Bennett, Tom Moore, and other stars, and then discover that your tailor is apparently considered more important than your ability.



Photo by Witzel

BLANCHE SWEET

can afford to look guileless; she played a trick on all of us recently, for, just as we decided that it was her mission in life to play heart-breaking rôles, she did "Object Matrimony," and was funnier than a tragedienne has any right to be. We'll never be sure of her again.



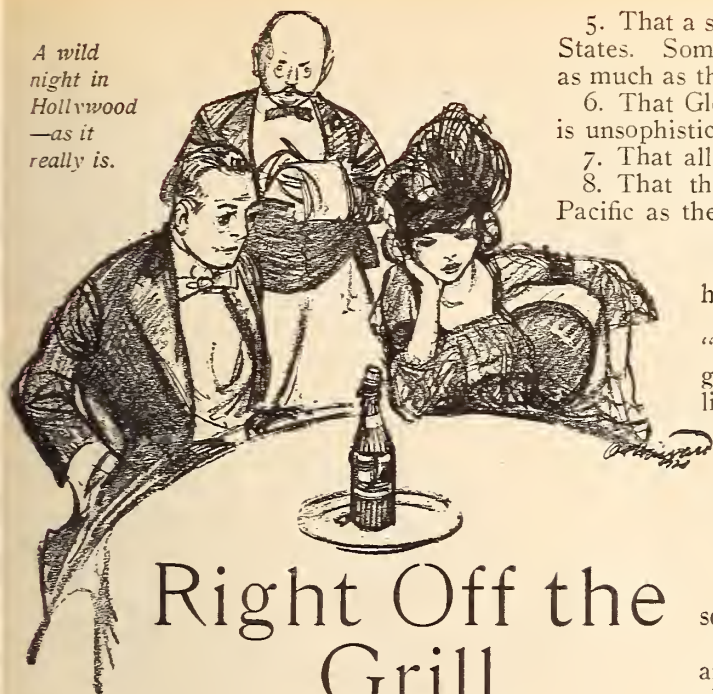


Photo by Donald Biddle Keys

MARGARET LOOMIS

has a profession up either of those wide sleeves of hers—dancing up one and acting up the other. As a pupil of Ruth, St. Denis she danced her way into vaudeville, and then onto the screen; then she shelved her dancing temporarily and became a leading lady for Famous Players-Lasky.

A wild
night in
Hollywood
—as it
really is.



Right Off the Grill

A new department of observations, anecdotes, opinions, comment, and bits of news about the film world, served without fear or favor.

By Herbert Howe

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR FREDERICK HOWARD

"We are announcing that a special niche is to be set aside for you each month in the magazine. From this rostrum you are to cry aloud your honest opinions about any and all movie matters of interest to the fans on which you may elect to discourse."

This did the editor write to me. And this is my reply:

I HAVE an honorable discharge from the army. I don't want to fight unless I have to. Neither Carnegie nor Congress ever offered a medal for truth-telling, and until some one does I would much prefer to lie like a gentleman. A person heroic enough to do what you propose for me should be doubling for Doug Fairbanks—or married into the movies—or something else equally daring that would bring a return of fame or fortune. To do what you suggest is merely to court being crushed to death under the wheels of an alligator-upholstered, special-bodied motor chariot—or to be treated to a drink of furniture polish at the Sunset Inn.

However, if duty calls, I'm no coward. I've a croix de guerre, won in a sharply contested crap game at the battle of Cognac Hill, Langres, France, and so here goes, let the chips fall where they may.

MOVIE MYTHS.

By way of beginning my ruthless work as iconoclast in the temple of the movie gods and goddesses I wish to shatter completely—to brand as false and fictitious—the following traditions which have been handed down to the lovers of the screen:

1. That the motion-picture industry is still in its infancy, or that it could be after what Cecil B. De Mille has taught it about some of the elemental things of life.
2. That Hollywood is a center of wild night life. John's café is the only place open after eleven o'clock, and the strongest thing you can get is catsup.
3. That a girl always makes good in the movies by "paying the price."
4. That a girl never makes good in the movies by "paying the price."

5. That a star earns more money than the President of the United States. Some don't earn as much as their leading men; few earn as much as their directors, and most don't *earn* what they're paid.

6. That Gloria Swanson is sophisticated; that Mary Miles Minter is unsophisticated.

7. That all stars design and own the clothes they wear.

8. That there are as many Mack Sennett bathing girls in the Pacific as there are sandabs and Iowans.

9. That Charlie Chaplin wants to play Hamlet.

10. That "Broken Blossoms" is a failure because it has not earned as much money as "Male and Female."

11. That there is a world of meaning in the innuendo: "Are you married or do you live in Hollywood?" A great many married people live in Hollywood; some live together and some are in the movies.

12. That good girls break into the movies by attracting the attention of a director in a café.

13. That the vampire is out of vogue. A vamp by any other name may be just as deadly.

14. That all ideas are stolen by producers and scenario writers.

15. That ideas are never stolen by producers and scenario writers.

16. That the hero and heroine are always conceited and nasty off screen, while the vampire and villain are always virtuous and domestic.

17. That the only way to make good in pictures is by hard, hard work.

18. That producers run around incognito looking for talent.

19. That Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford are losing their popularity—or ever will lose it.

20. That J. M. Barrie flew into a rage when he saw "The Admirable Crichton" as "Male and Female" on the screen and refused to permit any more of his works to be filmed.

21. That the day of the star is over.

22. That one doesn't need brains to make good in the movies. Among our best actors and actresses are such intellectuals as Joe Martin and Mack Sennett's Teddy and Pepper.

23. That the morals of movie people are any worse than the morals of those who censor the pictures.

24. That the producer knows what the public wants; that the exhibitor knows what the public wants; that the public knows what the public wants.

WHO'LL BE PETER PAN?

Jesse Lasky states that Sir James M. Barrie will supervise the production of his "Peter Pan," to be filmed for Paramount.

And who will play Peter? Surely not Maude

Adams.

Miss Adams never

yet made

a mistake.

Our three

choices for

the rôle

would be:

1. Mary Pick-

ford; 2. Bessie

Love; 3. Lillian Gish.

But having observed the feats

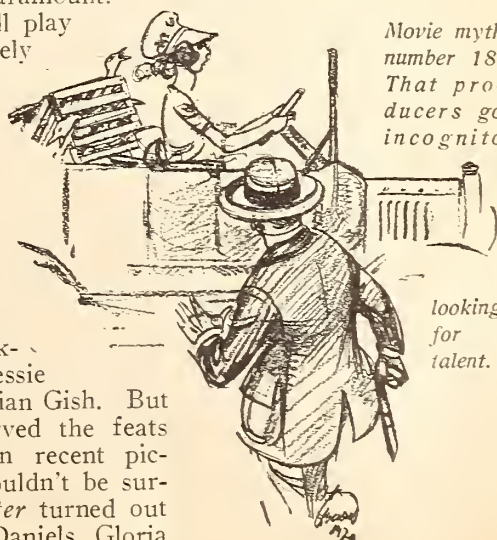
of casting in recent pic-

tures, we wouldn't be sur-

prised if Peter turned out

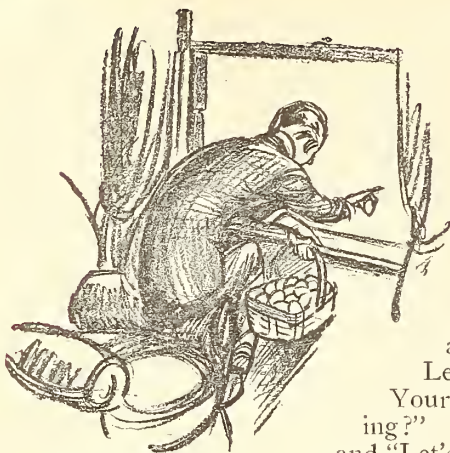
to be Bebe Daniels, Gloria

Swanson, or Fannie Ward.



Movie myth
number 18:
That pro-
ducers go
incognito

looking
for
talent.



Wally Reid has discovered a new pastime.

temperament," Miss May believing in equal suffrage in the stellar household, Mr. MacLean holding somewhat different views.

WALLY TURNS THE TABLES.

Wally Reid, always in quest of a good time while on "location," conceived the pleasant pastime of sitting in the window of the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco and dropping eggs at the pedestrians below. Many an actor has been hit by an egg, but Wally is the first to return the compliment on behalf of his profession. The town was getting just nicely egged on when Wally happened to shy one that savored of early renaissance or mid-Victorian. That, of course, was a mistake. A few minutes later a gentleman wearing an omelet chapeau with the fragrance of the last egg of summer appeared at the hotel desk and demanded an investigation. When examined Wally innocently remarked that a lot of chickens have taken to flying nowadays and probably were laying eggs in mid-air.

THE UNIQUE NAZIMOVA.

Nazimova has established a speed record for production. The actual "shooting" of her latest picture, "Madame Peacock," required but eighteen days and five hours.

But, then, madame is unique. She is the most indefatigable of all stars. There are no "waits" in madame's organization. She arrives on the second she designates, and she expects each member of her company to do the same. Upon the completion of her picture she left for New York. Her next production will be made there.

When we met madame at the studio she was about to enter the cutting room, where she works with film and shears. As usual, she was bubbling with a "great joke."

"Now what do you think I have been called?" she cried. "No cuss word, no! I am 'The Leaping Lark!' That's what a Japanese fan writes to me. Is it not funny? How I do enjoy these letters, especially from the Japanese."

Nazimova enjoys her fan mail more than any other star whom I know. Most regard it as a burden, and I blame them not. But for Madame With the Heart of a Child it is great fun. She had received a letter from a girl who wished to break into the movies, but who assured Nazimova that, being a girl of fine family and education, she did not wish to associate with extras or the common motion-picture people.

"Oh, if I had that girl here! Oh, if I had her here!"

THE MACLEAN-MAY DIVORCE.

Various reasons have been given for the stellar separation of Douglas MacLean and Doris May, who made a hit in "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave," "What's Your Husband Doing?" "Mary's Ankle," and "Let's Be Fashionable."

It was supposed that desertion on the part of Miss May was the trouble. Now we learn the real cause was "incompatibility of

exclaimed madame, making a gesture à la Dempsey. "What I would do to her! Such a little snob! Why, I played extra for two years on the stage in Russia!"

A certain actor seeking favor with Nazimova approached her on the set one day. He said, in his most ingratiating manner:

"Madame, I have a friend who saw you play in Moscow, Russia."

Madame smiled her bantering smile.

"Oh, no, no; that cannot be," she retorted. "Moscow is a very large city, a very fine city. He never saw me there. I only played the 'tanks' in Russia."

I repeat, Nazimova is the most remarkable human being in motion pictures.

A REGULAR BIG BERTHA.



Priscilla Dean is suffering a nervous collapse due to the combined effect of earthquakes and the

shell shocks induced by a Swede cook, who stands six feet one in her holoproofs, by golla! After giving an imitation of the bombardment of Rheims, using china in lieu of lead, the culinary amazon handed in her notice and demanded a reference. Miss Dean, in great agitation, penned the following:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that Bertha Blank is the tallest cook I ever had. (Signed) Priscilla Dean-Oakman."

LOCKLEAR'S GREAT FLIGHT.

"The Skywayman," when released by William Fox, will be a testimonial to the spirit of Lieutenant Ormer Locklear, the man who never knew how to be afraid, and to his equally fearless "pal," Milton "Skeets" Elliott. To such men there is no such thing as death, hence there is a splendor in their passing. For it was not through any ignorance of his hazards that Locklear performed his acts of daring. He was a fatalist. He knew death was inevitable, but he had no fear of it, and that to us seems a supreme achievement for man. His freedom from all claim of fear earned him a hero's glory in the war. But Locklear would only smile at the word "hero." He performed as willingly for entertainment as for war.

We watched his plane on the night he made his supreme ascent. It arose in a trail of light. Two eyes, one red and one green, flashed down to earth. Then came a burst of great light, as if some strange flower suddenly unfolded and shook its glory through the night. It paused for a moment, radiant, then swiftly fell and buried itself forever in the earth. Locklear and his "pal" had made the Great Flight together, as they had flown through life. And the only farewell uttered by the aviator was in a sealed letter to his mother, which by some divine agency was spared from the sacrilege of flames.

No wonder Priscilla wrote the recommendation.

Four cameras recorded the entire scene, which represented on the screen the death of the fictional man whom Locklear played. The first to reach the blazing plane on the De Mille aviation field were two of his friends, Louise Lovely, the leading lady of the picture, and Viola Dana, who had bid him good-by with a strange note of premonition. Only the night before he had jested of the time when fate would "get" him. But nothing could ever "get" the dauntless spirit of Locklear or Skeets Elliott, two men who understood "the most beautiful adventure of life."

LATEST BULLETIN ON GLORIA.

Extra! Gloria Swanson has not been signed to star for Paramount for five years. She is enlisting with First National for stardom as soon as she comes forth from her present family retirement. That's the latest bulletin anent the siren, whose affairs seem as settled as Russia's. Mr. De Mille is quoted as saying that Miss Swanson in "Something to Think About" displays qualities as remarkable as Duse or Bernhardt. She always has—and some more!

Which recalls a funny story about Gloria's engagement by De Mille. The famous director considered her for several weeks. Finally he told her she wouldn't do unless she had an operation performed to straighten her nose. Gloria wept. To the operating table she would not go. Let Yorska do it. Not for little Gloria! Then the director relented and took her, nose and all. That uptilted bit of feature has become the most admired of the entire facial ensemble. No doubt many an operation has been performed to achieve a nose like Gloria's.

STELLAR ETIQUETTE.

How to act upon becoming a star, especially if heading one's own company.

1. Buy a few ten-thousand-dollar cars



Stellar etiquette.
1. Buy a few ten-thousand-dollar cars.

with special bodies, special paint, and a kalogram or a coat-of arms.

2. Engage a butler to keep the old friends from breaking in.

3. Can a director or two, supervise your

own productions, be known as the author of your own stories, and otherwise dominate.

4. Be sure to speak cordially to every one, but convey the impression that you're exclusive, especially among the common movie folk.

5. Engage a good leading man or leading lady, as the case may warrant, but don't give 'em a chance to do any good work.

6. Always receive newspaper people most graciously, but keep them waiting so they won't get the idea you want publicity.

7. Take yourself and your work very seriously, and never laugh at any jokes lest people think you uncouth.

8. If you get married, deny it; if you get divorced,

deny it; if you marry again, deny it; always tell a lie.

9. Never permit any one to call you "temperamental" or anything else that isn't in keeping with your divine right as the chosen favorite of the people.

10. Never speak ill of any one unless it be your director, your supporting players, "the Eastern office," or your rivals.

11. Never remember faces lest you will have to speak to a lot of unimportant people whom you've met.

12. Go to Europe.

POPULARITY CONTEST.

We recently made an impromptu poll in the movie colony to determine the most popular players among the players. The female winner was Norma Talmadge. The male winner was Richard Barthelmess.

N. B.—Neither lives in the movie colony.

BARRIE BECOMES FAMOUS.

Jesse Lasky tells this anecdote on Sir James Barrie, who manages to retain his sense of humor even though he's now of the movies.

"At last I am famous," said Sir James. "I've lived here in London a good many years, but it was never until charming little Mary Pickford visited me that the street outside my windows was packed with a cheering crowd."

EVEN AS CÆSAR.

When Larry Semon went to New York things became very gloomy around the Vitagraph lot. Finally his assistant director wired:

"Safe to return. Your wife and five children have left town."

To which Larry made telegraphic retort: "They hanged your grandfather here last night. It was a pretty sight."

When Larry blew back to Los Angeles he was met at the station by members of his troupe all dressed in his characteristic style. They forced him to disrobe down to his B. V. D.'s and don his comedy attire, after which he was escorted in state to the studio.

Those Roman emperors with their triumphal parades had nothing on Larry.

LADY BOUNTIFUL MOORE.

Andrew J. Carnegie gave away libraries, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., gave two boxes of candy to the Studio Club. But the noblest act of charity is that of Colleen Moore. Miss Moore gives away her doctor's prescriptions. We're promised the one after the one she gives Gordon Gassaway.

Stellar etiquette.
7. Take yourself very seriously, and never laugh at jokes.

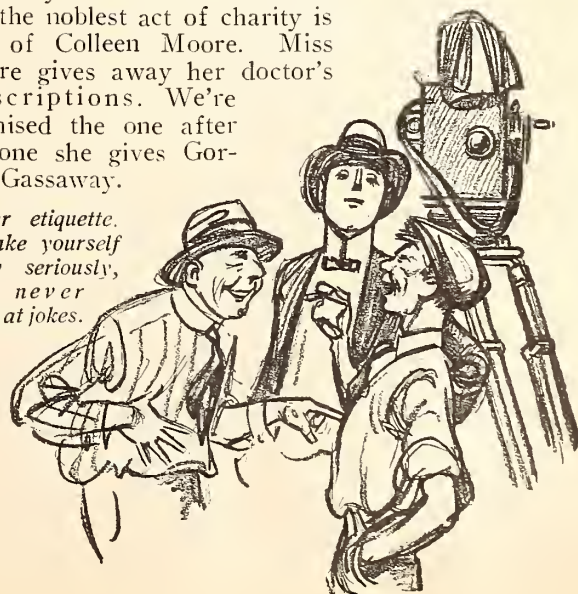




Photo by Old Masters

Just on the Threshold

By Barbara Little

I'M not really in pictures yet; 'A Modern Salome' wasn't an introduction at all, you know; it was simply *terrible!*"

I gasped with astonishment. Such frankness in a movie star! I just sat and stared at blue-eyed, golden-haired Hope Hampton, and marveled that one so pretty could be so truthful about something that wasn't flattering to herself.

"Everything from my make-up to the story was dreadful, I thought. It was such a relief when in the second picture I had a rôle I loved; I did my very best with it, and I *think* it's a good picture."

You see, she's not only frank, but modest as well. And because of those very qualities I shall be interested in seeing this second picture, which started out as "The Tiger Lady," and at present is booked for the screen as "The Penalty of Passion."

Miss Hampton said she wished that second picture, which Maurice Tourneur directed, or even her third, on which she's now at work, could have been her introduction to you. I don't; I wish you could have met her as I did, at tea, and heard her chatter away about her four dogs, which she adores, and her six months at dramatic school, where she worked her pretty head just about off, and her four hobbies—acting, painting, dancing, and something else which she simply couldn't remember that afternoon. You'd have found her prettier than she is on the screen, and very charming.

"You have a big future ahead of you, seems to me," I told her.

"Don't talk about it!" she begged. "That's my one superstition. I never let any one tell me what big things I'm going to do or what a lot of money I'm going to earn—if they do I know their prophecies won't come true."

So we won't say another word about it. We'll just wait and see.



Romances of Famous Film Folk

This story—the first of a series—concerns the romance of Charles Ray and Clara Grant, who is now, as you know, Mrs. Ray. As the author suggests, it reads almost like one of the plays in which its hero has so endeared himself to the hearts of all picturegoers. Could any story have a better recommendation?

By Grace Kingsley

BECAUSE love has its roots down in elemental emotions which are impossible of analysis even by the lovers themselves, who ever learned the exact and true story of a love affair? Who can tell the obscure sources of mutual attraction that draw two people together and hold them—year after year? What foundations of character, of constancy, or irresistible affinity underlie the great love affairs of the world? Yet history records such love affairs—love, that most transient and ephemeral of emotions—that tenuous golden cobweb that so often is blown into shreds before the thousand sordid and contending winds of life.

Even in that world of rainbow-hued and brilliant artificiality, that life of sudden ardors fanned by the winds of artistic emotionalism, quickened by the exigencies of artistic demands—the world of make-believe, known as the acting world—there gleam some of the most beautiful, true, and tender romances the world has known. Not romances of a moment, but romances burning with a pure white light whose flame burns steadily against the gusts of emotionalism forever surrounding them.

Such a romance is that of Charles Ray and his wife.

Of course nobody actually believes any more that there is a little god named Cupid, who, dressed neatly in a pair of wings, dashes about with a bow and arrow, X-raying people's hearts and shooting invisible darts into them, making the victims fall in love whether they want to or not. And yet, if anybody did believe that old story, it should be Charlie Ray and his pretty young wife, who used to be Clara Grant, you know. For Cupid certainly did make a neat job of it with them.

But—dear me! Whoever learned the exact story of a real love affair, anyhow? Even the people involved can't tell just how it all happened. Certainly not shy folk like Charlie Ray and modest misses like Clara Grant. One can only sketch the truth. You must fill in the glowing details for yourself. But you're not going to be a bit disappointed in Charlie Ray's romance. It's so exactly like him, as you know him, and is so exactly like one of his film stories that he could use it for a plot if he wanted to.

It wasn't as if pretty Clara Grant never had any other beaux. Goodness, no! She was fairly swamped with them back in the days when she lived with her widowed mother in Los Angeles. But somehow they seemed rather a stupid lot to Clara, those other young men; they had no particular ambition, most of 'em, except to get some sort of job, go to dances and on motor parties, and keep well dressed.

And Clara Grant was ambitious. She was ambitious to look as pretty as she could for one thing—and that was very pretty indeed—but that wasn't all by any means. Her ambition ran along artistic lines. She painted and sketched and played the piano very nicely, and she acted a little. Her mother was a modiste, and Clara helped her mother design the gowns that never, never were known to fail to suit the people they were made for.

And Charlie was fresh and handsome and modest and manly—and poor; just the sort that Cupid delights in picking out for a victim just to see him blush and wriggle. Really Charlie wasn't especially attractive to girls in his high-school days, he was so quiet and backward. I know a girl who went to high school with him, and she says none of the girls ever looked at Charlie then—and she added that some of 'em are awfully sorry now that they didn't! He was attending the business department of Polytechnic High School, and he hoped that some day, by being very industrious, he might get a job as a stenographer and bookkeeper. Of course he didn't feel at all sure of it, but he hoped. And he plugged and plugged.

Then one day a fellow student told Charlie he was going to a certain dramatic school that night, and asked Charlie if he didn't want to go along. Charlie looked up wearily from his typewriter, thought of the awful rows of figures and of the monotonous thud-thud of the machine, and decided he would go. Good gracious! Just supposing he

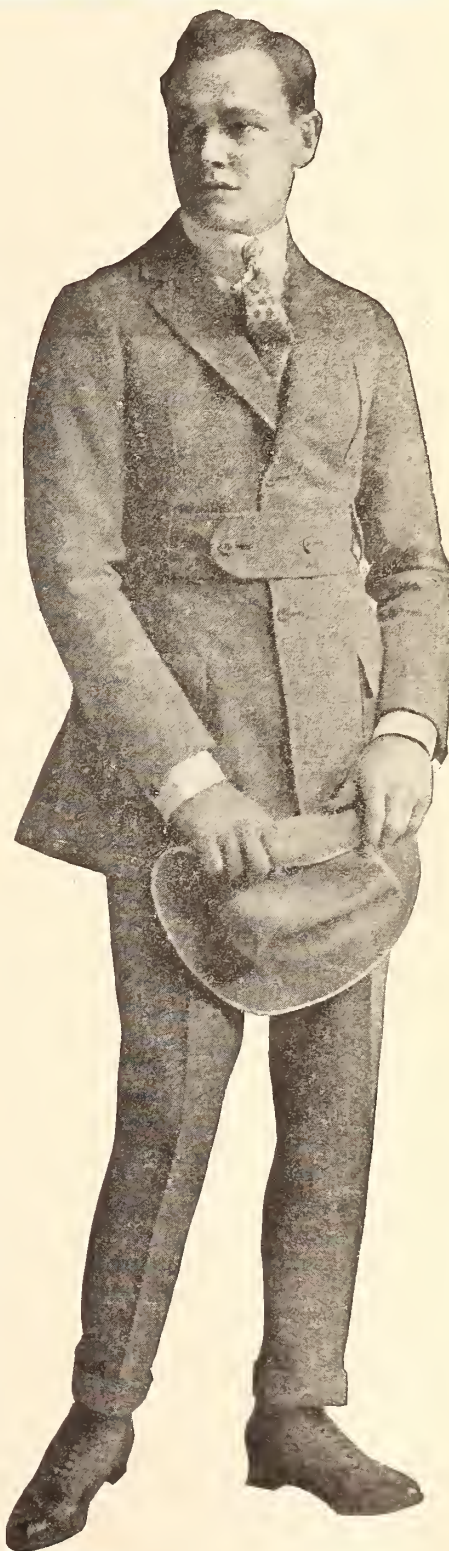
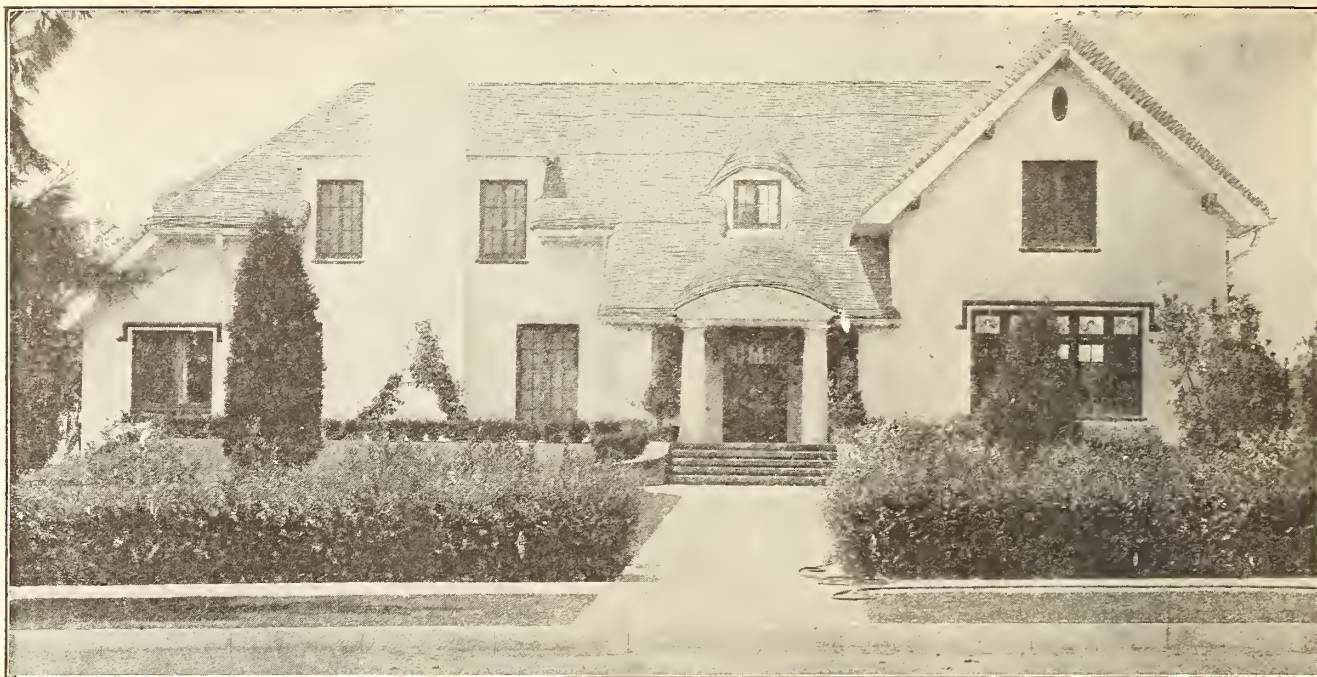


Photo by Carpenter

Charlie was just the sort that Cupid delights in picking out for a victim—just to watch him blush and wriggle.



The Rays' home in Beverly Hills.

hadn't! Supposing he had decided to stay at home and study his shorthand like a good boy. But suddenly he felt a wild, thrilling desire to do something devilish. So he went to the dramatic school, feeling like a fish out of water, of course, as he stood about in corners and watched those clever young people chatting and laughing and getting ready to rehearse. Somebody came over and asked him if he wanted to join the night classes. He blushed and shuffled his feet and said he didn't think he could do anything, though deep down in his heart, he confesses now, there sprang up in his heart at that very moment a daring desire to be an actor. Then somebody insisted, partly as a lark. When Charlie saw he was being kidded he squared his shoulders and looked the somebody in the eye and said, "All right," he would. And he did. And somehow he managed to make a hit in the very first part he played, too.

But right there he met with opposition. His father wanted him to be a business man, not an actor. However, Charlie persuaded him to let him attend dramatic school for three months, during vacation preceding his last year in high school, promising he'd give up if he didn't land some sort of a dramatic job at the end of that time. The end of the quarter drew near, and Charlie hadn't done anything. So he quit and went back to his typewriter and book-keeping. That is, he went back ostensibly. But he kept on at dramatic school, too, on the quiet. His father found out about it one day, and, instead of raving and tearing up the earth, he behaved like a sensible man, went down to see the dramatic-school teacher, and asked him if he thought Charlie would ever make good as an actor. Yes, the teacher said, he thought that if Charlie kept on that he would some day be earning as high as fifty or sixty dollars a week—if he worked hard. That satisfied Charlie's father, and he let him stay on. During this time Charlie was earning a little by playing in pictures or in small parts at the theaters.

And right here is where the love interest begins to come in, because right here Clara Grant appears.

One afternoon the door opened and in stepped a very pretty girl. Charlie sort of gasped when he saw her, and his Adam's apple worked up and down. He was in the midst of rehearsal, and he bit a word right in two. She glanced up and saw him, too, and then he saw she had rather mocking blue eyes and a laughing mouth. So he set his teeth tight together and went on playing his rôle. But out of the corners of his eyes he watched her, and he saw that she entered one of the dancing classes.

"I thought she was a little bit of loveliness right then," explained Charlie with an embarrassed little grin as he found himself talking about romance, "but I was awfully bashful in those days, and I simply wouldn't force my attentions on her. Besides, I was awfully poor," he went on quietly, "so I figured, what was the use of trying to get acquainted with such a radiant creature? But I admit I did want to know her very, very much."

He was in the dramatic class and she was in the dancing class, and so he would just catch a glimpse of her coming and going. But it is proof of his depth of feeling and tenacity of purpose that he never did forget her, though he didn't see her again for four long years.

For it was about that time he left to go into an Arizona stock company, and after that into small-time vaudeville with Chester Conklin, Chester playing an Irish comedian and Charlie a German comedian.

He was working and struggling so hard in those days that he didn't think about much else, girls least of all. But whenever he thought of the dramatic school there came into his mind the vision of a light-footed girl, who danced and who had mocking blue eyes and a laughing mouth, and he wondered in a vague sort of way if he'd ever see her again.

"Gee!" exclaimed Bryant Washburn, that bright June morning, his eyes sparkling as they should under the circumstances. "Gee! What a pretty girl!"

That was the way the romance began which ended in the marriage of Bryant Washburn and Mabel Chidester—who, by the way, are now on what they call their wedding trip, although they've been married some years.

The story of their love affair is just as interesting and charming as that of the Rays. Miss Kingsley will tell about it in the December PICTURE-PLAY.

"And when I met her again it was after I had gone into pictures," Charlie told me. "Funny thing fate is," Charlie went on. "I went one night to a party at Constance Johnston's, just by a chance meeting with William D. Taylor, the director, on the street, who asked me if I didn't want to go. I said, 'Sure,' and invited him to ride in my little Overland car—yes, I had a little car by that time; father helped me buy it. It seems—I found this out afterward—that Clara hadn't intended going to the party. She had been working all day and was tired. But our hostess, Miss Johnston, who was very fond of Clara, called her up on the telephone and asked her please to come over and dance with the surplus of men. Clara had gone to bed, but finally Miss Johnston persuaded her; she got up and dressed and came over, and as she lived only two blocks away they let her come alone. Which was another little stitch of fate, as you can see. Because afterward it enabled me to take her home. I just ditched dear old Taylor and took Miss Grant home grandly in my car. And it was moonlight!"

But that was later in the evening. The funny part of it was their meeting, which you will admit all happened exactly like a scene in a Charlie Ray picture.

It happened when Miss Grant came down the stairway after removing her wraps, when Charlie came suddenly around a corner from the room where they were dancing, and they ran smack into each other! Miss Grant was going to be just a little bit mad—and then she looked up into Charlie's earnest eyes and face red with embarrassment, and her face broke into smiles and glad recognition. And, my! but didn't Charlie recognize her, and didn't he blush! He hastily apologized, and then they looked at each other a minute. Clara took rather a long look into Charlie's eyes, and she found that they were good eyes, and afterward, all the rest of the evening, she was more thoughtful than she had been in a long time. But I'm ahead of my story.

Just then the dance music struck up.

"W-w-won't you dance with me, Miss Grant?" asked Charlie, partly because he could think of nothing else to say. They found they danced very well together, and Charlie's stage experience helped him to overcome his shyness with the girl of the mocking eyes and the laughing mouth, so they danced together a good many times, and then he took her home, and, as I said before, it was moonlight, which always does help.

Afterward they went out to parties and theaters together a great deal, and I can't record one bit of parental objection, either. Clara's mother liked Charlie, and Charlie's parents thoroughly approved of Clara. But Charlie remained very poor for two long years.

"You don't feel you can take all a girl's time when you have nothing to offer," said Charlie with reminiscent wistfulness. "Though I had a machine I wasn't rich. I could hardly keep a small automobile, let alone a wife," he smiled drolly.

"Don't you think Clara Grant cared for you all the while?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know. Girls are awfully smart that way, you know," answered Charlie in a boyishly awestruck tone. "But," and he smiled whimsically, "even if Clara didn't know it, I was engaged to her all the while, whether she was engaged to me or not!"

The two went together two whole years. Of course Charlie was worried all the time for fear some other boy would take Clara away from him. In fact, once they were estranged because some man—a real "villain," I'll say, told Charlie that Clara was engaged to be married to him. So Charlie stopped calling, and of course Clara just wouldn't send for Charlie, and there they were! But they met accidentally one day on a country road while Charlie was going out to work on

location and Clara was driving with a friend.

Clara stopped her car, and then Charlie stopped his. Clara asked Charlie to call in quite formal fashion, and Charlie said, "All right." So it was all made up again. But still Charlie's conscience wouldn't let him propose. "Not," he told himself with his teeth shut tight together, "until he was earning one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week."

But they spent long, happy Sunday afternoons together, taking rides and long walks in the suburbs of Los Angeles, looking wistfully up at handsome homes and dreaming happy dreams. Often there were theater parties, when Charlie was working, and then there were jolly little table-d'hôte dinners together at French and Italian restaurants, where you got positively everything for seventy-five cents, self-made music on a player piano included, and where you could feel very adventurous and a little wicked, sipping the red wine and looking about at the bobbed-haired

women and the long-haired men.

"Lots of times I sacrificed a couple of neckties I really needed," said the ingenuous young man, "to be able to take her to the theater and have an ice-cream soda afterward."

Sometimes, when there was no money for an outing, they stayed at home with Clara's mother and read books together, which cost nothing and was really great fun, especially when you liked the same sort of books. And they'd talk about Charlie's ambitions and the rôles he was playing.

Sometimes his car was out of commission, and twice he hadn't even car fare, but cheerfully walked the two miles he had to to call on his lady love.

That one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week seemed very slow in coming. And once Charlie was almost discouraged.

"I'm getting along too slowly," Charlie said one night when he called on Miss Grant. "I've got a chance to go into the automobile business, and I've a mind to take it!"

"Why, Charlie, you don't know a thing about automobiles," laughed Clara, "and you really do know a great deal about acting. Be patient!"

Charlie looked at her and had to smile, too. Out



Take a good look at Charlie and his wife, for Mrs. Ray shuns the camera, and few pictures of her have ever been published.



Photo by Abbe

is decidedly "pug." Her mouth has a whimsical expression that gives the impression that something delightful has just happened, or is about to happen, and her whole personality is straightforward and unaffected.

I wanted to know, of course, how she got into pictures, and the humorous mouth indicated that there was something decidedly funny about it.

"You must just take my word for all this," smiling her queer little smile, "'cause it sounds 'faky.' But it's the gospel truth.

"I played in stock companies in New York for seven years, and I came out here once, playing the lead in 'Fair and Warmer,' and continued to play stock companies until the actors' strike, a little over a year ago.

"Then, one day, as I was reading the news on the bulletin board of the progress of the strike, a tall, dark, fine-looking man standing at my left said, 'Pardon me, but if you are not employed—and I judge you are not—I should advise you to go to the Fox Film Company. They are in need of a leading woman of the Ethel Clayton type, and I am sure that, should you so desire, the place might easily be yours.'

"Before I could gather my wits sufficiently to ask to whom I was indebted for the information he vanished in the crowd like a 'geni.' I have since al-

What Would You Do?

If an entire stranger, in a crowd, suddenly informed you that a leading-lady part was awaiting you at a certain studio—would you have done as Betty Ross Clarke did?

By Muriel A. McPhee

TELEGRAM for Betsy Ross!" announced the studio "Buttons," as he placed a Western Union communication on the table in the Lasky office. "Betsy Ross!" I echoed. "Do you go in for ouija communications with departed spirits?"

"Oh, no," he answered, "that's what we call Betty Ross Clarke, Roscoe Arbuckle's leading woman. It sounds like her real name, and then, besides, she's a descendant or something of the famous Betsy who made the flag."

Of course, after that I was dying to see her, because Betsy Ross had been one of my pet heroines in high-school days, and somehow I sort of visualized this Miss Ross of 1920 as being an old-fashioned girl, perhaps attired in hoop skirts and lacy pantalets.

But there was no hoop-skirt atmosphere about the very modern young lady to whom I was introduced a few minutes later on the set where she had just finished a scene with the rotund Roscoe.

She is a tall, stately girl, with light-brown hair and clear, brown eyes, set widely apart over a nose that



most decided that he must have been one. I have never had a glimpse of him since, although I have searched everywhere for him and have even advertised in the papers, just in hopes that he might let me thank him for what he did for me.

"Didn't I tell you it sounded 'faky'?" she demanded. It did sound rather peculiar, but I shrugged my

Continued on page 85

The White Circle

If you enjoy the color and mystery of Maurice Tourneur's tense pictures, you cannot fail to enjoy this story, the work of one of America's best writers of fiction, adapted from Tourneur's latest production.

By Robert W. Sneddon

WELL," said Northmour insolently. "Well, my dear Huddlestone, what do you intend to do? Am I to have Clara or not?"

The banker, sitting huddled in his dressing gown, rubbed his long, thin hands nervously.

"Hush," he said. "Not so loud. She is in the next room."

"Then the sooner she knows the better. I am a man of action," Northmour told him, knitting his heavy brows. "Give me the right to call her mine, and I will take care of her future."

"And have you desert me? I have no guarantee against that."

"By heavens, Huddlestone," Northmour cried with a sudden flare of anger. "You are an old man, and for that at least I must respect you, but had it been any other man who assailed my honor, it had gone hard with him. My word is my bond; let that satisfy you."

"Surely, surely, my dear Northmour," assented the elder man in trembling tones. "But wait a little. Give her time to better her acquaintance with you."

"I am an adventurer, Huddlestone—a soldier of fortune, and I take from life precisely what I set my mind upon getting. And at the present moment it happens that I want Clara. But for her I should be in Italy. Where the fire of revolution is built, you will always find me ready with a torch to set the fire ablaze."

"Italy!"

Huddlestone uttered the word with a strange intensity.

Northmour smiled sardonically and walked to the window.

"Italy, eh? The word brings back pleasant recollections, my dear Huddlestone."

Huddlestone sat upright in his chair, his face working convulsively. His fingers played with the papers on the desk in front of him.

Suddenly he gave forth a cry of such terror that Northmour wheeled round sharply.

With shaking hand Huddlestone was holding out a sheet of paper.

"The white circle!" he whimpered like a child.

Northmour strode to him.

"Oh, play the man!" he commanded roughly. "What folly is this?" and snatched the paper from him.

"We must leave at once," Huddlestone said brokenly. "At once. They have discovered that I am in hiding here. How did they place this paper on my desk? They are in this house!"

Northmour turned the paper over in his fingers.

"Well, my dear friend. The game is up. I knew it was only a question of time."

He rubbed his chin reflectively.

From the street below rose a sound of music, the tramp of marching feet, a low-voiced murmur of "Italia!"

"What is that?" whispered Huddlestone, tottering to his feet and raising a pistol, as though expecting some enemy suddenly to appear.

"An Italian procession—the Italian patriots who have taken refuge in London. I should not wonder if some of your late clients are among them."

"Close the shutters!"

Huddlestone motioned to him frantically. With a malicious

grin of contempt Northmour closed the shutters, then coming over to the table lit a candle.

All at once as if assailed by fresh apprehension, the older man held the slip of paper over the candle. As the heat of the flame struck it, across the surface ran the black letters of a hitherto invisible message of doom.

"Death!" said Huddlestone in a choked voice. "A thousand deaths of fear—that is their sentence."

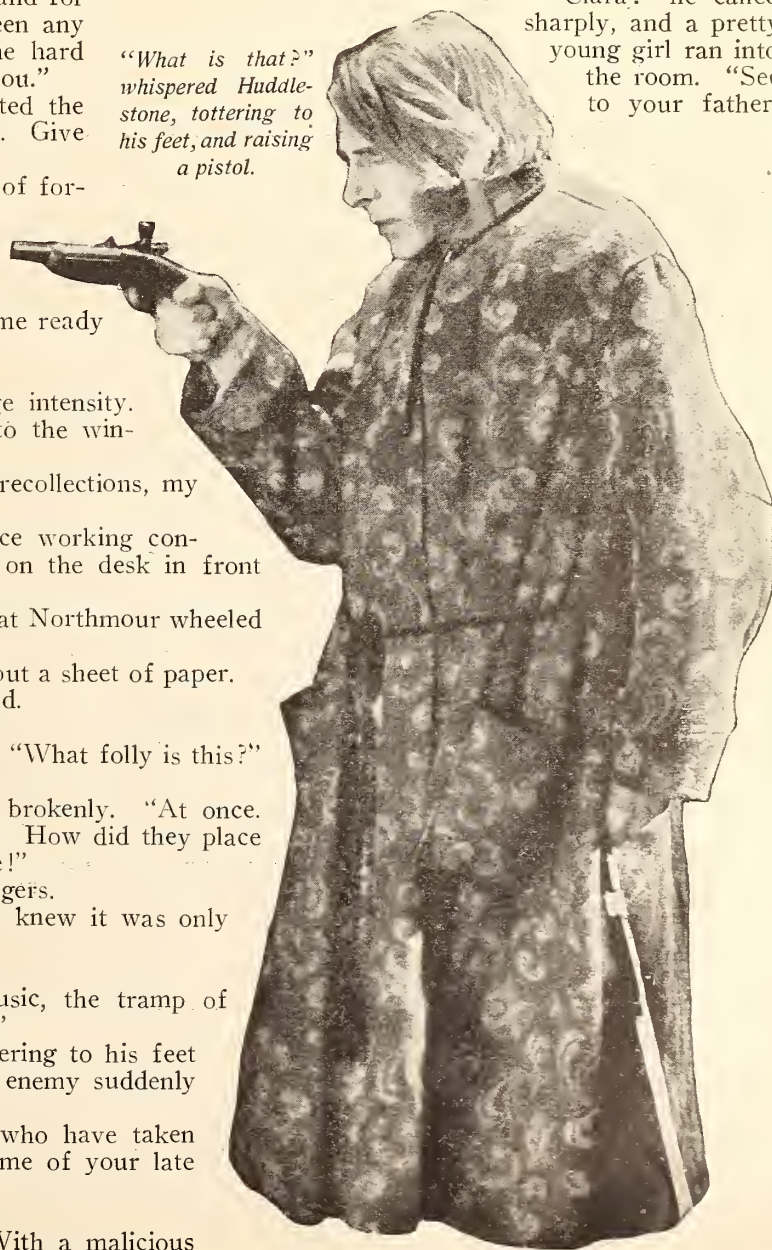
"Clara!" Northmour uttered significantly. "And I'll save you yet."

Huddlestone nodded his head. His huge frame crumpled up as it sank into the chair.

Northmour took three strides to the door and threw it open.

"Clara!" he called sharply, and a pretty young girl ran into the room. "See to your father,

"What is that?" whispered Huddlestone, tottering to his feet, and raising a pistol.



then pack up. We leave London for Scotland to-night on my yacht."

Clara looked at him an instant with startled, terrified eyes, then going over to her father, put her arms about him as if to protect him from the danger which for months she had felt to be hanging over his head.

The door slammed upon Northmour's impatient exit.

In a hollow of the sand dunes of the seacoast of Scotland, among the stiff grass, crouching over a fire of sea driftwood, a roughly clad young man gazed moodily at a house, the roof and upper windows of which rose dimly above the irregular line of sand against the sky. A horse near by breathed heavily into its feed-bag, straining upon the rope which secured it to a gypsy cart. From the darkness came an urchin with an armful of fuel which he placed on the blaze, before sitting down beside the other. Silently the young man placed his arm about the boy.

"This is better than a London slum, Ferd?" he said at last.

"Ain't it just, guv'nor?" the boy chirped.

"Scared?"

"Not 'arf. I ain't scared of nuffink, guv'nor. S'truth, I ain't," he added boldly.

His companion laughed, then resumed his moody scrutiny of the lonely house.

"Wotcher lookin' at that 'ouse for? Ain't there nobody lives there?"

"A friend of mine used to live there three years ago."

"So that's why you come back 'ere, guv'nor?"

"Yes, that's why, Ferd. I have to come back once every year."

"Blimy! Is it a promise?"

"Yes."

"Wot's the bloke's nime?"

"Northmour."

Frank Cassilis drew out his pipe from his pocket and packed it, thrusting down the tobacco with an almost vicious insistence.

He could remember that night of nights so clearly. The game of chess, the hasty words, Northmour's insolent defiance, his unexpected challenge—a pistol duel to the death in that room. He had fired and missed, then while Northmour regarded him with his mocking smile he had felt his manhood turn into a thing of ignominy. Finally Northmour had said:

"I reserve my shot for another occasion. This time you may go, but on your word of honor you must come back here once a year. I may claim my shot then or I may not. Now go!"

And once a year he had performed his pilgrimage to Death, to find its abiding place deserted, bolted, and barred.

Ferd clutched his arm.

"Look, guv'nor. The 'ouse!" he gasped.

In the darkened house an upper window leaped into light. Another! A creeping shadow holding a candle passed from room to room.

Above the wail of the winds and the angry wash of the sea on the shore there rose the thumping of the paddle wheels of a steamship. A light gleamed out at sea as if in signal to the house. There came the squeak of tackle. A yacht lying offshore had lowered a boat. Some one was coming ashore.

From his hiding place Frank Cassilis watched the landing. First came a tall man, heavily shawled, a

girl, and then another after they had passed, a stoutly built man whose stride he could not mistake, carrying a lantern.

He sprang to his feet.

"Northmour!" he cried and advanced to him.

Northmour halted, drawing a pistol, then recognizing him, snarled:

"You here? What are you spying on me for? I give you warning, Cassilis, get away from my neighborhood or you will repent of it."

And thrusting the astonished Cassilis aside Northmour hastened after the two who had gone before. Cassilis returned to his fire. What was this new mystery?

And who were Northmour's friends who came so secretly to this lonely part?

For two days he skulked in the neighborhood of the house, but he could learn nothing of its occupants. On the third day he saw Northmour and the girl walking on the sands, Northmour talking arrogantly, then retiring from her as though he had received a rebuff.

The girl passed on, walking hastily as though to set a greater distance between herself and her late companion. Cassilis gasped.

Two steps more and her life would have been in jeopardy. Her foot trembled upon the brink of the quicksands of Graden Flow. He called out to her to stop, and as she turned obediently he ran to her.

"What does this mean?" she asked, looking at him.

"You were walking directly into the quicksands. If you had set foot in them, nothing could have saved you from being engulfed."

"You speak like an educated man, and yet——"

Her eyes scanned his rough dress questioningly.

"I believe I may claim to be that," he assured her.

"My name is Cassilis—Frank Cassilis. I lead the life of a vagabond for my own pleasure. I am one of Northmour's oldest friends, and I may be still, though he treats me like an enemy."

"You mean harm?" she asked with a searching glance.

Cassilis shook his head.

"Not to you or yours, nor even to Northmour, but if he thinks I do, the remedy is to his hand. Tell him my camp is in Hemlock Den, and to-night he can kill me in safety while I sleep."

And without further explanation he left her.

The next day as he lay among the bent he heard his name called and sprang to his feet.

"Oh!" she cried hoarsely, as an expression of relief overspread her face. "Thank God you are still safe. I knew if you were you would still be here. But promise me that you will not stay here. I could not sleep last night for thinking of your peril in the open."

"Peril?" he repeated. "Then you have told——"

"No! Do you think I would tell him after what you said?"

"Then peril from whom?"

"I am not free to tell you. Only go away from here at once."

"But surely if my life is in peril, perhaps you remain here at some risk, you and your father."

"My father. How do you know that?"

"I saw your father when you landed. But don't be alarmed. I see you have some reason to be secret. You may trust me. Your secret is as safe with me as if I were in Graden Flow. But Northmour?"

"The White Circle"

From the **Maurice Tournour** production based on Robert Louis Stevenson's story, "The Pavilion on the Links," and played with the following cast:

Clara Huddleston.....	Janice Wilson
Frank Cassilis.....	Jack Gilbert
Bernard Huddleston.....	Spottiswoode Aitken
Northmour.....	Harry S. Northrup
Gregorio.....	Jack McDonald
Ferd.....	Wesley Barry

"He stays here."

"To share your danger, while you propose that I should run away. I shall stay."

"Why should you stay?" she asked. "You are no friend of ours."

Cassilis hung his head—he could not meet her eyes for chagrin and pain.

"No! No!" she said in a changed voice. "I did not mean that," and held out her hand, "and yet if you knew who we were you would not so much as speak to me. My father is in hiding."

"My dear," he cried, scarcely conscious of his familiarity. "My dear, what do I care? If he were in hiding twenty times over, would it come between us for a moment?"

"Ah, but——" she faltered. "I am Clara Huddleston. My father is Bernard Huddleston, the banker, who——"

"Say no more," he said gravely. "I know the name and the circumstances."

He could see almost as plainly as if the printed page were before his eyes, the newspaper report of the failure of the London banker, the list of his defalcations and misappropriations, the denunciations of his victims.

"But what of Northmour?" he asked.

"Northmour," she answered bravely, raising her eyes to his. "He has promised to save my father. When the yacht returns from refitting we are to go to one of the islands of the South Pacific. Only——" she sighed.

"You are to marry Northmour?"

She nodded, and her eyes filled with tears. Then she began again, looking about her nervously.

"But that is not all. Have you seen any Italians about here?"

"No! In Scotland? No! There are scarce a score of living souls for twenty miles around."

"He has not told me, but I have overheard. He does not know I know—oh, the shame!—have you heard of the Carbonari?"

"The secret society for the redemption of Italy—United Italy. Yes."

"My father was the banker for the lodge in London."

"Then the funds are gone?"

"I do not know. We carried ashore a strong box from the yacht. I think he still has part of the money."

"Then why not give it up?" Cassilis suggested.

"I do not know. My father lives in terror—he is haunted. He asked me to-day if I had seen the mark of a white circle anywhere."

"A white circle? The sign of the society."

A distant voice called impatiently. "Clara!"

They started. "I must go now. Oh, you are my friend. I am so helpless. You are my friend."

On the third day he saw Northmour and the girl walking on the sands, Northmour talking arrogantly.

"For life, if you will have me!" he called after her as she ran toward the repeated summons. She turned, waved her hand to him, and he followed her with his eyes, reading her answer in that gesture.

As he walked away he saw a black object lying on the shore, and the wind lifting it sent it spinning to his feet: A soft felt hat. He picked it and examined it. It bore the mark of a Venetian hat maker. Toward the quicksands, the sand still bore the imprint of footmarks—going but not returning. An Italian had perished miserably in the uncharted pit of destruction.

That night acting upon the day of deliberation, Cassilis with Ferd went up to the house and rapped loudly upon the door. After a pause it opened, and Northmour's dark face looked out.

"Cassilis!" he snapped. "And this boy—who is he? What do you want?"

For answer Cassilis held out the hat.

"Perhaps you know the Italian who wore this?"

For a moment Northmour hesitated.

"Come inside!"

"I know the story," said Cassilis. "And this boy is a London sparrow whom I have taken under my wing."

"How did you learn the story?"

Continued on page 82



Giving Them the Air

Under-sea pictures are quite the fad with producers of late. You'll find in this unusually interesting article a great deal about the making of them that will explain many things that perhaps have puzzled you.

By Edwin Schallert



Tourneur, who has done much to develop submarine pictures, has become quite an experienced diver.

THE telephone instrument held carelessly by the man standing on the swaying raft emitted a steady murmur. It hummed and buzzed like a busy line at noonday. Occasionally it gave forth mutterings and gurgles that might have suggested echoes from an industrious frog pond at midnight. From all its symptoms it was just an ordinary, aggravating, profanity-proof telephone, with a combination of receiver and transmitter. But—

The wires led mysteriously over the side of the raft into the water. They vanished seemingly into the sea's depths. Straight down they went, as far as the eye could penetrate through the glinting surface of the ocean, until they merged with the tangled marine vegetation.

As one listened more closely to the sound from the instrument this suddenly shaped itself into an indistinct, agonized cry. It took on the semblance of a gasping utter-

Broerken Christians, who plays the title rôle in "Caleb West—Master Diver."

ance of somebody struggling for breath. Finally the words "Give me air! Air!" disentangled themselves from the electrically transmitted hubbub.

The man on the raft leisurely brought the receiver to his ear and frowned. Then he yelled into the transmitter, "What the devil's the matter, anyhow?"

The color of his swarthy face heightened. Whatever the reply to his brusque query, his own rejoinder took the form of a barrage of uncomplimentary words to the effect that air was as plentiful as a certain form of much dreaded heat. He turned to a crew working at a pump on the other side of the deck and called to them disgustedly: "Give that bum actor a heavier jolt, boys! Why in thunder they want to send those fellows to the bottom in a diving suit is by me. He's got enough air now for a whale, and still he wants more. He'll be passing out in a minute—we might as well get ready to haul him up, too."

In a few minutes the alleged bum actor did pass out, or thought he was so near it that he signaled to come to the surface. The removal of the head-piece of his diving suit revealed a very woozy-looking individual who feebly gasped, gazed around, and then asked weakly: "Where's the—Mr. Tourneur?"

Which establishes the fact that we are viewing nothing more serious than the taking of a picture.

But where is the camera and the camera man—and what does the telephone mean?

The first query is more easily explained than the second because it indicates a somewhat familiar procedure in undersea photography. Camera and camera man are just where the actor has been, namely on the floor of the ocean, where they can get a good shooting angle on the performance of the diving hero, who is attempting to rescue a dummy out of a pile of wreck-



age, or seeking the treasure in the hold of a ship that the villain torpedoed a reel or so before. Everything that is happening worth while in this episode is going on right at the bottom of the Pacific near Catalina Island, where Director Maurice Tourneur is staging the final thrilling scene in his cinema version of F. Hopkinson Smith's "Caleb West—Master Diver."

During the summer months in California the big water special season is on with a splash from Mack Sennett's bathing-beauty pool to the deepest depths that a diving apparatus can reach along the coast. And the actors aren't a bit particular whether they emote on the decks, 'tween decks, or even under the water, it would seem. Of course, a diving suit is decidedly unsmart apparel in which to stir up emotion, but underseas drama thus far has been played chiefly by the masculine performer, and his emoting is only one half of one per cent, anyway.

Directors like Tourneur, who are keen for realism, have been striving to say avast and belay to the old perfectly safe and sane method of photographing the aquatic divertissement within the studio. Of course, the real-sea stuff is generally a great deal more expensive to obtain, because it entails the chartering of craft, and perhaps the construction of sets at a distant location, not to speak of increased risk and hazard. Tourneur, however, took a chance on a large investment in tide-resisting props for his "Caleb West," among these being a concrete duplication of the hull of a boat, and though he had to keep his actors on location for weeks waiting for the proper kind of weather he finally procured some very interesting results.

You know, all that was formerly used in the majority of underseas scenes was a muddy glass of water, or an aquarium with a few fish and some seaweed through which the camera could take a peek at the actors fighting with a prop devilfish or sharks on the opposite side. As a matter of fact, this plan of action is quite popular yet, and it can be supplemented by shots obtained on the surface in the studio tank.

In the original bonafide submarine pictures, like those made by the Williamsons in the Bermuda Islands, the camera man did, of course, actually go after views of the aquatic gardens and their inhabitants, but only in a gingerly sort of way. I believe the first of these films was taken through a glass bottom boat or some such affair. Later on the Williamsons introduced the diving-bell method, which was subsequently used quite



Christians about to make a descent.

generally. However, it was generally employed in conjunction with the old reliable aquarium and its fish and seaweed, these being particularly suitable for near shots.

Some very modern improvements are being included in experiments nowadays. With these all manner of things are likely to happen on the screen. We may be seeing pictures of wedding ceremonies, aquatic vamping—though that sounds a trifle chilly—and maybe ballroom scenes and *thé dansants* staged in the submarine gardens for which Catalina Island and the Bermudas are celebrated.

Tourneur is credited with having introduced the telephone as a recent improvement. He had a communication from the diving bell to the diver. In the diving bell was ensconced the director and the camera man. The director could immediately make known his wishes to the hero of a rescue episode, and the actor could

Continued on page 87



His hands were tied behind him, his ankles were bound firmly together. I had ceased to breathe some moments before.

"Ready—camera!" said Mr. Duncan tersely, and the sputtering Klieg lights flashed. The first and second low-browed citizens held grimy fists against our hero's noble countenance.

He shook his head; no, he would never give up the key—never!

"Then you'll swing!" mouthed the first low-browed citizen, Pearlie by name, and slowly he and Lucius started pulling at the rope. Our hero made

Mr. Fix-It—Meaning Bill Duncan

Director Bill Duncan tells how he always manages to get Bill Duncan, serial star, out of the thrilling scrapes he gets him into.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

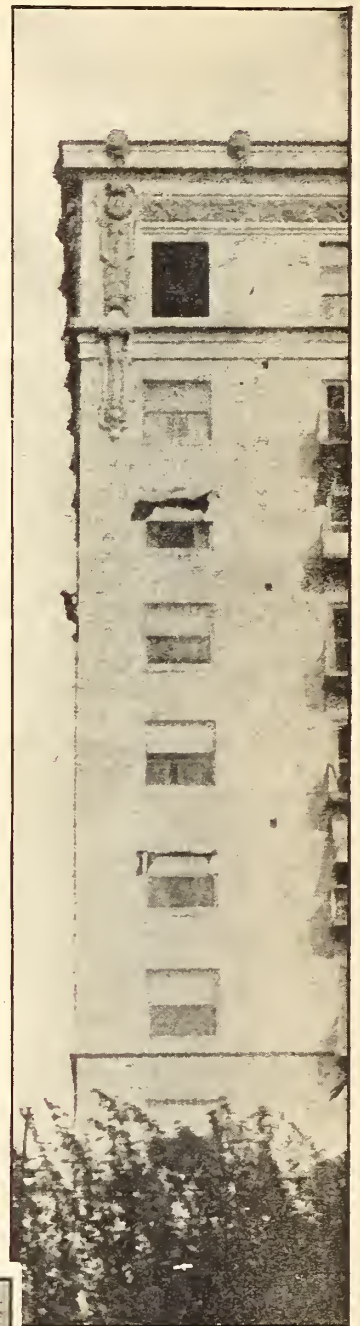
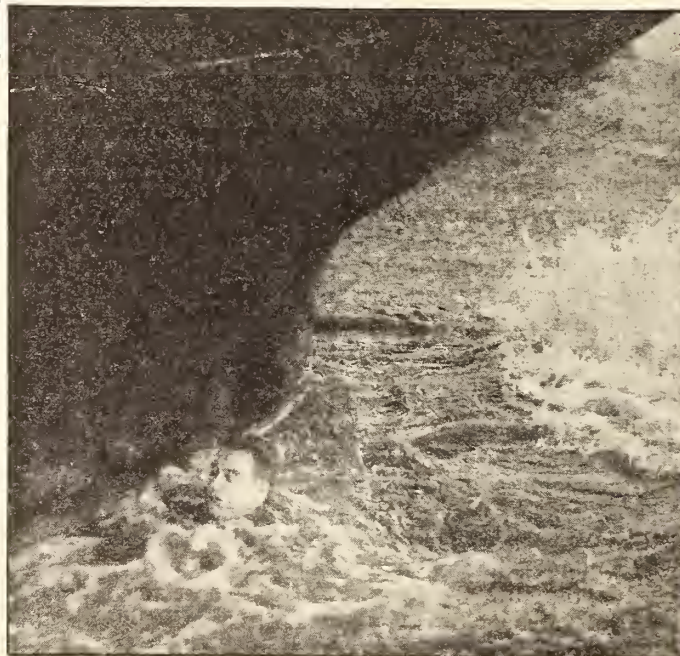
HAVE you ever lunched with a man who has just been hanged? Neither had I. So it was with a distinct shock of having encountered the unusual that I heard William Duncan's greeting to me as I appeared on the set at the Vitagraph studio, "Sit down a minute until they get through hanging me, then we'll have something to eat."

I sat down, somewhat thrilled, for there was not a doubt in the world that Mr. Duncan was going to be suspended in mid-air. A rope was knotted about his neck, and the other end had been flung over a beam at the top of the set. The property man toyed with it in a way that made me slightly nervous; what if he should have a fit or something—

But William Duncan, the serial star, was entirely unmoved. He was explaining the action of the scene from a script in his hand to a couple of low-browed individuals who were the professional villains of the story.

"First you threaten me with your fist," he was saying to the first low-browed citizen, as Shakespeare would have designated him, a wicked-looking person who answered to the name of "Pearlie," "and I refuse to give up the key to the code. Then you and Lucius"—Lucius was the second low-browed citizen—"commence to swing me up slowly. Don't hurry that part of the action—and when I say 'Cut,' let me down."

Stunts like these are merely part of the day's work for Duncan.



vain and desperate struggles to keep his feet on the floor; it was useless. The vicious pair tugged at the stout rope. He was lifted clear of the floor, his face twisted with the agony he was enduring.

"Will ya give it up?" hissed the low-browed citizens in chorus.

"Never!" This from our hero.

"Then, by——" Madened with rage, they bent their full strength upon the rope—the man rose dangling in mid-air—he was choking to death—

"Cut!" It was only a gasp, but the rope relaxed instantly, and Bill Dun-

can stood again on terra firma, eying me with a nonchalant smile, while the property man cut him loose.

I said something in a husky whisper, and the smiling Bill, once master of his neck, patted me on the back and told the carpenter to bring me a glass of water.

"It's all right," he assured me. "Why, this is the fourth time I've been hanged to-day—and we'll probably spend the afternoon on the same scenes. They have to be absolutely realistic, you know."

I told him they were, and he rubbed his neck and said they ought to be. Then we went over to the cafeteria for lunch, with Lucius and Pearlle at a near-by table discussing the former's baby, who was teething.

"But some time," I protested, over a ham omelet, "something is going to slip when you're least expecting it, and——"

"Not a chance," he denied cheerfully. "I am my own director, you see, and I fix everything so that it's perfectly safe—almost safe, anyhow."

"And you deliberately get yourself into these horrible predicaments?" I demanded with a shudder.

"Yes, I do; but then, I always get myself out, so there's one comfort. I direct myself in thrilling fights with knives in a deserted log cabin, and when I am about to be overcome by fearful odds, I cut the scene and go out to direct the soldiers from the fort who are coming to my rescue. I always fix it, you notice, so that they arrive in time to save me."

"But don't things ever go wrong in making serials?" I asked, determined to look on the gloomy side of things.

"Sure they do," he answered cheerfully. "That only means that you get a thrill not included in the script. In the serial I'm making

Oh, boy! how it did register!

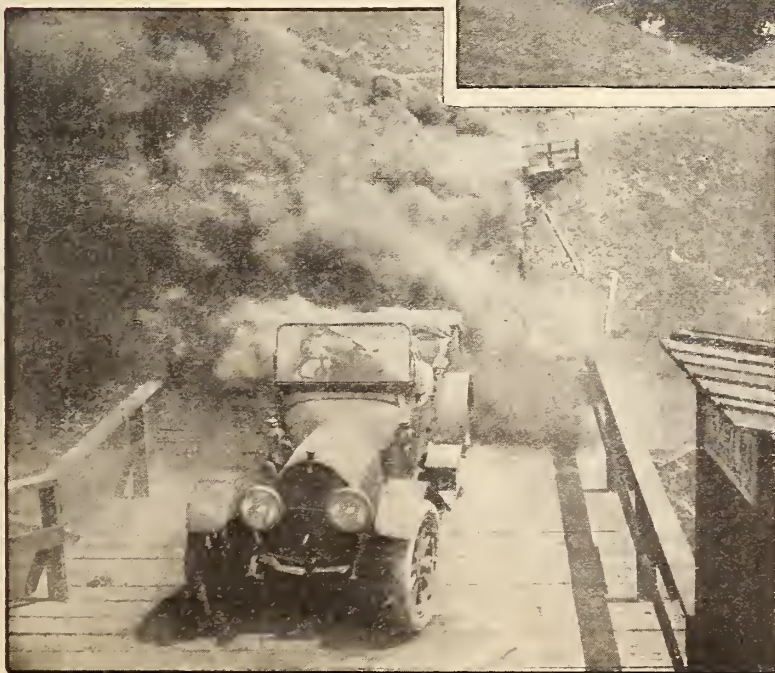


Photo by Hartsok

Bill Duncan is the kind of man you instinctively like on sight.

now, 'The Silent Avenger,' I had myself cross a burning bridge in an automobile, and just when I was across, the bridge was blown up by the dynamite placed under it. I waited to dash through the flames until the bridge was

almost gone, then I slammed the machine into gear and started through—and she stalled. The flame and the smoke blinded me—I didn't know whether I was going or coming, and the dynamite charge was due to explode in a few seconds. Gosh, I thought fast! I saw myself wearing a wooden kimono, but somehow I managed to get out and crank the car, jumped in again, and dashed to safety barely one second in advance of the explosion. I was somewhat shaken up, you can imagine, and singed—say, I smelled like a dressed turkey—but the scene was a bear. Oh, boy! how it did register!"

He sighed with artistic pride, and I looked at him the way one gazes at the circus gentleman who puts his head into the lion's mouth—admiringly, but without envy.

Bill Duncan is the kind of a man you in-

Continued on page 84

A Player without a Past

It's a delight to find an interview like this—a refreshingly written impression of a youngster who has the good sense to be simple and unaffected.

By Emma Lindsay-Squier

I WOULDN'T have asked Ralph Bushman about his past if I hadn't considered it a perfectly safe subject. Some movie pasts, you know, are in the same conversational category with false teeth and wooden legs. One simply doesn't refer to them. But Ralph looked so young, so unsophisticated, so—well, you know, *safe*, that I ventured a question regarding the years behind him, and it was a distinct shock to have him say with an air of distress: "Please let's don't talk about my past—I'd rather not!"

I apologized and said we would close the door firmly on any closeted skeleton that was bothering him, and he looked more distressed than ever.

"That isn't what I mean," he said, blushing up to the roots of his hair—imagine a movie hero who can still blush—"I'm so young, you see, much younger than I look—I'm eighteen, and I haven't any past—it's all future."

And somehow I believe that when Ralph is thirty he'll be able to say the same thing—it's my guess that he's the sort that is not addicted to pasts.

I suppose I should have said at the start that this Bushman person is the eldest son of the famous Francis X., and that he broke into pictures via the Goldwyn trail, with a prominent part in an all-star cast of "Empire Builders."

He is six feet three in height, just three inches taller than his handsome dad. He has blue eyes that are clear and untroubled by the problems of life, and a friendly boyish look that warms every inch of your heart. You take him to be older than eighteen until he starts talking of days at Staunton Military Academy, how he likes to ride on the "Race Through the Clouds," and how Christmas gives him a thrill. Then you know that

he is just an overgrown boy, and you are both glad and sorry that the movie world has found him.

It wasn't easy to make Bushman, junior, talk about himself. He is still so inexperienced in movie affairs that he doesn't know that it is customary to chant for interviewers the litany of I, me, and mine. Can you imagine asking your brother, who's in high school, still in the throes of his first love affair, what he thinks of the future of the cinema, or what his idea is of the perfect moving picture? No, you can't. Well, Ralph's like that.

"Gee whiz," he said, rumpling his carefully combed pompadour with embarrassed fingers. "I don't know what to say—I'm not an actor, you know—"

I pointed in mute contradiction to the photographs of scenes from the "Empire Builders."

"Oh, well," he said, "I mean I'm not a real actor. I don't suppose I'm any good on the screen—I'm awfully awkward."

"Then how did you get into pictures?" I inquired with sarcasm that meant to infer that he was no such thing—awkward, I mean.

"My dad's name," he answered promptly and frankly. "Gosh, I don't suppose they would ever have looked at me if I hadn't been my father's son—"

I was tempted to dispute this, but Ralph was very much in earnest about it.

"And, of course, I had some little work with dad in pictures twelve years ago—but I was awfully young then, you know, and it wouldn't have counted for anything."

His age, I could see, was a tender subject. Did you ever know a boy of eighteen who wanted to be reminded of it?
(Continued on page 84)

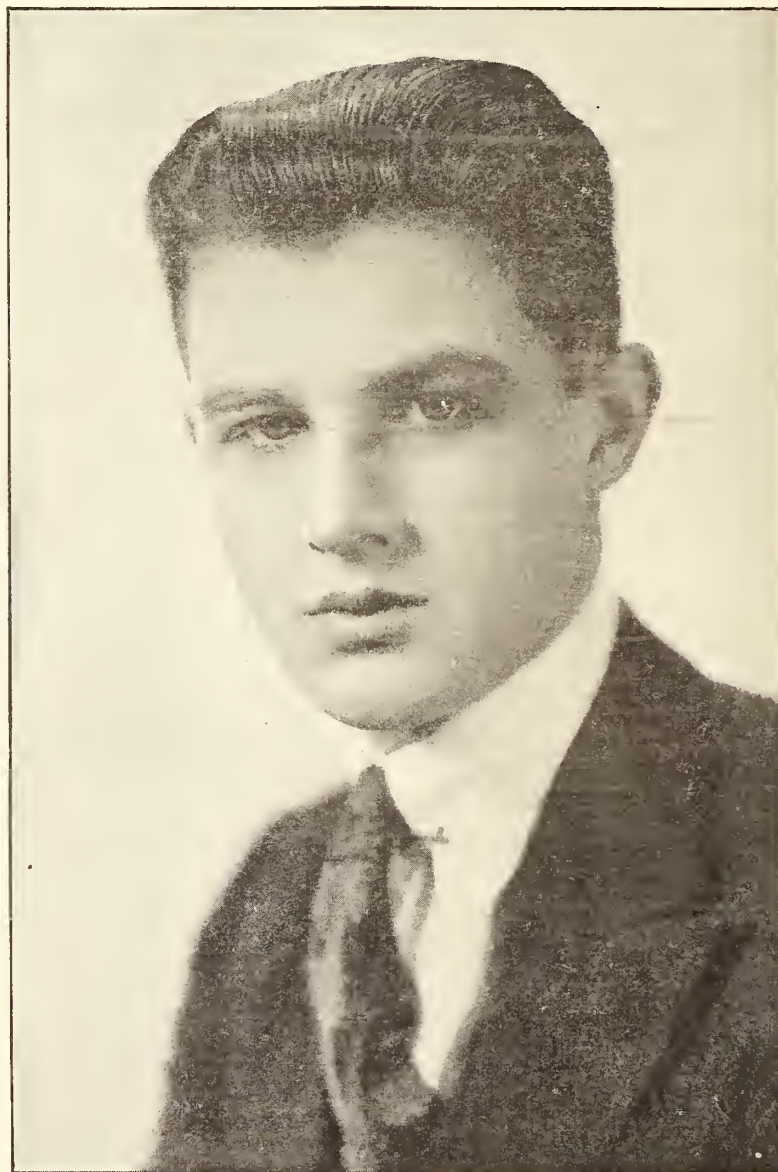


Photo by Clarence S. Bull

He has clear blue eyes and a friendly, boyish look that warms every inch of your heart.

Letter-Writing Lunacy

Some interesting inside information concerning letters which the stars receive and what it costs them to answer fan mail.

By Charles Carter

THE other day I looked through a batch of letters which admiring fans had written and sent to one of my friends, a well-known star. And as I laid down the last one, I asked myself: "Has the whole world gone mad? Are the people of this country suffering from a plague of letter-writing lunacy?"

Before going any further let me assure you that I know, as do the players, that the reading and answering of letters from the fans are among the most valuable and important features of their work. As a single example of this, it is said that Mary Miles Minter was able to convince the Real-art officials of her popularity by the concrete evidence of her lists of correspondents, which numbered far into the thousands.

The letters which are courteous and intelligent supply the much-appreciated, and the only applause which the player receives. And from these letters the producers have been able to ascertain, in more than one case, the type of play in which a star was most popular. But in view of the tremendous personal expense to which the better-known stars are put by their correspondence, I sometimes wonder whether all of this expense is justified. For I happen to know what it costs some players to answer fan mail and send photographs.

Antonio Moreno is spending not less than two hundred dollars a week. He employs two secretaries. In addition to their salaries he has the expense of stationery, photomailers, postage, and photographs.

Thomas Meighan and Wallace Reid receive equally as much epistolary affliction. Fortunately for them, the Lasky studio relieves its stars of the task of replying to the effusive barrage. There a staff of secretaries work eight hours a day on stellar mail. There are other stars who depend upon the services of Miss Peggy Hagar, a clever young woman of Hollywood, who has built up a thriving business as secretary. She has an office in the Hotel Hollywood and employs several stenographers. Among the stars whom she relieves of the letter-writing burden are Nazimova, Viola Dana, Alice Lake, and Bert Lytell.

As for Mary Pickford, she has an office full of stenographers, in addition to her personal secretary. So voluminous is Mary's outgoing mail that the Los Angeles post office has requested her to use canceled stamps, thus saving Uncle Sam the expense of hiring several extra clerks just to cancel the Pickford postage!

The unfortunate thing about this correspondence is that so large a proportion of letters contain preposterous, impossible, and often insincere requests.

These include proposals that the star marry or adopt the writer or give him—or her—a job; there are urgent invitations to appear as guest of honor at parties and receptions at far-away places; there are



Bebe Daniels doesn't seem worried by her morning mail!

demands that the star purchase scenarios from the writer, sometimes with dire threats added, in case he should prefer not to do so; there are urgent and tearful appeals for clothing, money, and locks of hair. If Tony or Dick or Tommy attempted to grant these latter requests they'd have to play penitentiary-convict rôles, their heads would be cropped so closely.

Of course, the greatest number of requests are for photographs. It is perfectly natural that admiring fans should want photographs of their favorites. But if the fans had any idea of the way in which their requests—in the aggregate—were cutting down the stars' salaries I think that more of them would inclose enough postage stamps to cover the expense of the photograph and the mailing.

It is also rather discouraging to the players to know—as they do—that so many of their requests for photographs come through no personal interest in the star, but because the writer is simply trying to collect as many photographs as possible, at the players' expense. As proof of this, requests are received every day at the Metro studios for photographs of "Miss Lillian Way." Lillian Way is the name of the street on which the studio is located.

I have not written this in order to discourage the fans from writing to the players. As I emphasized at the outset, intelligent, appreciative, courteous letters, and even those which are honestly critical, are eagerly

looked for, read, and answered, so far as the players' time allows.

The proportion of letters which fall into this class is so small that this is not so large a job as might be imagined.

But certain types of letters should be discouraged, if only to help relieve the overburdened secretarial and post-office forces. In order to point out to the fans some of the things to avoid when writing to a star, Miss Betty Blythe recently had widely circulated the list of "Don'ts" for correspondents. The list, which is worth repeating, is as follows:

"Don't ask a star what she does with her old clothes. She probably wears them.

"Don't ask if she is married. Legal action may be pending, so she can't really tell you.

"Don't ask a star's age. It encourages lying.

"Don't propose marriage to a film actress. She might accept you and destroy your illusions.

"Don't ask advice about entering pictures. It's bound to be discouraging.

"Don't submit a scenario to a star. She's probably trying to sell one of her own.

"Don't forget Uncle Sam demands postage. He's no philanthropist.

"Don't be angry if a star does not answer your letter. Her intentions may be good, but her right arm weak. And remember sincere, sane letters always are appreciated."

Outstripping Salome

Doraldina, the dancer who sent a succession of thrills up and down the entire length of New York's Great White Way, and who promises soon to make the nation's movie audience gasp, makes a preliminary bow, and tells all about herself.

By
Herbert
Howe

Photos taken
especially for
PICTURE-PLAY
MAGAZINE by
C. Heighton
Monroe.

Doraldina collapsed cross-legged upon a cushion and invited me to sit beside her and partake of poi, the Hawaiian caviar.



THERE are moments when my faith in the wickedness of Salome and Cleopatra is sorely tried. It is my experience in motion pictures which has caused me to disbelieve everything that is written.

Since the exposé of Theda Bara, with proof positive that "the most wickedly beautiful woman in the world" is a dutiful daughter of Ma and Pa Goodman, and a regular attendant at the synagogue, I've wondered whether or not the sensationalism of Cleopatra is not greatly overrated. It even has occurred to me, in heretic moments, that Salome might have had some diabolically shrewd press agent, who managed to corrupt the patriarchal press. I've even gone so far as to fancy Cleopatra a clever little business woman who vamped on week days and on Sundays sang in the choir

of the first church of Cairo. Such heresy is fantastic, I admit. Yet the seeker of truth—particularly in the movie colony—must suffer many of his most beautiful illusions to be blasted. The final straw of faith was broken when I met Doraldina.

And who is Doraldina?

In a word, she is the young person who discovered Hawaii. Her hips put it on the map.

Doraldina has other claims for fame:

She's an American girl who can do the hula better than any to the hula born.

She has had her name in electric lights on Broadway for two years, and now, as a screen star, her name will be flashed from one end of the country to the other.

She worked eight years as a manicurist to save enough money to study dancing in Spain.

She returned from Europe and became famous in a single night by doing the hula, which she knew how to do before she went over.

Even Salome didn't get away alive with her classic dancing, but Doraldina has been made a New York police lieutenant.

Also, she's one of the few ladies of limelight who has kept her money—and one of the fewer still who has kept her husband.

Like other of the tribe Manhattan, I used to be a votarist of Doraldina's shrine at Reisenweber's café and at Doraldina's Montmartre. My lingering impression of her is that of a young haystack in the throes of an earthquake.

Her Marumba shiver sent a thrill down the spine of Broadway as the Star-Spangled Banner never did even in war time. Weird music, like the scream of birds and the sobbing of waves, shivered through the night air. Then came a rustle and swishing as of wind in tall grass. Out from a clump of palms rolled a hip, succeeded by a syncopation of arms and legs, and, finally, the *tout ensemble* in full physical orchestration. She seemed to be escaping the embrace of a clutching haystack with a few fingers of grass still clinging to her.

Recently Doraldina shimmied into Hollywood to star in a motion picture, temptingly titled "The Passion Fruit." Ever since her arrival, Hollywood has been shaking spasmodically. Newspapers say these tremors are "earthquakes." As I said, I do not believe anything that is printed. I think the shakings are simply reverberation of Doraldina's "hula hours."

When I entered a telephonic request for an audience with the dancer, I received the following shock:

"Certainly. Come to my apartment at four and have *poi* with me. Instead of tea time, I have hula hour."

At ten minutes to four I was thumbing the electric bell at Doraldina's home, which is just across the corner from the concrete castle of Sessue and Tsuru Hayakawa.

A lady with a shy smile and hair of spun silver received me. She introduced herself as Doraldina's mother.

"Doraldina will be right in," said she. After leading me into a large room, restfully toned in mist colors of gray and blue, she disappeared into the hall. I heard her call, "Are you coming, Baby?"

A familiar rustle and swishing was the response. The



When she first appeared as a dancer Doraldina was advertised as "The Royal Barcelona Beauty."

blue draperies of a door parted cautiously. One pair of black eyes, three stands of grass, and a bare leg entered. Then in swished Baby!

She was a barbaric dazzle of smile, grass skirt, and blazing rhinestones. A circlet of synthetic diamonds clasped a bush of black hair. From her ears swung ruby and emerald peacocks in hoops of rhinestones. Her plump bodice glittered with colored gems in contrast to the raffia that cascaded from her waist to her knees. Orange rope garlands—baldrics of Hawaii—hung around her neck and encircled her ankles. She was as gorgeous and as wild as a pheasant of paradise. Doraldina is not pretty in a civilized way. Like a

Broadway sign, she needs illumination. Her smile is her incandescence. It is a veritable arc, comparable to that of Doug Fairbanks, only more flamboyant. Under its rays a Quaker deacon would turn cave man and yearn back to his previous incarnation in the stone age. Fortunately the dancer has a husband for just such emergencies. When out of grass Doraldina is Mrs. Frank Saunders.

While these observations were in progress, a maid in prim black and white was placing cushions on the

So This Is Doraldina!

Weird music, like the scream of birds and the sobbing of waves, shivered in the night air.

Then came a rustle and swishing as of wind in the tall grass.

Out from a clump of palms rolled a hip, succeeded by a syncopation of arms and legs, and, finally, the *tout ensemble* in full physical orchestration. She seemed to be escaping the embrace of a clutching haystack, with a few fingers of grass still clinging to her.

floor and, beside each, a bowl of white powdery stuff resembling sugar. When the setting was complete, Doraldina collapsed cross-legged upon a cushion and invited me to sit beside her and partake of *poi*, the Hawaiian caviar of sugary substance.

A person may be able to extract a cherry from the bottom of a lemonade glass with two straws and may be able to transport peas on a knife without the aid of mashed potato, yet he would fall down completely in the etiquette of *poi* putting. Doraldina made a lightning circle of the bowl with two fingers, then with a quick twist of the wrist inserted the *poied* digits between her lips. Although I can lasso spaghetti with a fork in a manner to awe a Guffanti waiter, I shall never again attempt to get *poied* in public.

Mindful of my discomfiture, Mr. Saunders turned loose a Pekingese phonograph with the tone of a St. Bernard. It is Doraldina's rehearsal machine. The Hawaiian music, played by Doraldina's own orchestra, tinkled enticingly. The rhinestones and hay quivered with promise.

"Isn't it hula hour?" I ventured.

Doraldina leaped to her toes and commenced her Marumba shiver, which starts somewhere in the roots of her hair and ripples on down to her toes. She could dance with her feet tied. I recalled the remark Nazi-mova made to me: "All the body is alive—all expresses." Doraldina, then, is a muscular symphony. I never before realized the elocutionary power of the torso.

The day was warm, and the dance was warmer. Doraldina ceased her convolutions, unclasped the band about her head, and, raising her arms aloft, demanded that her husband fan her.

"That's better," said she, subsiding to the pillows. She lit a cigarette. Some sparks dropped into the hay skirt. I was much concerned, having been warned as a youth to keep away from bonfires. Doraldina cautioned me not to mention the episode, pointing out that picture fans in Kansas might not approve of a lady smoking cigarettes. I ventured the opinion that Doraldina was not built for Kansas, anyway. The next minute I was ready to retract that supposition.

When Doraldina turns off her victrola, her smile, and her dance, she is no longer Doraldina. She might be president of the Wichita Society for the Care of Cemetery Lots. I'm sure she could make contributions in the way of pumpkin pies and homemade aprons for the annual Ladies' Aid Society sale, and the parson could call her Sister Saunders without exciting any comment. Doraldina is that kind. In the revelation of her "past," she spoke with Western accents, as prosaically as if recounting her graduation from normal school and subsequent election as teacher in the Tompkins Corners school-house.

"I always wanted to dance," said she. "I knew I'd have to study under some master if I ever wanted to make good. I didn't have any money. So I went to work as manicurist in the Palace Hotel in San Fran-

cisco. I lived in a hall room, made my own clothes, and cooked my own meals. I saved every dollar—almost. At the end of eight years I had exactly \$2,825. Then I just disappeared without telling anybody where I was going. I went to Spain and for a year studied under Raphael Vega. Señor Vega started out all the great Spanish dancers. When I got down to two hundred dollars, I figured I'd better start home. I arrived in New York with eighty dollars, and made the rounds of the managers and agencies. Ned Wayburn tried me out. He said my Spanish dances were all right, but he wanted something sensational. He asked me what else I could do. Well, of course, I knew the hula. I'd seen the girls in Frisco do that at the expositions, but New York had never seen it. So I tried the hula on him, adding some Spanish steps.

And it was the hula, which Doraldina learned in San Francisco before she went to Spain, that made her famous. As for the exotic name, Doraldina, that was partly a matter of intention and partly of accident. She originated the name "Doraldina" just before she started home from Spain. She ordered an old Spaniard to paint it on her trunk. He made a mistake and slipped in the "l." Doraldina considered it, found it euphonious, and so retained the consonant.

"Ned Wayburn engaged me for a cabaret revue," continued Doraldina. "I was given a grass skirt with just twenty-five blades of hay in it. They advertised me as 'Doraldina, the Royal Barcelona Beauty.' I carried an interpreter and couldn't speak a word of English. When I saw the advertising, I said, 'Ned Wayburn, that Royal Barcelona Beauty stuff sounds great, but when they see me, they're going to knock your can off.' But it didn't matter. They never noticed my face."

Doraldina's debut at Reisenweber's is memorable among Broadway sensations. When she hulaed forth, Mr. Wayburn sat directly before her.

He kept saying, *sotto voce*, "Give it to 'em. Make it stronger! Tear up the show!" "Believe me, I did," commented Doraldina. "I never have done such a wild dance since then."

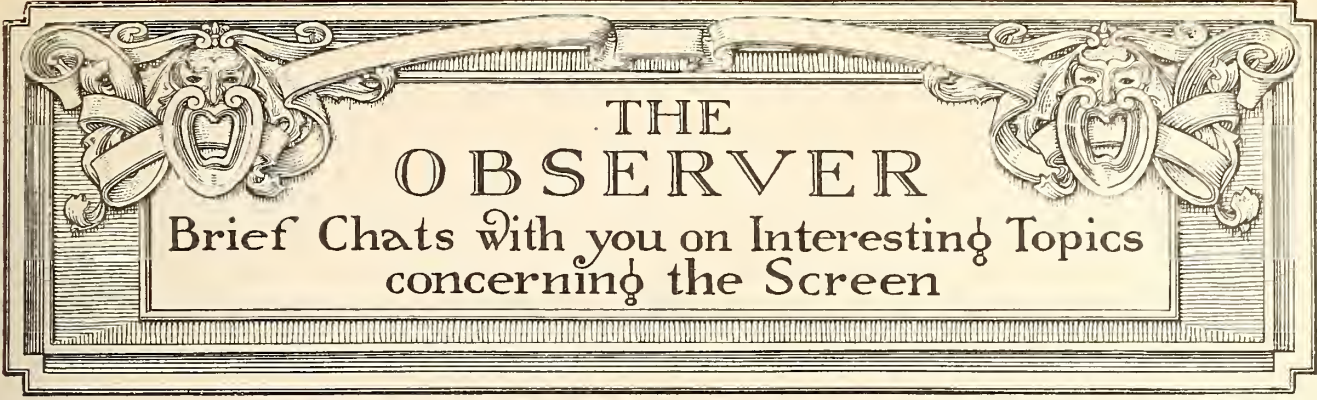
The spectators of that original hula acted like red men full of fire water. They threw napkins and silverware into the air, with shouts of approbation.

The next day Doraldina's fame spread in headlines as far as Brooklyn. The management had neglected to put her under contract, so she raised her weekly wage from seventy-five to two hundred and fifty dollars. That was five years ago. Doraldina now controls a café of her own. She has danced in cafés, in musical comedy, in vaudeville; has appeared in one drama, "The Red Dawn," and in one motion picture for Pathé, Kipling's "The Naulahaka." She has amassed a fortune.

"You should call me 'Doraldina, the hog raiser,'" she remarked. "I'm crazy about pigs. I have a ranch in Imperial Valley, with hundreds of hogs." Turning to her husband, "Say, Frank, what is the latest quotation on pork?"



She was a barbaric dazzle of smile, grass skirt, and blazing rhinestones, as gorgeous and wild as a pheasant of paradise.



THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics
concerning the Screen

What About the Children?

The motion picture no longer caters to children. This statement may surprise you, but it is true. The best motion-picture producers give no more thought to the production of pictures that will interest children than David Belasco does in the production of his plays. The big motion-picture theaters no longer seek the patronage of children, and the result is a healthy growth in the production of genuinely fine pictures for intelligent adults.

But something must be done for the youngsters.

There certainly should be no effort by big producers to make their pictures so elemental that they will appeal to children, for, as a general rule, an attempt to appeal at once to all ages appeals to none at all.

Our greatest authors do not write for children—save on occasion, as when Kipling wrote his "Just So" stories—and our greatest masterpieces of literature, painting, sculpture, and music seldom have any appeal for the youngster.

But the motion picture can do great things for children, and in the present striving for masterpieces of motion pictures the boy and girl must not be overlooked.

The difficulty is mostly a commercial one. There is more profit in selling to grown-ups, whether it is literature, clothing, or motor cars, and, so far, no plan has been devised for special theaters for children. Until some way is devised by which an enormous clientele, composed exclusively of children, is guaranteed, the producer who makes a picture with his eye on the little folks is riding rapidly toward bankruptcy.

The majority of pictures that now interest children—serials, rough comedies, and plays of violence—are not the ones best suited to them. Some of these are harmful—some harmless; but none of them have any constructive value in the child's development.

Some day cities will recognize the value of children's pictures. Perhaps they will go so far as to form a booking syndicate to support producers of children's plays and will have picture shows in the schools or at special performances elsewhere.

It is the only way out, and gradually schools are working toward that point. They now are showing travel pictures and other educational, and perhaps soon they will go further and make it worth while for Tourneur to produce another "Bluebird" or a "Prunella," those artistic successes whose financial failures did more than anything else to prove to the producers that only a billionaire philanthropist could afford to try to do anything for the kids.

"The money that Paramount lost on 'The Bluebird' and 'Prunella' would have sent ten thousand youngsters to the country for a week," a leading producer told The Observer the other day. "I lost enough on a children's picture a year ago to have bought a lollypop for every kid in the United States. That I have found it neces-

sary to decide not to venture into that field again is a crime. But the crime was committed by the parents who wouldn't support good pictures for children. They are the ones who have made it necessary for us to stop making stuff that will be good for little folks."

We Dis- agree with Mr. Cushing

Now we get into an argument with Charles Phelps Cushing, who is known to all readers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE through his interesting contributions to this magazine.

Mr. Cushing has just published a valuable book for embryo writers called "If You Don't Write Fiction," and out of all its pages we find only one paragraph that causes us to leap upon our typewriter and hammer harshly upon the keys. Here is the statement we object to:

A disconcerting and persistent rumor has it that what was once a by-product of fiction—the sale of "movie rights"—is now threatening to run off with the entire production. The side show, we are warned, is shaping the policy of the main tent. Which is to say that novelists and magazine fiction writers are accused of becoming more concerned about how their stories will film than about how the manuscripts will grade as pieces of literature.

We object to Mr. Cushing's word "disconcerting." It is nothing to be disconcerted about. It is, rather, a cause for great rejoicing. Mr. Cushing is looking at the motion picture through the wrong end of the telescope when he calls it a "side show."

Take "Humoresque." He would have us believe that Fannie Hurst's story in print is the attraction in the "main tent." If so, there are a lot of empty seats, for in one day probably less than five hundred persons will read the story while over in the side show fifty thousand are looking at the picture.

A good book will be read by one person where the motion-picture production of that story is seen by a hundred.

There is nothing sacred about type as a medium for telling a story. If an author has an idea, the ideal medium to use for spreading that idea is the one that will reach the most persons.

Authors are beginning to recognize the motion picture as the greatest of all mediums, and the best of them are getting right to work to learn all about it. It is as much of an advance in the part of story-telling as was the invention of movable types over the old hand-written, hand-decorated parchments of the monks.

It is not difficult to imagine some of the members of the Authors' League of Mainz and Strassburg back in 1450 making speeches about the new art of printing books—possibly they called them the "printies"—and stating that authors seemed to be inclined to become more concerned with how many copies could be made of their books, rather than with how the manuscripts would grade as pieces of decorative art.

Authors are useful only in presenting ideas, and the more widespread the distribution of these ideas, the more valuable they are to the world. The author who looks upon the motion-picture rights of his work as a "by-product" is rapidly losing his usefulness.

*Mary
and
"Doug"*

Mary and "Doug" have made their European trip, and each is back at work after what could hardly be called a rest. Europe turned itself upside down to get near enough to see our great film stars. President Wilson, at the height of his popularity abroad, received no such reception as was given Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks.

It must have been a wonderful trip, despite the speed with which they covered half a dozen or more countries. We heard Doug describe it, and it was almost like seeing one of his own pictures, it was so vivid. It made us want to rush down to the Battery and buy passage on the very next boat.

To our mind the visit of the Fairbanks is as important a thing in world politics as was the visit of the Prince of Wales to America. We found out that the prince was a first-rate young fellow, and it added to our friendly feeling for Englishmen. For the time being the prince represented to America a typical Englishman, and we found that typical Englishmen were well worth having as friends.

In Europe, Mary and Doug had been only shadows on a screen. When Europe saw them in the flesh and realized that they were downright agreeable and not at all stuck up, Europe was given an added feeling of friendliness toward the United States.

Motion pictures are doing a great deal toward keeping nations friendly with each other. The world will be even better off when Europe begins to develop good motion pictures, and what a big time we'll all have in a few years when we welcome to our shores the Douglas Fairbanks of France and the Mary Pickford of England!

*The Rain
in the
Pictures*

If you live in a small town you doubtless are often annoyed by "rain" on a picture. This "rain" is found only on old prints of pictures, and the theaters that show the pictures six months to a year after release date are the ones whose patrons suffer.

"Rain" is caused by dust spots on a film. The winding and unwinding causes a rubbing of these dust spots, streaking the picture.

Careful producers are now renovating films regularly and are doing much to keep a film in such condition that it is as near perfect at its hundredth showing as at its first.

The theater manager doesn't want these bad prints any more than you do, and you can help him and help yourself if you will write him a complaint every time you are forced to sit through a worn film. Write, don't speak to him about it, for he can send your letter to his film exchange as a rebuke. That's where the complaints should be registered. A shower of letters will take the "rain" out of the pictures.

*"Bicycling"
Films*

The bicycle is coming into greater use, according to dealers. One thing that is helping the sale of bicycles is the motion-picture business, but if the producers are successful in their campaign, this particular market for "wheels" will be destroyed.

It seems that in many cities some of the dishonest

theater managers conspire to get two shows for the price of one. Two theaters, in different parts of the city, join in the conspiracy. One books a picture and both of them advertise it. One of the theaters starts its show half an hour or so later than the other, and both show the same picture.

The game is worked by relays of boys on bicycles. When one theater has finished reel one, a boy takes it and pedals to the other theater, and he is followed a few minutes later by boy number two with reel number two, and so on. The second theater runs the picture, sending back the reels as fast as they come off the machine, thus getting the film back to the first theater in time for the next show.

This is dishonest, for a film is rented only for one theater, and the price paid for it depends greatly upon the number of persons who presumably will pay to see it. The producers wouldn't care about the "bicycling" if both theaters paid.

In Rochester, New York, the evil grew so great that the exchanges that rent the film took joint action, and at last reports were going to send some of the "bicycling" theater managers to jail.

It's a great plan to beat the game, unless you get caught, or one of your bicycle boys loses his way.

*The Mail
in Cotuit*

Cotuit, Massachusetts, where the oysters come from, has a picture show Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and everybody in Cotuit goes to the show.

The night mail from Boston gets over from the railroad station, fifteen miles away, at about nine o'clock.

The motion-picture theater is the one place where the postmaster knows he can find everybody, so he puts the mail in his bag and goes over to the show. When he comes in the show stops, the lights are turned on, and the postmaster walks down the aisle distributing the letters. Then he goes back to the post office, locks up for the night, and comes back and sees the remainder of the picture. Sometimes they even hold the lights on for a few minutes so the postmaster won't miss any of the picture, and so the folks will have time to read their letters.

Every Wednesday and Saturday this practice is followed. On the other nights the postmaster has some trouble in getting his mail distributed. He hopes that before next summer there will be motion pictures every night.

*Why
the
Names?*

Sometimes you wonder why every film is cluttered up with names of camera men, stage directors, and assistant directors. Here's a tale that may explain.

In the New York office of a motion-picture company a wire was received from its Los Angeles studio, asking that all the prints on a certain feature be held in the laboratory. The picture was scheduled for release, the prints were ready, and the New York office wanted to know the reason for holding them up.

"Sammy Kazukas, the camera man, has had an offer of twenty-five dollars a week more from another company," came the wire explaining. "Think we can hold him at old salary if we will put his name in larger lettering on film and promise him big advertising on lithographs. Will know to-morrow. Hold everything."

The telegram was shown to the head of the company, who fortunately didn't share with the studio the reverence for the twenty-five dollars a week that might be saved.

"Fire Kazukas and ship the prints," he ordered.



Luke Arbuckle has something to say about Patty's pictures. Luke talks straight from the shoulder.

"I am responsible for the laughs in Fatty Arbuckle's comedies. I don't have to rely on my weight to get me over, either. I've been in a lot of comedies, and now that Fatty's in serious drama I'm going to play in some of them, although, in my opinion, some of these serious pictures have more hokum than the two-reelers. Aside from putting the laughs in his pictures, I have to hear Fatty singing his own compositions at home. I earn my money, friends, believe me."

Stars and Their Dog Stars

By Gordon Brooke

Many a star's dog is drawing a star's salary. Will Rogers says in his "Illiterate Digest": "It's a good thing we have the animals, otherwise there wouldn't be any human acting on the screen." Among the big money earners of the screen are: Teddy Whack, who earns seventy-five dollars a day; Bobby Moreno, whose salary has been as high as five hundred a week; and Teddy Sennett who brings in profits for Mack.

But here are their own stories.

Patches has supported his master, Mitchell Lewis, in many pictures, the latest being "The Mutiny of the *Elsinore*." Recently a song was named after him, which is a matter of Victrola record. A word from Patches:

"Many a star owes his life to his dog. I'm not saying mine wouldn't get over without me—but you note who they name the songs after! I don't claim to be Lillian Russell's successor, and I'm not seeking laurels as a *matinée* idol; I may not be beautiful—but my hair's my own."



Whiskers Ray has supported Charles in several Ince pictures, but the real test of his ability came in "Peaceful Valley."

"I suppose my best scenes will be cut out before you see the picture," said Whiskers. "This fellow Ray is a good sort, but he's jealous of me. I've taught him all the stuff he does, but I don't get credit for it; a dog never does. Anyhow, he realized that he couldn't put over 'Peaceful Valley' without me. If you like it, write me some fan letters, so that Charlie will notice the amount of my mail and raise my salary."

P. S. "Don't tell Charlie I asked you to write, or he'll get wise that it's a put-up job. He called me a 'dirty dawg' the other day because I stole a scene from him. It sure is a dog's life, working with a star."



King Casey made his debut with his mistress, Anita Stewart, at the Vitagraph studio.

"Ladies and gentlemen and Miss Stewart's admirers," he began, "no doubt you remember my being hailed as a discovery in 'Clover's Rebellion,' in which Anita Stewart also first appeared on the screen. Since then I have been in retirement, but I shall soon return. Miss Stewart is not only the greatest actress living or dead, but is unique, being always a lady. I am unmarried, thanks to the courts. My advice to dogs entering pictures is Mickey Neilan's—'Don't Ever Marry.'"



Teddy Sennett is the dean of motion-picture kennels. His latest appearance is in "Down on the Farm." He reluctantly spoke as follows:

"I must congratulate PICTURE-PLAY on obtaining this interview. I never give out interviews. Mr. Sennett does that. I am one of the few dog stars to retain the name given them by their parents. I'll bet The Oracle doesn't know that Bobby Moreno's real name is Don Juan. He changed it because he thought 'Bobby' was easier to remember and cheaper to put in electric lights. I have had offers to star from many producers, but I stay where I am. All men will appreciate my reason—the beauties get their start here. Gloria Swanson did, and when she retired it was natural that De Mille should try to get me, knowing the Sennett stars' reputation for beauty. But Mr. Sennett never could get on without me. He is out for the money, and he knows who gets it. Modesty forbids me to say more."



Bobby Moreno appears with his owner, Tony, in "The Veiled Mystery," a serial. Also, he was lent to Lew Cody for "The Mischief Man," and, according to Bobby, stole the picture. He gave us this autobiographical material in a few barks:

"I was born in Spain, same as Tony, and of just as good stock—pure Castile. Tony's Spanish valet brought me to this country, and Tony adopted me. I played a bit with him, and made such a hit that the president of Vitagraph, Al Smith, wired for me to play a part in 'The Veiled Mystery.' This didn't make any hit with Tony; he could see where I'd grab the picture away from him. I left Tony flat to play with Lew Cody in 'The Mischief Man;' I guess you read what Herbert Howe said about me in his review. Me and Betty Blythe were the hits of the picture, though, personally, I don't see any comparison between Betty and me for real ability. Lew hired me again, because Robertson-Cole said if he didn't they'd star me in a special production; but he and I had a fight in 'Wait for Me,' and I quit him cold to go back to Tony.

"I get five hundred a week—some weeks. My regular price is seventy-five dollars a day. I know all the tricks of the business. Address me care of Tony."

Teddy Whack, whom you see below with Mary Thurman, is the crippled dog you've seen in many pictures, his latest being "The Scoffer." He is the property of no star, but the adopted one of them all.

"My misfortune was my fortune," he said. "I was crippled when very young. This handicap didn't keep me down, however. I always wanted to be an actor, and when just a pup played in amateur things in the barn. Finally I was engaged to play the part of a crippled dog in a picture, and since then I've been in great demand. In 'The Scoffer' I have a double: Alan Dwan couldn't bear to cripple a dog, as the scenario demanded, so another dog was used and then, by trick photography, I was substituted. I save many pictures by supplying the 'human interest'—dogs and children always supply that. I didn't get into pictures through pull, like Mac Reid, Patches Lewis, and Bobby Moreno. I'm an orphan and claim relationship to no star. Do you blame me?"



Mac Reid, above, has played in a few pictures with Wallace, but believes that a dog's sphere is the home, particularly at beefsteak time.

"Home life comes first with me. I used to be a darned good actor, but with Wally starring around and Mrs. Reid—Dorothy Davenport—playing in pictures every little while, I feel I ought to stay home and take care of the kid. Young Reid has more ability than either of his parents and knows more tricks. And I'm teaching him still more. Most of the dogs in pictures are a wild bunch of hounds. It's the environment. Not for me!"



Napoleon Russell has the distinction of being the biggest dog in pictures. He has gained two inches since reading reviews of his work in "Hobbs in a Hurry," the first picture in which he supported his master, Bill Russell.

"William Russell is the biggest star in pictures," he says. "I am the biggest dog. I'm bigger than Bill. He cheated in this picture by backing up, thus making me appear shorter than he is. Bill claims six feet two. Then I'm six feet three. I can lick any dog in pictures. I'm rough. Bill named me for the greatest battler in the world, and I ain't disappointed him none. But I won't do this society stuff for him or William Fox or anybody else. I know my type and I'll stick to it.

"Away from the studio I'm a simple sort. I like ranch life, same as Bill. I get along good with Bill, even though he is a star, and that's more than most of your dog stars can say. He's as good as I am. That's what I say. And whenever he whistles I'm there with the grease paint to help him put over his pictures, no matter how bum I think they are."

Why Bother About Beauty?



Photo by Maurice Goldberg

A hat can curve right over her eyes—her best feature—but if it's fashionable she doesn't care.

I HAVE sat here for ten solid minutes and haven't seen a pretty girl pass by," declared the man of the party. "Why, in New York you'd see half a dozen before you'd even parked your car. There you can't miss 'em; here you can't find 'em. Why is it?"

"Because in this little town the girls are born pretty or aren't, and they don't know that there's more than one twist to 'handsome is as handsome does,'" I retorted. "Probably there are prettier girls, and a bigger proportion of them here than there are in New York. It's simply that in New York, if a girl isn't pretty, she's stunning enough so that you don't know the difference."

He didn't agree with me, though his own wife, who was sitting in the back of the car, was a shining example of just what I was trying to prove. And as that autumnal motor trip had progressed that far without any more heated arguments than those caused by somebody's forgetting the tire irons and somebody else's getting the wrong road map and heading us for Washington when we meant to go to Boston, I dropped the subject. But you and I will take it up again, if you don't mind, with Alice Brady illustrating what I have to say.

Perhaps you'll be inclined to disagree with me when I say that Miss Brady

An evening gown as modish and attractive as Alice Brady herself.



isn't pretty. I'll acknowledge that her eyes are beautiful—but even the charming Alice says that Fate was unkind when it gave her her nose. Yet she's undeniably stunning—one of the most attractive girls you're likely to meet in a month of moons. She is very slender, and has no intention of being anything else. A friend of hers met me one day not long ago, after a shopping trip, and almost wept on my tea table.

"Alice will simply *die* if she doesn't stop living on an eat-and-grow-thin diet," she lamented. "She likes being thin; won't be anything else. Why, she had a lining for a fur coat fitted to-day, and had it made simply skin tight, so that she'd look just as slim as possible."

Nevertheless, the fair Alice knew what effect she wanted, and intended to get it. The fashions of the hour demand a very slim figure. Alice is not beautiful, but she *is* fashionable. You must have known girls whom nobody had ever thought good-looking, and who went to visit somebody and came home in smart new frocks that made them look entirely different, just because the girl had stopped trying to make the styles suit her and had made herself over to suit the styles. Alice is nothing if not adaptable, and the girl who is given to bewailing the fact that she's not as good looking as some of her friends would do well to take a few lessons from Miss Brady.

Think back over some of the costumes you've seen her wear on the screen. You'll remember big hats that perhaps shaded her eyes so much that they hardly showed, or little hats whose brims curved in a way that produced the same result. Some girls might object to this, when their eyes were their best feature—but if they had a certain rather stunning effect in mind, and the hat aided in producing it, they would, if they knew as much about dressing as she does, wear the hat and let other considerations go.

If your clothes are to be allowed to attract attention to themselves, instead of being a background for your looks, you may bump up against this problem rather often. If you are wise you will solve it as Miss Brady does. An interesting illustration is one of the frocks which she wears in "The

No series of fashion articles has ever caused more comment—if the letters from our readers are any indication—than the series of which this article is the fourth.

By using the best known stars as illustrations of the principals of correct dressing to suit your type, Miss Williams is aiding thousands of women to use the screen as a means of studying examples of the very best application of these principles. The next article in this series will appear in our December issue.

Alice Brady doesn't, and is considered "too stunning for words."

By Louise Williams

Dark Lantern"—for which her gowns were specially designed by one of New York's best-known dressmakers. It is an evening gown, strikingly trimmed with artificial flowers, and having the distended hip line and bustle effect which are more fashionable than beautiful. It might be said to express Miss Brady's personality in that it is very modish and most effective. And it is stunning—an adjective coined to fit her type.

She wears, in "The New York Idea," a picture on which she is now working, a hat which a more beautiful woman wouldn't dare attempt. You can't paint the rose or gild the lily, you know, without getting a garish effect. A Lillian Russell couldn't wear that hat. Alice Brady can all but stop traffic in it, to indulge in slang. It has a feather which is as unique as it is effective—a straight, ostrich plume, with very long, uncurled strands, which is mounted on a very small hat with sharply upturned brim. With it is worn a coat dress ornamented with an all-over design in white stitching and braids.

Miss Brady's shoes are always worth noticing. Whenever possible she wears high black satin ones; ordered by the half dozen pairs, they are her favorites for street wear. With afternoon frocks she also wears high shoes, or rather, an adaptation of them. Sometimes the upper part of the shoe is all of crossed straps; again, it is curiously laced. It is most unusual to see her wearing pumps as she does in one of these illustrations.

A girl of Alice Brady's type has one striking advantage over her more conventionally beautiful sisters; she can wear



Photo copyrighted by Bachrach

She picks her clothes for their smartness rather than as aids to her looks.



In "The New York Idea" she wears a hat that, worn on the street, would all but stop traffic.

heavily patterned or dotted veils. The pretty girl sometimes reminds you of the housewife who has ordered for dinner a dish which the family doesn't like, but which is composed of such expensive ingredients that she can't bear to throw it away. The very pretty girl is likely to feel that she can't afford to wear a veil which, smart looking as it is, and much as it may add to her costume, conceals her best points rather than accentuates them.

But, if you're stunning rather than pretty, you can let the effect of your costume on other people

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Over the Teacups

Fanny the Fan visits New York, sees everybody, and hears all the news about everybody else.

By The Bystander



I'D supposed this was to be tea—or have you changed your habits since you came to New York, and taken to dining at four in the afternoon?" I demanded of Fanny when I met her at the Ritz the other day. She was eating the most scrumptious-looking concoction of truffles, crab meat, and cream that you ever saw, and all she said was: "Oh, my dear, it's so good!" and speared another truffle.

She's always had the most atrociously good luck, you know; so it was to be expected that the estate of a long defunct relative would be settled just when most of the movie stars were departing from Los Angeles for New York, Europe, and all points East—and that all Fanny's expenses would be paid for a trip to the vicinity of the Great White Way. I had to pay my own when I went East some weeks after she did.

"And I've seen everybody and everything," she told me. "I went to the opening night of the new show at the Hippodrome, and saw the elephant that does the shimmy, and Marguerite Clark, and she was the more surprising of the two; she was there

Doug and Mary on the roof of the Ritz, about twenty stories above Fanny's teacup.



He's the leading man in the next De Mille special—Forrest Stanley.

in a box with some older people, and she looked like a little, little girl; had her hair sort of wudged up, and could have passed anywhere for about ten years old. They say she's coming back to the screen this fall—I do hope so."

"You haven't explained that concoction you're eating," I reminded her, ordering a chaste repast of muffins, marmalade, and orange pekoe.

"Well, it's this way," Fanny began, chuckling. "I saw Anita Stewart having tea here the other day, and she ordered something perfectly luscious looking, in French, of course—nobody'd dare speak English to a waiter who hands you one of those French menu cards! So I remembered what it sounded like, and to-day I sprung it on the waiter in my best A. E. F. language—and *this* is what he brought me. It's a mercy that it wasn't ham and eggs or beefsteak. But I was telling you about what I've done. I was having tea here the day Mary and Doug had their pictures taken up on the roof—and met them, and talked a lot with Mary, and had the time of my entire existence!"

"What did Mary have on? How did she look?"

"She wore a lavender georgette dress, trimmed with narrow lace and tucking; it had a velvet ribbon girdle, tied in a flat bow behind, and she had on white shoes and stockings with it," answered Fanny with scrupulous attention to detail. "And she gave Doug a wonderful recommendation as a husband. She said that before they sailed he advised her to leave at home a certain bracelet of which she was very fond, saying she might lose it. And she just laughed and said it would be perfectly safe. And then she lost it, of course. But what do you think? He never once said, 'I told you so.' Mary said she was so glad to learn that he wasn't an 'I-told-you-so' man that she couldn't really regret losing the bracelet.

"She looked a little tired; he had planned their trip through Europe with the greatest care, so that she'd always have time to rest between strenuous days, while they went through uninteresting scenery—but, even so, she lost six pounds; she only weighs one hundred now. And part of the time they were here in New York nobody knew just where they were, but Mary was godmother of a California regiment, you know, during the war, and some of the boys in it are still in a hospital here, so you don't have to do much guessing about what she did with the part of her time that was unaccounted for. But what do you think—I stood on the sidewalk talking with the Fairbanks while they waited for their car, and quite a few people passed by and didn't know them!"

"It doesn't seem possible—but then, I had luncheon in a restaurant where Eugene O'Brien sat at the next table, this noon, and nobody seemed to know him." I simply couldn't bear to be left out of the conversation any longer. "I have some news for you, too: did the papers here have the news of ZaSu Pitts' elopement? Yes, she really did it—married a chap named Sadler, whom nobody's heard of before, apparently. I suppose he'll be seen in pictures now."

"Oh, doubtless. By the way, I saw Mildred Harris Chaplin the other day; she says she loves being in New York, and is awfully anxious to go on the stage; she's had several offers, you know. The papers were simply bursting with the Chaplin divorce news, but I didn't mention it to her—though they say she's not at all averse to talking about it. How's Gloria Swanson?"

"She's bobbed her hair—yes, she really has. Did I tell you that I met Forrest Stanley the other afternoon? He's succeeded Tommy Meighan as leading man in the De Mille features, you know—last thing I saw him in on the screen was 'The Thunderbolt,' with Katherine MacDonal. And I must tell you—I came



Photo by Witzel

John Barrymore doesn't look much like a blushing bridegroom here, does he?

Just think of the girls who envy Gertrude Olmstead!

through Chicago just when Gertrude Olmstead was saying good-by to hordes of friends—she's the new Universal star, picked by Erich von Stroheim as winner of a contest held by the Elks and some Chicago newspaper. Want to see this picture of her being congratulated? Just think of the girls who envy her!"

"I'll bet a lot of them would envy me if they knew what happened to me the other day!" declared Fanny sagely. "I came here to luncheon with a friend of my father's who was simply deadly; one of those men who insist on telling you how much money the movie stars make, and pointing out people who he says are stars when you know all too well they aren't. Well, I was angelic even when he declared that Clara Kimball Young was a Vitagraph star and pointed out a woman as Mae Murray when I knew Mae had sailed for England days and days before—be-

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Honeymoon Cottage

That's not its name, but it would be a very appropriate one for the home of Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay.

By John Addison Elliott



If you know anything about Dick, you'd rather expect him to select just such a home as this.

"I wish that you would tell us something about the home of Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay. I have a feeling that I know what sort of home they would choose to begin their wedded life in, and I want to know whether or not I'm right."

THAT paragraph, in a letter from a fan, interested me.

As I thought it over, it occurred to me that a person knowing something about "the real Dick Barthelmess" really *ought* to be able to guess just about what sort of a home he would choose, for persons of good taste and refinement always run true to type. And if you know anything about Dick you must know that he has these qualities.

So I presume that the inquiring fan won't be surprised when she sees the picture of the six-room cottage below which is the "honeymoon cottage" that Dick and Mary Hay took for a year when they were married last June.

It has an acre of ground, with flowers all about, and a kitchen garden in the back yard. It is just a ten-minute drive from the Griffith studio at Mamaroneck, where Dick is now beginning work on his last Griffith production before he starts his career as a star.

It is just a simple, quiet home, such as almost any young couple might choose. And their life there is quite as unostentatious as the house in which they live.

They have, of course, a car, and during the summer they did a good deal of bathing and boating in Long Island Sound. Of course they play golf and tennis. And entertain their friends.

"We'll probably be down in Florida more or less this winter—on location," Dick said the last time I saw him. "That's what's bothering us a bit—about what Mary's to do. It's quite a problem for any one of so many talents. You see, Mary's been very successful on the stage, she's very capable on the screen, *and*—she's a perfectly wonderful wife."

"And that last gift is the most important one," I observed.

"That's just it," said Dick, with a grin. "Of course it's only natural for a girl who's accomplished a good



beginning on the stage and in pictures to enjoy that work, and, of course, if it can be arranged for her to continue—but, you see, if Mary goes on in pictures or on the stage again it might be very difficult—perhaps impossible—for her to stop whenever she wanted to run away with me on the location trips.”

“And so——”

“So I shouldn't be surprised if there would be only one Barthelmess who will do very much professionally from now on,” said Mary quietly.

*Of course, they have
a car.*



What Do You Really Know About the Movies?

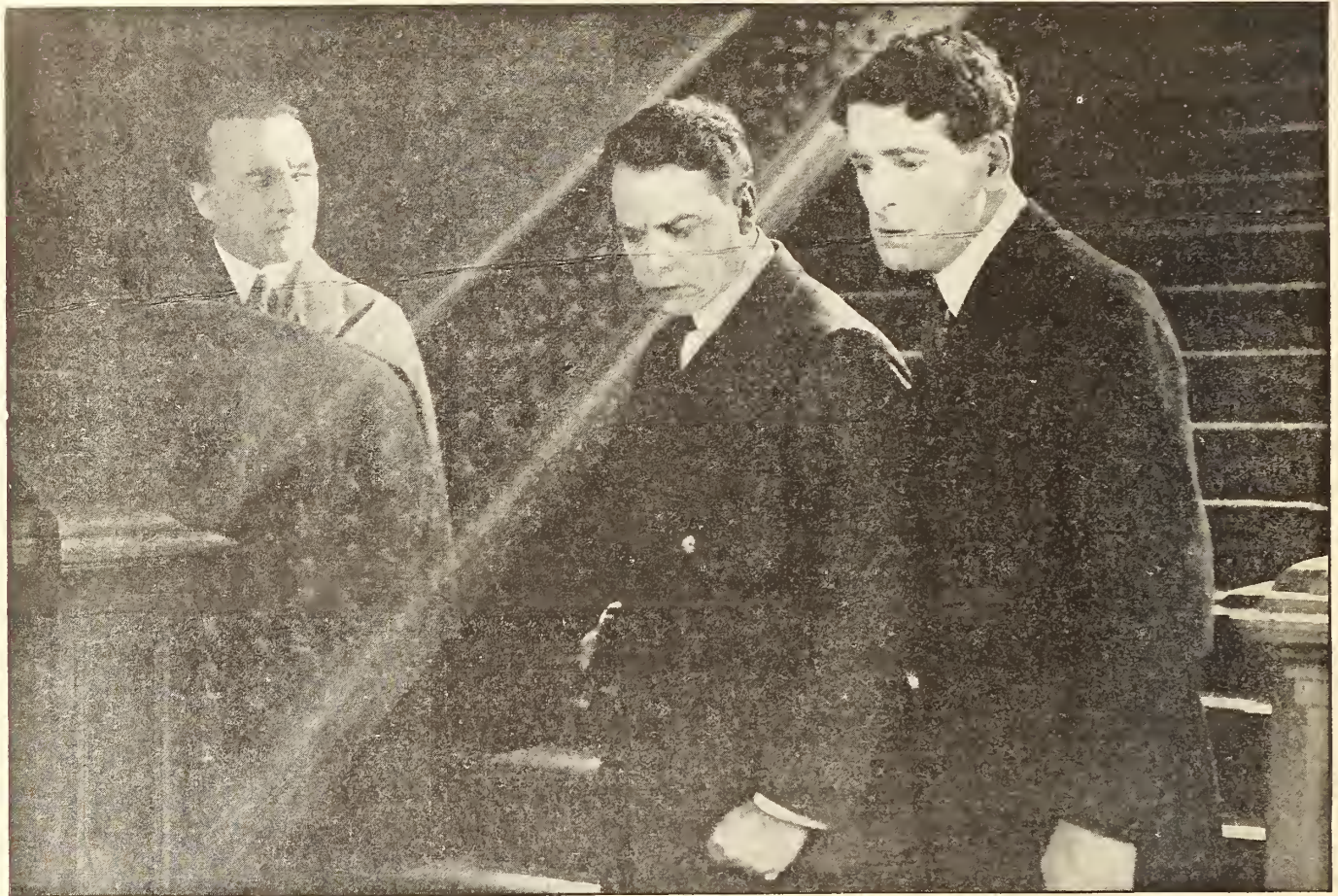
Here are a series of test questions by which you can find out how well informed you are on the subject.

By Agnes Smith

IT'S become the fashion to give mental tests. There are tests to determine the mental qualifications of school children, of the employees of large industries, of soldiers. And, as an outgrowth of these tests, many magazine and newspaper writers, following the lead of Doctor Frank Crane, have prepared lists of questions by which their readers can test their information on general or special groups of subjects.

This list of questions belongs to this latter type of test. You have seen a great many pictures, and have read a great deal about the screen. How well are you informed on the subject? Read these questions and see how many of them you can answer. In order that you can check up on your replies you will find the correct answers to the questions on page 92 of this issue.

- 1.—Who invented the “close-up?”
- 2.—Name six present-day stars who got their start in the old Biograph Company.
- 3.—What famous star was once a telephone girl in New York City?
- 4.—In what year was “The Birth of a Nation” first shown?
- 5.—What is a main title? A subtitle? A spoken title?
- 6.—What is meant by iris-in? Close-up? Fade-out?
- 7.—How many impressions taken by the camera are shown on the screen in a second?
- 8.—Where was Charlie Chaplin born?
- 9.—Who achieved fame as “Mary Pickford's director?”
- 10.—Name three of the best-known women writers of original stories for the screen.
- 11.—What woman achieved distinction as a motion-picture director?
- 12.—Of what city is Hollywood a suburb?
- 13.—Name three famous picture stars who have died.
- 14.—Who are the following: “The best-loved boy on the screen;” “America's Sweetheart;” “The Lady of the Peacocks?”
- 15.—What actress achieved the greatest reputation as a serial star?
- 16.—Who became famous as the mother of a motion-picture star?
- 17.—Who wrote “The Miracle Man?”
- 18.—What famous screen actresses now playing in serious dramas got their start as Sennett bathing beauties?
- 19.—Name two other actresses, now appearing in serious plays, who got their start as leading women for well-known comedians?
- 20.—Name the most famous horse in pictures.
- 21.—What was the first serial?
- 22.—Who was the first screen vampire?
- 23.—What was Nazimova's first screen play?
- 24.—What motion-picture star's real name is Gladys Smith? Juliet Shelby?
- 25.—Who was the first famous stage star to appear before the camera in a big feature production?
- 26.—How many feet are there in a reel of film?
- 27.—What is the largest sum ever paid for the film rights to a stage play, and for what play was it paid?
- 28.—What stars, in private life, answer to the following names: Mrs. Harold Bolster, Mrs. Rudolph Cameron, Mrs. James Regan, Jr., Mrs. Louis Lee Armes, Mrs. Thomas Clarke?



"Earthbound" is one of the most unusual experiments ever made for the screen.

The Screen in Review

Criticisms on current releases by New York's best-known and most widely read reviewer.

By Peter Milne

SEVERAL months ago one of my colleagues, writing in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, pointed out that motion-picture producers, one and all, were venturing into a new field—the field of the so-called "spiritual drama."

His prediction that this fall would see an unusual number of pictures which might be classified under this general category has been fulfilled. At least four of the outstanding pictures which I have seen of late are tinged either with the gospel of spiritualism or else they deal wholly or in part with the gospel of healing or redemption through faith.

Before touching upon these productions I must confess a profound ignorance concerning the world of psychic phenomena. I have never attended a séance—nay, I have never even been able to get a communication from a ouija board. And as for the doctrine of healing by faith—well, I have always enjoyed such vigorous and robust health that I never have felt any need to investigate that matter.

In my capacity as a reviewer of pictures I regard this ignorance and indifference on my part as a fortunate thing for my readers. For, having no prejudices one way or the other, I am able to consider the spiritual picture purely on the basis of its dramatic merits, which is the only proper basis for reviewing any picture intended for the entertainment of the general public.

I presume that the most striking of the recent pictures of this classification is Goldwyn's "Earthbound," a production based on a story by Basil King. It might be said to be one of the most unusual experiments ever made for the screen.

"Earthbound" differs from all other pictures of its kind in that its central character is the spirit of a dead man, a man who, having suddenly departed "with all his imperfections on his head," his spirit has to remain earthbound until it can be freed from the evil desires and passions which actuated the man in life. This, Mr. King and his associates accomplish at the close of eight reels of soul struggle.

It will be seen that this is not a conventional story or a conventional theme. To my mind the picture is often lacking in plain dramatic value. But here is an interesting thing: Happening to have an extra pair of tickets for the New York opening of the picture, I gave them to two friends, a young man and his mother, neither of whom are interested in pictures and who ordinarily do not even like pictures.

They told me, at our next meeting, that it was one of the most wonderful things they had ever witnessed. How, they demanded, was it possible to get such marvelous effects as those in which the spirit of the dead man appeared and acted with the living? They were unusually enthusiastic about the picture.

I am inclined, therefore, to think that this is a picture

which will be of especial interest perhaps to those who do not regularly attend the movies, though I do not wish to discourage any regular film devotee from seeing it. You should be prepared, however, to see a piece of work more thoughtful and serious in tone than the usual screen offering.

"Earthbound" may be characterized without reserve as a very fine production from the pictorial side. I presume that no more difficult piece of double exposure has ever been attempted or achieved than those scenes in which Wyndham Standing appears as the spirit of *Desborough*.

The task that confronted Standing in the interpretation of *Desborough* was filled with difficult details, and he has acquitted himself creditably.

I now turn to a picture which, to my mind, surpasses "Earthbound" in its skillful blending of the spiritual and dramatic qualities. Never, in six years of picture reviewing, have I seen a production so profoundly moving, so inspiring in effect, as "The Servant in the House," based on the stage play by Charles Rann Kennedy, which created such a sensation in New York ten years ago.

The theme is that of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," the sudden and unexpected appearance, in a house where evil influences are at work, of a character possessing a simple, yet spiritual, character which sets everything right.

Hugh Ryan Conway, the director, has done his work in marvelous spirit, his work easily matching anything done heretofore on the screen and surpassing the majority of directorial efforts.

He has been aided also by splendid work on the part of his cast. Jean Hersholt, as the servant, gives a performance tinged with the spiritual, yet never loses sight of its human value. Harvey Clarke as the corrupt bishop is quite wonderful.

His apt sense of characterization, his fine ability at make-up, and his cleverness at comedy all serve him in splendid

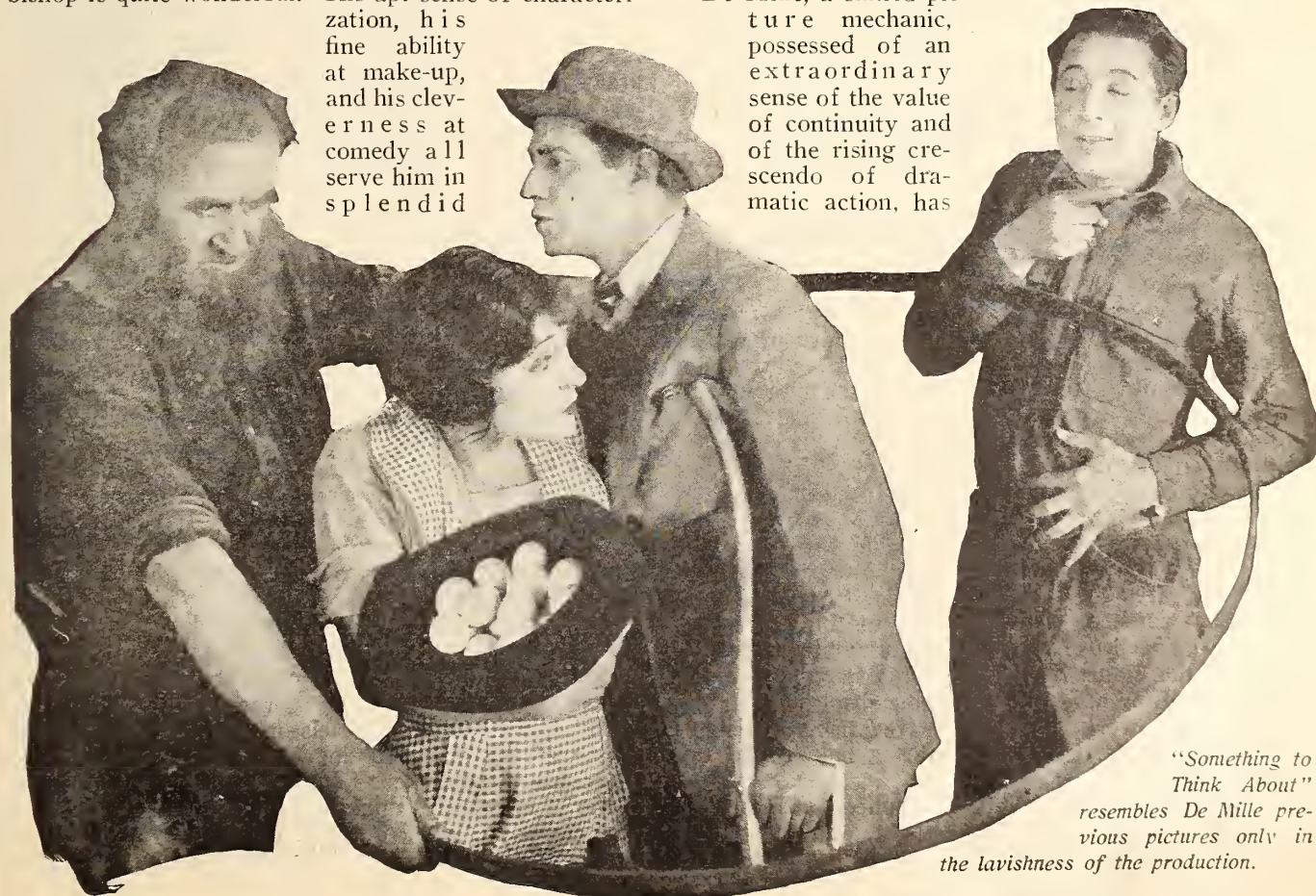
stead. Jack Curtis' picture of the drain man is a thing of fine, simple strength. Dick Rosson is delightful in a comedy part.

Cecil De Mille contributes "Something to Think About" to the pictures touching upon "faith" healing. "The Miracle Man," it seems, started a veritable avalanche of such pictures. The majority of them have been inconsequential to date, but the De Mille opus is worthy of consideration inasmuch as he has executed it upon the same lavish scale as his previous big attractions.

It is more than a mere coincidence that Elliott Dexter returns to the screen in "Something to Think About" in the rôle of *David Markley*, the cripple. Mr. Dexter was getting about the studio on crutches at the time, and probably was the inspiration for Jeanie MacPherson's story of a beautiful girl, a man full in the youth and whole vigor of life, and a less fortunate fellow confined to the crutch and the cane.

There is real pathos, something indeed worth thinking about, in the scenes between the three in the early part when *Ruth* is constantly comparing the two men in her mind's eye, basing her comparisons on the reality of *Jim's* strength and *David's* pitiable weakness. For a time, then, the action becomes melodramatically thrilling, picturing in turn *Jim's* tragic death in the subway construction work, *Ruth's* inability to get work, her going from bad to worse, her return to find her father blind, with a curse on his lips for her, and finally her rescue from tragedy by the still crippled *David*. *David* marries *Ruth*, but refuses the love that she now so readily offers him. Exasperated at last, *Ruth* prepares to leave him, but at the ultimate moment *David's* housekeeper sets her thought waves to working, and *David* not only realizes that *Ruth's* love is true and sincere, but casts aside his crutches.

De Mille, a skilled picture mechanic, possessed of an extraordinary sense of the value of continuity and of the rising crescendo of dramatic action, has



"Something to Think About" resembles De Mille previous pictures only in the lavishness of the production.

missed no point to score a tear, a thrill, a thought, or a laugh in this picture—in many respects a radical departure from his previous productions. The final bit in which *David* rises from within himself and becomes a different man is handled with a sure and deft dramatic touch. It is inspiring, for it combines drama and idea.

"The Woman in His House," with Mildred Harris Chaplin as the woman, puts forth the situation of the loving wife and the too busy husband, a great physician. Caring for the paralytic children of the poor, the husband is unaware of the affliction preparing to devastate his own child, and when the boy succumbs to the plague he is powerless to work a cure. His science proven a failure, it remains for the wife and mother to straighten out the crooked limbs and restore vitality to the wasted body by the exercise of her overpowering love.

This drama is myth even beyond the conclusion of the De Mille opus, and yet it registers as tremendously convincing and moving for the reason of its treatment. Its author unknown, unless "Irene Reels" be an identity in fact, its director one of the lesser lights of the producing art, the drama is ever potent, ever effective. The scenes between the mother and her boy before the plague has taken hold are rare delights.

It is safe to say that the star has never been more emotionally sure, more human or appealing than in the present instance.

"The Great Redeemer," a Maurice Tourneur supervised production from the pen of H. H. Van Loan, is a striking combination of stirring melodrama and spiritualism. And here, I think, the spiritual element is the more convincing on its own merits than in most of the others. For here there is no physical cure but a spiritual cure, and this is accomplished through a beautiful painting.

This is the story of a bandit unable to reform for the sake of a pretty little girl—note the departure from tradition right there—and who is sent to jail to serve a ten-year sentence. Always noted for his cleverness with the paint brush, he one day stumbles across a picture of the Figure on the cross, and starts in copying it on the wall of his cell. Becoming inspired with the beauty of his work, he proceeds feverishly, finishing just as the moon rises and creates a halo round the Figure's head.

In a miraculous moment the blasphemous murderer in the opposite cell sees a new light, and the bandit himself is transfigured with the work he has done. He is released a different man, and hastens to the girl to



"The Great Redeemer" is a striking combination of stirring melodrama and spiritualism.

find her weak and trembling, just having escaped attack by the villain. There is a moment full of suspense when the bandit feels his new faith in a higher being weakening, and then, at the moment of a prayer, lightning strikes the villain down.

The wave of spiritual pictures probably will continue for some months. Then suddenly they will be abandoned—about the time that the amateur scenario writers begin bombarding the studios with attempts along that line. For the present we, too, can now turn our attention to plays of a different type.

"A Cumberland Romance," despite a title that is commonplace in the extreme,

reveals a delightfully refreshing story of the Kentucky mountains, of a native girl, her local suitor, and the stranger from the city. Director Charles Maigne, who is proving himself one of the most versatile of the screen's directors with each successive release, has given the picture a production rich in fine color, realistic in atmosphere, and has been responsible for some great work by the star and supporting cast. The star is Mary Miles Minter, and without doubt this picture reveals her at her very best—better than she has ever been before. Monte Blue as the mountaineer, and John Bowers as the stranger from the city also do very creditable work.

The story is an adaptation of one of John Fox, Jr.'s. And, the spirits be praised, he fools us with an unconventional ending! Given this much of an inkling I'll give you one guess as to which one of her suitors the mountain girl eventually marries.

Two very fine comedies make their appearance this month, "Civilian Clothes," from the recent play, and "The Chorus Girl's Romance," from the recent short story, "Head and Shoulders." Each of them I recommend as comedy perfection.

Thomas Meighan make his début as a star in "Civilian Clothes." The story of the officer who returns to his society wife, after she has thought him dead, and reveals himself in loud and ill-fitting clothes instead of his neat and natty uniform, is probably familiar to many. Thurston Hall, another picture actor, had great success in the principal rôle on the stage.

Mr. Meighan fairly revels in the part, extracting humor of the quiet, subtle variety from every scene. Of course the ex-officer finally brings his wife around to the right way of thinking and seeing. The plot is very cleverly worked out and holds many a laugh of its own in the unfolding. The play was by Thompson

Continued on page 92

Dear Marjorie:-

A chap across the street just treated me to a real thrill. No, he didn't appear on the window ledge in indecorous negligee and do setting up exercises or anything like that. He just showed me a picture.

If you can look at that picture without the same sort of thrill, then I'm sorry I'm coming home next week! Just get a look!

Hammock; old maple tree down by grape arbor; birds and grasshoppers; bees and hummers; little whiffs of breeze across the flower beds; sweet little girl; music—

Oh, Madge! Finish the picture yourself! I've just got to go and take that mandolin away from that fellow across the street; if he keeps on playing *burtones* I'll go dippy—

You know you ought not to read any more of Marjorie's letter because you're almost sure what the rest of it is, and you wouldn't want everybody to read *your* letters, or pry into the intimate little memories and vague longings that are brought to your mind by this "picture."

Queer what music, or the mere *thoughts* of music, will do to a person's mind—yet not so queer after all. Music is so intimately personal, no wonder we automatically associate it with the things that are nearest and dearest.

But think of the barren places in the lives of those who do not know the joy of *making music!* Yet even these are just as human as we—they get the same thrill from Marjorie's letter and the picture—but it's a thrill with *something missing.*

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He has china-blue eyes that are rather childlike.

THAT used to be the slogan of comedy makers in the days of Keystone, when Chester Conklin started out to make himself famous. He told me so himself. I had gone out to the Fox studio and found him at work, wearing the usual downcast-looking mustache which is strictly chesterconklian and a travesty of a "dressy" suit. He has china-blue eyes that are direct and rather childlike in their expression, and he won't talk about himself unless you start him off on some congenial subject—such as early Keystone days.

"Yes, I guess I'm what you'd call an 'old-timer.'" he admitted with a reminiscent sigh. "Charlie Chaplin, Roscoe Arbuckle, Ford Sterling, Mabel Normand, and I, all started in together. In those days all it took then to make a comedy was a couple of gags, a chase, and a custard pie. The most important thing was the pie. We had no plot; we just doped out the general idea and filled in the details as we went along. We said, 'When in doubt, use a pie.' It was always good for a laugh. In one picture we used as many as twelve dozen custard pies—sounds awful nowadays, doesn't it?"

"Why custard?" I ventured.

"Because it stuck to the face so accommodatingly," he replied promptly. "Later we used apple pies, removing the upper crust to give the filling a little

Comedy is more subtle nowadays.

"When in Doubt, Use a Pie"

more leeway. They photographed better than custard because they were darker. Finally we found the ideal pie was blackberry. My, my, how those pies did 'register!'"

"And would you imagine," he went on, warming to his subject, "that there is a real art in throwing a pie so it won't break or spill before it reaches the victim's face?"

I said no, I never would have thought it, and Chester looked about, as if thinking a property man might have left a stray pie somewhere on the set. To my relief, there wasn't any.

"Well, you have got to balance it like this," he illustrated, teetering on one foot, with his right hand at arm's length, "then you gauge the distance between the other guy and yourself, and heave it easy in kind of an arc—so!"

"But that pie stuff is 'out' nowadays," he went on, a trifle regretfully. "That's what I meant by styles in comedies changing. You don't see quite so much of the helter-skelter chases any more, or the——"

"Ready on the set!" interrupted the director, and with an apology, Mr. Conklin hurried across the stage to where the Klieg lights were sputtering.

The scene was laid in a women's bathing-suit shop, and the "models," instead of being the lithe beauties



The old comedy slogan governed
Chester Conklin's early professional days.

By Francis Gray

usually associated with such garments—in the movies, at any rate—were middle-aged women in antiquated bathing suits dug up from a past era. It developed that Mr. Conklin, as proprietor of the place, had to eject forcibly some dozen masculine intruders who hankered for a glimpse of the "bathing beauties," a most absurd proceeding. After a few minutes he came back slightly out of breath, and testing his hang-dog mustache to see if it was still doing its duty.

"See how different this comedy is from the old-time stuff?" he asked, seating himself by my side in a canvas chair marked "Chester Conklin." "Now they seem to want burlesque stuff; comedies that pan the old way of doing things.

"Still, a fall gets a laugh to-day just as it did in the Keystone days. But that's because a fall gets a laugh off screen, too. Isn't it true that if we see any one take a tumble—especially a fat man, we laugh first and say, 'Ain't that too bad!'"

"Don't you get awfully bruised up?" I asked.

"Sure," he replied. "But when I do, I go to a doc and get fixed up again. It isn't so bad now, but in the early days at Mack Sennett's it was a quiet day when we didn't jump off a roof, get run over by an automobile, or have a hod of bricks fall on us.

"But the thing we dreaded most"—he paused dramatically, and I had visions of plowing through fire or carrying dynamite in hip pockets—"was *water!* You've no idea," he declaimed with a shudder, "how you come to hate the stuff. Once we were making a comedy that called for lots of upset boats and floundering around in a pond. Cold? *Gosh!* We were ab-so-lutely *blue* with cold! And we worked in it all day and most of the night. We'd have died if some one with a long head hadn't brought along some 'likker.' And about a year ago, four of us who worked for two days in a camera rainstorm went home with the flu. After that we declared for no more water or rain pictures."

I wanted to know some more about the early Keystone days, and Chester obligingly began to reminisce.

"Well, instead of working on a comedy for a month or six weeks as we do now, we



"I'm an
old-
timer,"
said
Chester.



The dejected mustache was accidental the first time.

made two or three in a week. Charlie Chaplin and I used to dope out gags as we went home on the street car—that was before either of us could afford a machine. We'd see a bakery, or a paper hanger's store, or perhaps a blacksmith's shop, and it would give us an idea for a comedy. Then we'd work out the details when we got to it.

"My first rôle was that of a policeman that I played with Chaplin and Mabel Normand. In the next comedy we were all firemen, and we borrowed the uniforms of the nearest fire department. When the first fire alarm sounded, we rushed into our suits and got to the fire with the camera man ahead of the members of the real fire department, who came without their uniforms. Charlie and I tipped over ladders, spilled water on each other, stepped in each others' faces, and did everything but help put out the blaze, while the camera cranked away and the owners of the building cursed us in seven languages. I guess they thought we were the real fire department. The house burned to the ground, I believe, but we got a peach of a comedy."

I asked the whyfore of the dejected mustache, and Chester grinned broadly.

"That was an accident," he said. "We wore curly

Continued on page 91

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"A few years ago he started at Browning's at \$15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred, too. You don't want to work for \$15 a week all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we've got several I. C. S. boys right here in the bank.'

"That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later he had started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he's making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he's a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time."

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Prove that *you* are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for something better if you'll simply give them the chance. More than two million men and women in the last 29 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. More than 110,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now.

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7-25-19

Canadians may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Montreal, Canada

What the Fans Think

On different subjects concerning the screen, as revealed by letters selected from our mail pouch.

Oh, What a Crush!

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I read "My Crush on Gloria Golden" in your magazine, and just now, when I sent a box of fudge off to Richard Barthelmess, who's the present object of my adoration, I got to thinking about the stars I've had crushes on in the past. If I were the mother of a daughter, I'd certainly lots rather have her be crazy about some motion-picture star than to be talking all the time about the boys she knows, the way some girls I know do.

I began going to movies when Marc MacDermott and King Baggott were so popular. I was pretty young to have a crush on anybody, but even so I was crazy about Maurice Costello. I went to see him in everything, and thought he was too wonderful for words. Then I switched to Clara Kimball Young a little later, because I could sort of imagine that I looked and acted as she did—which, of course, I couldn't do with Maurice! And, anyway, I'd heard that he was married, and in those days that made a difference, because it was such a sort of personal affair. I don't feel that way any more. If they're good actors, I'd just as soon they'd have a wife and ten children.

Miss Young was my idol for a long time, and inspired me to brush my hair a hundred strokes every night, and give up candy for a month at a stretch. Then I went away to school, and got so tired of seeing girls all the time that I preferred seeing the men stars. And Wallie Reid in "Carmen" won my heart; he was so *terribly* good looking! But I didn't care for his love-making, and I wavered between him and Edward Earle and Earle Fox for quite a long time, with Wallace always a little in the lead. Then I saw Eugene O'Brien, playing leads with Norma Talmadge, and it was all off with Wallie, though, of course, I still liked him, and always will. But after Gene became a star I didn't see so much of him any more. About that time, though, I happened to see Richard Barthelmess in a comedy with Dorothy Gish—and he's my crush now. I don't believe there's ever been any better acting than his. I like Harrison Ford, too, and Robert Gordon—and lots of the girls, of course; the Talmadges and Bebe Daniels and Alice Lake. But me for Dick most of any!

And I think crushes, like those I've had, make people a lot happier than they'd be without them. I write to Dick Barthelmess every week. And not really knowing them intimately, you're never disappointed in the stars you're fond of, as you are in the people you see every day. I don't believe crushes ever do girls any harm, and I think they do them loads of good.

DOROTHY W.—Mount Vernon, New York.

An Appeal for Fewer "Made-Over" Stories.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

This is my favorite section of my favorite magazine of the screen. In these columns I see my own thoughts expressed; it is just like talking things over with my own friends. For instance, I agree with C. B.—St. Paul, Minnesota, in saying the producing companies are making a mistake in picturizing novels, old or new. It seems that one or the other must suffer, either the fiction or the picture, and if I know beforehand that a picture is adapted from any well-known book or magazine story that I have enjoyed, I stay away from that particular show. Take for example the story, "Venus in the East," that clean comedy, with its droll situations and amusing episodes. We had laughed over the story and anticipated an evening of riotous mirth when it was advertised for the screen. But, oh, what a fizzle! It was flat, stale, and insipid, with as much resemblance to the story as a zephyr has to a tempest.

Of course, with Mary Pickford, John Barrymore, and many others whose dominant personality is so great a factor, any character they choose, fictional or original, is well done and acceptable.

We get all the big pictures and hundreds of minor productions. Personally, I prefer the lesser stars—the less sophisticated—the pictures that break precedents and get away from "costly sets" and nearer to nature.

A. J. D.—Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Movie Cow-puncher Gets His!

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Will Rogers came along just in time to save the screen cowboy from the fate he was headed for at the hands of the average portrayer of him, in my opinion. I've known the real thing, you see—was brought up by hand by a bunch of cow-punchers, and you can take my word for it that any one of them would be proud to take Will Rogers into his outfit.

You can't appreciate him unless you know the real, old-time cowboy. His utter lack of good looks, the very way he wears his hat, his dry humor, and the unintentional pathos of him—they're all typical of the cowboy who doesn't know anything but his own country. Most of the cowboy stars are too studiously picturesque, too well suited with themselves. And they look too much as if they'd been helped out of bed by a valet and eaten a big breakfast, instead of sleeping on the ground, rolled up in a blanket. The movie Westerner is courageous—but he's courageous like a circus rider, somehow; not like a cowboy.

And the horses they use in "Westerns!" They look like jaded mounts who've been driven on city pavements for years, instead of the broncs that are the real cow ponies. Their riders jerk at the horses' mouths till it makes a real cowboy wince—and wear, while they do it, plaid shirts and velour hats that the plains never saw at any stage of the game! All this, with the exception of Rogers—and a few others, perhaps.

A ROGERS FAN—Seattle, Wash.



We Hope the Stars Feel the Same Way!

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Like most of your readers, I am very much interested in the personalities of the screen stars. The thing that I am impelled to write to you about, however, is not so much my own opinions of my favorites, as to comment about some of the interviews you have had of late with some of them.

I think the ones that have impressed me the most were those with Richard Barthelmess, ZaSu Pitts, Bebe Daniels, and Nazimova. There was something about each of those articles that was so refreshingly frank and sincere, that I couldn't help expressing my appreciation for the way in which you are making me really acquainted with these "dear friends of mine." I know that I shall feel closer to ZaSu when I see her next picture, because, thanks to your article, I feel so much closer to her now. And my admiration for Dick Barthelmess has gone up one hundred per cent—and it was pretty high before. I have read so much silly trash about actors and actresses—a lot of which I don't and never did believe—that the articles which you are printing come as a most refreshing relief. Please keep up the good work.

MRS. CLARA A. ENGERT, 759 Worley Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

Hard on the Comedies.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

As a regular movie fan, I'd like to know why more good news reels and educational pictures are not shown, instead of the foolish comedies that bore every one so. Why not save the good comedies and make five-reel pictures of them, and let the "Smiling Billies" and "Bouncing Bobbies" leave pictures and go to work at some useful occupation?

A PHAN—Los Angeles, Cal.

In Appreciation of Pauline.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I've been a regular reader of your magazine for some time now, and I'm venturing to give my opinion on dramatic stars. I hardly ever see any mention of Pauline Frederick—don't any of your readers appreciate her wonderful acting? I've seen almost every film she has appeared in, and, in my opinion, she is the finest actress the screen has ever shown us. She stands for everything in art as represented by the screen; she has the power to express any depth of emotion, without resorting to violent gestures, and she has beauty that is strictly individual. Pauline Frederick shows us that tiger skins and peacock feathers aren't necessary in the making of a dramatic star, yet when oc-

Continued on page 74

How I Make Money -Right at Home!

LOOK at this check for \$26.50—payable to me.

"I made this mouey easily and pleasantly—in the spare time left over from my housework and the care of Bobby and Anne, my children. In fact, they helped me to make it. I make as much, and often more every month.

"Before I found this new, easy way of making money right at home, in privacy, freedom and comfort, my husband's salary, while sufficient to meet our absolutely necessary expenses, was really not enough to give us any of the little extra pleasures that mean so much to a family. Everything we eat or wear has gone up so high, and salaries haven't kept pace!

"But now, we have more than the

necessaries—we have beaten the terrible old H. C. of L.—and we have our little luxuries and amusements too.

"How do I do it? Simply by kuitting socks. No, not by the slow old process of hand-knitting, but by using *The Auto Knitter*, a marvelous, but very simple, easily-operated machine. Now that I have gained practice with the *Auto Knitter* I often make a sock in 10 minutes!

"And the best part of it is that I have a *guaranteed, constant market* for every pair of socks I make at a *guaranteed price*. I simply send *The Auto Knitter* Company the finished socks, and back comes my check by return mail, together with a new supply of yarn to replace that used in the socks sent them.



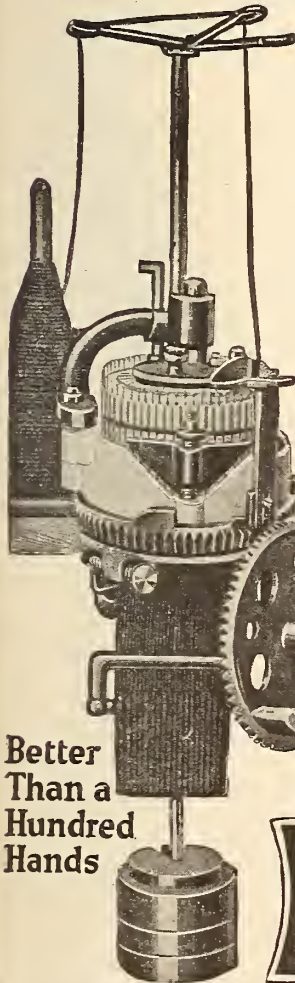
"Free Yarns Sent With the Machine and They Pay Me for the Socks"

"The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company is an old, firmly established American corporation, engaged in the manufacture of high-grade seamless socks. They have always preferred home manufacture to factory production. They constantly need more workers to make socks, in their own homes. They need you.

"When you decide to become an Auto Knitter worker, as I did, the Auto Knitter Company will make a contract to pay you a fixed, Guaranteed Wage, on a piece-work basis. In this contract you take no risk. You can work for them as much as you want, or as little as you want—spare time or full time. And for every shipment of socks you send them you will get your pay check—promptly.

"With the machine they send a supply of wool yarn FREE. They also supply FREE the yarn needed to replace that which you use in making the socks you send to the company.

"You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output



The Auto Knitter

A turn of the handle, and 60 and more smooth, even, perfect stitches are knitted. The Auto Knitter makes the sock—top—body—heel—and toe without removal from the machine. It weighs about 20 pounds, and can be clamped to any ordinary table or stand. Easily learned. Experience in knitting and familiarity with machines are unnecessary. Complete instructions are sent to every worker. The Auto Knitter is to hand-knitting what the sewing machine is to hand-sewing.

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Find Out How You Can Make Money With The Auto Knitter

Write Today for Our Liberal Wage Offer

No matter where you live we want you to know all about *The Auto Knitter*. We want to tell you of the pleasant and profitable place ready for you in our organization, and the future you can make for yourself with *The Auto Knitter*.

We want you to compare our work, and the money that is in it, with what people are paid for long, hard, grinding toil in office, store, mill and factory. We want you to know the substantial amounts that even a small part of your spare time will earn for you. Then we want you to read the glowing statements of our

perfectly satisfied workers, and learn how, if you desire, you can have your own home factory and sell your output both wholesale and retail.

Remember that experience is unnecessary, that you need not know how to knit. You do not have to even know how to sew. *The Auto Knitter* does the work.

Action is the word. Write your name and address now, this minute, on the coupon and get this coupon in the mail at once. Enclose 2c postage to cover cost of mailing, etc.

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Inc.

Dept. 5711K, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

of your Auto Knitter as you see fit; you can also use the Auto Knitter to make, at a remarkably low cost, all the hosiery your family needs—wool or cotton.

"But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out Employment Offer, at a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone."

Read What Satisfied Workers Say

The Auto Knitter gives you the opportunity to make money during your spare time. It also gives you the chance to devote your entire time to the business, and thus, to be independent of bosses, rules, time-clocks, working-hours, etc. The Wage Contract is in no sense a disguised "canvassing scheme," "agency," or "open a store" proposition. Here is the proof—read the evidence from some of our workers.

More Than Two Dozen Pairs a Day

The Auto Knitter has proven very satisfactory. The work done on the machine cannot be surpassed. The only requirement is to learn the work and then work. The Auto Knitter is very speedy and any person of good judgment can knit from one to two dozen pairs of socks a day, and if they want to push the work they can turn out more. The treatment by the Auto Knitter Company is the best, and I have found them to be absolutely reliable. Berlin, N.Y.

Promptness Appreciated

Am sending you today a shipment of half hose. I wish to compliment you on the promptness with which you return replacement yarn and check. Gays, Ill.

Getting Along Fine

I am sending you another lot of socks today. I am getting along fine with my machine, and thank you for the promptness with which you have accepted and paid for my hosiery. Limestone, Tenn.

Thanks for Attention

I have just sent you a lot of half hose made by my Auto Knitter with yarn supplied by you. I am glad to avail myself of this opportunity to tell you how much pleased I am with the machine and what pleasure it gives me to work it. I also wish to thank you for the courtesy and prompt attention you have always shown me. Buffalo, N. Y.

Send Coupon Now

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., INC.
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Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with The Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

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State Picture-Play 11-20

A Curs-ory Chat with Metro, the Parrot

By Celia Brynn

JUNE MATHIS told me that she had found Metro, the parrot, languishing in a pen of pigeons on the lot. She rescued him, named him for the studio, and has tried ever since to make a gentleman of him.

But I strongly suspect that Metro's forbears were nautical birds with a

the Japanese garden on the studio lot, and was thoughtfully chewing a lead pencil to splinters.

"Are you going to write the memoirs of your life?" I asked politely, and he raised his head, turning on me the broadside of a steady amber eye and a hooked beak.

"Go to——" he returned with sim-

"You are quite an actor, aren't you?" I persisted, and he sidled over to the extreme edge of the vase and peered down, with the evident intention of escaping my annoying questions.

"Blast the luck!" he ejaculated, finding it was too far down to the ground to do a parachute drop.

Miss Mathis again felt called upon to explain.

"He is used in so many pictures that he picks up all sorts of expressions from the people around the sets—directors, actors, electricians, and carpenters.

"When he finished working with Nazimova in 'The Heart of a Child,' he could imitate Madame's voice exactly, and after he had worked with Viola Dana in 'Head and Shoulders,' he had a choice collection of slang. On one set the men were shooting craps when not working in the picture, and Metro knows all about the dice now."

The parrot fairly pricked up his ears at the mention of the word "dice."

"Oh, you eighter from Decatur!" he murmured fervently, and in another second added, "C'mon, you sonuvagun, fade me!"

"Metro!" exclaimed Miss Mathis to her protégé who was fast demolishing the pencil, entirely unabashed by his mistress' embarrassment. "I don't want people to think I've taught him all the bad language he uses," she laughed, and I promised not to hold his vocabulary to her discredit.

"He absolutely adores lead pencils," she went on, as Metro demonstrated the truth of the statement by spitting out the fragments of lead and looked around for another.

"Dog-gone lie!" remarked Metro.

"He has worked with Teddy Whack, the dog with the broken leg, hasn't he?" I asked, and Metro, on hearing the name, set up a shrill call. "Teddy, Teddy, oh-oh-h Ted-dy!"

From around the corner of the studio hobbled a little brown dog with almost human eyes and a crooked leg.

"They are great friends," observed Miss Mathis. "They got acquainted in 'Shore Acres.' Teddy was supposed to be killed in that picture, you may remember."

The canine actor came over to the vase and stuck up his nose inquiringly. Metro bent down as if to say something, and then straightened up.

"Go home, poor fish," he said distinctly, and I took my cue and went.



He has worked with Viola Dana, Nazimova, and several of the other stars. In this picture he is seen with Teddy Whack, the famous dog actor.

naughty-cal vocabulary. I shouldn't wonder if he himself had at one time swung head downward from a hal-yard shrieking about "pieces of eight" and "buckets of blood."

Just the same, Metro has some distinguished traits. He is literary, for one thing—and, of course, he should, belonging, as he does, to Miss Mathis, one of the foremost scenarionists of the day.

When I met him he was at liberty—on shore leave one might say—in

ple dignity, and fell to chewing again upon the lead pencil.

Miss Mathis was properly shocked.

"Polly, you must be nice to the lady," she admonished. "She is going to write a story about you."

Metro snapped off an inch of lead and gave me the Cyclopean once over again.

"Watta bore, watta bore." He almost sighed, and Miss Mathis explained that he had caught the expression from a temperamental star.

Stop Losing Your Hair

Read about KOTALKO



NOTED specialists certify that new growths of hair, after complete baldness, and eradication of dandruff are possible when certain conditions exist and that such results positively have been attained.

For ages, scientists of the civilized world have sought the real causes of the loss of hair and for the best way to overcome baldness where papillae exist in the scalp, even if dormant, and if scalp is dry and shiny.

All those centuries, the North American Indians seem to have had the secret. Indeed—who ever saw or heard of a bald Indian, unless he had been actually scalped?

A trader among the Indians—John Hart Brit-

tain got hold of the secret by right of purchase; then the formula was modernized. "Kotalko" is the name by which the compound is known. Although almost entirely bald, hair came in prolific growth on Mr. Brittain's head after applying Kotalko and this hair growth never lessened. Legions of other men, women and children have had scalp and hair benefit through KOTALKO. Many have reported **new growths of hair after baldness of years.** Many have reported that their hair stopped falling out. Many have reported **dandruff** eradicated completely by Kotalko. There is a chance for you to test the efficacy of Kotalko. Your aim, like that of every other ambitious, self-respecting person, is

Luxuriant HAIR for You

The principle and the Kotalko formula is a compound from the Three Kingdoms of Nature: Apply Kotalko gently to the scalp and to whatever hair is still left. *Watch in your mirror!*

What Kotalko can do for overcoming the thinning, splitting, loss or combing-out of hair, also for dandruff and baldness, has been evidenced in legions of voluntary testimonials.

William Shaw testified: "I had a bald spot over 12 years that has become covered by using Kotalko." Mary Ferriera: "My hair had fallen out when I began to use Kotalko. Then the hair grew again." Alfred E. H. Flary: "My head was as bare as the bottom of my foot. Since using Kotalko there has come a nice thick growth of hair." Louise A. Gray: "After using Kotalko, my hair is much thicker and longer than it was." **Many—very many—other testimonials**—some lengthy, are available for YOU to read. Let us send you some sheets of them: look for cases like your own.

Doctor's Praise of Kotalko

Dr. R. W. Richardson stated: "For fifteen years I had a gradually increasing bald spot due to scalp disorder for which I used many remedies without benefit. Then hearing of what Kotalko was doing for others, I used it. The scalp trouble is gone and hair is growing over the bald spot. I owe it all to Kotalko."

This preparation is not a sweet scented liquid, nor a soapy shampoo, nor anything in the "dainty" class.

Money Back Guarantee

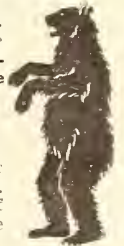
THAT KOTALKO will aid to **OVERCOME DANDRUFF**, to stop **FALLING HAIR**; or to **GROW HAIR** where papillae exist (even if imbedded in a shiny scalp) or **YOUR MONEY BACK** if you are not fully satisfied.

Kotalko is making an unparalleled record. It is so different from other hair preparations and so successful for **Dandruff, Falling Hair, etc.**

Kotalko is not a shampoo nor a liquid. It is a substance to be applied with the finger tips at the scalp, at night. **Astonishing results** reported. **Get a box at the druggist's.** Be sure to read below.

KOTALKO

In Kotalko one of the ingredients is bear oil and, remember, it is genuine bear oil, compounded with the other ingredients of Nature and to be applied to the scalp in the Indians' original way.



Proof Box, 10 Cents

If you wish to test Kotalko on falling or thinning hair, scalp disorder, dandruff, or baldness, you may receive a Proof Box of Kotalko with testimonials and booklet by mail (plainly wrapped package) by sending 10 cents, silver or stamps, to **John Hart Brittain, Inc., BC-151, Station F., New York, N. Y.** Or you may obtain a full size box of KOTALKO at a druggist's or a toilet goods counter of a department store. Remember the name—**KOTALKO**. It is the genuine compound. There is nothing "just the same." Money-back guarantee and directions with each box.

Everybody admires beautiful hair



HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William

Lord Wright

The Play of the Future Author

Where will motion-picture producers get their stories in the future? The old plays are nearly all "made over"; the popular novels past and present have been sadly depleted; there are but a limited number of "six best sellers." The producers are so anxious for good screen plots right now that old screen plays are being made over. Books and plays done by the members of the defunct General Film Company, the Kleine-Selig-Essanay-Lubin organization, and the old Vitagraph-Lubin-Selig-Essanay distributing organization, all flourishing six or seven years ago, these books and plays, I repeat, are appearing again. We hear that "The Garden of Allah," the Hichins novel done by Selig as a spectacular special four years ago, has been "bought over" and is to appear again as a new production under another trademark. "The Prince Chap," "The House of a Thousand Candles," and others have been produced for the second time. Material must be procured for the star system, you know—something to fit the personality of the leading man or leading woman.

This should encourage the ambitious person who longs for the day when his or her "stuff" will be eagerly scanned in film editorial offices; when there will be a really, truly good market for "outsiders." The writer of this department differs from the wisecracks who assert that "originals will never again be wanted." I differ because I know the discussion going on among the big producers; because I am closely in touch with actual production and can see the signs of the times. There will be a big market for stories written first for the motion-picture screen. *There must be.* The made-over books cannot last long, for the public will get wise; such old classics as are available will be called upon and made to serve their purpose; there are but a limited number of new novels and short stories suitable for screen adaptation yearly—and then what? The cry will go forth for originals, and those who are prepared to furnish originals will cash in.

Necessary Quali- fications

And what must the free lance do to be prepared when this period arrives, is a logical question. The writer who hopes to sell original stories for the movies must first be a student of screen personality. That is, the writer must know the strength and the limitations of the popular movie stars. The

writer must know what sort of plots Bessie Love likes and what sort of stories must be submitted for Lew Cody.

Here is a professional secret, but an open secret—a secret that actuates every successful writer for the motion pictures to-day. There are about a dozen men and women movie stars to-day who are really versatile—capable of enacting a wide range of rôles. Almost without exception, these dozen men and women gained their experience in acting by years spent on the spoken stage before they entered pictures. The other movie stars, great in number, have limited capabilities. They do some sort of character lead well and are at sea in other parts. They have their line of favorite facial expressions, their favorite gestures and cute little mannerisms—and publicity and personality.

Is it not logical that these stars must have certain business written for them which brings out their strong points and glosses over their weaknesses? It surely is. The only way to learn the character of stories wanted for particular stars is to study these stars on the screen and study at least three or four of the vehicles in which they appear. Watch the little things. If the star is diminutive, you will note that big, deep seats and a cast that averages tall in stature are supplied in order to accentuate the star's daintiness and win her the love of the audience. If she has a dimple, you will note the close-ups that display that attraction; if her hands and arms are pretty note that this fact is not overlooked; some stars cannot wear clothes; that means, in motion-picture parlance, that she does not appeal in evening gowns, but is more effective in rags and tatters, or gingham frocks and sunbonnets. I know of one star who appears very badly in formal clothes; the rough backwoods type alone suits him.

Every one knows, or should know, the character of the stories desired by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. How many know the character of business and plots wanted by Mildred Harris Chaplin, Betty Compson, Bessie Barriscale, May Marsh, Dustin Farnum, Ethel Clayton, and so on?

And those directors specializing in all-star casts: How many know what these directors desire? They want well-balanced, strong stories, without featuring any particular star. Only the other day I heard Edgar Lewis, the director, sighing for just such a story.

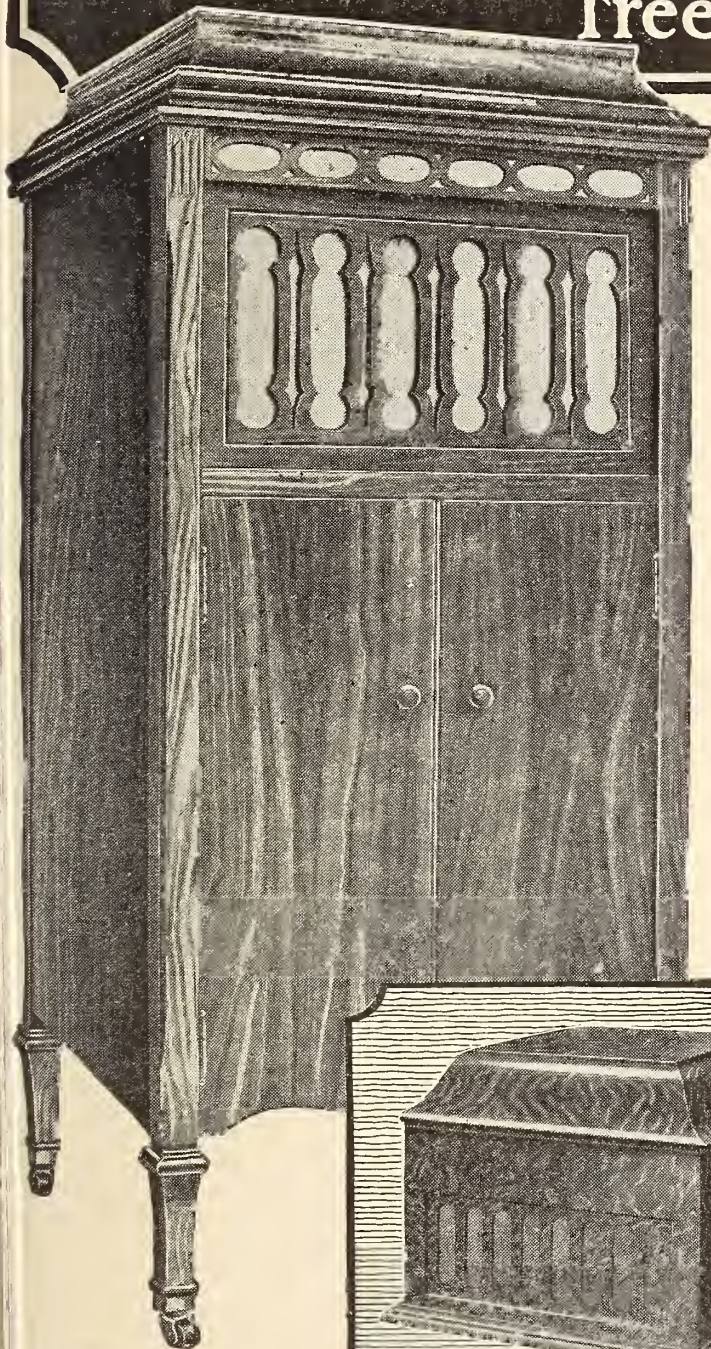
Get ready for the day when the original story comes

Continued on page 72

QUESTIONS concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, when accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Beginners, however, are advised first to procure our "Guideposts for Scenario Writers," a booklet covering all the points on which beginners usually wish to be informed, which will be sent for ten cents. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with statements of the kinds of stories they want, may procure our Market Booklet for six cents. *Please note that we cannot read or criticize scripts.*

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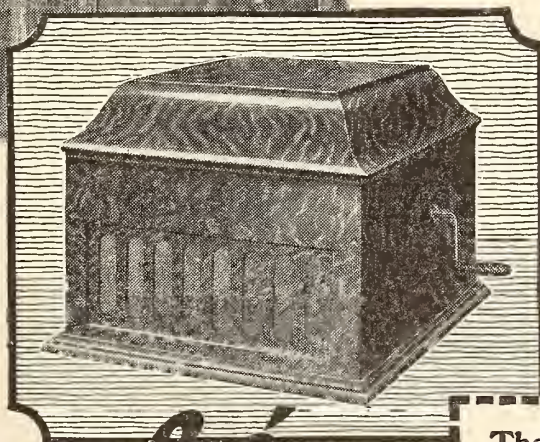
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into its own. It has come in serials—most of them are originals. It will come, and come soon, in feature productions. Study the motion-picture screens, not for entertainment, but to get a thorough knowledge of the stars and the stories and the way the stories are written.

Right in Line

Apropos of the above paragraphs comes a letter from R. J. Trebor, of Los Angeles, California, which we reproduce here, before answering it.

"I'm one of the millions that encounter a 'funny feeling' after reading some of the alluring statements you see about the great demand for screen stories. I have spent many a dollar on trade papers, stamps, courses, books, and have been told that I turn out producible material, yet, after four years of shattered hope, I can only show a basketful of rejection slips and two short reels to my credit.

"Why doesn't some one be candid and tell us there is very little hope for the 'outsider' to dispose of his stuff? When the 'experts' themselves cannot deliver the goods why do most magazine scenario editors maintain there was never a better chance for the free lance than right now?"

"How many persons carrying the title of scenario editor three years ago are holding down such a desk to-day? Even these experts themselves cannot dispose of their stuff—how can one expect an outsider to receive any consideration? What has become of E. M. Hall, McCloskey, E. W. Sargent, Arthur Leeds, and many other 'big chiefs' of former days? This only goes to show that one must have a personal pull in order to get stuff over. I realize that most concerns are doing stage and book stuff, and some companies are doing over subjects that have been produced before by other companies.

"We have a sort of club out here, the object being mutual benefit. This so-called 'circle' has been done in former days in the East. But it's a sort of get-together affair where we would-bees can offer sympathy to one another. I would appreciate a little information on the following questions:

"1—When a continuity writer develops a play from a novel, does he work from a synopsis of that book, or does he work directly from the book?"

"2—To obtain a position as continuity writer must a writer present a sample of his work?"

"3—How must one go about securing such a position?"

"4—When a writer does the continuity of a book does he develop the sequences just as they follow in the book?"

A Good Chance for Real Talent

I had written the opening article for this department before Mr. Trebor's letter came, and, in part, the opening paragraphs answer his letter. But I am going into detail, believing our readers will be interested in further dissertation on the subject. I repeat that there is hope for the really talented outsider. I recently received a letter from J. L. Jones, who writes that a friend of his, without any pull or training, recently sold a plot for five hundred dollars. I don't claim that the producers are elbowing each other in frantic efforts to secure "outside" stories right now, but I do claim that the market will be good for the writer of real ability before so very long.

It is, on the very face of it, absurd to contend that in disposing of motion-picture plots and continuities, "pull" cuts much figure. There is a great deal less of it in that department than in any other branch of the game. The producer realizes that the story and the continuity of the story form the rockbound foundation of the entire structure. Mind you, I do not say that "a friend at court" does not sometimes give a continuity writer an opportunity to make good. But if that writer's continuity is not good—he is summarily dismissed. And the plot or story is sold strictly on its merits. Common sense should tell you that no producer, willing to expend thousands of dollars on a picture, would be such a fool as to buy a story just because some friend or a friend of a friend wrote it. Would any sane person deliberately pay five hundred dollars for some

doubtful story, and then spend seventy-five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars to produce it?

"Then why do they select so many poor stories?" you ask. You might as well ask why a certain church picked a poor minister, why Connie Mack can't always pick a pennant-winning team, why your wife didn't get a better cook the last time. There are too many possible reasons to be given in detail here, but the principal one is that human judgment is scarcely ever infallible. Moreover, it's always easy to criticize any business except the one you're actually running. Very often, too, the story which you think was such a poor one, made a good deal of money. And to make money is the main object of making motion pictures; and, incidentally, the reason that you are trying to learn to write movie plots.

Pull Can Go Just So Far

Let me tell you how much "pull" counts. Not very long ago I represented an Eastern company in California. A feature picture was about to be produced, the story was already in hand—a book play. There came a telegram stating that Mr. So-and-so, a continuity writer, would call, and that we should give him an opportunity to do the scenario of the feature at one hundred dollars a reel. This Mr. So-and-so had a "pull." Now one hundred dollars a reel is a standard fee, and his pull consisted in being given an opportunity to serve. He had his opportunity and turned in poor work. He was fired without a penny—and three other continuity writers worked on the play before one was found who did acceptable work.

As to the "big chiefs" mentioned in Mr. Trebor's letter, E. M. Hall is turning out clever plots as of yore and selling more than ever. Epes W. Sargent remains on the staff of a well-known movie trade journal and also writes movie plots and continuities. Arthur Leeds is still in the game and writes a department on the movies for a literary journal. Giles R. Warren, formerly editor of the old "Imp" and later of the Lubin Company, wrote the editor just recently that he had just completed writing and directing a big feature and had all the work he could do. Lawrence McCloskey—I saw his name as the author of a big feature just the other day.

Here is another interesting indication of the coming change. Mary Pickford, as you well know, has been buying every available book and story of wide popular appeal which offered her the sort of rôle to which she confines her talents. "Pollyanna," "Daddy Long-Legs," and other stories which have been widely read were purchased by her at fabulous prices whenever she could get hold of them. I have been told that on her return from Europe she had on hand three original stories by Francis Marion, and nothing else. From time to time she will, of course, continue to be able to pick up a story which has succeeded in some other form. But just watch and see if she doesn't get back, more and more, to original stories. Jerome Storm, who did such splendid work directing all of the Charles Ray comedies for Ince, is going to enter the independant field. I understand that, after having carefully investigated the story market, he has decided that he will achieve better results by using original stories, written by authors skilled in the work, who know the type of thing he wants to produce, and who will better furnish him with the kind of vehicle suited to his needs than would anything he could pick up in the way of books and plays. And now let me attempt to answer the questions which Mr. Trebor asked in his letter.

Continued on page 88

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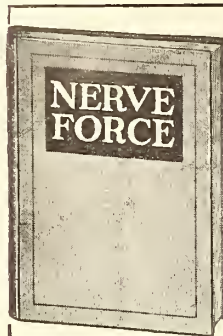
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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 66

casian demands it, she can give points to any one on clothes and how to wear them.
KITTY BENNETT—London, England.

This Fan Likes Variety.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.
"Another Fan," of Atlanta, Georgia, is quite right in saying that the star is more important than the play—so long as he confines his examples to stars of the first rank. I agree with him so long as he is speaking only of such stars as Pickford and Nazimova on the screen—or of Mansfield, Sir Henry Irving, or Mrs. Fiske on the stage.

But let's look a little further into the question. As he himself admits, "the stars never change, and are the same in all their plays."

Now, so long as we adore Mary, or Norma, or whoever our favorite may be, we're quite contented to see her in rôles very similar to the ones in which she first won our affections. In fact, since it's *her own personality* that we adore, we'd rather not see her disguised in some strange sort of type.

But how about the stars we don't care especially about? Their work becomes monotonous to us.

Now, with me, the matter resolves itself to this: There are four or five stars about whom I am so enthusiastic that I never miss any of their pictures, and, like "Another Fan," I don't care what they play in.

But those whom I regard as the second-rate stars I only see at long intervals, unless I'm told that they're appearing in some especially good story.

And what do I do for screen amusement the rest of the time? I'll tell you. I follow mighty carefully the productions that do not feature any special stars, and from them I believe I really get the most enjoyment. For example, I recently saw, in New York, King Vidor's "The Jack-Knife Man." And I don't believe I ever enjoyed anything more. I'm looking forward with the greatest anticipation to seeing Griffith's "Way Down East."

Don't you think, "Another Fan," that you overstated the value of the star?

J. D. R.—Scranton, Pa.

He's a Friend of Bill Hart's.

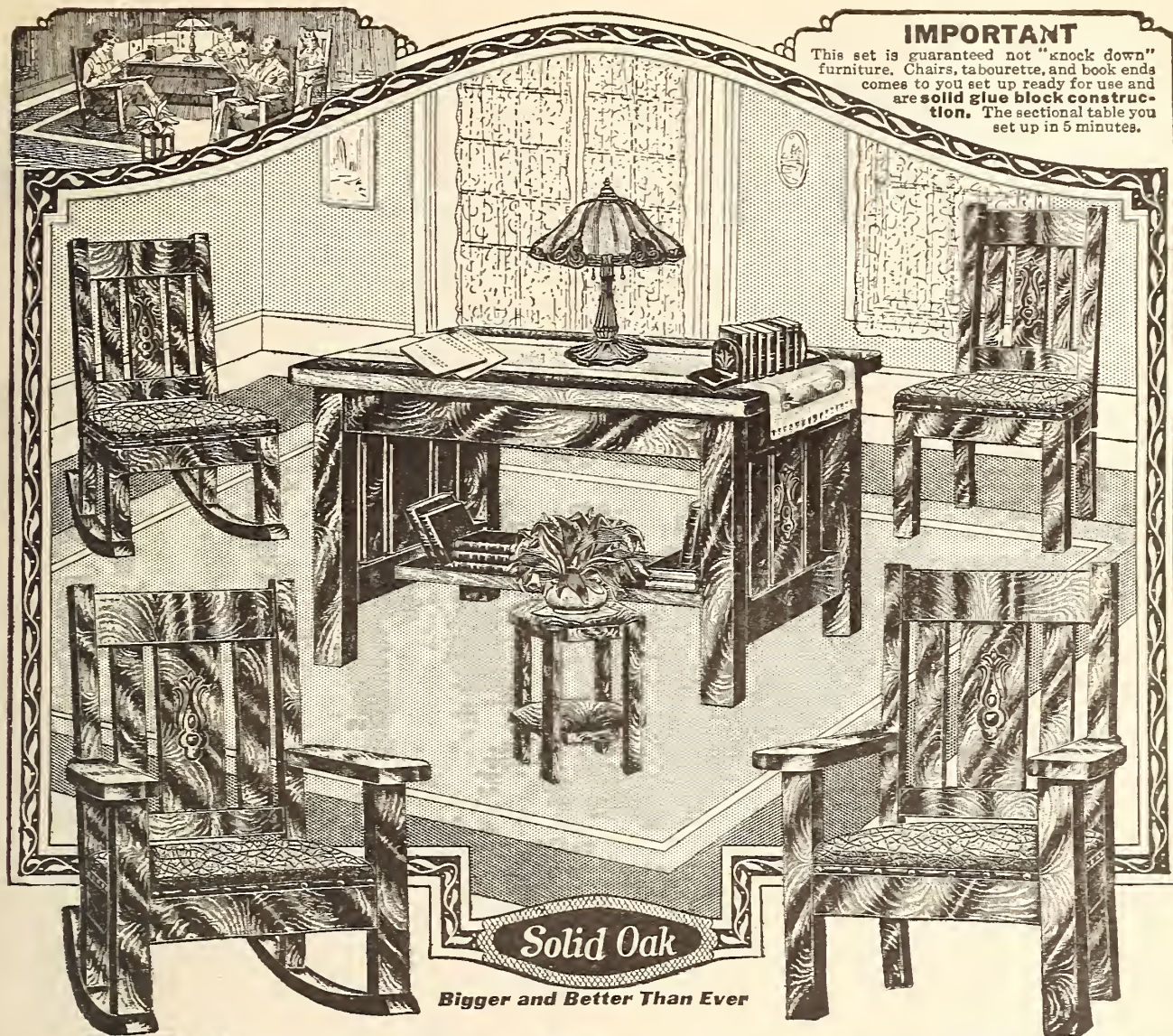
To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I want to come into the open as an admirer of Bill Hart's; I've looked at him from my point of view as exhibitor, fan, and actor—and I'm for him.

I know of no other star, male or female, who has done so much to elevate the screen from the fan's viewpoint as he. People come from far and near to see a Hart picture, simply because they know that they will not be bored with a highly impossible problem play or an equally impossible saccharine-sweetened story of a poor little ingénue with golden curls and peaches-and-cream complexion, who was the inn-o-cent victim of the bad, bad city. Hart brings to the screen a sincerity and a personality that can not be equalled anywhere, and it is his bigness, his power to lift people away from their sordid everyday troubles, and carry them to a life where things are simple, that has endeared him to the vast majority of the motion-picture public.

We need only be thankful that our boys have chosen so splendid an example of real manhood to admire. For whatever else Bill Hart will be remembered for in years to come, he will always be spoken of as Bill Hart—The Man.

D. C. B.—Louisville, Ky.



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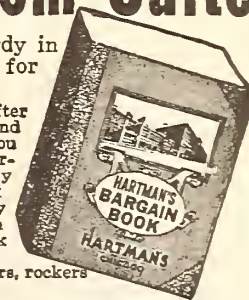
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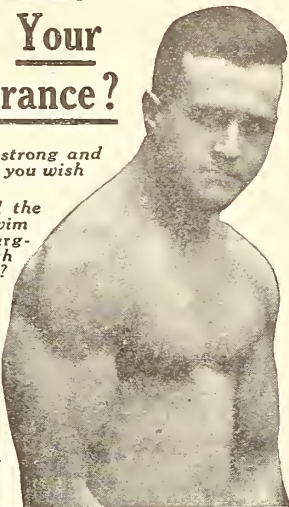
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Look in the mirror this very night and see what it tells you. Would you be proud to have your picture produced in these columns? How does it compare with the illustration and measurements shown herewith? Your outward physical appearance reflects your internal condition. If you do not show a daily improvement outwardly, you must not be deceived. Your body is being consumed and you are clogging up like the stagnant pool. Stop then where you are. Get a grip on yourself this very minute. Let this be the start of new life and physical perfection, for it is yours if you will accept it.

You can easily obtain these proportions and perhaps better than if you really set your mind to it. Many of my pupils are stronger and have larger measurements than I have. Why not give me a chance to help you make the most of yourself? I have developed thousands of boys and men, taken many of them when they were physical wrecks—more dead than alive—and trained them into powerful athletes. Wouldn't you like me to do the same for you? No matter what your condition is at present, I CAN DO IT—now it is up to you to let me.

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Romances of Famous Film Folk

Continued from page 33

of his lady love's eyes, which were not in the least mocking now, glowed a look of courage that made him ashamed of himself. That settled it. Charlie stuck to the acting.

Then suddenly Charlie got that wonderful part in "The Coward" with Frank Keenan. His chance had come! He didn't think so much of it at the time, though. But when the picture came out—lo, it was Charlie Ray's name that led all the rest! His name was on every fan's tongue, his picture decorated all the billboards! And then the notices from all over the country began to come in.

"It all seemed too good to be true!" exclaimed Charlie. "I went down to the studio one morning, saw Mr. Ince, got a new contract in my hand for one hundred and fifty dollars a week with an option added. And maybe you know what I was thinking of and what made me so glad! That very night I drove out to see Clara Grant.

"I guess maybe I was pretty actory about it all! Anyhow, I rushed in, told her of my good fortune, and then invited her to go for a ride with me. I chose a lovely road, and it was moonlight. And in the midst of the loveliest part of the trip, I—well, anyhow, you know we were married and lived happily ever after."

The first part of the "ever after" was lived in a cute little four-room bungalow.

And now Charlie and Clara are living in a fifty-thousand-dollar house in Beverley Hills, and they have a morning room, a conservatory, a butler, and other nice things that Clara Grant's girlish heart used to long for. On its walls are paintings of Mrs. Ray's, and in the big living room is a piano which Mrs. Ray plays beautifully.

But I know this, too. Upstairs is a little room sacred to the old business-college days of the star, fitted up quite barrenly with a desk, typewriter, and straight-backed chairs. Here Mr. Ray writes many of his own letters to the fans, because he feels that they'll somehow know the difference if he leaves the writing of his letters to a secretary. Besides, so many of those fans are stenographers and bookkeepers, and he never does forget those awful rows of figures and that dull, sickening thud of the typewriter.

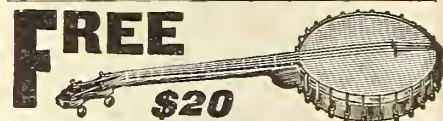
In the meantime Charlie Ray works hard on his new plays with his own company, at his own studio. Leading ladies may come and go;

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they are just so many pretty dolls to Charlie Ray.

Out there in Beverley Hills is the real lady of his heart—the girl he loved through the lean years and who let suitors come and go while she waited for the boy who used to walk out to her house to call on her when he hadn't car fare.

That's how Charlie told it to me. But Mrs. Ray has her side of the story. Maybe it's best expressed in an incident that happened one day when I called on her. She was showing me the house, and we came upon a cedar chest in a corner of her room. She stooped and opened it. Some lovely feminine garments met my gaze.

"My wedding outfit," she explained. "They were made long, long before I was married," she went on to confide. "But sh!—Charlie doesn't know it!"

Outstripping Salome

Continued from page 46

At that juncture Doraldina's mother entered with a glass of orange juice for me.

"The oranges are from the ranch," she said. "Just drink that juice. It's real nice, especially after Doraldina's awful *poi*."

Doraldina laughed and patted her mother's shoulder. The two then entered upon a discussion as to house dresses which could be procured at a bargain at a certain department store in Los Angeles. And Doraldina wanted to know whether her sewing machine had been delivered. Until then I had supposed she cut her gowns with a lawn mower.

As to her plans, she confesses she has two great ambitions. She wants to walk a tight wire and act like Ethel Barrymore. And it seems Miss Barrymore's great ambition is to do the hula like Doraldina.

Just now, however, Doraldina is learning all about pictures. She promises the Marumba shiver, the Bedouin snake dance and still another creation to flavor "The Passion Fruit."

Thus, just as we despair of anything new in the great art of the motion picture—having had heavyweights from ring and opera, aviators, magicians, and Joe Martin—along comes the swishing, torso-eloquent Doraldina to start the hip movement in screen literature.

In regard to her success in celluloid, she says:

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He Made the World Blush for Shame!

Upon the stage of a complacent world stepped Brann the Iconoclast. He looked about him at the tragi-comedy of life. He beheld the monstrous idols of Sham and Hypocrisy enthroned in the temple, where a gullible people bent their knees in worship. He saw Fraud elevated to a high place while none dared raise a voice in protest. He gazed upon the great god Greed whose slightest bidding sent a million slaves scurrying on his nefarious errands. He viewed the gilded effigy of Virtue erected by the guilty in token of their innocence. He peered behind the painted scenes and saw the squalid misery of the helpless—looked into the hearts of men and saw a nest of lies . . . then he drew aside the curtain of convention and revealed an orgy of sin . . . And the heart of Brann grew bitter, and into his eye crept the red fires of wrath . . . then, as the blinding flash of lightning, as the rending crash of thunder, Brann struck—struck with the pent-up fury of a demon, struck with the ruthless purpose of an avenging angel. The structures of society shook, the towers of hypocrisy tottered, the castles of convention crumbled. The white heat of his passion consumed like fire—devoured the tawdry trappings of tinsel, and the false draperies of Virtue fell in ashes. . . . Above the fiery ruins, above the blackened wreckage, the resplendent figure of Truth stood revealed in blinding nakedness—shining with a radiance too bright for human eyes and the world blushed for shame.



Brann, the Iconoclast
A FEW CHAPTERS

- A Pilgrimage to Perdition
- Mankind's Mock-Modesty
- Is Civilization a Sham?
- Speaking of Gall
- A Sacred Leg Show
- Satan Loosed for a Season
- Potiphar's Wife
- A Voice from the Grave
- The Mouth of Hell
- The American Middle Man
- A Disgrace to Civilization
- Some Cheerful Liars
- From the Gods to the Gutter
- The Children of Poverty
- Balaam's Ass
- The Woman Thou Gavest Me
- Evolution or Revolution
- Driven to the Devil
- The Seven Vials of Wrath
- Adam and Eve
- The Professional Reformer
- Fake Journalism
- Rainbow Chasers
- A Social Swim
- The Law of Love
- A Prize Idiot of the Earth
- The Typical American Town
- Glory of the New Garter
- Coining Blood into Boodle
- The Footlights Favorites
- Hunting for a Husband
- The Deadly Parallel
- Thou Shalt Not
- The Old Maids Auction
- The Age of Consent
- The A. P. A. Idiocy
- Atheists and Ignorance
- The Beautiful Rebecca
- Cupid vs. Christ
- Currency and Common Sense
- The Curse of Kissing
- English As She is Spoke
- Favorite Falsehoods
- Garters and Amen Groans
- The Gold Brick Game
- Her Beautiful Eyes
- Homily or Hell
- Jingos and Jabberwocks
- Labor Unions
- A Maid's Mistake
- Morality vs. Religion
- Sassify in New York City
- A New Sassify Sheet
- Wanted—a Word
- Panic and Its Lessons
- Poor Old Texas
- Perfumes of Passion
- The Unwritten Law
- A Very Bad Streak
- The Single Tax

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A Hint of Brann

Brief Extracts From
Brann's Writings

The Breach of Promise Fraud

"The Woman who inveigles some poor old fool—perhaps old enough to be her father—into calling her his tootsie-wootsie over his own signature, then brings suit for breach of promise—or the seventh commandment; who exhibits her broken heart to the judge and jury and demands that it be patched up with Uncle Sam's illuminated anguish plasters; who plays the adventress, then poses in the public prints as an injured innocent—sends a good repentation to join a bad character in hope of momentary reward—well, she too may be legally honest; but it's just as well to watch her; for no woman worth powder to blow her to perdition ever did or ever will carry such a case into court. When a woman's heart is really hurting her money is not going to help it; when she's truly sorry for her sin she tells her troubles to the Lord instead of to policeman and reporters."

ON PROHIBITION

"There is not a single plea put forth by the Prohibits that will stand analysis—not one. Some men go crazy because of "red-eye," and more because of religion. Shall we, therefore, knock in the heads of our bar-keels and burn our Bibles? If there were no liquor there would be no drunkards, and if there were no wealth there would be no robbers. If there were no food there would be no gourmands, and if there were no offices there'd be no Jim Crow politicians. If there were no gold there'd be no "reserve fund," and if there were no women there'd be no rape-fiends. If there were no water nobody would be drowned, so I move that we abolish that favorite drink of donkeys. The crying need of this country is a gold-cure for the Prohibition craze."

Those who knew Brann, the Iconoclast—those tens of thousands who read his writings in the dim past—will hail this announcement with unbounded enthusiasm. For to them Brann needs no introduction. No one who has ever read a single paragraph of Brann's will ever forget his wizardry of words, his unflinching courage, his magic of expression. Heretofore only two small volumes of Brann's writings were available. Thousands clamored for them—and then wrote the publishers for more. Alas, the balance of Brann's writings seemed lost. But recently the entire recorded writings of Brann, the Iconoclast, were uncovered in his old home at Waco, Texas. And now they have been placed in 12 handsome volumes—3800 pages. Brann lives again. His flaming spirit will again startle the world.

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When Brann struck, the world gasped in amazement. The guilty discovered in their crime, struggled hopelessly to escape—the wicked, exposed in their shame, hung their heads with dishonor. Society was startled, shocked, astounded. They tried to stop him—the press, the pulpit, the rich, the powerful attempted to check his tempestuous course. But nothing could quench the fierce flame of independence that burned within his breast—nothing could daunt the spirit that knew no fear, no compromise, no retreat. In Brann's hand a pen became an instrument of destruction that wrought the crashing havoc of a cyclone—again it became as a scourge of scorpions that flayed to the raw—or again it was a gleaming rapier that pierced swiftly, cleanly, fatally. Sometimes it was a harpoon with a hundred prongs of wit and satire and humor—sometimes it became a pliant brush that painted pictures of pure beauty. It could be rough as a wild beast's claw, or gentle as a mother's caress, portentous as the voice of doom, or light as the play of love, solemn as the pronouncement of judgment, or sparkling as the soul of wit. And now you may have all that Brann wrote—without sending a penny in advance.

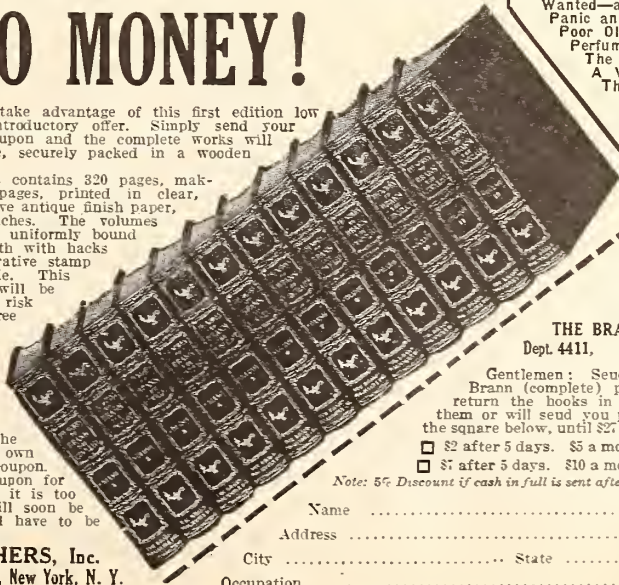
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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

MAHLON HAMILTON ADMIRER.—You are all wrong about your favorite. Mahlon is not a street-car conductor now, even if you do think you are sure you saw him ringing up fares on a street car several times. He is still working in pictures on the coast. Earle and Mahlon did resemble each other a great deal, but Earle died about a year ago.

MIKE AND IKE.—I can't give you a list of all the picture actors and actresses who have dogs and what kind each one has, because there wouldn't be room in *The Oracle* for anything else for several months. That ought to give you a fair idea of how many dogs there are belonging to the members of the profession. Mabel Normand is still making features for Goldwyn. Tom Moore's latest film is "Stop Thief!" This same picture was made several years ago by George Kleine with Howard Estabrook in the principal rôle. You will find all your other questions already answered.

SASSY JANE.—Mabel Normand and Alice Joyce were artists' models before going into pictures 'way back in the good old days. Olive Thomas was, too. Harrison Fisher called Olive Thomas America's most beautiful girl when she was posing for his famous illustrations. Mabel started in pictures because there was a slump in the demand for models, and she thought it would be a good way to make some money until things began to boom again in her line. When things boomed again in the model business Mabel had changed her line for good. Mabel is responsible for Alice Joyce going into pictures. Alice was also a model and a friend of Mabel's. Mabel took her around to the studio and introduced her, and Alice was engaged right away.

CHARLES RAY FAN.—Charlie was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1891, and not in 1881. There's quite a difference between '81 and '91. No wonder you thought Charles hid his age very well. He is no longer making pictures for Thomas H. Ince. He has his own company now, and is releasing his pictures through the First National. George M. Cohan's famous stage success, "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," serves as his first starring vehicle for himself. Five pictures of him! I should say you are lucky. How do you do it? Charlie has not been on the stage all his life. His father sent him to business college after he left high school in Los Angeles, but Charlie decided that he wasn't cut out for a clerical position and left to become an actor. It was a hard grind, but Charlie stuck to it—and the rest you know.

CUCKOO AGNES.—Harry Williams and Chuck Risner are two well-known song writers who have made good in motion pictures. Harry has charge of the destinies of the "Hallroom Boys" comedies, while Chuck is now directing the famous Charles Chaplin in his latest comedy. All addresses at the end of *The Oracle*.

FUNNY FAN.—Yes, it is true that William Collier has returned to the screen. He makes his new début in the Selznick

las was on the stage for several years before going into pictures. He left the Morosco Stock Company in Los Angeles to go with Ince. I think that "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave" still stands head and shoulders above any of the other pictures Ince has made with this star. It was by far the best comedy of the year, I think.

JENNY AND JOE.—You should inclose a stamped envelope if you want a personal reply. I can't send you pictures of the various stars you mention, because I haven't any to send. You will have to write to the stars personally and ask for their photographs. Better inclose a quarter with each request. You can obtain a copy of "Guideposts for Scenario Writers" by sending ten cents in stamps to the editor of *PICTURE-PLAY*. The "Market Booklet" is entirely different. It gives the names and addresses of all the film companies and the kind of stories they are in the market for.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.—Gladys Leslie is married. Yes, Clarine Seymour died in a New York hospital after a few days' illness. I don't know what address you are trying to ask for. Come again. You started to mention the name and then left a blank. I'm not a mind reader, so will have to pass it up until I hear from you again.

PACIFICO V.—Harold Lockwood was in his thirty-first year when he died from influenza. Constance Talmadge played the mountain girl in D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance," in the Babylonian period. Elmo Lincoln was the *Mighty Man of Valor* in the same period. This was the picture that first called attention to Constance's possibilities, and Griffith starred her shortly afterward. Anita Stewart is the wife of Rudolph Cameron, her former leading man. Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck. Constance Talmadge is not married. Pearl White is the better half of Wallace McCutcheon. Bebe Daniels is still single. Geraldine Farrar is married to Lou-Tellegen. Mary Miles Minter, Mabel Normand, and Marie Prevost are members of the "not-married-yet" club. Hedda Nova is married to her director, Paul Hurst. George Walsh and Harry Carey are not lawyers. What put that into your fair head? You will find the answers to your other questions in the replies preceding.

KRAZY KAT.—Yes, Krazy Kat has been filmed in motion-picture cartoons for the International Film Company. The ones I saw were very funny, indeed. You will find your other questions already answered in this issue.

Continued on page 93

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.

feature, "The Servant Question." It was released several months ago. "Midnight Gambols" is the latest Marie Doro feature to arrive in this country from England.

AFTER THOUGHT.—Yes, Mildred Davis played in pictures before going with Harold Lloyd. She left them to return to her home in Seattle, Washington, after completing a picture with Bryant Washburn for Pathé, but a pleading coaxed her to give up the idea of retiring from the screen, and she signed a contract with the Rolin Film Company.

AS YOU WERE.—Ince has split the team of Douglas MacLean and Doris May, and will hereafter star MacLean by himself. Doris' real name is Helen Garret. She has never been on the stage. Dou-

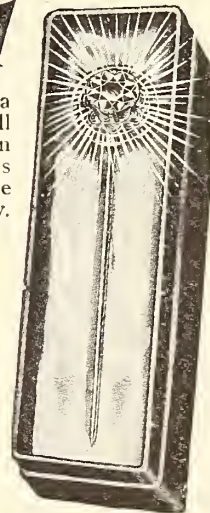


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The White Circle

Continued from page 37



A Wife Too Many

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"Clara."

"Her name comes freely from your lips," Northmour said with a sneer. "What is she to you?"

Cassilis told him frankly. As he reached the end Clara came into the hall.

"So I understand you two are in love with each other. Where do I come in?" said Northmour brutally. "How about the bargain, young woman? I have only to put my hands under my coat tails and walk away, and your father's throat would be cut before the evening. As for Cassilis—his life is at the muzzle of my pistol."

"You are a gentleman—first, Mr. Northmour," said Clara. "And I am not in the least afraid."

Northmour looked at her with a peculiar approval.

"Hum! Well, you're a trump. I say no more. Only, Cassilis, she is not Mrs. Cassilis by a long chalk. What, may I ask, do you propose to do?"

"I propose to stay here and lend a hand."

"Very brave—now," he said sneeringly. "Well, help me barricade the house. Once this is over, if we come out alive, I warn you, Cassilis, mind yourself. Now come in and see Huddleston. Our friend lives in a nightmare of terror. This way, Huddleston, here is a self-sacrificing young gentleman, Mr. Cassilis, who admires your daughter."

The banker looked up from the ponderous Bible he was reading and held out a quivering hand.

"Another protector. Always welcome as a friend of my daughter," he mumbled sanctimoniously. "May God bless and reward the friends who have rallied about me. Ah! What was that?"

He covered down with fluttering eyelids.

"A broken shutter flapping in the wind," said Northmour, and went to close it, then peering closer uttered a sharp ah! He pointed to the weatherbeaten woodwork on which some furtive hand had chalked a rude ring.

"The white circle," he announced with a mirthless chuckle. "Our sins are discovered, my dear Huddleston."

The banker stood away, swaying blindly. As he did so there was a tinkle of glass, and a bullet buried itself in the wall beyond. Faintly borne on the wind came a shout of:

"*Traditore! Traditore!*"

"Traitor, eh!" said Northmour.

"Well, there is one thing we must learn. Pardon me, Huddleston."

He took the candlestick and holding it in front of him to light his face, advanced to the window, where he stood peering forth, in cool affront to death.

"It is Huddleston they want," he said with an air of triumph which sought recognition from Clara. "Hullo! Here comes an emissary with a white flag. What is it? Louder! If we give up Huddleston we shall all be spared. They fight like gentlemen."

Cupping his hands he bawled out an insolent challenge and bade the foes of the banker hasten to hell. Then shutting the shutter with a brisk air, he ran to get his pistols.

"Here, Cassilis! You have handled this pistol before. See that you hit your target this time. Now rest if you can, all of you."

An ominous silence prevailed about the house. Dawn came without assault.

Huddleston startled the others to consciousness.

"Some one entered—ha, ah—the boy."

"What is the matter, Ferd?" Cassilis asked.

"The 'ouse is afire, guv'nor."

"Then we are as good as dead," said the banker.

"I ain't dead, and I ain't scared of dying," said the boy.

"You're not?" queried the banker in a curious whisper. "You're not?" and continued to stare at the urchin.

"How about a sally?" cried Northmour. "The smoke is thickening. I, for one, have no wish to be baked."

"I am with you," said Cassilis. "There is nothing else left."

With feverish haste the two men tore down the planking propped against the heavy outer door. As the last piece fell the banker, drawing himself up, walked toward them with a strangely composed mien. Brushing them aside as though filled for the moment with a strength greater than his own he pulled open the door and stepped out into the open.

"Here I am—Huddleston!" he cried loudly. "Kill me and spare the others."

Close upon his shout followed a spatter of shots, and the banker, uttering a weird and freezing cry, threw his arms over his head and fell upon the turf.

"*Traditore!*" cried the invisible avengers. They repeated the word faintly as they departed from their watching places, and the three knew that they were alone with the boy

and the dead, while behind them the house roared in a furnace of fire.

Cassilis carried the fainting Clara to a knoll, while Northmour stood by, biting his lip and fingering the pistol he still carried.

"Now that we are safe," he said at last, "I can claim my shot, Cassilis. Stand up."

Cassilis rose mechanically, but met his gaze without wavering.

His former friend looked from him to Clara.

"You see I have you in my power."

He held his menacing attitude a moment longer, then laughed bitterly, as the sound of a boat's keel grating on the beach came to his ears.

"Twelve hours too late, Frank," he said. "The yacht has come. Well—good-by."

He tossed the pistol from him, and turned away.

Cassilis called after him:

"Northmour! Northmour!"

Northmour turned and stared at the hand held out to him.

"Excuse me," he said stiffly. "It's small, I know; but I can't push things quite so far as that. I don't wish any sentimental business, to sit by your hearth a white-haired wanderer, and all that. Quite the contrary: I hope to God I shall never again clap eyes on either of you."

"Well, God bless you," said Cassilis heartily.

"Oh, yes," he returned.

He walked down to the beach, and without looking back, climbed into the boat and was rowed to the yacht.

Cassilis stared after him, then hastened back to the woman whom he had won so strangely.

This was in 1860. Years after, Frank and Clara Cassilis read of the death of Northmour, fighting under the colors of Garibaldi for the liberation of the Tyrol.

Why Bother About Beauty?

Continued from page 53

ple, rather than its effect on your own eyes or coloring, be the first consideration. You can wear heavily dotted French veils, if you wish; they make the simplest little hat look most attractive. The chin-concealing fur collar and the tulle ruff, which is just making its reappearance in England and will doubtless reach us soon, can appear in your wardrobe as many times as you like.

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A Player without a Past

Continued from page 42



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"I thought you played child parts with Essanay," I persisted. Ralph suggested an ice-cream soda, but I was on the track of all the lurid details.

"Well," he sighed, "I did play some kid rôles—one of them with dad when he was with Essanay. I was the chee-ild, and he was the grown man. And when I came to California I played in comedies with Al Christie, but the Goldwyn picture is the first big thing I've ever done."

I might remark in passing that Ralph has the classic Bushman profile for which his father is famous. Otherwise, the resemblance is not strong. He says he looks like his mother. Ralph's love for his mother is very sincere, and he likes to talk about her. She is, he avers, the most wonderful mother in the world.

He is a "fiend" about motor-cycle racing, and pinochle is his favorite indoor sport. He admitted that at a recent session he and his pals—and they aren't in the movies—sat up until six in the morning to finish a particularly exciting tournament.

"How much did you make or lose?" I inquired. You'd have asked the same thing.

"Oh, we weren't playing for money—just fun," he replied with that engaging smile of his, and in spite of myself I wished that the movies had rejected him. Still, when I think of all the thrills he is going to give young lady fans—

"I was crazy about my part of *Big Graham* in 'Empire Builders,'" he went on enthusiastically. "You know it's from the story by Mary

Roberts Rhinehart, and it's about a boys' school.

"The two pals—Cullen Landis and I—are crazy about the same girl, and some fool tells us that we can get pearls from raw oysters, so we make ourselves ill by haunting all the 'Oyster Palaces' in town and eating dozens of raw ones in hopes of finding pearls—then I dream of being king on a cannibal island, and—oh, it's just comedy, of course, but it sure is a dandy picture."

He told me of the "location" for the cannibal island scenes, several miles below Santa Monica on the ocean, and he and Cullen Landis had had a "swell time"; they had gone swimming, turned handsprings on the beach, and played marbles—yes, honest! Not a word about nips of bootlegged booze, or beach "chickens"—just the happy, healthy outing of a normal eighteen-year-old.

I touched, very delicately, on the subject of ambitions.

"Oh, well, if I'm any good, I want to stay in pictures," he confessed. "But if I'm rotten I guess I'll be a motor-cycle racer or something exciting like that."

It reminded me of the small boy who tells you he is going to be a fireman when he grows up. I don't suppose Ralph will like that, but you know what I mean.

"And, gosh, please don't say much about what I've done in the past," he begged. "Because it isn't worth talking about."

I didn't promise; and considering the title of this story, it's just as well that I didn't.

Mr. Fix-It—Meaning Bill Duncan

Continued from page 41

stinctively like on sight. He is a bluff, outspoken sort of a person, with hair a trifle gray at the temples, keen, gray eyes, and a mouth that can relax into a smile that is whole-souled and friendly. He was born in Scotland, and won his first laurels in America by becoming Sandow's boxing partner. He headed a stock company of his own, and was one of the first men to enter the cinema serial work.

I asked him to relate some of the near-death situations that he had devised for himself. He said it would take too long, but he was ready to oblige with some of them.

"I was in a closed limousine which was pushed off the Venice pier into the ocean," he commenced; "I drove a wagon with a pair of run-away horses down a steep mountainside; I was suspended head downward over

an alligator pit, with the villain sawing at the rope; I was sealed in a coffin that was sent to the crematory—"

"And you're still alive!" I gasped. "I'll say so." He grinned.

Lunch was over, and Mr. Duncan had to get back to the set. He had to be hanged some more.

"How do you manage to keep the same leading woman so long?" I asked, referring to the charming Edith Johnson, who plays opposite him. To my surprise, the doughty William Duncan actually blushed.

"Oh, well—" he said, and then stopped.

"Has it anything to do with matrimony?" I demanded.

He wouldn't admit it, but neither would he deny it. And from all I hear, I suspect that Mr. Duncan has fixed that, too.

What Would You Do?

Continued from page 34

shoulders nonchalantly, and with such encouragement, she went on.

"Well, I went to the Fox Company, and they did want a leading woman, and although I am decidedly not an Ethel Clayton type I was hired on the spot, very much to my surprise. I explained to them that I had never acted before a camera and had no knowledge of the make-up required, but my mysterious 'geni' must have been hovering in the offing, for my objections were overruled, and I was told to report the following day.

"My first part was in 'If I were King' with William Farnum. After that I was given a part in 'Romance' with Doris Keane. From there I came to the Lasky studio, and I'm now making my first picture with Roscoe Arbuckle. And I——"

"Betsy Ross! Call for Betsy Ross!" came a stentorian voice.

"I must go," she said, as she rose.

"But you will come again, won't you? I shall be so pleased to see you any time."

I think she meant it, too.

Now I can't help wondering—wouldn't it be interesting if the tall, dark, fine-looking stranger should happen to read this little account of Betsy Ross and, remembering the incident, write to her?

She promised to let me know in case he did. And if that should happen I'll try to let you know about it.

Dagmar, the Wanderer

Continued from page 18

were, for a time, the honored guests of a wealthy Turkish patron of the fine arts. In addition to this cosmopolitan background she has spent her summers, since coming to America, in an artists' colony in Maine, among such celebrities as Caruso, Gluck, Zimbalist, Heifetz, Kreisler, Elman, and Stokowski. She was engaged to the brilliant young Heifetz at one time, but broke it off because he was unwilling to allow her to continue on the screen if she married.

Her views on America are naïve in their frankness.

"Why does ever-r-ry one hurry so?" she asked, hunching her shoulders interrogatively. "After dinner I like it to smoke and chat—so. Here they do not do that. No! And the men! They are delightfully polite—but so good to women.

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"Why does ever-r-ry one hurry so?" she asked, hunching her shoulders interrogatively. "After dinner I like it to smoke and chat—so. Here they do not do that. No! And the men! They are delightfully polite—but so good to women.



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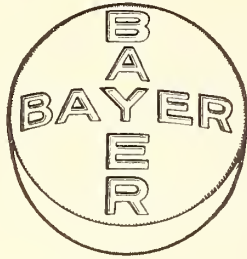
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You think so? I do. Not—what you call—domineering enough. Do you not know, when a woman argues against something or other, she is usually praying with all her might that the man will force his point? Women, all of them, love forcefulness in men." Her eyes glistened dramatically. "Let American men become more"—she paused—"what shall I say? Cave man—that is it!"

Her ideals are as definite as the rest of her beliefs. If she ever has the chance, and if persistence counts she will have, she wants to do Russian tragedies for the screen.

"But I am sure I don't know who would finance them," she laughed. "They have all such ver-ry sad endings!"

Her attitude toward success is a normal one. "I want to be a success—oh, so hard!" she declared. "I will be, too! You can do what-ever you feel, and I feel the parts I have played every time. Because I am dark, and have such wicked eyes"—they flashed coquettishly—"I am to play always the vam-pire rôle, I suppose. Is it not so? But I do not mind if the vampire displays more finesse and"—she smiled—"less flesh. Subtlety is the redeeming feature of any wickedness." A truly Wildean epigram.

She has done several pictures with Universal, although her initial celluloid appearance was with Sessue Hayakawa. Her latest feature was "Hitchin' Posts," in Frank Mayo's support. Shortly after this is written she will be with De Mille, with whom she has signed to do *Tisha*, the Florence Reed part in "The Wanderer." Prior to her screen experience, Miss Godowsky had attracted David Belasco's attention at a concert. He placed her in the Sargent School of Dramatic Art with the intention of later developing her into a stage star. But school was a bore to the temperamental Dagmar.

"All that I must do," she said, "is die, die, die in that school. We would learn how to die a different way each morning. I became black and blue—really!—from dropping dead so often. Then the stock company I was with in Newark after that was discouraging, too. So I went to Mr. Universal and said, 'Dagmar wants to be a movie star!' and now I onn-ly hope that I will continue to be as lucky as I have been—and become a movie star!"

And Cecil De Mille says that he, at least, thinks this exotic creature will soon see her name in electric. Which is encouraging.

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Giving Them the Air

Continued from page 39

wire back for a repeat or argue out the scene just as if they were all on land.

The submarine film has naturally never been very attractive to the regular actor. Very few of them took any interest in playing tag with porpoises, wrestling with an octopus, or poking around in the seaweed for lost dummies. The inexperienced cannot remain under water, either, as long as the regular born-to-wear-rubber diver.

Tourneur's experiment was carried out with a double in some of the more difficult bits of action, as long sessions under the water were necessary. However, Broerken Christians, who plays the leading rôle in "Caleb West," took a few jaunts along the submarine highways both for the picture and to get the proper atmosphere.

Christians has the temperament of a Danish seaman, even though he has been a motion-picture director. He is about as talkative as a rear admiral in the cockpit. But he found his voice the first time he went under in the diving suit.

It seems the primary impression one has is that he isn't getting enough air. He'll keep howling for more, and the more he has the more he wants, because the greater appears to be his sense of suffocation.

And that is not the worst that happens, because the biggest surprise of all, after a first venture into the deep, happens after the return to the surface. On getting out of his diving suit Christians found himself staggering around as if he'd just arrived from Havana.

"Where did you get it?" asked Tourneur, smiling.

"I d-don't know," said the actor.

"You've had too much air," said the superintendent of pumping.

"Pretty strong air, I'll say," murmured one of the extras, "to give a man a jag like that. Think I'll go down myself."

But he didn't. For Christians wasn't enjoying himself a bit, and it was half an hour or more before he could walk a tow-line with ease and discretion. After a second or third visit to the ocean stage, however—because he was game to go through the experience several times—the principal actor found that he had gotten his undersea legs, and he'll probably be a favored star for this type of trouping, because he is one of the few who may qualify as actor and diver.



Never Sleep With a film-coat on your teeth

All statements approved by authorities

Millions of people on retiring now combat the film on teeth. They fight it day by day. And those glistening teeth seen everywhere now form one of the results.

You owe yourself a trial of this new teeth-cleaning method. Dentists everywhere advise it. The results it brings are all-important, and they do not come without it.

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Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. Feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. And dentists now trace most tooth troubles to it.

The ordinary tooth paste does not end film. So, despite all brushing, much film remains, to cause stain, tartar, germ troubles and decay.

It is the film-coat that 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.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Ways to combat it

Dental science, after years of research, has found effective ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Together they bring, in modern opinion, a new era in teeth cleaning.

These five methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste which complies with all the new requirements. And a ten-day tube is now sent free to everyone who asks.

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Watch these effects. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. Note how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

The book we send explains all these results. Judge what they mean to you and yours. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

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Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 72

Now to Answer the Questions

The book is always handed to the writer who is to do the continuity thereof. He reads the book and familiarizes himself with the atmosphere, characterization, et cetera. It helps in his work. A motion-picture play rarely follows the book chapter by chapter. The reason is that the book seldom carries sufficient action to make a five or six-reel feature, and often presents too many characters.

To obtain the position as a writer of continuity one should have samples of his work. It is wise to visit the film studios having continuity staffs and personally ascertain what is particularly desired. Personal conference is best. A written application will help little unless the applicant is well known by reputation.

On the Rocks?

The trouble with many beginners is this: Influenced by what they have seen on the screen, or have read in some book or magazine, they go and imitate, being unable to tread new pathways and evolve a plot that is somewhat different. There are no fundamentally new plots. All plots have been done, but try and get a new angle, twist, or turn upon the old stuff. A letter from Harry I. Hess, of Iowa:

"I am in the same boat with many others, a ship on the rocks, an unsuccessful amateur writer. Yet, I dare say, to be on the rocks might be termed as being on a solid foundation for success. My first story was written in continuity form. My judgment, when I look over this script, is that the scenario editor had a good, hearty laugh.

"Recently, I have written a story which starts out in the East, involving society and board of trade affairs. Further in the story a jump is made into the West, taking in tense romantic and love affairs. I found it necessary to pad the story with board of trade affairs in order to work out the plot correctly, and, as the story never found a home, I am under the impression that board of trade scenes are very little considered, as well as the switch within the story from East to West."

I have never read Mr. Hess' story, but I wonder if I can't guess the plot? Here's my attempt: The hero goes West, hoping to recoup his fallen fortunes. He takes a flier in speculation of stocks, meets the right girl, and makes a man of himself. It is a story shifting from Eastern society life to Western homespun, with the tall laced boots, the flannel shirt, and the broad-brimmed hat. Maybe there is a mine in it; I hope not. Nearly all of 'em have a mine, cattle, or sheep. It wasn't the board of trade scenes that interfered with the sale. Atmosphere can be changed. It was the old story of the Eastern to Western shift that structurally could not be changed.

The East to West shift or vice versa is occasionally done in order to give contrast—to furnish some big interior society sets or city-street sets in contrast with the rolling prairies and boom-town stuff. Maybe the Western hero wishes to wear a dress suit for half a reel. But it is very ancient stuff—very ancient. New stuff is what is wanted.

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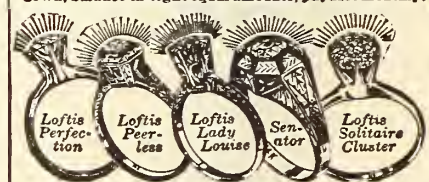


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Agents Wanted.

A Chance of a Lifetime

Continued from page 15

children in pictures is an easy way for parents to make a living.

It was five o'clock before the crowd had passed. Of course they did not announce the lucky ten, though I heard some say that the men with the megaphones had gone through the crowd and picked out the likeliest looking and taken their names. But they didn't find *me*.

Even a casting director can fail, it seems. He selected one baby doll, a real beauty, and had her taken into the studio and given a twenty-minute try-out, with make-up and lights and all, and when the film was run she was quite impossible. A heartbreak for her, of course.

I watched the paper for the list of winners, but when it came mine was not there. Thinking there must be some mistake, I went to the Rialto, where the test film was run, and sure enough there I was. It was a perfect bit of acting, if I do say it myself, but of course—well, tastes differ. No notice came to me from the studio.

As many men were chosen as women. Most of them were quite old men and women, out of the chimney corners. There was an old couple, the man being the last of the stage drivers for Wells-Fargo, chosen for character parts. One man chosen is a portrait painter.

Another was a great young fellow with a head like a prize fighter and a smile like a dentist's sign. He has spent twenty-two of his years on a farm and two fighting in Europe.

There was a very tall man who had been a broker in an Eastern city. He sold his business, went with his wife to Los Angeles to try the movies. He had just reached Los Angeles when he read about the test, and he, too, was chosen. A red-letter day for him and wife.

There was a young girl from a shirt-waist factory with a mother to support. It was lucky the factory closes on Saturday so she had a chance to go. She will probably make no more shirts.

The thirty lucky ones were rehearsed and given a chance to do some real acting a few weeks later, and any who made good were to have a place in the next Ince picture.

I was bitterly disappointed, of course, at not being one of the chosen thirty, I still feel so sure of my ability. I know that, if I could just see a director and show him how well I can act, I'd be given a chance, but it seems so impossible to get such an opportunity. However, I mean to keep right on trying.

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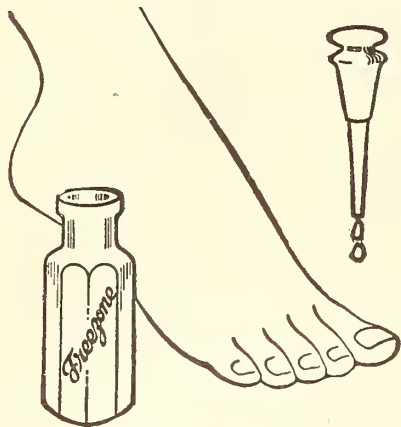
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Over the Teacups

Continued from page 55

cause I saw her off! But virtue was its own reward, for when we left the hotel we saw the Barrymore wedding party just departing! Yes'm, we did—John and his beautiful bride, who used to be Mrs. Leonard Thomas, and before that was Blanche Oelrichs, and was called the most beautiful woman in America, and is related to about three of the Four Hundred. She writes poems and plays and signs a masculine nom de plume, and for a long time nobody knew who she was. And she divorced her husband in Paris not so awfully long ago."

"John had been married and divorced, too; his wife was Katherine Harris. And, speaking of the Four Hundred, you did a bright and noble deed when you told me that Mrs. August Belmont was in 'Way Down East'—it's Mrs. Morgan Belmont, who's heaps younger, and——"

"That's a mere trifle," declared Fanny, trying to use her lorgnette as if she'd worn one in the cradle, instead of having bought it that morning with some of the money her aunt left her. "Have you been to the movies here yet? Oh, that's so, you just arrived this morning. Well, last Sunday I went to three of the big movie houses—the Rialto, the Rivoli, and the Capitol. My, but they're wonderful theaters! All the stars go on Sunday afternoon, you know—they do three or four in a day. I was exhausted at the end of two, though I had a gorgeous time and saw every one I knew. Lots of the movie people who are on the stage here now were there—June Elvidge and Thurston Hall and Gail Kane—and did you know that Gail was married recently, to a man named Henry Ide Ottoman? Well, she was. And one evening I went to the theater and supper and a dance club, and saw Constance Talmadge there—it was just before she sailed—and she's the cutest thing when she dances; I don't wonder that just about every man she knows is simply mad about her. She looks up into her partner's eyes all the time she's dancing, and sings the tune they're dancing to.

"And that evening, on the way home, at about half-past two, *what* do you suppose we ran into? A company taking scenes in front of one of the Broadway theaters for 'Fine Feathers,' the Metro picture. And one of the men in our party knew Fred Sittenham, who was directing, and asked him if we couldn't be in the crowd, and he said we could, and we stayed there

till dawn came up on Broadway, having more fun, and then went to breakfast at Childs'. Claire Whitney, who's featured in the production—she has the part of the extravagant wife—had wheat cakes and coffee with us. She's awfully attractive. That's the part Louise Huff was to have had, and then she was taken ill and had to give it up, and Metro interviewed dozens of actresses before they found Miss Whitney."

"Well, I haven't participated in anything so exciting as that, but I did bring Sylvia Breamer's laundry East with me." My reward for that bit of news was Fanny's gasp of astonishment. "She has a laundress here whose work she likes very much, you know, so ever since she went to California she's been sending her things back to New York by parcel post, unless some friend happened to be making the trip, and then she'd send it by personal messenger.

"And that despite the fact that the other day I met a New York lawyer who sends his things to an old schoolmate in New Hampshire to be done, because he can't find a good laundress here. And his fiancée sends hers to her mother in West Virginia. Guess I'll open a laundry. What's the rest of the news on the coast? Who's taking that part in the De Mille picture that Ann Forest was to have had?"

"Agnes Ayres. The De Milles decided that Ann was a better type for the feminine lead in William De Mille's new production, 'The Faith Healer,' than for Cecil's, so she was transferred. Oh, and did you know that Nazimova is to do 'Aphrodite,' that Dorothy Dalton did on the stage last winter?"

"I talked to her husband, Charles Bryant, the very day it was bought for her. Mary Garden set all Paris on its head when she appeared in its operatic form there, you know, and I'd rather expected that either she or Dorothy Dalton would do it for the screen."

"I'm glad Nazimova's going to—and oh, what sets they'll have for it!" I murmured.

"Yes, they'll be gorgeous; I talked to Mr. Bryant about it, and if they shoot it here in the East, as they think they will, I may be able to see some of the big scenes made," answered Fanny complacently.

I could feel myself turning a delicate Nile green, with envy. Madly I sought for news that would prove

nothing short of devastating, but gave up the struggle.

"Priscilla Dean's retired from the screen temporarily," I finally submitted.

"Yes? I'm glad you told me; I'd been wondering why I missed Priscilla from the billboards. Did you know that Mrs. Sidney Drew is directing Alice Joyce in 'Cousin Kate'? Well, she is. She went off to the Adirondacks to adapt some stories for the screen—serious five-reelers—and then came this offer from Vitagraph, and she took it. And she told me she feels so at home out at the Vitagraph studio—that's where she met Sidney and first worked with him, you know. I think she's one of the most entertaining women I've ever met. What's the news of Betty Blythe?"

"She's playing the leading feminine rôle in 'Truant Husbands,' a picture made by a new company. Mahlon Hamilton and Jane Novak are in it, too. Betty's more gorgeous looking than ever. And I saw Carmel-Myers, out at Universal, just before I left, and she's so happy over being back in pictures again that she doesn't know what to do. Why, Fanny, where are you going?" I gasped, as she dragged her new fall hat, with the monkey fur whiskers, farther down over one eye and leaped from her chair.

"Out to the country to see Dick Barthelmess and his wife in their dolls' house—I'd forgotten all about it! Pay the check, will you? And call me up soon; I've got the most exciting thing to tell you, my dear!"

Now, what do you suppose it is?

"When in Doubt, Use a Pie"

Continued from page 63

crêpe mustaches, but mine got gummed with pie, and I washed it out, intending to curl it later. But the director saw the ends hanging straight down, and he said, 'Say Ches, that's the funniest one yet. Stick to it!' So I did," he finished, "or, rather, it stuck to me."

"And you're going to continue in comedies?" I inquired,

"Well, I dunno," he answered ruminatively. "I have a contract now, but when that expires—I dunno. I get awfully tired of trying to be funny—and say!" he brightened. "I have the darndest little turkey ranch you ever saw up near Fresno. I go up there for vacations—got a tractor 'n everything. And the way turkey prices are now—well, I dunno"—he reflected, stroking his comedy mustache—"I may be able to retire for good!"

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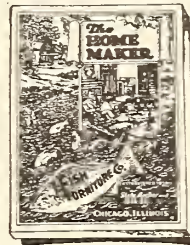
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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 60

Buchanan, while Hugh Ford took charge of the directing.

"The Chorus Girl's Romance" is from F. Scott Fitzgerald's story, and has Viola Dana as the star. Here again is an extremely clever story, flashing with originality and sparkling with humor in the life of the shimmy dancer married to the young prodigy of philosophy. How events shape themselves in humorously contrary courses until the student becomes an acrobat and the dancer an author forms a comedy that never lets down in its pace. Miss Dana is delightful, and Gareth Hughes as the husband gives one of the best performances the screen has seen.

"What Women Love" brings Annette Kellermann to the fore again as the star in a novelty picture. Miss Kellermann is seen doing several stunts under the water, and her athletic prowess on land is advantageously displayed. The action is rapid, largely humorous, and is well worth the attention of photoplayers who are hankering for something just a bit different from the usual. What women love incidentally is cave men. Is it truth or poetry?

Answers to "What Do You Know About the Movies?"

1—D. W. Griffith. 2—Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Dorothy Gish, Mae Marsh, Owen Moore, Lionel Barrymore. 3—Alice Joyce. 4—1915. 5—The name of the picture. The printed words that follow the main title, explaining the action. A subtitle consisting of words supposed to be spoken by one of the characters. 6—A photographic trick by which, when a scene is shown, at first only a small circle appears, which grows larger and larger until the picture covers the entire screen. A view taken so close to a leading character that his or her face fills practically the entire screen. Another photographic trick by which a scene ends by slowly fading into darkness. 7—Sixteen. 8—Paris, France. 9—Marshall Neilan. 10—Anita Loos, Frances Marion, and Ouida Bergere. 11—Lois Weber. 12—Los Angeles, California. 13—John Bunny, Harold Lockwood, Sidney Drew. 14—Charlie Ray, Mary Pickford, Louise Glau. 15—Pearl White. 16—Mrs. Charlotte Pickford. 17—Frank L. Packard. 18—Gloria Swanson and Mary Thurman. 19—Alice Lake, leading lady for Fatty Arbuckle, and Bebe Daniels, leading woman for Harold Lloyd. 20—Bill Hart's "Pinto." 21—"The Adventures of Kathlyn." 22—Theda Bara. 23—"War Brides." 24—Mary Pickford, Mary Miles Minter. 25—Sarah Bernhardt, in a production of "Macbeth." 26—One thousand. 27—\$175,000, the sum paid by D. W. Griffith for "Way Down East." 28—Madge Kennedy, Anita Stewart, Alice Joyce, Mae Marsh, Elsie Ferguson.

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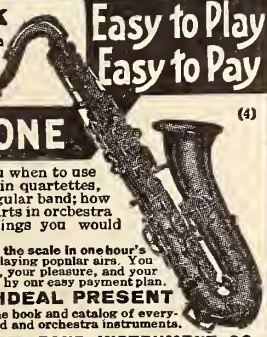
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Picture Oracle

Continued from page 80

ANXIOUS ONE.—There is no such thing as a school of acting that will guarantee to get you a good job in motion pictures as soon as you complete a course of acting with them. If there is, they are fakes, because it can't be done. If they did tell you that, I would be very leary, because they can have a course that would run on indefinitely. PICTURE-PLAY does not recommend any school of acting or scenario writing, so you will have to look elsewhere for that. Grammar schools, high schools, and colleges are the best ones I know for aspiring movie queens and kings.

BOBBY M.—Cleo Ridgely rode across the continent to get a job with the Lasky Company in California. I don't know what F. A. Stone is doing at the present time. I remember him quite a few years ago, having seen him at the old Burbank Theater in Los Angeles while on a visit there. Warner Baxter is not playing in pictures at the present time. He is confining his efforts to the stage. William Courtney was the first one. What do you mean—his new wife? He hasn't any.

M. J.—Mary Pickford hasn't any children. She has a little niece named after her, Mary Pickford Rupp, the little daughter of Mary's sister, Lottie. I never heard of your friend Edith. Are you sure you have the name right? There are lots of actresses in motion pictures who have straight hair. If there weren't any people with straight hair, the curling-iron manufacturers would starve to death. Mary Pickford is married to Douglas Fairbanks, but as yet has not appeared in any pictures with him, although there is a rumor that they may appear together in a film very shortly. However, it's just another one of those rumors, so don't bank on it.

SENNETT FAN.—Mack Sennett is the only pictures person that I know of who used to be a boiler maker. Charles Conklin's parents started him out to learn boiler making when he was a youngster, and sent him to work with the Union Iron Works in San Francisco for four years to learn the trade. Charles had different ideas about his vocation, so quit his boiler-making tutoring at the end of eight months at four dollars per week and secured a job with a road show at five per. Naturally, with such a big jump in salary, he knew his fortune had been made.

A. E. F.—Larry Peyton was the first motion-picture actor to be killed on the battlefields of France in the American army. Maciste, the giant Italian actor, was reported dead several times during the war, but always bobbed up in time to deny the reports. Addresses at the end of this department.

OLD BIOGRAPH.—You lose your bet, I'm sorry to say. William Russell and James Kirkwood both played in pictures with the old Biograph Company. It's funny you didn't know that when you lived so close by and were around there so much. However, the best of memories go back on us sometimes. Moral: *Don't be an Oracle.*

MABEL NORMAND FAN.—"The Slim Princess" is the latest Goldwyn release featuring your favorite. This picture was made several years ago by Essanay, with Ruth Stonehouse in the title rôle. Elsie Janis originated the same rôle in the stage production.

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MERRY MONTH OF MAY.—I can't tell you what book to buy so you can become a motion-picture actress. That is a feat that no book can perform. Better finish your schooling, and by that time you will most likely have changed your mind again.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—"Robinson Crusoe" has already been filmed, and I don't know of any company which is thinking of producing it again. It might stand a repeat and, again, it might not. I personally think—well, who cares?

H. HERMAN.—Nazimova is still making features for the Metro Pictures Corporation. Her husband, Charles Bryant, prepares all of her stories for the screen.

TENNESSEE JANE.—I'll bite, which is twice this month. When is a star not a star? The star is what sells the picture, so naturally she or he should get the notices. Conway Tearle is now starring himself, so you will probably be overjoyed at the news. Conway has been married for some time. He is the husband of Adele Rowland, the stage star. Elliott Dexter has entirely recovered from his recent illness, and is back at work with Lasky. His latest picture is in Cecil B. De Mille's "Something to Think About." Marguerite Clark has been taking a long-threatened vacation from the screen with her husband at their new home in New Orleans, Louisiana. She is back at work again, so you should not be kept waiting very long for her next release.

A. L. NEAL.—Betty Compson was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. She has her very own company now, and the first of her productions, called "Prisoners of Love," will be released very shortly.

TWO LOVERS OF PEARL WHITE.—You will have to send your request to the editor. I have nothing to do with that department at all. We can't do everything, you know. Dorothy Dalton was Mrs. Lew Cody. Dorothy Gish wears a dark bobbed wig in her pictures. Her own hair is blond. Dark, bobbed hair seems to be the most effective on her for screen purposes—therefore the wig. Your other questions have been already answered in this issue.

A. B. AND J. K.—Dorothy Greene is still in pictures. She has just formed her own company. She made her first start in motion pictures with Vitagraph, playing a maid in a picture "Bing" Thompson was directing. The surest way to find the answer is first to ask the question, so why not try?

CATHERINE F.—You must be going to do considerable pen pushing from the number of addresses you want. You will find them all at the end of this department.

TOM R.—George Walsh and Raoul Walsh, the director, are brothers. They both made their start at the old Reliance-Majestic with D. W. Griffith. Carlyle Blackwell was born in Troy, Pennsylvania, in 1888. Jack Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1896. Will Rogers was born near Claremore, Indian Territory. Larry Semon used to be a cartoonist on the sporting page of the New York Sun before he began doing comedies for Vitagraph. Yes, Charles Chaplin will have a new picture to release very shortly. "The Mollycoddle" is the latest Douglas Fairbanks film—still. "The Round-Up" serves to introduce Roscoe Arbuckle in his first starring feature. Roscoe gets just as many laughs as ever, and some good heart-interest touches, too.

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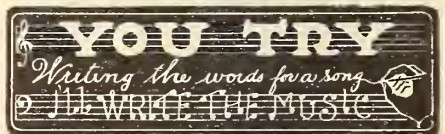
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SISTER SUSIE.—Certainly, the players have to pay rent, unless they own their own homes. Did you think that the landlords paid them for living in their domiciles? If they did, I'd go into the movies myself—if I could get in. Alice Brady is the daughter of William A. Brady, the theatrical producer. She is married to James L. Crane, who has been playing opposite her lately in her Realart and Selznick releases.

I. O. U.—I wish you did. The editor hasn't raised my salary yet. There is always some one with something new to spring on us, so we never know it all. If we think we do, we are only kidding ourselves. Kenneth Harlan played opposite Mildred Harris in the Lois Weber production of "The Price of a Good Time." The late True Boardman played the leading male rôle with her in "The Doctor and the Woman," taken from the novel "K." That is Anne Cornwall's correct name. She has dark-brown hair and eyes. You refer to Claire du Brey. Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1898.

LOGAN I. P.—The editor has mailed you a copy of the "Market Booklet." You no doubt have received it by this time. The only way to get them is to write and ask for them.

KRAZY KAT.—My goodness, two K. K.'s in one month, and from two different people. Corinne Griffith is not related to D. W. Griffith. She was born in Texarkana, Texas. She is married to Webster Campbell in real life. Charles Spencer Chaplin is English, but he was born in Paris, France. Clarine Seymour played the rôle you refer to in D. W. Griffith's "Scarlet Days." Myrtle Stedman was born in Chicago, Illinois. Robert McKim was born in San Jacinto, California, in 1887. Louise Lovely has been appearing in Fox productions lately, opposite William Farnum and William Russell. She has just been signed up to star herself, and will begin production on her first picture some time this month. Roscoe Arbuckle is making comedy dramas for the Paramount. You will find your other questions already answered.

CLARA HORTON ADMIRER.—Your favorite was born in Brooklyn, New York, in June, 1904. She was educated there, and by private tutors. She has been on the stage since she was four years old. Her hair is golden and her eyes are blue. She is working at the Lasky Studio at present. She plays an important rôle in the first Betty Compson Production, "Prisoners of Love."

A. M. K.—The "Market Booklet" has been mailed to you by the editor. Thanks for all the good wishes.

MISS INQUISITIVE.—Wheeler Oakman was born in Washington, D. C. He married Priscilla Dean during the filming of "The Virgin of Stamboul," in which he was playing the male lead opposite Priscilla. Perhaps no one asked for it in the issue in which you looked. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City in 1895. His latest picture is D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East," which promises to be one of the year's biggest productions. He recently married Mary Haye, who has a part in the same picture. Seems to be a regular epidemic of leading men marrying their leading ladies lately. Mary Haye was formerly with the "Follies," and took Clarine Seymour's place in "Way Down East." Lillian Gish also appears in this picture. She is not married, and the same goes for Robert Harron. Addresses at end of The Oracle.

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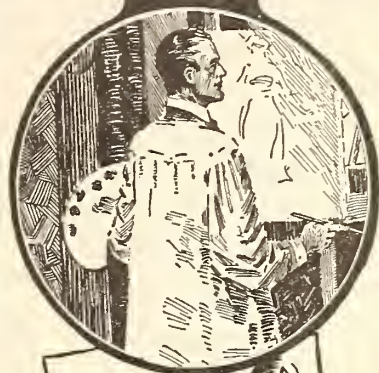
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MANUELA AND LOLA G.—I cannot give the answers to certain readers' questions and put them ahead of some one else's in The Oracle department. I have made it a rule to answer all questions in the order in which they are received, and this rule is carried out just as fast as I can, so if you don't see your replies in the issue you want them in, just be a little patient, because they will be answered just as soon as possible, and there is no limit to the number of letters you can write or the amount of questions you can ask; so go to it.

HIRIM.—You will find the addresses you want at the end of this department.

BLACK EYES.—Arthur Rankin is not married. His last picture appearance was in "The Copperhead."

MANUELA AND LOLA G.—Here you are again, right under your other one. Carol Holloway is not married, nor is Edith Johnson. Joe and Chet are not related. Yes, they are both busily engaged in the midst of pictures at present. Pauline Curley is a blonde. She is playing the lead opposite Antonio Moreno in his latest serial for Vitagraph. She was born in Holyoke, Massachusetts. The real Gail Henry does not look anything like the Gail Henry you know on the screen. Gail is real nice looking when she gets her street togs on.

OSWALD.—I don't know how people come to get hold of such absolutely ridiculous rumors about people in the motion-picture profession. I suppose these rumor hounds are like the same ones who spread the other rumors we hear—just people who get a great deal of enjoyment out of life by hearing themselves talk, and not caring what they say as long as it's something no one has heard and will make them seem important. This one you tell is the funniest of all—Clara Kimball Young with a glass eye! If they are glass, then I'm going right down to an oculist and have mine changed right away. I'd probably be killed in the rush, too, if it were known to be true. Your Mary Pickford question has already been answered, as have your ones regarding Dorothy Dalton, Pearl White, Dorothy Gish, and Clarine Seymour.

APPLE CIDER.—I don't see how you get time to see all those pictures, with all the work you do. Let me in on the secret, and it might help me to find some way to get a little more time off to go. So you remember my old correspondent Olive, Jr? I haven't heard from Olive for nearly two years now. Guess her type-writer broke down. It certainly did well to stand up as long as it did. I'm sure it's the same one Columbus wrote his description of America on. Hope and Cleo, as well as Arlie and many others, are practically sure to be found some place in The Oracle every month. It's very seldom they are among the missing. And when they are I think it's the fault of the editor or the printers. Why get the blues? They can't do you a bit of good. Addresses are still in the same old place, Apple Cider.

EMMA.—Your namesake, Emma Dunn, has made only one picture, and that was in the title rôle of the Metro feature, "Old Lady 31."

BRANDY.—May Allison is still making pictures for Metro. Her latest film is "The Cheater." The story "Head and Shoulders" has been made, with Viola Dana in the principal rôle. The title has been changed, however, to "The Chorus Girl's Romance." Mabel Normand is at work on "Head Over Heels," which probably confused you.



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CLOSE READER.—Your eyes did not deceive you when you read in The Oracle department that Mabel Normand was not married. Of course, you never heard of her getting a divorce from Mack Sennett. Nobody else ever did, either, and, in fact, she couldn't get it if she wanted one, because she has never been married to him, or to any one else.

GEORGIANNA W.—Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are still playing in pictures, but with different companies. Francis is making serials, while Grace is making two-reelers for the National Film Corporation. Grace is married to Joe Moore, youngest of the Moore brothers. Francis is married to a nonprofessional. You have my interest aroused. I'd like to hear more about those childhood days.

IGNATZ.—I agree with you on that barber proposition, but it makes Ben look even funnier, so why should he bother? Yes, I know how that board over the cliff was filmed, but I won't tell. It would spoil it for those who will yet see the picture.

ISSA BELL AND MISS TERIOUS.—Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver are not related in any way, except that they both work in the same pictures occasionally. You refer to Harriet Hammond. She is with the Mack Sennett beauty squad also.

JUST JANE.—Eva Novak is a sister of Jane Novak. Clarine Seymour died in May. Elaine Hammerstein is still making pictures for Selznick. You will find all the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle. You must have quite a collection.

J. A. B.—Who said there were thirty-six? Not every one agrees with that. Some say there are only four. Address all communications regarding scenarios and the like to William Lord Wright, care of PICTURE-PLAY. He will only be too glad to answer any questions you may ask along this line.

JULIUS AND MARY.—Carmel Myers is the daughter of Rabbi Myers, of Los Angeles. She is back at Universal City once more making features for that company. Yes, she has a brother.

E. J. K.—William Desmond was never a cowboy, even if he does look like the real thing in "chaps." Every one of your many other questions has already been answered in this issue. Look for them among the other replies.

PINA NESBIT FAN.—Alma is not an extra. She plays very good rôles in the film plays in which she appears. Lillian Gish is engaged—in a picture, but that's as far as it goes. May and Charlotte are their real names. I don't happen to have Dorothy's personal address for you. It is against the policy of PICTURE-PLAY to give out the home addresses of the players. Roy Stewart and Anita Stewart are not related. Mary Pickford's hair is brown.

H. A. D.—Alice Lake is not married to any one. She was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1897. "Should a Woman Tell?" "Shore Acres," and "The Misfit Wife," are her three latest Metro productions. You should inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want a personal reply.

CLARA HOLLIGAN.—I've never heard Bill Hart say anything against the ladies, so I don't see how you figure he doesn't like them. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne have been appearing on the stage in "The Master Thief," an Oliver Morosco production. They are now on their way to the coast to film this same play before the camera for the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company.



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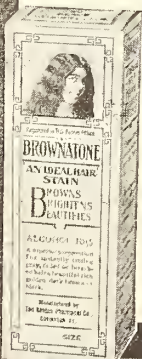
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AUTO-NO.—I should say you should. As old a fan as you should certainly know the year of Mary Pickford's birth by this time. She was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893.

LOUISE D.—I am sure that William S. Hart would send you one of his photos. Better inclose a quarter with your request. You will find the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

ANXIOUS—You probably don't go to the right houses to see Constance Talmadge. She appears in first runs there all the time in her First National offerings.

TULL—Richard Barthelmess appeared opposite Dorothy Gish in "I'll Get Him Yet." Look for addresses at the end of this department. Douglas MacLean's current release is "Let's Be Fashionable."

ARLIE—You're right on time this month, but why such a blue letter when you have so much to be happy about? I should think you would be just bubbling over with joy. I enjoyed "Let's Elope" very much, and agree with you that it was a very "cute" play. Frank Mills had the leading male rôle opposite Marguerite. It seems strange that such a picture fan as yourself hasn't seen Tom Moore before.

MARIA GARCIA PRIETO.—Well, well, well, I don't know whether I can get away with this or not. Anyway, there's nothing like having a try at it. Please pardon any mistakes. Here goes! Priscilla Dean *es casado con Wheeler Oakman*, y Pearl White *con Wallace McCutcheon*. *Creo que Monroe Salisbury es soltero*. *Las direcciones que Ud. desea hallará a fines del "Oracle."* *Tuve mucho gusto al recibir una carta de Cuba, y me parece que debe ser muy agradable vivir allí.*

VIOLET.—Yes, Olive Thomas has been in Charleroi, Pennsylvania, and don't let any one tell you different. She must have been there, because the birth records show that Olive Duffy, which is Olive Thomas' real name, was born there on October 20, 1898.

CASIMIRA D.—May was born in Georgia, in 1897. She is not married, so you needn't worry about that. You will have to talk to the editor about the cover of PICTURE-PLAY and the articles, as I have nothing to do with that end of it, having all I can take care of in grinding off The Oracle department.

BLOSSOM.—Of course it would be all right to write to William S. Hart. That is the only way the players have of telling what the public like and don't like—by the correspondence they receive. That certainly sounds very inviting, and I wish I could accept your invitation and help you devour those dipped fruits you write about. Just now it makes my mouth water, as I haven't been able to get time off to get a bite of lunch. Yes, Sessue Hayakawa is married. He was born in Tokyo, Japan, and educated there. He came to America after six years on the stage, and went to the University of Chicago for a time. He made his first picture for Thomas H. Ince, "The Wrath of the Gods." Yes, it is true that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are now one. They have returned from their trip abroad, and are working on new productions. William S. Hart was born in Newburgh, New York, but went West when he was but a tot. He has been on the stage almost since his first pair of long pants, and at one time was in the same company as William Farnum, each of them earning about twenty-five per week. He is six feet one and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds.

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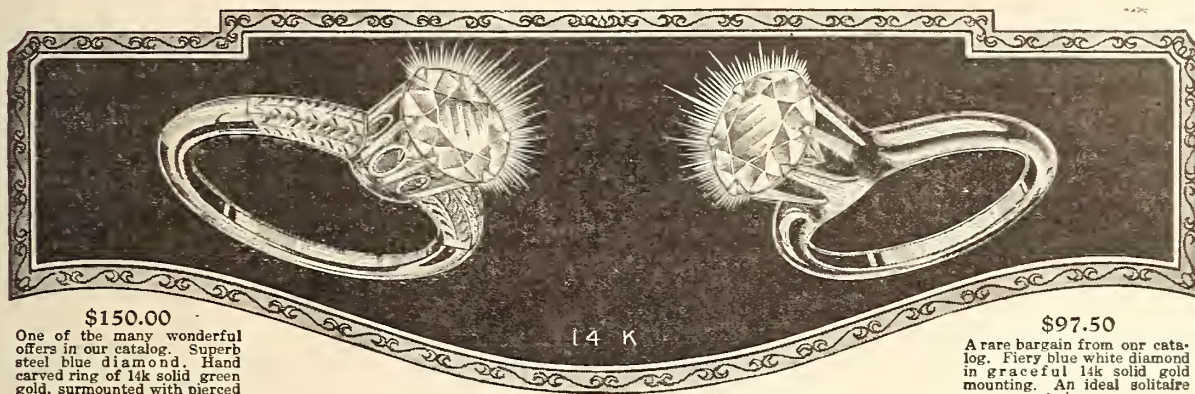
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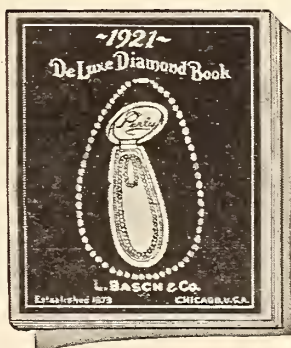
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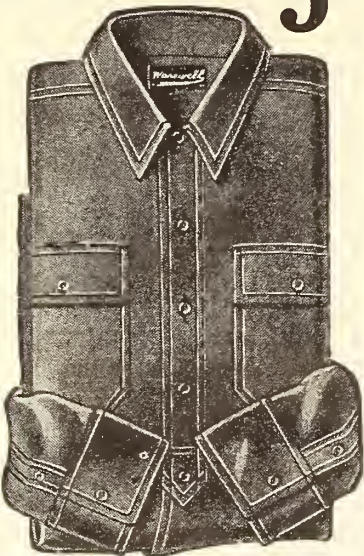
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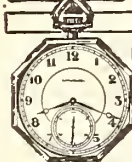


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M. D. A.—Yes, Dick did it. Charles Chaplin is not divorced at this writing. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. H. B. Warner was born in London, England. Betty Compson has blue eyes and light brown hair.

L. E. A.—Wallace, junior, is a little over two years old. Doris May and Wallace MacDonald are not married to each other. Juliet Shelby is Mary Miles Minter's correct name. Vivian Martin is Mrs. Jefferson.

PHYLIS.—Neither Lillian or Dorothy Gish is married. Dorothy wears a bobbed wig in her pictures. Her real hair is light brown. Thomas Mcighan is the husband of Frances Ring. Houdini is still playing in pictures. Robert Warwick and Famous Players have parted company, and Robert is not doing anything until his suit against that company is settled by the courts. Theda Bara married the producer of her stage play, "The Blue Flame." Norma is the only one of the Talmadge sisters who is married. Dorothy Gish was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1898. Lillian first saw the light of day at Springfield, Ohio, two years earlier.

GERTRUDE H. M. S. D. L. L.—Your moniker sounds like a post-graduate course! William S. Hart has a sister Mary, but she does not act before the camera. I'm sure I don't know whether you would be able to get by on the stage or not. Better ask some one who knows. I can't tell Bill Hart to send you his photo, as he is working in California. Better write him a line and ask him for one yourself. You will find his address at the end of this department.

HOLLIE WOOD.—John Barrymore will shortly make some more features for the screen. After his wonderful performance in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," he will have us all waiting for the next one. John Barrymore was born in 1882. He began his stage career in 1903, appearing in "Magda," as *Mar.* He has starred on the stage in "Toddles," "The Fortune Hunter," "A Slice of Life," "A Thief for a Night," "The Affairs of Anatol," "Justice," "Peter Ibbetson," "Redemption," "The Jest," and "Richard the Third." His next screen feature will be "Peter Ibbetson," in which his brother Lionel and his sister Ethel are costarred with him.

HOPE.—What on earth has happened to you? Have you dropped out of sight entirely? Two whole months without a single line from you. This is very unexpected, as I generally find three or four letters from you every month.

ANXIOUS AL.—"Big Happiness" is the title of the latest Dustin Farnum feature to be released by Robertson-Cole.

BLUE-EYED CURLY HEAD.—Joseph J. Dowling was the *Patriarch* in George Loane Tucker's "The Miracle Man." Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887. She is four feet ten and doesn't weigh over ninety pounds, soaking wet. Fannie Ward was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1875. Your other questions have already been answered.

M. G.—Madge Evans was born in New York City, in 1909.

M. R. M.—I don't gather from your description what Wallace Reid feature that was. You will find your other questions already answered.

MOVIE FAN.—James Corbett is not making any features at present. I am sure that he will send you one of his pictures if you write him for one.

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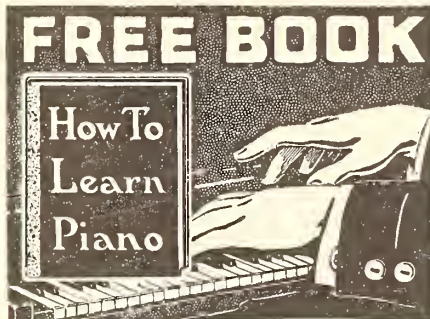


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From the Famous Sketch by Schneider, Exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

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Name

Address

That my system is successful is proved by the fact that in 1891, when I first introduced my original method, I was nearly laughed out of business—yet, *now* I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. Could I have overcome this old-fogey prejudice and enlarged my school every year for over twenty-five years unless my teaching possessed REAL MERIT?

I'll teach you piano in *quarter* the usual time and at *quarter* the usual expense. To persons who have not previously heard of my method this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I have scores of students and graduates in every state in the Union who will gladly testify to its accuracy. Investigate without cost by sending for my free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard*—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you do go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much*, because you understand *what you are doing*. Studying this way is a pleasure. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. QUINN-DEX is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. You *actually see the fingers move*. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained *only from me*, and there is nothing else, anywhere, even remotely like them.

Marcus Lucius Quinn Conservatory of Music
Studio J.X. 598 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

THREE ANXIOUS WESTERN BEAUTIES.—Pearl White has no children. She first arrived on this globe of ours at Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. Helen Gibson was until recently the wife of "Hoot" Gibson, the Universal cowboy actor. Helen was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on August 27, 1894. She has no children. Yes, Wallace McCutcheon's mustache is real, and he does not wear the monocle he wore in "The Black Secret" on the street. He does look well with it, though, doesn't he? Baby Marie Osborne is only eight years old. What do you mean—is she married?

N. W.—Write to William Lord Wright, who has charge of the Scenario Department of PICTURE-PLAY, and he will be only too glad to help you in any way that he can by suggestions. Also write to him about the book you speak of. He will be able to tell you all about it. Send six cents in stamps to the editor and he will mail you a copy of the "Market Booklet." William Duncan's wife is not in pictures. He hasn't any children. He has been devoting his talents exclusively to serials for a couple of years now, and I don't know whether he intends to give them up in the near future or not. He is quite an athlete, and at one time toured the country with a show as a wrestler, meeting all comers and agreeing to throw them within a certain time limit. No, I can't say that I would relish being a villain in one of his serials.

OLD AGE.—I never heard of any one by the name of Hazel Hansell in motion pictures. She is not in stock with any of the companies nor is she a well-known free-lancer. Just because she told you she was a leading lady doesn't prove it.

WILLIAM S. HART FAN.—Bill Hart's sister does not play in pictures. She is content to let one member of the family do her share of acting, too. Mary Hart is her name, and although she's a great fan she has no desire to become a movie star. Bet you can't guess who her favorite screen actor is. Shhh! *It's her brother!*

TEXAS GIRL.—Bebe Daniels is still as free as the air. She was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1901. They both live in California. No, I don't think there is the remotest chance of her ever going back to Harold Lloyd. She is now starring in her own right for Realart.

KAINTUCK.—Newcomers are always most welcome. Francis Ford and Harrison Ford are not related. Harrison is not married. Guess again. He was born in Kansas City, Missouri. Ethel Clayton was born in Champaign, Illinois. She is five feet five inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. Ann Luther was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1894. She is not married. She had no stage experience before going into pictures. No harm done whatever. Come again real soon.

JANE B.—Write to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY, and he will take care of your subscription. Minta Durfee is the wife of Roscoe Arbuckle. Lila Lee was in vaudeville for nearly ten years under the guidance of Gus Edwards, who adopted her. Gussie is Lila's right name. Addresses are all at the end of this department.

MARJORIE C.—When you want a personal reply, you will have to inclose an American two-cent stamp, and not a Canadian one, because the Canadian ones cannot be used in sending a letter from the United States.



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Occupation

P.P.-11-20

MAYFLOWER.—Mae Murray’s latest feature for Paramount is called “Idols of Clay.” Wallace Reid and Roscoe Arbuckle did not die of influenza as your friend told you. Don’t believe all you hear. Harold Lockwood is dead. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are both hard at work on new features for the United Artists. Tom Moore was not Mary’s former husband, but the husband of Alice Joyce. Owen Moore was Mary’s first husband. Mae Murray is married to her director, Robert Z. Leonard. Neither one of the Gish girls is a brunette. Dorothy Gish living in “Remodeling Her Husband.” That is a wig she wore in that picture and not her own hair. Mae’s baby hasn’t much hair yet. It’s too young to tell what color it is going to be. Earle Williams, Kathlyn Williams, and Clara Williams are not related in any way.

SWEETIE AND SWEETIE.—Balboa is Henry’s middle name. He is at present playing on the stage. Send six cents in stamps to the editor for a copy of the Market Booklet.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Address William S. Hart at the Hart Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Charles Ray at the Charles Ray Studios, Fleming Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Anita Stewart and Mildred Harris Chaplin at First National Exhibitor’s Circuit, New York City.

William Farnum, Louise Lovely, Eileen Percy, Pearl White, Tom Mix, Shirley Mason, and William Russell at the Fox Film Corporation, New York City.

Albert Ray, Thomas Meighan, and Antonio Moreno at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

Priscilla Dean, Frank Mayo, Carmel Myers, and Eddy Polo at Universal City, California.

Viola Dana, Alla Nazimova, May Allison, and Alice Lake at Metro Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, and Mary Miles Minter at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Wallace Reid, Roscoe Arbuckle, Gloria Swanson, and Ethel Clayton at the Lasky Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Mary Pickford, Niles Welch, Conrad Nagle, Betty Compson, Mahlon Hamilton, Dustin Farnum, Lew Cody, Mae Marsh, and Mary Thurman at the Brunton Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Earle Williams, Edith Johnson, Pauline Starke, and Alice Joyce at the Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Tom Moore, Kenneth Harlan, Madge Kennedy, John Bowers, and Mabel Normand at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Harold Lloyd at the Rolin Film Company, Culver City, California.

Marguerite Clark, Mae Murray, Dorothy Dalton, and Marion Davies, care of Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Louise Fazenda, Harriett Hammond, Ben Turpin, and Phyllis Haver at the Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

James J. Corbett at the Lambs’ Club, New York City.

Eugene O’Brien, Walter McGrail, Olive Thomas, and Elaine Hammerstein at the Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

William Desmond, Blanche Sweet, Nigel Barrie at the Jesse Hampton Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Robert Harron at the Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, New York.

Bessie Love and Marjorie Daw at the Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, California.

Douglas Fairbanks at the Clune Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Hobart Bosworth, Douglas MacLean, Lloyd Hughes, Enid Bennett, and Louise Glaum at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Norma and Constance Talmadge at the Talmadge Studios, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Those whose addresses do not appear should be addressed in care of either Willis & Inglis, Los Angeles, California, or Mabel Condon Exchange, Hollywood, California.

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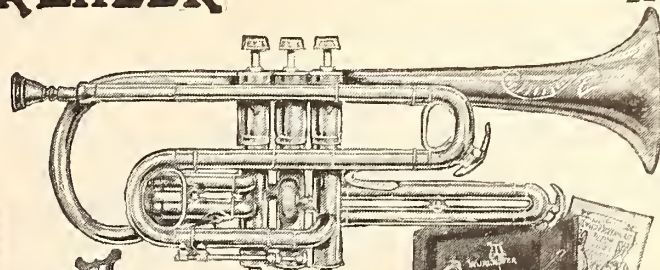
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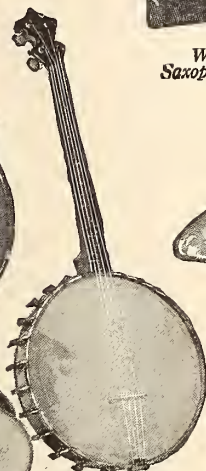
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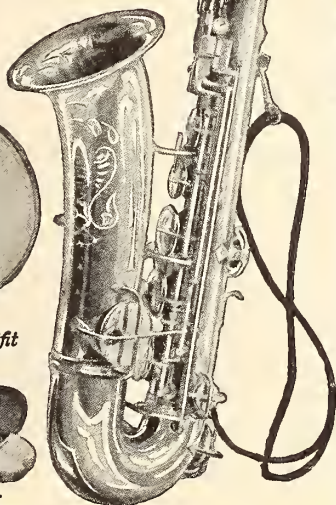
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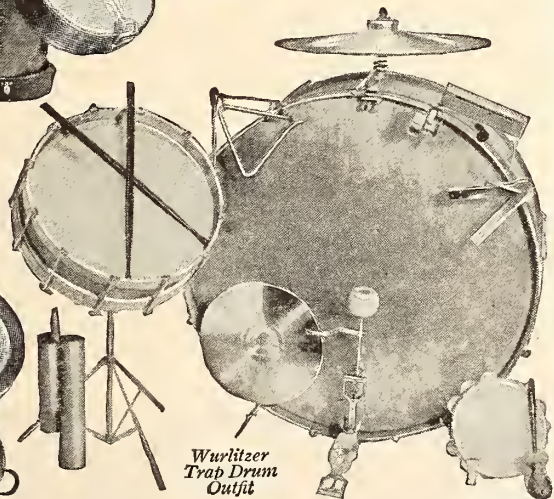
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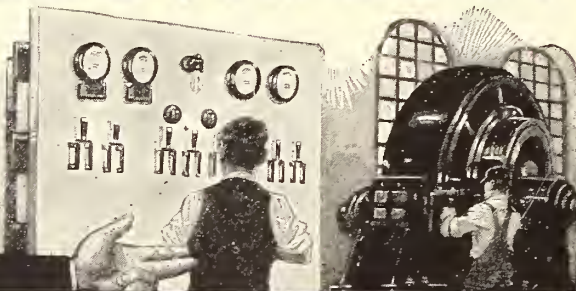


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years after you graduate. I DO THINGS FOR MY STUDENTS no one else does, and some things that I don't even tell you about before you enroll.

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The New Way

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You

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THE OLD WAY: It cost \$36 to sell you a typewriter. Rents of offices in many cities, salaries, commissions and other costly practices — each demanded its share.

THE NEW WAY: We ship from the factory to you, eliminating all wastes. This saves the \$36, and it now goes to you. A \$100 Oliver costs you but \$64. Why waste \$36 by buying typewriters the old way?

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The old way, as explained above, was wasteful and wrong. So people have welcomed our new economical plan and our output has multiplied.

We offer for \$64 the exact machine which formerly sold at \$100. This is our Model Nine, the finest typewriter we ever built. It has the universal keyboard, so any stenographer may turn to it without the slightest hesitation and do better work more easily.

And it has dozens of superiorities not found elsewhere. For instance, it has far fewer parts. This means longer wear, and naturally few or no repairs.

This Oliver Nine is a 20-year development. If any typewriter is worth \$100, it is this splendid model.

It is the same machine used by great concerns such as United States Steel Corporation, National City Bank of New York, New York Central Lines, Otis Elevator Company and hosts of others. Such concerns demand the best. Yet they are not wasteful.

FREE TRIAL

Merely clip the coupon below, asking us to send a free trial Oliver. We do not ask a penny down. When the Oliver arrives, try it out. Put it to every test. Compare its workmanship.

Then when you are convinced that the Oliver Nine is all we claim, and you prefer it, pay us at the rate of \$4 per month.

During the free trial, you are not under the slightest obligation to buy. If you wish to return it, we even refund the outgoing transportation charges.

Used typewriters accepted in exchange at a fair valuation.

Or, if you would rather know more about our plans before ordering a free-trial Oliver, check the coupon for our amazing book entitled, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." We accompany it with our beautifully illustrated catalog describing the Oliver Nine.

Was
\$100

Before the
War

Now
\$64



Mail
Today

The **OLIVER**
Typewriter Company

1259 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1259 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.

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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.

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Name

Street Address

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

Occupation or Business.....

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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*A Paramount Picture**

Ethel Clayton in
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*A Paramount Picture**

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"Half An Hour"
*A Paramount Picture**

Dorothy Dalton in
"A Romantic Adventuress"
*A Paramount Picture**

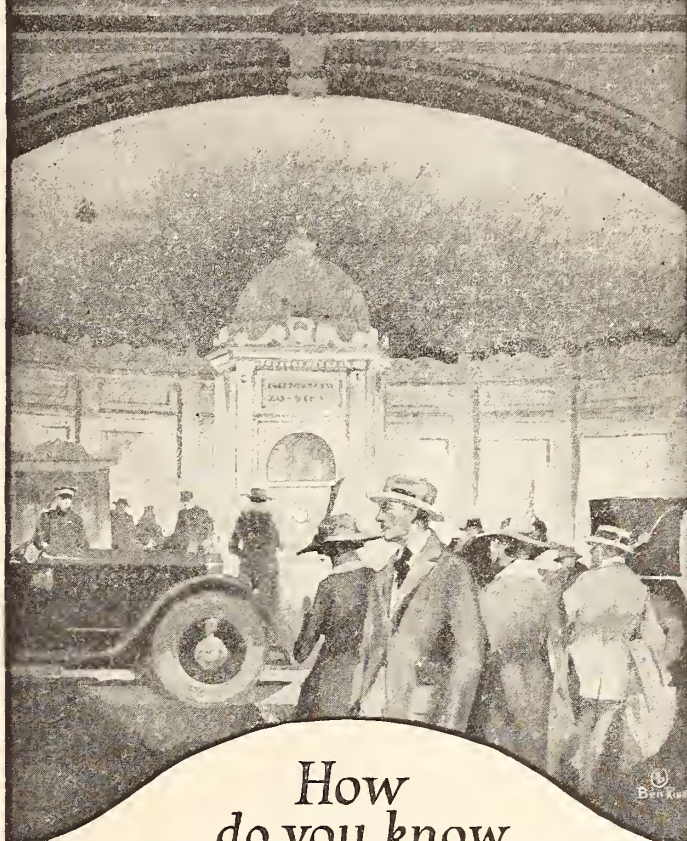
Cecil B. De Mille's Production
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"Lady Rose's Daughter"
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"Civilian Clothes"
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"Behold My Wife!"
** A Paramount Picture*

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"An Old Fashioned Boy"
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†Charles Ray in
"The Village Sleuth"
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Wallace Reid in
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("Toujours de L'Audace")
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Wallace Reid in
"What's Your Hurry?"
** A Paramount Picture*

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"Deep Waters"
** A Paramount Picture*

Bryant Washburn in
"Burglar Proof"
** A Paramount Picture*

Bryant Washburn in
"A Full House"
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A Thos. H. Ince Production

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Paramount Pictures



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ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General
NEW YORK



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Don't Let This Man Fool You

HE looks like a director, he talks like a director, and maybe he has been a third or fourth-rate director. But when he comes into your town with an air of enterprise—tells of how he is going to organize a motion-picture producing company, and make millionaires out of all the townspeople who are lucky enough to buy some of his stock—watch out!



He's a Dangerous Crook!

HE'S a menace to the country and to a great industry, the members of which have joined to expose him and to drive him out of business—a movement in which PICTURE-PLAY gladly joins in the interest of its readers, since these fake movie stockjobbers are swindling innocent persons out of thousands of dollars in all parts of the country.

How they operate will be told in the second installment of a series of articles on "Crooks That Follow the Movies," by Roy W. Hinds, the first installment of which appears in this issue. The stock swindlers will be treated in the January number.



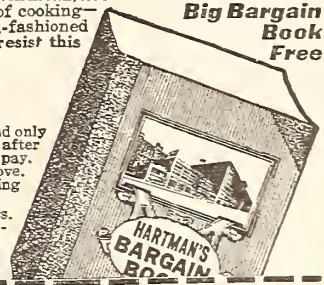
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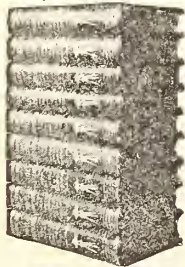
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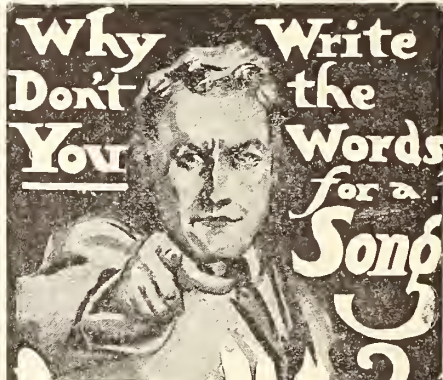
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271 West 125th St., New York

"OH, MOTHER My story's accepted!"



'Tis the thrilling moment of her life

OUT of "the rainbow gleams of her youthful dreams" has come The Great Reward! The happy sequel to all her burning hopes—her eager aspirations! The magazine editor has accepted her story. His letter brings the happy news.

She moves as one in a daze. "Can it really be true?" she asks herself over and over. And all the while she glows with the pride of authorship, her inspiring spirit transformed in the bewilderment of its new triumph. 'Tis life's deepest moment for her.

She has crossed the Golden Rubicon! Enthralled, she stands upon the threshold of a New Life! She is last—"AN AUTHORESS!" The story she has written, filled with fresh, bright realism, stirring incident and sparkling dialogue—written out of her very heart—painted in glowing words upon the Screen of Romance, will be read by thousands, thousands!

But yesterday, in her girlish fancy, she deeply envied those who live and move in that fascinating sphere, the Realm of Authorship. But yesterday her hopes mingled with her fears, her doubts of herself, her simple lack of faith in her ability "TO WRITE." But yesterday she deemed well-nigh impossible the triumph that has come to her to-day!

But yesterday her life was a dull, drear grind in a department store. In her little niche behind the counter her girl's soul was slowly shriveling. The drab, grey life was deadening every spark of hope within her. Thinking of her youth and yearnings, she would oft hopefully repeat to herself those lines from some beautiful book, "It is the Spring! It is the Spring! And Life is so FULL of Flowers! Ah, rely some of them are MINE!" But there was the monotony, the dull servitude, from 8 to 6—it never varied—it went on and on and on—a dumb fate that seemed to stare her in the face forever, just as it might be pictured in a story by O. Henry.

Not that all girls are unhappy who work in stores, at she—she dreamed of higher things. She wanted more out of life than the grey, humdrum existence. Why should Success be a thing OTHERS could attain and not she? She had two good hands and a brain—she was intelligent, observing, and though not a genius, surely, she told herself, she could learn to write stories as good as hundreds she had seen.

One day her sweet-faced mother noticed a small advertisement in a magazine. It said: "Free to writers—this wonderful book. Tells How to Write Plays and Stories." "Here, Dorothy dear," said Mrs. Dean, "there is something about writing stories and plays. Here's a concern offering a free book on the subject. Why not get it? See what they can do for you? You never can tell—maybe you really can learn how to write the way you've dreamed so long, and just think how wonderful that would be!"

The Authors' Press has this young woman's letter on file. She wrote for our free book—and the picture above tells the happy sequel.

This is a true story, as startling as it is romantic, and here is the most startling thing of all—a remarkable discovery that will thrill ambitious men and women of all ages throughout the world! The discovery is that: MILLIONS OF PEOPLE CAN WRITE STORIES AND PHOTOPlays AND DON'T KNOW IT!

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 attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

Yet only recently a great English literary authority declared that "nearly all the English-speaking race want to write! It's a craving for self-expression, characteristic of the present century."

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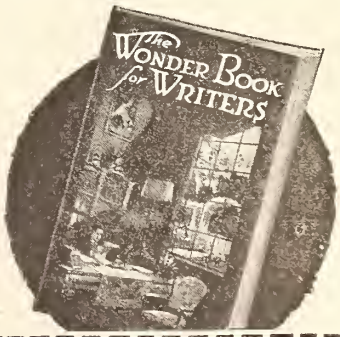
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Why Salesmen Earn Such Big Pay

Just stop a moment and think over the successful men of your acquaintance. How many of them are connected with some form of selling? If you will study any business organization you will see that the big jobs go to the men who sell, for upon their efforts depend the profits a company makes. Without trained men to place a product on the market, the finest goods are worth no more than so much clay. Salesmen are the very nerve centers of a business. Is it any wonder that they earn big pay?

The man who starts working as a bookkeeper or clerk for \$25.00 a week, never increases his value to the firm. Any advance in pay is merely a reward for length of service. At the end of ten years he is no more essential to the life of the organization than he was at the end of ten weeks. He is only a necessary liability—drawing his pay because somebody must be found to work at the unimportant, routine jobs. Once established in the rut, he becomes a cog in the machine—when he is worn out, he can be easily and cheaply replaced.

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ment Service just as you are reading of it to-day. Each one of them was dissatisfied with his earning capacity—as perhaps you are—and each one cast his lot with the N. S. T. A. To-day they are important factors in the business world—enjoying all the comforts and luxuries money can buy. And yet they are not exceptions, for there are thousands of N. S. T. A. trained salesmen who are making big money, as we will be only too glad to show you if you will mail the coupon.

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Please send me, without any obligation on my part, your free Book, "A Knight of the Grip" and full information about the N. S. T. A. system of Salesmanship training and Employment Service. Also a list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen.

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Earns \$1,562 in Thirty Days

My earnings for the past thirty days are \$1,562.00 and I won Second Prize in March although I only worked two weeks during that month. C. W. Campbell, Greensburg, Pa.

Earned \$1,800 in Six Weeks

As soon as I received a letter from you and your literature, I knew that I was on the right track, and very soon after I applied for a position as a Salesman to one of the firms whom you informed me were in need of a Salesman and to whom you had recommended me. As soon as they received my Application, which was by mail, they wired me to come for an appointment which I did, with the result being that I sold my services to them in about thirty minutes, took a territory in Illinois and Wisconsin and made a success of it from the very first week.

From that time on I have been what might be termed as a "high pressure" Salesman, selling lines where nine out of ten Order Takers would fail. I have sold goods in a highly successful manner in nine or ten States, both North and South. My earnings for March were over \$1,000 and over \$1,800 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were \$356.00. I travel eleven months out of the year, working five days each week.

The N.S.T.A. dug me out of a rut where I was earning less than \$1,000 a year and showed me how to make a success.—J. P. Overstreet, Dallas, Texas.

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GREEN

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

Volume XIII

DECEMBER, 1920

No. 4

Romances of Famous Film Folk

The second of this delightful series, telling of the meeting and marriage of Bryant Washburn and Mabel Chidester.

By Grace Kingsley

"GEE!" exclaimed Bryant Washburn, that bright June morning, his eyes sparkling just as they should under the circumstances—"gee!"—just like that—"what a pretty girl!"

He was talking about Mabel Chidester, and, though the remark may not sound very romantic, still—when anybody, especially a very good-looking young picture star, exclaims in just that way, "Gee, what a pretty girl!" why, she certainly *is* a pretty girl, and you may be sure of it.

I know as well as you do that that Adam-and-Eve, love-at-first-sight idea is old stuff. Absolutely nobody uses it any more, not even people with established reputations that could get away with it, like John Galsworthy and Nina Wilcox Putnam, and as for high-school sophomores and members of Professor Baker's drama classes, they simply scorn it with a white-hot scorn.

So I must apologize for Bryant Washburn and Mabel Chidester, because love at first sight was actually what happened to them, and I can't deny it, no matter how early Victorian it may sound. They were early Victorian in other ways, too—believed in home and in babies, for instance. Though, of course, just at the moment Mabel Chidester wouldn't have mentioned them for worlds.

They have only recently departed on their honeymoon trip to Europe, the Bryant Washburns, never having had time to take one before.

"We'll have a perfectly lovely time on our honeymoon," quoth Bryant, "if only my bride doesn't worry about the children."

For the youngsters are to be left with Mr. and Mrs. Chidester, out at the Washburn home in Hollywood, and if you only knew them, those Chidesters, you'd know that everything about the children: behavior, manners, winter flannels, and onions on the chest for a cold, will be carefully attended to.

But goodness, this story isn't getting on anything like



Photo by Hartsook

When they reached California they never stopped till they'd bought a home—and here it is.

as fast as the affair of Bryant Washburn and Mabel Chidester did.

Now you can say all you like about fate, but it's a funny thing that just at the moment that Bryant was making that "Gee, what a pretty girl" remark, Mabel looked up to encounter a pair of handsome masculine brown eyes looking square into her own blue ones; and though she blushed and quickly looked another way, it wasn't until after something important had happened. Of course, you know what that was, after what I've said. Mabel was talking to somebody, and thereafter every time she chanced to glance up, which was middling often, one might say, she'd see those brown eyes either just seeking hers or just roving away.



Where was all this happening? I knew you were going to ask that, and I've been putting off telling you as long as I could, so that you could conjure up your own background, a sylvan glade or a shady country lane, or some such romantic spot. But stern truth compels me to admit it really happened in the ratty old Essanay studio in Chicago, with a bunch of queer-looking extras gathered about on the set, and a bunch of tough property boys swearing in the distance.

Of course, Bryant was working at the studio, but just how pretty Mabel Chidester happened to be in a picture studio at all can be explained only on the ground that she had taken out the "only child" concessions in the family, and so did pretty much what she liked, because Mommer and Popper Chidester were stern Presbyterian New England stock, good church folks—Popper Chidester being a deacon or elder or whatever it is the Presbyterian Church has—and didn't greatly approve of theatricals in any form.

But, anyway, there she was, very pretty and young—just turned seventeen—clad in a pink organdie, with her golden-brown hair shining out from under a pink hat, shading her blue eyes and her pink and white

skin, not to mention the tip-tilted nose.

Brown eyes, glancing over and happening at last to catch blue ones, asked quite plainly: "Want me to come over there?"

And blue eyes flashed back, "See if I care!"

So brown eyes maneuvered; oh, well, you know how it is done yourself, and got an introduction.

And then brown eyes all of a sudden found himself up a stump—didn't know what to say. Despite all his celluloid love affairs, real emotion put an awful crimp in his style.

"It's a pretty good day, isn't it?" he began.

Which, come to think of it, may be news in Chicago.

"For what?" smiled Mabel Chidester. And Bryant grinned back.

"Are you working to-day?" asked blue eyes, of course, not really caring much whether he was or not. What she was thinking was that she was glad she had on her pink organdie—men always like pink organdie, she had found out. Also she was thinking, "My goodness, isn't he handsome? I do wish—but, of course, he never will—being a star and everything!"

He might well have answered, "Oh, no, I'm playing cards. Can't you see?"

No wonder Bryant said "Gee, what a pretty girl!" His elder son quite agrees with him.

Photo by Hartscock

What he actually said didn't make any difference anyhow. It was what he was thinking that mattered. And that was, "She looks as if she were a nice girl and had lots of sense; and—gee, she's prettier than I thought she was from over there!"

But her question gave him a chance to show off a bit. So he airily exclaimed: "Well, I'm not working to-morrow! I've been working three straight weeks without any rest, and—"

But just then he caught sight of his director. "That is"—he coughed—"that is I have—"

And Mabel Chidester laughed! It was a clear, rippling, spontaneous laugh



that you just couldn't get away from, so full of mirth that Bryant couldn't do a thing but join in. That laugh broke the ice entirely, and established another real bond between them, the bond of a common sense of humor. Without which, you may remember, George Eliot says no married couple can ever be really at one.

And then Bryant asked if he might call.

It was pretty sudden, I'll admit. But not for nothing had Mabel Chidester's ancestors braved the perils of the deep in the *Mayflower*, and, as Bryant had asked it most respectfully, yet in somewhat the same ardent manner in which an ancient Puritan, knowing he had no time to lose, might suddenly have asked the lady of his heart to go to America with him, Mabel told him that he might.

But if you think she let Bryant know just how she felt about him, you're mistaken. The first time he called there was another young man already in the Chidester drawing-room, and Mabel made no effort whatever to get rid of him. And the second time he called, another young man was there.

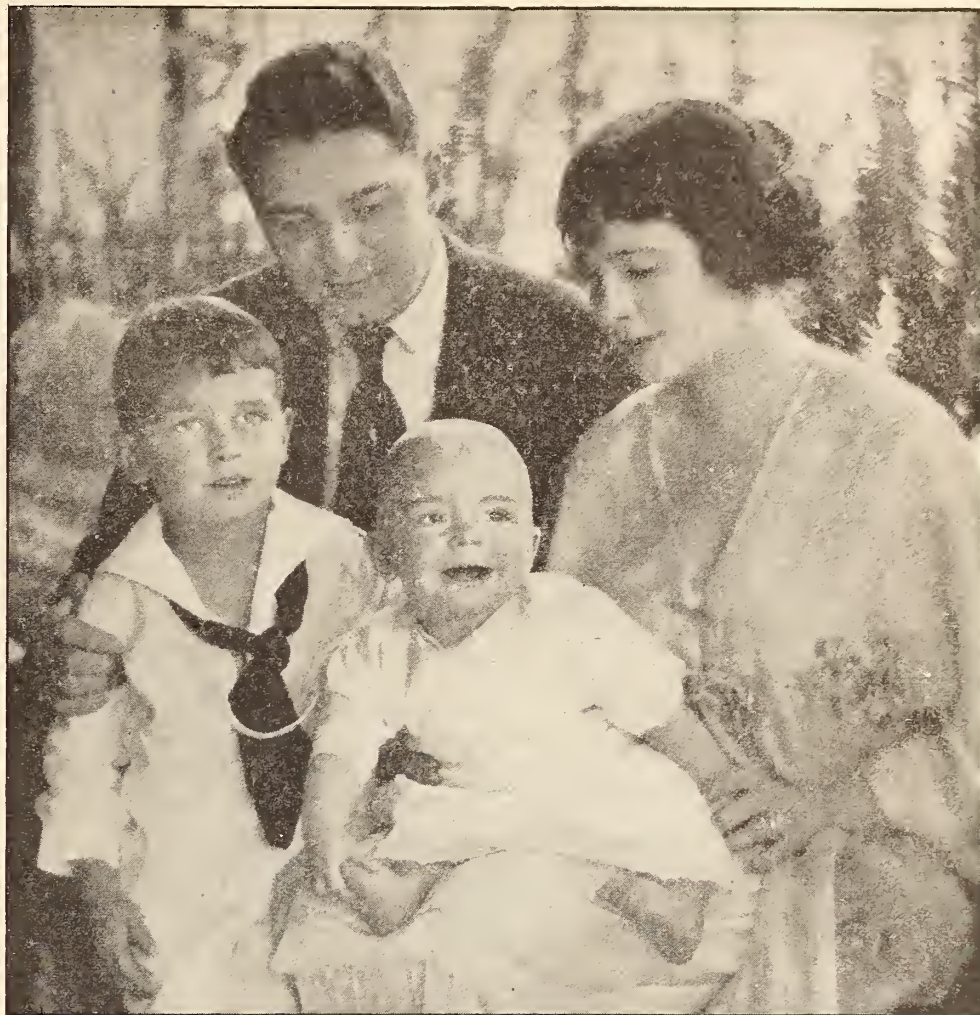


Photo by Melbourne Spurr

The Washburns are old-fashioned enough to believe in home and babies.

But as Bryant gradually got to calling oftener, and taking Mabel to parties and theaters, gradually all the other young men faded out of her horizon.

One day when the two were out for a stroll, Bryant insisted on leading Mabel into a certain street. It was a nice, homy street, with a lot of good-looking flats facing on it.

"We're going to make a call," said Bryant.

"Some friend?" asked Mabel.

"Some friend!" answered Bryant.

With that he led the way right up to a certain door, and instead of ringing the bell, took a key out of his pocket, unlocked the door, threw it open, told Mabel to enter, and when they were inside a snug little flat, he put his arm around her—I don't know whether for the first time or not—and inquired very tenderly:

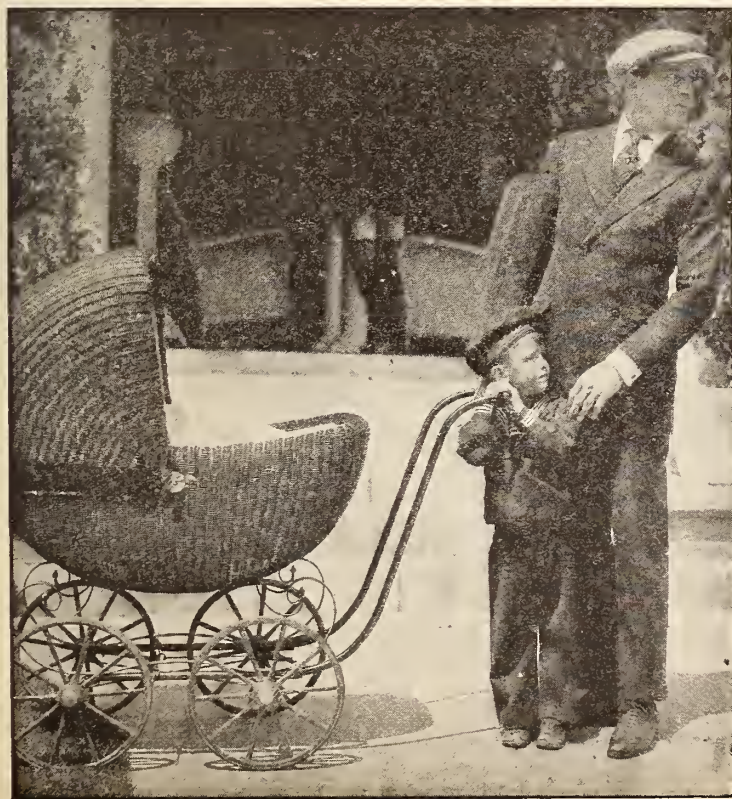
"Dear, do you think you can stand it to live in a four-room flat?"

It's all very well to tell how the girl kissed him, when it's a fiction tale; but somehow when it's real people—well, anyhow, I'm going to let you imagine that part. At any rate she didn't say no.

And just two weeks later they were married.

"But he left me to break the news to father and mother that I was going to marry an actor!" declared Mabel Washburn, with an injured little pout that was belied by the twinkle in her eye. As a matter of fact, after the first plunge of acquaintanceship was made, father and mother

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Where Do They Get Those Titles?

You often wonder, after seeing a picture, why the producer didn't select a name more in keeping with the story. But he had good reasons for choosing the title he did. You will find them very interesting—and amusing—as set forth in this article.

By Agnes Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY
LUI TRUGO

THEY filed out of the projection room, registering complete satisfaction with the picture they had seen. The four leading executives of the Skylark Film Company had been watching the latest production shipped East from the film foundry on the Pacific coast. As they drew up to the shiny and expensive directors' table, they agreed that Higgins had made another success, that the star had never looked more beautiful, and that the story was one of the best that had come out in a long time.

Being merely business men, they began to figure out how much money they could make from this shining example of film art. You cannot blame them for thinking of the money. They had engaged an expensive director, a much sought-after star, and they had paid a large sum of money to an author who had learned how to combine art with business.

"It's a clean-up," said Mr. Cashin, the vice president, using an expression very popular in film circles.

Two of the other executives agreed with him, without reservations.

The sales manager spoke up. "Yes, it's a clean-up, but——"

"You mean," interrupted Cashin, "that perhaps it is a little too high-toned for some theaters."

"Not exactly," answered the sales manager. "I mean that we can never sell it under that title."

"What's wrong with the title?" asked the president. "It is the name of a famous novel. In fact, we paid the author twenty thousand dollars because the name of the book is so well known. This title is known in every library in the country. The book is a fireside favorite."

"We are not selling films to libraries," explained the sales manager, "and we are not showing them on fire-sides—or to people who sit by the firesides. We're trying to get the man on the streets. We want a name that will look pretty in electric lights, something that will tempt 'em. And I'm telling you that you're not going to get very far with a title like 'The Quest of the Cornucopia.' It sounds too much like a wild-animal picture—one of those hunting-through-Africa affairs."

"Well, it doesn't mean much," commented Mr. Wallstreet, the treasurer.

"It does if you have read the book," said the president.

"And have you read the book?" asked Mr. Cashin.

"Do you think I would pay twenty thousand dollars in real money for a book I hadn't read?" the president retorted.

"It has been done," answered Mr. Cashin.

"No," the sales manager went on. "We've got to find a real title for this film. We want something that will suggest a girl, something that will suggest a struggle, something red-blooded, virile, and smashing. Something in short that will hit them between the eyes and make them want to see the picture."

"Perhaps Mr. Willis won't like it if we change his title," hinted the president, who had met a few authors and was afraid of them.

"Is he trying to crab our business?" the sales manager demanded. "Doesn't he want the picture to sell? Is he any bigger than Sir James Barrie? They changed 'The Admirable Crichton' to 'Male and Female.' No one knew how to pronounce 'Crichton,' and besides the exhibitors thought that it was something about an admiral. 'Cornucopia' is a hard word to pronounce. We'll get a lot of complaints about it."

"And they changed the name of 'The Pinnacle' to 'Blind Husbands,'" Mr. Cashin volunteered. "There weren't enough pinochle players in the country to make Von Stroheim's title a good one."

"We want something about love," the sales manager continued. "Love is always a good word in a title."

"Call it 'The Quest of Love,'" suggested the president.

"Sounds too wandering."

"'The Path of Love.'" This came from Mr. Wallstreet.

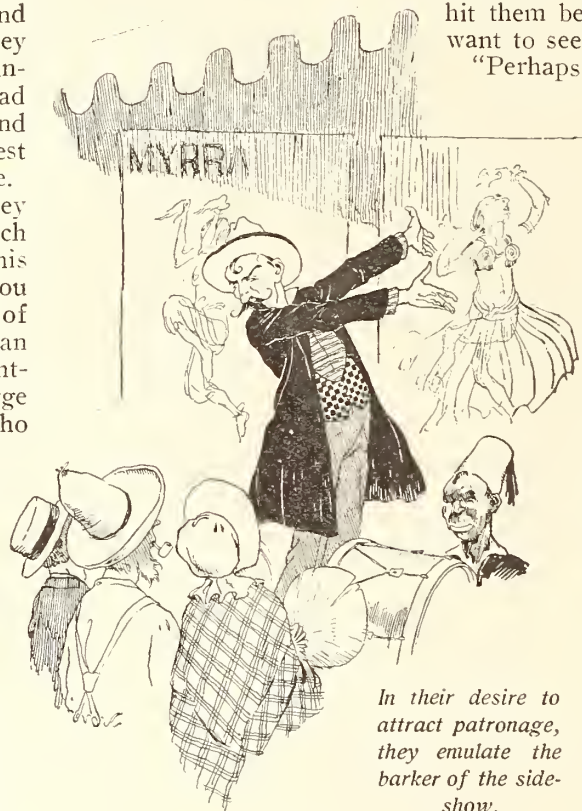
"'A Woman's Love.'" This from Mr. Cashin.

"Better yet," said the sales manager, "call it 'Love's Great Struggle.'"

"But that title has nothing to do with the story," the president suggested mildly.

"What's the difference?" asked the sales manager, "as long as it sells the picture?"

From this little sketch, which might have taken place in the office of any film company, you may see how pictures get their names and why you often meet the novels you liked disguised under titles that made you hesitate a bit when you went into the theater. The titles are chosen, not by the man who writes the story and not by the director, but by the men who want to sell the film to the public. And in their desire to attract patronage, they emulate the barker of the side



In their desire to attract patronage, they emulate the barker of the side-show.

Where Do They Get Those Titles?

show who used to promise: "Myhra, that strange woman from the Orient. See her dance! See her dance!"

This business of naming a picture is not an easy one. R. H. Cochrane of the Universal Company once told me that half of the success of a picture lies in its name. This was at a time when Universal was presenting such alluring productions as "Idle Wives" and "Where Are My Children?" If you hit upon a title that raises a question or suggests a problem, Mr. Cochrane said, the theatergoing public is going to pay money at the box office to see the solution presented on the screen.

And so, naming a picture is an art in itself. When you write a book, you give it a title that fits the story. When you write a play, you give it a name that suggests its theme—unless you write a musical comedy or an Al H. Woods farce. But when you write a scenario, you let some one pick a name that will look well in electric lights. Preferably he will select a name that will attract an optimistic class of persons who search vainly for the forbidden and the spicy.

As the sales manager of our sketch pointed out, there is nothing that looks so well in a title as the word "love." The best asset of a film's name is some word or phrase that suggests sex conflict. We do not mean that the name need suggest immorality. It need only hint at a romance or a love tangle. Of course, comedies may have any title that is breezy, slangy, and easy to remember. But for the dramatic story, nothing else is so useful as a name that carries a sex lure. Some of the poor, hard-working words that have been bill-postered all over the country are: "woman," "sin," "temptation," "virtue," and "marriage."

Perhaps you have noticed that titles have a way of running in series. If a picture makes a success, the

words of its title are jumbled into all sorts of combinations. And the titles are so much alike, that very likely you have paused in front of the theater and wondered if you had seen that particular film before. After "Broken Blossoms," we waited eagerly for some one to come along with

a "Busted Buds." And

we suppose that it is only a question of time until Gloria Swanson comes out in a de luxe special called "Why Change Your Clothes?"

Cecil B. De Mille produced "Old Wives For New." Now we

have "Why Change Your Husband?" and "Why Change Your Wife?" The marriage service is on his mind, for he reverted to it again in "For Better, For Worse." Mr. De Mille is the Beatrice Fairfax of the motion-picture world.

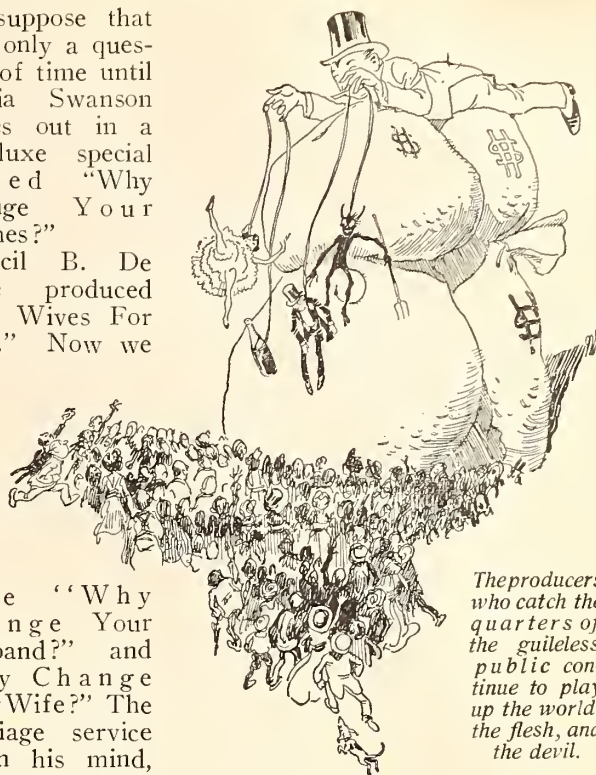
Then in another series we have "Should a Woman Tell?" "Should a Wife Forgive?" and "Would You Forgive?" Also, to swing around the family circle, there are "Sins of the Mother" and "Sins of the Father"; and there are "Where Are My Children?" and "Children Not Wanted." Virtue comes into its own with a vengeance in "Virtuous Wives," "Virtuous Men," "The Virtuous Vamp," and "The Virtuous Model."

If motion pictures really dwelt at length upon the subjects suggested by their titles, if they told as much about marriage, divorce, temptation, and sin as they promise, if they really solved the problems of love as they say, then the movie theater would be no place to take pa, ma, and the girls on a Saturday night. But the amusing part of it is that there is so little French frankness and so little Anglo-Saxon ribaldry on the screen.

Can you imagine telling much about love when some State censors limit the length of a kiss to three feet of impassioned celluloid? Can you see much chance of giving the life history of a vampire when the censors make cuts such as: "Eliminate scene of girl smoking cigarette." If the picture called "Romany, Where Love Runs Wild" really showed love running wild, the censors would leave just about enough of it to insert in a news weekly.

The producer who tries to suggest something alluring in his title does it for two reasons: first, in order to sell to the exhibitor and the public an otherwise ordinary production; second, in order to give out the impression that he is a serious and thinking man, not afraid to look the facts of life in the face. And so seventeen-year-old Tommy wanders down Main Street looking for life and divilment and sees a theater that is showing a picture called "A Girl Astray" or "Ruined Lives." Whereupon he goes in and sees a Harry-and-Lucy story that could be told in any Sunday school. Still hopeful, he is attracted by other dashing titles. By the time he is eighteen, he has lost his faith in the power of advertising and gone back to Charlie Chaplin.

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The producers who catch the quarters of the guileless public continue to play up the world, the flesh, and the devil.



If motion pictures really did what they pretend to the movie theater would be no place to take pa, ma, and the girls.



The Carey Creed

If you're making something,
make it *good*, says Harry.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

IN the days when directors did not wear puttees and Fairbanks was only the name of a soap, when Fatty and Mabel were simply Fatty and Mabel, and Chaplin had still to appear, when Vitagraph was the king cannery and Kerrigan the idol of the fillums, when two reels meant a "feature special" and the première blonde was identified on the posters only as Little Mary, in those bygone days, scented faintly now with faded rosemary, Harry Carey was playing the Broadwayward bad man seven days in the week

and sometimes oftener for a rising young chap named Griffith who was operating in the old Biograph Studio in New York.

Carey has a unique explanation for being cast in crook parts in those early days.

"D. W. knew that I was a bad actor," he grinned, "so he simply made me be a 'bad-actor' character on the screen."

Like many first-rate Thespians, this Carey has never been petted and pawed by interviewers, so his past was a closed book to me. He was asked where he had attempted the stage stuff before performing in the Griffith arena.

"The less said of it the better," he replied. "I was supposed to be a lawyer, not an outlaw. But New York University held me about as long as you can hold sand in your fingers. The minstrels got me. Blackface! Then burlesque"—that's the Carey pronunciation. "And finally trouping in such classics as 'Heart and Soul,' 'A Poor Girl's Downfall,' and other things like that."

"More sinned against than sinning," I suggested.

"Check!" said Mr. Carey.

He is not the pretty picture man, not the close-up craving Adonis who insists upon inferior support to let his own work stand out, not the celluloid I-am who calls for a clear stage and more spotlight on his eyes. Harry Carey is a regular guy, with hair on his chest, and a surprising lack of fake chatter about his "art."

"Pictures are fine things," he thinks, "so long as they aren't abused. Sex stuff and dime-novel Western truck are worse than nothin'. I can't figure how these censors work, when they let Bara's stuff float by, and some of these 'Why Leave Your Bath-

rooms?'—the very pictures that are bound to hurt the industry.

"Lots o' people grin when they see me, back in New York, and say 'Hokum!' when I tell 'em I'm still doing Westerns, but I'm blamed if it's hokum. We've been using human interest, with a Western locale, that's all. 'Overland Red' was more character than Western. So was 'Sundown Slim.' I can't stand this damn Jesse James type of cowboy—busting into the big scene to register a hundred feet o' close-up. It's the bunk."

His views give an excellent idea of the man himself. He's sandy-haired and stocky, with the loose gait of the real cow-puncher—acquired, be it added, on his ranch at San Francisquito Cañon, where the Carey cows and pigs and horses are the subject of comment for miles around.

"I never thought I'd come to this," said Carey, indicating the corral just north of us, and the mesquite-covered ground we were standing on, "but while in the trouping game I got sick, and doctors told me to

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PICTURE PLAY PLAYERS



Photo by Evans

ALICE TERRY.

scaled the ladder that leads to success at one leap. She was playing in a mob scene when Rex Ingram, the director, saw her and announced that she'd prove to be a winner. And she's proving it now, as leading lady in Metro's production of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."



WYNDHAM STANDING

won his spurs as an actor on the English stage, and his place as a leading man on the screen by such excellent work as he did as the blind soldier in "Salt," with Elsie Ferguson, and "Earthbound," a recent Goldwyn picture. He is now under contract to play leads in Metro productions.



MILTON SILLS

has eight years as leading man to his credit. "The Street Called Straight" and "Eyes of Youth" are two recent releases in which he appeared, and "Sweet Lavender," a Realart picture, and "The Furnace," a William Desmond Taylor production, are two future ones.



Photo by Mariella

CLAIRE WHITNEY

flits from stage to screen as easily as a butterfly wings its way from flower to flower. "An Innocent Idea," a farce which played for some time on Broadway last summer, kept Claire on the stage for a time, and "The Passion Pilgrim" and "Fine Feathers" are now keeping her on the screen.



Photo by French

HELEN LYNCH

looks like the sweet young débutantes who smile at us at their coming-out teas each fall and their wedding breakfasts each June. And she plays just that sort of parts in Universal pictures; not very prominent ones as yet—but just wait till she has more experience!



Photo by Freulich

EDITH ROBERTS

is seen here as she appears in "The Adorable Savage"—how the first part of the title fits! This release completes Edith's contract with Universal, where she worked up to stardom—and now, though we see only reflected windows in her gazing ball, perhaps she sees herself at the head of her own company.



Photo by Freudlieb

BEATRICE BURNHAM

proves that it pays to work as hard in the movies as in any other profession. Beginning as an extra, she worked up to a position as leading lady at Universal, "Hitching Posts," with Harry Carey, being the picture that gave her her chance. She's Douglas MacLean's leading lady in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."



Photo by Hartsook

ELINOR FAIR

appeared in "The Miracle Man" and "The Mischief Man"—you'll remember her in one of them according to your taste in pictures. She also d'd a series of comedy dramas as Al Ray's costar, and now is appearing as leading lady in the screen version of "Kismet," Otis Skinner's great stage success.

What's the Matter with Chaplin?

Why has the world's greatest entertainer stopped producing? Here is the answer, told by a man who knows Chaplin, and who gives us an unusually intimate pen picture of the great film comedian.

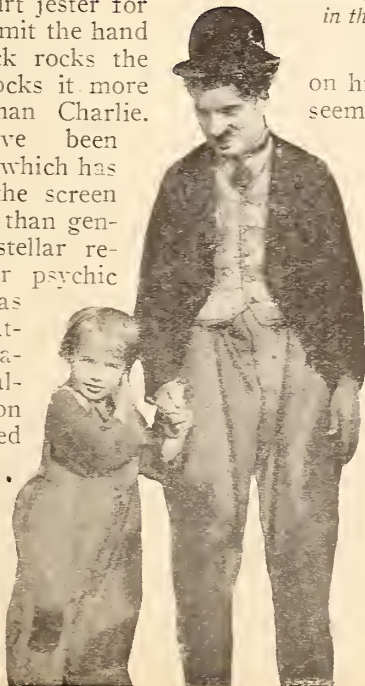
By Herbert Howe

IT seems to be the fashion just now to take a furtive boot at Charlie Chaplin where he is most sensitive. Slapstick artists of the press have been banging him about the ears with the hot-air bladder. Their evangelical purpose is to chastise him for his sins of omission and to remind him that this is no time to be doing a Rip Van Winkle. They haven't had a good laugh for a long time despite their loud guffaws at the antics of other pantaloons, whom now and then they covertly suggest are giving Chaplin the dust. Well, to be persecuted is to be immortal. Oscar Wilde, Cæsar, Napoleon, and Joan were worshiped and then sloughed into jail or eternity.

Charlie is being put to the inquisition because he has failed in his duty as court jester for the world. We must admit the hand that wields the slapstick rocks the world. And no one rocks it more merrily on its axis than Charlie. Various reasons have been ascribed for his apathy, which has kept him away from the screen for a much longer time than generally is allowed for stellar recess. One pamphleteer psychic will give the motive as greed. Charlie is dissatisfied with his First National contract, which allows him only one million and a couple of hundred thousands for six comedies, which is considerably less than is allowed other artists of less artistry. Therefore Charlie sits



Chaplin, like most of the other really great stars, has been thoroughly absorbed in the work of picture making. The Chaplin studio is no house of mirth.



Chaplin and five-year-old Jack Coogan.

on his set and sulks, like Achilles in his tent. This hypothesis seems illogical. If Charlie were so eager to emulate our landlords, clothiers, and gas trust, why does he not rush off some two-percent home brews, label them "comedies," and deliver them to First National? Then he could run along and join Mary, Doug, and D. W.

A more reasonable cause is his domestic dénouement. It must cramp an artist's style to be wed to one not a muse. Although, Heaven knows, matrimony doesn't have time to cramp most movie stars. Chaplin, unfortunately, is sensitive. He never knew when he might return home to find that Madame Chaplin during his absence had hung the family skeleton on the clothesline. Madame had an annoying penchant for airing the family linen before the public.

All this unpleasantness has had its effect, yet it is not the fundamental cause for the Chaplin hiatus. Even that other genius, D. W. Griffith, has moments of lapse from the sublime to the piffle, and, so far as we know, Mr. Griffith has never worried any about domestic or financial problems.

An anecdote is told of Charlie's arrival at the million-a-year goal. He had been leashed by a contract which

permitted no independence and little remuneration, yet he had turned out sixty comedies in a little more than two years. Finally he obtained his freedom to become an independent producer. His brother and manager, Syd Chaplin, returned from New York with the news of the million-dollar contract, which so startled the world in those happy days before the rise of the Profiteer Dynasty.

Charlie was playing a saxophone when Syd entered joyously.

"Well, Charlie, old boy," cried Syd, "we've done it! I've signed a contract whereby you make twelve hundred thousand a year!"

Charlie ceased playing and became instantly very sad. He never has recovered. In that moment he realized that the struggle was over. There really was nothing more for him to attain. It is the struggling, not the gaining, which gives incentive. Others have felt the rub of that old platitude. Charles Ray has been heard to say that success has brought him only better cigars and more motor cars.

Aside from success there is another reason for Chaplin's stagnancy. The star conceived, directed, and starred in sixty comedies during that short period prior to the million-dollar contract. This was no small drain on the reservoir of his ideas. Many a writer and artist has gone bankrupt in a similar way. In attempting to analyze for reasons of his slump we often overlook the temperament—the mental constitution of the artist. We fail to understand that creative energy is subject to exhaustion if not properly stimulated or conserved. If Chaplin had a vacation from the studio and his scorching home fire he might find regeneration. The fascination of picture making, which is felt by all its workers, has kept him at the tread.

"Motion pictures absorb one," Nazimova observed, in a recent interview. This is literally true. Chaplin, Ray, Nazimova—all of the really biggest stars with the possible exception of Mary Pickford—find that their energy and time are so completely claimed that they are robbed of other interests. They become self-engrossed to the degree of boredom. Nothing is so stultifying to happiness and progress as absorption in self. Mary Pickford has thus far escaped the blight because she finds freedom from self in the responsibilities as head of the Pickford family. Mary's devotion to her mother has been the dominant motive of her life. And she has been the pilot for the rest of the family. This diversity of interest is salvatory.

Chaplin has had family claims, too, but they haven't been the sort to give him recreation. He was about to apply the shears to his picture, "The Kid," which has required a year to make, when blooey!—Madame



Photo by Hoover

Mildred Harris Chaplin, who is seeking to produce a division of the Chaplin fortune.

Chaplin flung another press explosive. She attempted to attach the picture as common property. We are not interested in the justice or injustice of her claims. We only wish that Ma and Pa Chaplin would quit squabbling over "The Kid" and give us the custody. At the present writing, Charlie has left his refuge in the shadow of the Mormon Temple, in Salt Lake City, and the battle is being fought out in New York City. No one knows the whereabouts of "The Kid." It probably is secreted in the bulrushes. All who have seen the precocious infant pronounce it a bouncing prodigy. I believe that it will almost excuse Charlie for playing hookey. Just now its weight is twenty-seven reels. It must be reduced to five or six. From the remnants a dozen pictures could be patched, providing Chaplin's cupidity overbalanced his artistic sense. When Maurice Tourneur saw it he exclaimed, "You fill me with envy, Charlie; this is a masterpiece!" It virtually masters the feat of telling a story without words. And the story, entirely a Chaplin conception, is vital. It has motive other than tickling the risibles. There is a strain of pathos that gives melodic balance to its composition. It is satire rather than burlesque. There is subtlety in its gyrations. The cast is not simply a chorus for Charlie's solo. Little Jack Coogan, Edna Purviance, Beulah Bains, and others, have real significance. Chaplin has realized no mortal limitations. He even goes to heaven to make merry. His

Who Will Be the Biggest Star in 1921?

In our next issue Herbert Howe will make his film forecast for the coming year. You will recall the one for 1920, a prediction that has been fulfilled.

THERE WILL BE SOME BIG SURPRISES

in this film forecast, which has been based on a thorough canvas of the motion-picture exhibitors and producers, as well as on the writer's own personal opinion.

PROPHECY AND INSIDE NEWS IN THE NEXT PICTURE-PLAY!

scene with an angelic maiden is truly of heavenly humor, brought to a climax of drollery when the little devils intrude and spoil the spiritual attraction. There is psychology in this comedy, a structure adroitly reared upon a foundation of ideas.

Chaplin found zest in his work by the discovery and development of Jack Coogan, a genius of five years, who has a Chaplinesque talent for mimicry. So great was Charlie's delight in the response he obtained from the child that he built the entire story about him, as indicated by the title. The picture represents a big expenditure of labor, although the actual cost in money is said to be comparatively small. Madame Chaplin, for legal convenience, has placed a valuation of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars upon it, but offers of a million and more have been made for it, and it is possible that it will be sold for two million.

Chaplin works entirely by inspiration. When the source of inspiration is affected, the work ceases. He does not start with a script, but merely with an idea. This primary idea may so alter in the germinating process that it bears no more resemblance to the completed story than does the peach pit to the tree. He may conceive the idea for a scene, put it into rehearsal

for a week, and then discard it as quickly as it was conceived. His rehearsals are as painstaking as those of D. W. Griffith. Sometimes he substitutes another person for himself in order to gauge the effect from an impersonal angle. Every move is calculated and usually is guided by a certain rhythmic order. Chaplin is keen on rhythm when he wants speed in action.



The home in which the Chaplins' ill-fated marriage venture began.

"One — you step forward to strike me; two, I slip away; three, the other chap gets it."

Such an episode is rehearsed innumerable times. His screen scrimmages are never extemporaneous.

"Rough-and-tumble fights may be funny," he observes. "More often they aren't. Besides, some one may get hurt."

Like Flaubert pacing the floor in quest of *"le mot juste,"* Chaplin paces his "set" in quest of the logical form of expression. If he is penurious it certainly is not with film. Each scene is shot from five to ten times in order to get the most effective angle and action. All the time he is as grave as Hamlet.

"Yes, that's very good," he will say. "Very good, yes, yes, yes. Now let's do it over again."

There is nothing gay or rollicking about Chaplin's atelier. It bears the same resemblance to the Mack Sennett studio as an undertaker's parlor to a circus dressing tent. The studio grounds are as formal as a cemetery with white walks and well-trimmed plots. There is a sepulchral stillness even during working hours. Externally the studio appears to be a series of prim English cottages. Chaplin's home, too, was of English architecture. I say *was*, for long before he left Los Angeles, he had moved to the Los Angeles Athletic Club—that haven for bachelors and would-be bachelors.

Charlie is as loyal to his England as Tony Moreno is to his Spain. As Moreno delights in having a Spanish ménage and a few Spaniards, male and female, scattered through his company, so Chaplin shows a preference for English retainers. He was born in Paris, where his parents, both English, were appearing in the music halls. While he was very young his parents returned to London, and it was there Charles Spencer was educated.



For a movie actor Chaplin is conspicuous by being very simple in his dress.

The family lived in a poor section of London. Mother Chaplin would sit by the window with Charlie on her knees and imitate the expressions of the passersby.

"My mother was a fine actress," remarks Charlie gravely, with a touch of pride.

One time she returned home from shopping and, quite excited, told Charlie to put on his cap and come with her at once.

She led him down one of the tortuous by-streets of London to a bookshop. In the window of this shop was an open book containing a poem about a teacher and a scholar. Mrs. Chaplin had no money to buy the book so she read the lines, slowly and one at a time, to the youngster, who repeated them carefully in her tones until he had memorized the complete poem.

Later he recited it in the schoolroom with great success.

Chaplin has the memory of a cash register. He recited "The Teacher and the Scholar" one evening not long ago when playing charades with several of his friends. He hadn't forgotten a word, and he delivered it with the same boyish inflection and gesture that he had used in the first rendition. Like Nazimova, Chaplin was born to act. He would act if no one ever saw him.

His favorite pastime is charades. A single word is sufficient to conjure from his mind a whole series of tableaux. So eloquent are these parlor pantomimes of his that it is a genuine theatrical treat to watch them. Particularly do I recall an exposition of senility. He made me think of Cyril Maude as *Grumpy*. And the only disguise he wore was a towel tied to his chin as a beard! Every movement, every line of his face, every tremor of his voice was eloquent of age. His mimicry of Mary Pickford is of uncanny realism. No one appreciates it more keenly than Mary herself, who is very fond of Charlie. As for Charlie, he has an overwhelming admiration for Mary, both as an artist and a business woman. When several newspaper reporters called at the Fairbanks home to learn the details of the Fairbanks-Pickford wedding, the morning that the secret was revealed, the interview was suddenly halted by a startled exclamation from Mary:

"Why, Doug!" she cried. "We haven't told Charlie!"

And straightway the bride flew off to the telephone to tell her friend and imitator of the happy event.

There is an ingenuousness about Charlie that is captivating. Of the stars I have met, Charlie Chaplin and Nazimova stand forth as the most genuine human beings. They are absolutely devoid of pose. Yet a half hour's conversation is sufficient to catch flashes of that inherent talent for impersonation. The instant they become engrossed in a subject they are free from restraint and proceed to give a description with pantomime as well as words. Neither manifests a shade of egotism or star-consciousness.

Chaplin shrinks from attention when in public. He is as bashful as a boy when the conversation revolves about him as subject, yet he cannot conceal his pleasure when a compliment is paid him. From the sparkle in his eyes you would think he was hearing praise for the first time. He does not try to disguise his gratification.

Some of the bourgeoisie of the movie colony have called Chaplin a poser. They say he affects the company of artists, writers, and musicians because it pleases his vanity. This is not true. Charlie Chaplin has an unusually good mind, not a mind trained by systematic education, but one eager for information, and alert in the appreciation of another's talent. He particularly enjoyed meeting such musicians as Mischa Elman, and Yzaye. Chaplin himself plays the violin with considerable feeling and understanding. I have known celebrities to be charmed by Charlie's rapt attention. How interested he seemed! What a good listener! Really, a charming fellow! And after their departure Charlie might remark:

"Yes, I liked them. You know, I can use their ideas in a picture."

Little did the erudite personages fancy they were being adapted to a Chaplin comedy!

Of late Charlie has been the victim of much ill rumor—a rather helpless victim because he seems constitutionally unsuited to verbal combat. The most criminal accusation hurled at him seems to be "tightwad." In contrast to most of the movie plutocrats, Charlie is a *Silas Marner*. To think that a movie star possesses only one automobile and but one chauffeur. It's heinous! And I don't think he has a valet. At least he has never talked of one, and I've never seen any one in livery hanging about him. His automobile is just a cheap six or seven thousand dollar stock car. It hasn't any gilt on it, no kalogram, no aluminum, or anything worth while. He likes simple food and eats it. He dresses most simply.

Perhaps this quiet manner of living is the reason he has been accused of bolshevist and socialist sympathies. Most people using those terms don't know what they mean, anyhow, so it doesn't matter. I do not know that it is an offense to be a socialist, now that things are settling down again. This is presumably a free country, where one may elect his own political party or religion. As for Chaplin's being a socialist, a Republican, a Democrat—he's an actor. He may take a casual interest in politics, just as he does in art, music, and the Vernon boxing matches. These issues are in the minority. His work holds the overwhelming majority. The public does not pay to see the man Chaplin, it pays to see the artist, and we only protest when the artist's goods deteriorate and fall off as Chaplin's have of late.

A mind divided cannot accomplish its best. Chaplin has had various vitiating claims upon his mind. We hope he soon may be freed of them.

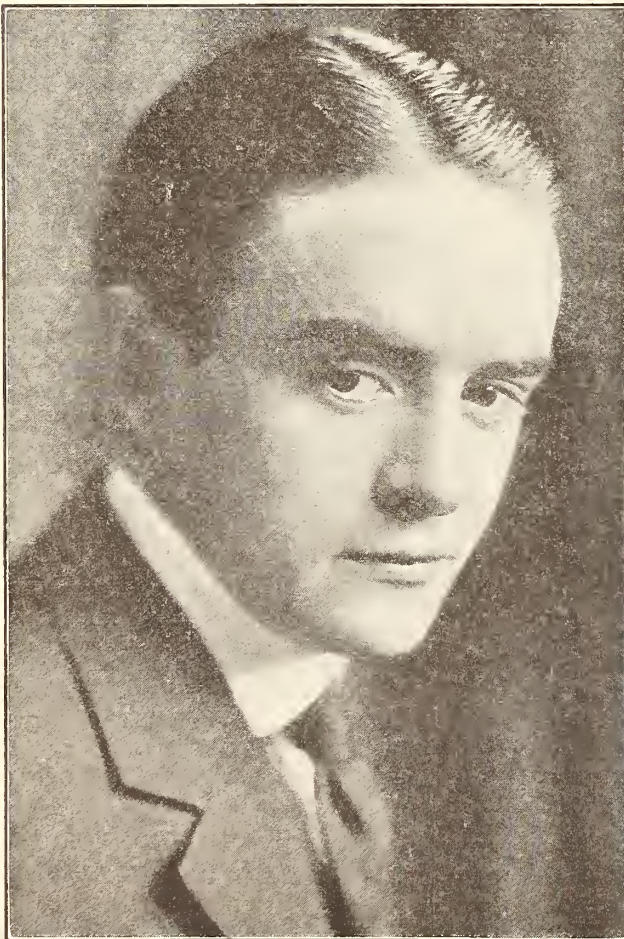


Photo by Hartsook

The Boy Whom Everybody Liked

IT was only a short time ago that we saw them together on the screen—Clarine Seymour and Bobby Harron—in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," that tense, throbbing picture, so full of life and youth. And it seems strange that we will never see either of them again.

Harron, who died on September 5th, was one of that small group of Griffith "finds" who had stuck with the great producer from the days of the Biograph Company, where he got his first job, at fourteen, as errand and property boy. His first big rôle was the one he played in "The Birth of a Nation;" after that the fans came to know him through his appearances opposite Mae Marsh.

His rôle in "Hearts of the World" marked him as star material, and not long after that picture was released it was announced that he would head his own company, working under Mr. Griffith's supervision, however. He had completed but one picture, "Coincidence," when the accident occurred which resulted in his death.

Bobby Harron as an actor was well known, but it is as a boy whom every one who worked with him admired tremendously, whom every one liked, that he will be remembered. Dick Barthelmess, the Gish girls—all his associates would sidetrack an interviewer who wanted to question them while they talked eagerly about Bobby Harron.



The House of Twenty Stars

If you're a girl and went to Los Angeles to get into the movies, this is where you'd live, if you were lucky.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

Photos taken especially for PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, by C. Heighton Monroe.

I'LL admit it freely, I didn't want to interview the Hollywood Studio Club. Getting the collective life histories of twenty budding stars of the feminine gender wasn't my idea of a pleasant evening a-tall! In my last incarnation I must have been either a male misanthrope with an ingrowing grouch against the fair sex, or a temperamental cat in a female seminary—anyhow, I was scared to death when I entered the cool and dusky hall of the spacious building, and felt the impersonal gaze of twenty young film queens leveled upon me, as if I had been Exhibit A in the coroner's train of evidence. The chaperon, who is hardly more than a girl herself, was trying politely to make me feel at ease, and I was wondering why my feet suddenly felt so large, and why I hadn't worn a suit with pockets so that I could hide my hands, when all of a sudden a bobbed head poked over the balcony railing up above me, and a warning voice shrilled startlingly:

"Look out—you almost stepped on Douglas Fairbanks!"

My coordination was hitting on all six, or I should have squashed one of the lives out of a big yellow cat with an enlarged shaving-brush tail, that had come up behind me to rub himself hospitably against my wabbling legs.

Douglas Fairbanks helped to restore my poise. Cats and I speak the same language, and if any one wants to get personal about that—anyhow, with D. F. in my arms, the house didn't seem so big, or the girls so impersonal. I began to distinguish faces.

Then some one else said, "Here, sit on Mr. Raymond Hatton!" And I did—because it was only a sofa pillow—donated to the club by the actor whose name it bears.

Mrs. Hatton was shoved under my feet—that was the pillow donated by Raymond's wife, and by the time dinner was announced, I knew the first names of most of the girls and had seen kodak pictures of their individual admirers; which last is the test of *entente cordiale* between members of the sex which is more deadly than the male.

Dinner was served à la café that is, with the girls grouped around tables which seated four.

ZaSu Pitts and Nell Newman had invited me to their table. ZaSu looked like Belgium mourning for its lost dead with a bandage around her head which completely hid one eye—no, she denied vehemently to bantering questions flung at her, she hadn't run into the keyhole or had an argument with her husband—it was just a sty, gosh darn it—thus ZaSu with many appropriate gestures.

Nell Newman you will remember as playing with

THE HOUSE OF TWENTY STARS,

as the Studio Club of Los Angeles is called, occupies a colonial mansion on a terrace above Hollywood Boulevard. The club itself is a sort of sorority of the studio campus, its members being the freshmen of the industry—young actresses, scenario writers, designers, secretaries, and dancers. Mary Pickford is a patroness, so is Mrs. Cecil B. De Mille. Many celebrities resided at the clubhouse when they were breaking into the movie realm, and portraits of such now-famous ones as Marjorie Daw, Louise Huff, and others adorn the walls.



"We have music from eight in the morning till late at night."

Nazimova in "The Heart of a Child." She used to hold scripts on the set for Paul Powell, Mary Pickford's director.

Then Ann May breezed in, her black, bobbed hair fairly standing on end with excitement. She upset the water pitcher, lost her napkin ring, and stepped on Douglas Fairbanks. Just that afternoon, she related incoherently, Cecil De Mille himself had engaged her to play the rôle of a fresh young boarding-school girl in his next big feature—"can you imagine that, girls—gee whiz, where is that napkin ring—did any one see where I laid my bag—and he told me he had seen me wear many becoming hats, but none as nice as the one I had on that minute—"

"My hat!" vouchsafed ZaSu dryly, with emphasis on the pronoun.

"Well, I know it was your hat; think I'm going to tell C. B. that?"

Ann May is the kind of a subdéb that you at first classify as "fresh." Trixie Friganza said that kind of girl always made her want to say—"will you sit down?" She is continually in evidence, walks with a premeditated "tough" lurch of her shoulders, snaps her fingers like a crap shooter and laughs every other moment. You have as much chance of overlooking her as a patient on the operating table has of

of her. Helen Eddy dropped in for dinner. She used to live at the club, and now conducts a weekly dramatic class there. She and ZaSu had divers important things to say to each other regarding their new contracts with the R. C. P. Smith Corporation which is starring them.

After dinner we all congregated in the living room, where a couch of the sinkable variety invited one to repose before a fireplace—useless until winter comes again—and a piano piled high with the latest music beckoned to the amateur musician—and almost every girl in the club plays.

"Gosh, it's a wonderful bunch of girls we have here," declared ZaSu Pitts—and who will deny it?



ignoring the ether. But once used to it, you like her. Her noise is the spontaneous outburst of a sixteen-year-old who thinks the world is grand and doesn't care who knows it; she is unfailingly clever, and hasn't an ounce of ill humor about her. She takes a "bawling out" with patient penitence. Some one is always lecturing Ann May, but no one ever really means it—it wouldn't be possible.

Lois Lee was a very quiet little mouse at the table next to the window, her brunet prettiness in silhouette against the evening sky. Her last picture was "The Lincoln Highwayman," in which she played opposite Bill Russell, and the Hollywood Studio Club is intensely proud

"We have music from eight in the morning until late at night," said Miss Hunter. "Some of the girls play the violin, one has a failing for the Hawaiian guitar, and most of them sing—though Nell Newman is our official songstress."

ZaSu lay on the couch and put one long leg over the back, because she averred it pleased her to do so. No one asked her to take it down. Doing as one pleases seems to be the rule of the house.

"Gosh, it's a wonderful bunch of girls we have here," she told me confidentially. "You'll find fewer scraps among these twenty than in the average family where there are only two or three. Of course, you can't have twenty actresses under the same roof without some dramatic situations arising, as you might say, but gee whiz, that's to be expected. One of the girls was having a fit the other day about something or other, and the kindly soul who tried to comfort her had almost persuaded her that the agony was all in her imagination, when she burst out with—'Don't try to comfort me—I want to suffer—I've got to suffer! It's the only way I can learn to express emotion!'"

"And so," concluded ZaSu in her dry, whimsical voice, "we usually let each other alone when we're 'suffering.' It all comes out in the wash."

Some one came from a studio to give a lesson in designing clothes and in making over old duds. The class was free to all who wished to enter it, and a dozen girls adjourned with her to the upper story. A class in continuity writing was another weekly feature, Miss Hunter told me.

The conversation about this time became retrospective in character. The girls talked of the time when Marjorie Daw lived at the Studio Club, how Mary Pickford used to drop in for tea with Lillian Gish, and how Louise Huff lived there when she was still doing "bits" in pictures. The club was a high-powered mascot, they all assured me. Practically every girl who goes there to live, sooner or later arrives at the top of the ladder, and in consequence there is always a long and anxious waiting list of would-be twinklers who want to share the luck that seems to permeate the Studio Club's atmosphere.

The evening thought it was going to come to a peaceful and uneventful conclusion, but it reckoned without Ann May. She rushed in, slamming the door, to announce that she had been dashing about Hollywood in her car trying to find a theater where De Mille's "Old Wives for New" was playing. Lew Cody had passed her, and she had asked him if he knew where she could find "Old Wives." He had referred her to the old ladies' home!

"So," she said, snapping her fingers in accompaniment to her story, "since I can't witness one of the productions of my—ahem—director, Mr. De Mille, I guess I'll sell some hats. Anybody want to buy some hats?"

Practically every girl who goes to the club to live sooner or later arrives at the top of the ladder.



Selling hats is Ann May's favorite indoor sport. She buys from three to six in a week, wears each one passionately for a day or two, then auctions them all off in an evening.

Of course, the girls were eager for the millinery orgy. Every girl at the club has at least one of Ann's hats, bought at a ridiculously low figure, considering the original price.

She brought down an armload of them, hats of every shape and size, ranging in color from heavenly blues to impudent reds. She tried on each one, explaining when and where it was purchased, the original price, and just how the "personality" of each was worn. "How much for the blue one?" languidly inquired Letha Sue Moore.

"Ten dollars," said Ann May. Then, as Letha started for the mirror to try it on—"fifteen if you like it!"

Then some one imprudently told ZaSu Pitts that the hat she had bought of Ann the day before for five dollars, had cost that enterprising young lady the sum of two dollars and fifty cents. And ZaSu, who had been a more or less passive spectator on account of her wounded eye, sat up with an outraged howl. This dialogue took place:

"Ann May!!!"

Ann dashed in from the dining room where she had been forwarding the sale of a white milan before the buffet mirror.

ZASU: Look here, you low-brow, did you or did you not pay two-fifty for that hat you sold me yesterday?

ANN: Yes, I did, ZaSu, but—

ZASU: Can you beat that—she buys it for two-fifty and sells it to me for five!!!

ANN: Listen, ZaSu, it was this way: you offered me five dollars for it, and I wanted to give you the jet pin that went with it, and I paid three dollars for the pin—

ZASU: I don't care how it was, Ann May, you listen to me; you know that blue hat of mine that you want to buy?

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Photo Monroe

She says she can't always trust her voice—but over the phone we've found it perfectly trustworthy.

MY word! The house's burning up. I'm suffocating—what'll I do? I'll——"

"Teddy, calm yourself," commanded Rosemary Theby. "The house is *not* burning up. It's only my shortcake."

One of the girls, may I remark, wore a green and orange negligee. She was Miss Theby, whose cool acceptance of the accident and the total ruination of the shortcake was quite as outstanding as the color scheme of her near-kimono. The hysterical party was her housemate, Teddy Sampson.

"I always have to calm her," remarked Rosemary. "She's hysterical. She was in a fire once——"

"It wasn't, either!" interrupted the slandered one from the depths of her bedroom. "It was an auto wreck."

Argument followed. Rosemary insisted; Teddy maintained, and Teddy, at length, to make herself more fully understood, put in an appearance. She's only a few feet tall, this mite, and one of those piquant creatures on whose eyes—like the late Anna Held, she never makes 'em behave—you focus your entire attention.

"I wasn't in a fire at all," she emphasized. "I was wrecked in a car. And, being that they're waiting for me in a scene at the *stew*—dio, I'll depart. I'm going, Miss Theby—Bla-a-a-!"

Wisdom in a Green Negligee

It seems that Teddy and Rosemary have lived together in one of those trick bungalow courts peculiarly indigenous to Hollywood, for some months. The place itself is hardly larger than a Tappé hatbox, although the deft fingers of its two occupants have made it "comfy," as Rosemary said Teddy says, and have fixed it up with everything from an Oriental knitting bag on the dining-room wall to the victrola which an avaricious landlady tried to attach when Miss Sampson's check got lost in the mails, and the aforementioned landbaroness thought she wasn't going to get her due.

"We can't either of us cook, but we're always fooling around," explained Miss Theby, the odor of the burned shortcake meanwhile making itself less noticeable. "We've been here so long and have had so few arguments that I'm commencing to wonder how long the paradise is going to last."

Decorated shoe trees add such a homelike touch to one's bungalow!

Photo Browers



Rosemary Theby comments sagely on motion-picture work, men, matrimony, and housekeeping—while the shortcake burns.

By Truman B. Handy

The "paradise" has endured almost ever since Rosemary left New York for Los Angeles some four years ago. She was then in the height of her glory—a lovely brunet creature with a quick smile and a snappy personality, always full of witty remarks and always ready to smile. And she is still quite the same. Typically a girl whom success on the screen has never spoiled and who to-day, although she's one

"Rosemary—that's for remembrance"—both the flower and the girl.

Photo by Monroe



Photo by Woodbury

She's a lovely brunet creature whom success has never spoiled.

of the most sought-after leading ladies in the colony, is never too busy to stop and chat with some one she used to know in days when they, perhaps, were not so fortunate as now.

I began bombarding her with questions about her ambitions—whether or not she wanted to marry, what she thought of men, whether or not she'd ever go on the stage.

She'll never marry! So she asserted—emphatically. Which leads one to believe, from my observations of other members of her sex, whom I've known to make similar statements, that she undoubtedly will. She thinks men are interesting, but not to be taken seriously. She was in love once, she says. With her it was a very whole-hearted affair, but, like vaccination, it didn't take. She even allowed her career to be hampered, and in the end she asks you the question with a shrug of the shoulders—what was the use?

"I can support myself nicely," she explained. "I can't cook, but I can hire a maid. I have a car, and I've always succeeded in running over as many people when driving downtown as a husband could.

"What I would like to do would be to costar in pictures with some very capable actor, like Conway Tearle, for instance. I've recently finished 'Michael and His Lost Angel' with him. I don't care to star because I've tried it, and it seems to me

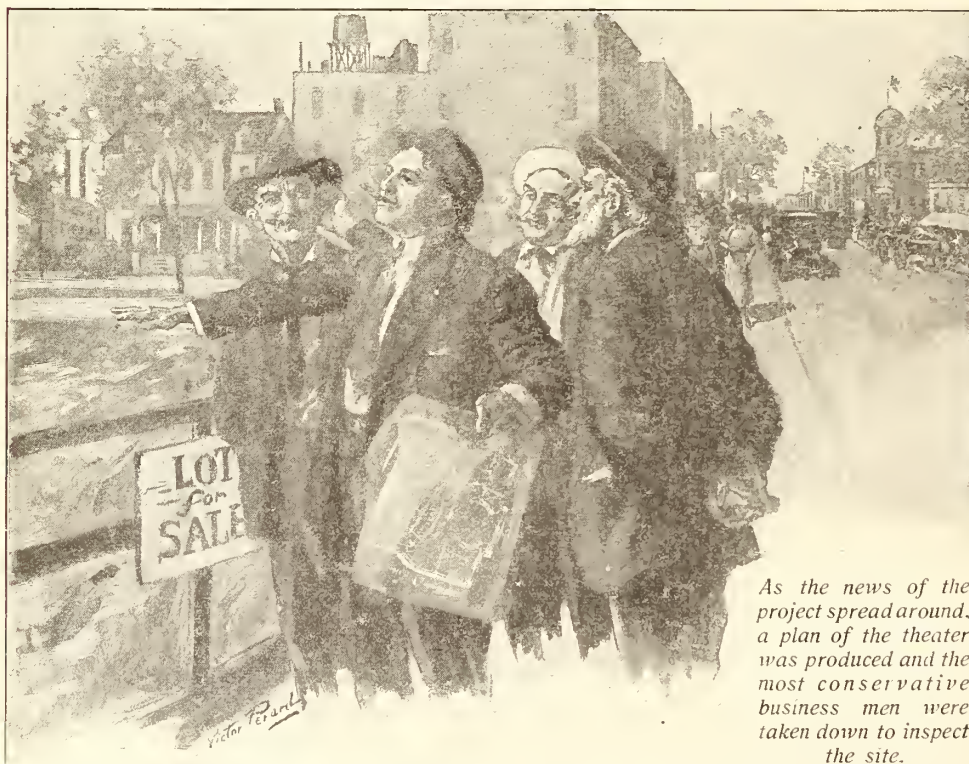
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Crooks that Follow the Movies

The lure of every booming industry in which huge fortunes are being made is used by crooks and swindlers as a bait for their victims. So rich a field as the movies could not possibly be overlooked by these swindlers, and this article, the first of a series, tells how one class of them operates.

By Roy W. Hinds

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR PERARD



As the news of the project spread around, a plan of the theater was produced and the most conservative business men were taken down to inspect the site.

ON a certain bright spring afternoon of last May, in the bus which carried passengers from the station up to the Eagle Hotel—the principal one in Valeport, a Middle Western town—there sat a large, robust man whose appearance, under close scrutiny, might have been seen to give the impression of a strange combination of benevolence and shrewdness. It wasn't the benevolence of philanthropy nor the shrewdness of connivance. It was far more impressive than that, and one of the moods which the years had trained him to don easily as putting on his smart crush hat. He strove for that happy mixture of generosity and wisdom seen in men of big affairs—and achieved it.

His whole aspect and demeanor glided into a pre-occupied, intellectual calm. Wisely he forbore the snappy, peppery gymnastics—the "How d'you do?" bluster—which less discriminating four-flushers than he confuse with men of affairs. The stranger was something bigger than that, or at least, he appeared so; wide of viewpoint and broad of grasp; not too busy to be thoughtful and kindly to those about him and yet too busy to waste a detail of time or of motion.

The newcomer presently reached Valeport's leading hotel, registered, and smoothed out the wrinkles of travel in his room. Then he set out upon a leisurely, though designing, walk.

It was an early spring afternoon, and a splendid sun had drawn the population out of doors. Men, women, and baby carriages thronged Main Street. The stranger took in the outward business details of both sides of the street without apparent effort. When he had trav-

ersed the length of two blocks the first ripple of extraordinary interest fluttered within him, and he made his way to where a crowd uncommonly thick eddied in front of a motion-picture theater.

Swiftly he absorbed the details of its exterior, and upon that basis calculated it was at best a second-rate house. The lithograph boards leered at him with "paper" which he knew to be of second-class films, and hard to tell of what degree of "run."

"Is this the only picture show in the city?" the stranger inquired of a man idling near by.

"There's another down the street a ways," the man told him, "but it isn't as good as this one. Better go in here."

But the newcomer thanked him and turned away. He had no desire to view the show, particularly when the clamor on the outside be-

tokened a packed throng within—and yet he was interested, very much so, in that motion-picture theater. Soon he verified the man's opinion that the other "movie" hadn't even the class of the first.

"Valeport," thought he, with an inward smile, "is underseated."

Whereupon he resumed his leisurely walk, occasionally wandering a block or so away from Main Street.

At a point half a block off Main Street and yet close enough to the business section to serve his purposes the inquiring stranger came to a vacant lot. He studied thoughtfully the aspects of the lot and its surroundings. Within an hour or so, by adroit questioning, he learned that the vacant lot was owned by an elderly, prosperous citizen, as well as intimate details of the citizen's business affairs and his standing in the community. Then he walked slowly back to his hotel, plunged in deep meditation.

This was the stage set for the first act of the visitor's drama, which might well be called, "The Undoing of Valeport."

Confidence games undoubtedly were inspired in the mind of some clever cave man when he gazed with avarice upon the hoards of bearskins and mastodon tusks accumulated by enterprising neighbors. These games have come down from age to age, and always their object has been to acquire by stealth and trickery the current medium of exchange, whether it be snake hides, beads, or precious metals.

The progress of confidence games has kept pace with

the progress of the world. Every device of science and civilization has been seized upon as a device of fraud. There have been frauds in every industry and possible line of sale. Impulsive money-holders have purchased freely cast-iron gold bricks, cotton plantations in the Gulf of Mexico, oyster beds in the Missouri River, dry oil wells, and factory after factory that never rose a speck above the level of the paper upon which it was pictured. The wider and more comprehensive phases of fraud have attached themselves, barnaclelike, to industrial enterprises, especially with new and booming industries.

Undoubtedly the motion picture is the industry today that has the widest appeal, financially and romantically. Every day the nation goes to the "movies." It is only natural, therefore, that thousands find themselves stirred by the romantic possibilities of the motion picture—the lure of art and fame, that others gaze wistfully upon the financial possibilities of the exhibiting field, and that still others envision themselves rolling in wealth from the production end.

Upon all classes the confidence man has his keen eyes. Into the pockets of all classes the confidence man incessantly dips his fingers. He is a master at brushing gently upon the emotions or twanging resonantly upon the material ambitions.

PICTURE-PLAY wishes to expose the methods of these frauds, and to draw a plain line, as it were, between them and the legitimate phases of a great industry. To the writer was assigned the task of investigation. The inquiry developed that fraudulent operators fall into three classes: fake exhibitors, fake producers, and fake instructors. This article deals with the first. Thus we get back to the stranger who arrived in Valeport on a sunny spring afternoon.

The stranger possessed perhaps a thousand dollars and an incredible knowledge of human nature. Soon after reaching Valeport his fund of information was extended.

He knew now that the small city's two motion-picture theaters were inadequate. In other words, the town was "under-seated." He also knew that neither of the theaters ran first-class films. In addition, he was aware that there was a vacant lot a half block off Main Street—a desirable site for a motion-picture theater.

The newcomer decided that the situation warranted a gambler's chance to the extent of five hundred dollars.

The next move was to acquire a sixty-day option on the vacant lot. He obtained this for five hundred dollars, proceeding cautiously and in such way that the owner had no clear idea of his purposes. The agreement giving the option called for ultimate payment, if final transfer were effected, of a sum somewhat in excess of the owner's idea of the actual worth of the property. The owner chuckled to himself over the sharp bargain he drove, and the stranger chuckled to himself because he had invested all he intended, and because subsequent payments would be made by the townspeople.

The option secured, the stranger let it be known that he represented a first-class and widely known motion-picture producing company. It was the purpose of this company, he said, to erect a theater which would be the pride of Valeport and in which the best films would be exhibited. Broadway, so far as motion-picture art

is concerned, was to be lifted bodily and transplanted in Valeport.

The stranger talked modestly and quietly. He discussed big things in an easy, matter-of-fact manner. He wasn't pretentious, but he was solid and substantial. He inspired confidence, first with the owner of the vacant lot, who became his unwitting champion. From that point it wasn't necessary for the visitor to prove anything to anybody. His every word, falling from his plausible lips and backed up by the elderly, prosperous citizen, was sufficient. Subtly the stranger worked upon the owner of the property, dangling vague strips of bait before his eager eyes, and matters just naturally drifted into his channels almost without direction.

To all appearances the stranger was busy. Whenever he appeared in the streets he seemed to be in a hurry. His mail was fairly heavy. Occasionally there appeared a letter with the name of a big film company on the corner of the envelope. This was stolen stationery mailed to him by confederates. Now and then he got a registered letter. But as a matter of fact, time hung heavily on his hands, and he spent much of it in reading in his own room.

The first ditch, now, had been taken safely. The people of Valeport were awakened to eagerness for just such a motion-picture theater as the stranger described. They took to reading more closely the film reviews in the metropolitan papers and counting the time until these wonderful pictures would be a weekly event in Valeport. For months a vague hope and longing for something of just that sort had stirred within Valeport, and many were amazed that such steps hadn't been taken earlier.

Certain business men with idle money inwardly rebuked themselves for not having seized an opportunity that now stood out so boldly.

The stranger was alert for this identical drift of thought. Being an experienced confidence man, he recognized it, sensed it, almost before it had taken definite form in the minds of citizens themselves. Occasionally he met business men, and detected in the meager and sketchy conversation this ripple of regret and desire.

One day the stranger made an important announcement to the owner of the vacant lot, and it got quickly to the right points, as he intended.

"The company which I represent," said he, "is not an exhibiting company. We are producers of films. That is our business, and we don't like to venture out of that field unless we feel it necessary to protect our business as producers. For some time we have been watching Valeport, and decided to get our films in here before our competitors beat us to it. That means a new theater. We cannot exhibit in a theater which doesn't correspond in an artistic sense with our splendid productions.

"I find now that the people of Valeport are eager for our films, so why not let a few of Valeport's own citizens into the enterprise? We will handle the matter until everything is going good and gradually turn the theater over to Valeport. All we wish is a guarantee that the films of our immediate competitors are not exhibited. We want to extend our producing business to this city, but we don't want to be exhibitors.

"With that in view, I have drawn up plans for a

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ARE THERE ANY "MOVIE CROOKS" IN YOUR TOWN?

There may be, for they work everywhere. By reading this series of articles you will learn how they operate in their various ways, and will be able to evade the baits which they set for you.

In the Heart of a Fool

The tangled threads of many lives weave a story well worth reading.

By Lee D. Brown

IT'S queer how an insignificant little nudge on the part of destiny will upset the most carefully constructed of our houses of cards. And to destiny, the most solid of our man-made houses are but houses of cards, such as a child would build. It's queer, too, how many different life patterns a single little, seemingly insignificant little incident may affect. The fact that a man or woman, now a stranger to you, decided to get off the train at River City instead of Amityville yesterday afternoon may alter the entire course of your life, or mine.

An attractive young woman with smooth, blond hair, innocent blue eyes, and tailored costume as modest as the uniform of a Red Cross nurse, happened to be sent to teach in the public school of the thriving Kansas town called Harvey. She looked like an ideal selection for the job—like the sort of a girl who, on receiving her first position, would forthwith settle down as a prim and proper schoolmistress for life. But, by one of those eternal ironies of fate, there raced under her assuring exterior the sort of spirit that should have gone with dark, alluring eyes instead of blue ones, with the costume of the Lorelei rather than the tailored suit of the school-teacher; and in the mind behind the baby-blue eyes there was more ambition than moral code.

Her arrival in the Kansas town was the seemingly insignificant little incident that brought out the hidden things in the heart of a certain fool, who didn't know that he was a fool and would have been the last to dream it.

To this young woman, whose name was as reassuring as her general outward appearance—plain, straight-



The Lorelei was not asked to the party—but she was waiting for Grant when he came home.

younger set.

"A wide-awake, progressive little city," the new school-teacher mused to herself after supper that night at the Adams house. "I think I'll adopt this town. Let's see—that means getting into its social bluebook by the easiest route, doesn't it? Hm-m-m."

Whereupon she meditated upon certain things she had adroitly drawn out in conversation with other persons during the afternoon, when she had made her first visit to the school. It was generally understood, she had learned, that big, boyish Grant Adams, who had the rugged features of a young Abe Lincoln and

forward Margaret Muller the name was—occurred the happy thought of going to the local newspaper office for information as to where she could rent a room. In which there was more of the hidden hand of destiny. Had she asked the superintendent of public schools, for instance. But she went to the local newspaper office.

"Why, my child," motherly Mary Adams instinctively answered when she heard the clear-eyed girl's request, "we have a spare room at home. Why not take it?" And she glanced up at her husband, Amos, for assent. That gray-haired old gentleman owned and edited the paper. He nodded absent-mindedly, being in the middle of an editorial which demanded most of his attention, and Grant Adams, their son, looked up for only a moment and then returned to the proof sheets on which he was working. It was not indifference to loveliness on his part—it was because he was busy, and he was already in love, very madly, very happily in love, and with a girl who was considered the most attractive of the town's

the conscience of a Puritan father, would marry attractive little Laura Nesbit when that dainty daughter of the town's biggest man should finish her college course. Laura's father was old Doctor Nesbit, physician, counselor, personal friend, and political leader of three generations of Harvey folk.

Very well. If young Grant was so welcome at the home of powerful Doctor Nesbit, young Grant could introduce the Lorelei to Harvey's "four hundred" from the top instead of from the bottom. The Lorelei would make friends with Grant.

Her first opportunity to do that came earlier than she expected. For a few days Grant paid about as much attention to her as to the furniture. Then came the evening of Laura Nesbit's great party—an elaborate function arranged at her home in celebration of her return to college. The new school-teacher was not invited to attend, but she was on the front porch when Grant came up the path, somewhat earlier than she had thought he would return. Grant, instead of being elated with fresh memories of lovers' kisses, was dejected and downcast—there had been a lovers' quarrel. Prime opportunity for a Lorelei! Even in historic time it was during a storm that the Lorelei sang her victims to destruction.

"Oh, why so somber?" she chided teasingly when Grant drew near the porch. The young man hesitated, and looked up at her out of deep, tortured eyes. In a moment her chiding air had changed to one of sympathy, and she was beside him. What could be the matter—did he feel as vastly alone—as—as she did, for instance, on this wonderful moonlit night?

On that particular night Grant sat for only a short time on the garden bench with the Lorelei, and listened for only a little while when she told him that she thought him a bigger and more clever man than his city realized, and on that particular night he tore himself away and went to his room to nurse his hurt feelings in silent misery. Had it been any other man than Van Dorn whom Laura had elected to conduct a flirtation with on this last and therefore most sacred of all nights, Grant would not have cared so much. At least that was what he told himself. But Van Dorn! Van Dorn the "lady-killer!" Van Dorn whose numerous affairs with women of all classes were as well known as his partner's weakness for drink! Henry Fenn, the other member of the law firm of Van Dorn & Fenn, boasted of his drinking prowess; Van Dorn as brazenly boasted of conquests among women, and admitted that his stenographer, Violet Manning, was his "latest weakness." Laura had listened half the evening to the nauseous flatteries of the blasé Van Dorn. Had she no self-respect?

Laura left, the next day, without the quarrel being patched up; and the Lorelei consoled Grant.

The power of a pretty woman, of moonlit nights, of loneliness, and the rankling recollection of injury are things beyond the range of words. All of us know them; none has ever adequately described them; none ever will.

The minds of some women work in queer twistings. It was not Grant himself that the Lorelei wanted. Although he was a young man of high standing, he would not have been a particularly rich "catch" as far as

wealth was concerned. She wanted the entré, the opportunity to meet wealthier folk, that power over him would give her.

A curious thing happened during the year that followed. Many friends in the city thought it was curious, but none knew how curious it really was. The genial Doctor Nesbit, who had the reputation of knowing all the family skeletons in Harvey, and who now looked more thoughtful and serious than ever before, accompanied Mrs. Adams to the station. She was going away for a protracted visit. Miss Muller had resigned her position at the school and was going with Mrs. Adams.

They had been away only a short time when word came back that Mrs. Adams was once more to become a mother. Ultimately they returned, Miss Muller as chipper and gay as ever, Mrs. Adams bringing with her Grant's new little brother.

The family's friends, of course, gave both Mrs. Adams and the baby an ovation, gossiped vigorously about the matter for a while, and finally forgot the incident. Miss Muller, saying she was "crowded out" by the new arrival at the Adams home, went to the Fenn home to board. Soon after, Laura Nesbit returned from school, and Grant failed to make his appearance at the party at her home. But he passed the gate while the party was in progress, and Laura saw him and ran down to ask what the matter was. He was quiet and reserved, and she knew he was still hurt by her frivolity during the last party that had been held in her home.

"Why, Grant, I was just trying to make you jealous," Laura finally confessed, and the gaunt young man looked away quickly when he saw the soft light that came into her eyes as she gazed at him.

"Laura, dear, I—I"—he choked and forced his way on—"something has come between us—a hideous barrier that can

never be removed—I"—and lamely he concluded—"I'm sorry—dear."

A handful of young folk on the porch spied Laura and ran out to bring her back to the merrymaking throng inside, and Grant stumbled home like a blind man groping his way over strange walks.

Pique, or the temptation to "get even" with another man, is the underlying reason for many a marriage. Statistics showing how few of this variety escape the divorce court would be illuminating. Be that as it may, the engagement of Laura Nesbit to Tom Van Dorn was announced within a significantly short time after the occasion of her homecoming party, and it was a short engagement; the marriage took place soon after it was announced. Close association—propinquity—is another cause of many romances that might otherwise be nothing more than passing friendships and so it was not so surprising that both members of the law firm of Van Dorn & Fenn married at about the same time. Henry Fenn's bride was the Lorelei. Henry Fenn was a better catch than Grant Adams, and the Lorelei had now attained her much-desired social standing in the city of Harvey. Meanwhile Grant, a gloomier, lonelier man, one who spoke only when necessary, gave up his "white-collar" job in the newspaper office and went into the coal mines in East Harvey.

"In the Heart of a Fool"

Written from the Mayflower picture, based on the story by William Allen White, and played by the following cast:

Laura Nesbit.....	Mary Thurman
Margaret Muller....	Anna Q. Nilsson
Grant Adams.....	James Kirkwood
Tom Van Dorn.....	Philo McCullough
Henry Fenn.....	Ward Crane
Dr. Nesbit.....	John Burton
Mrs. Adams.....	Kate Toncray



Laura had said she was marrying Van Dorn to reform him. The vaccination didn't take. It seldom does. Violet Manning retained her job as his stenographer, confidante, and secret soul mate, until the solemn hour when Laura's daughter came into the world. Even then Violet might not have lost her job had not old Doctor Nesbit hurried into Van Dorn's office unannounced, to congratulate the proud father. Violet was sitting on the proud father's lap at the moment. She lost all three of her jobs as a result of the old gentleman's rage, and for the first time since boyhood Van Dorn was without what he called a "delightfully dangerous pursuit." The divorce which was inevitable was granted not long afterward.

Now, while Fenn was well-to-do, Van Dorn had always been known as the wealthy member of the law firm of Van Dorn & Fenn, and the still unsatisfied ambition of the Lorelei began another feast of intrigue. Nor was it difficult to intrigue Van Dorn—his life had been spent seeking instead of evading intrigues. Loyalty to his partner? He didn't know the meaning of the word loyalty.

Let the unraveling of threads that had been perversely tangled in life's skein go on its own way long enough to consider for another moment the saddened and lonely

*The pistol appeared in her hand
as if by magic.*

man who fled from society to the toil and gloom of the coal pits. Lonely men have broad sympathy for their fellow men—Grant Adams became a hero among his fellow workers, became their natural leader, even organized them into a union to better their condition. And thereby he incurred the displeasure of one "Hogtite Sands," owner of the East Harvey mines, for if Grant's wage demands for the miners were to go through it would cost "Hogtite" many shekels a year.

"Hogtite" consulted Van Dorn, the lawyer, about it—no longer was it the firm of "Van Dorn & Fenn," for in the inevitable unraveling of twisted threads Van Dorn and the Lorelei had formed a matrimonial partnership of their own which eliminated the former junior member of the law firm. Now Van Dorn set about earning a large fee from "Hogtite." He would drive Grant Adams out of the city, for a consideration. And the bargain was struck. A gangster was engaged to hire a mob of strong-arm "strike-breakers," to end young Adams' career, and when this riotous mob, armed with pistols and strong drink, started its march on the stronghold of the striking miners pandemonium broke loose.

But so capably had Grant generated his forces that when the rag-tag army arrived they found themselves covered with rifles pointing ominously from a hundred different windows, and awaiting only Grant's signal to turn loose a volley of leaden death.

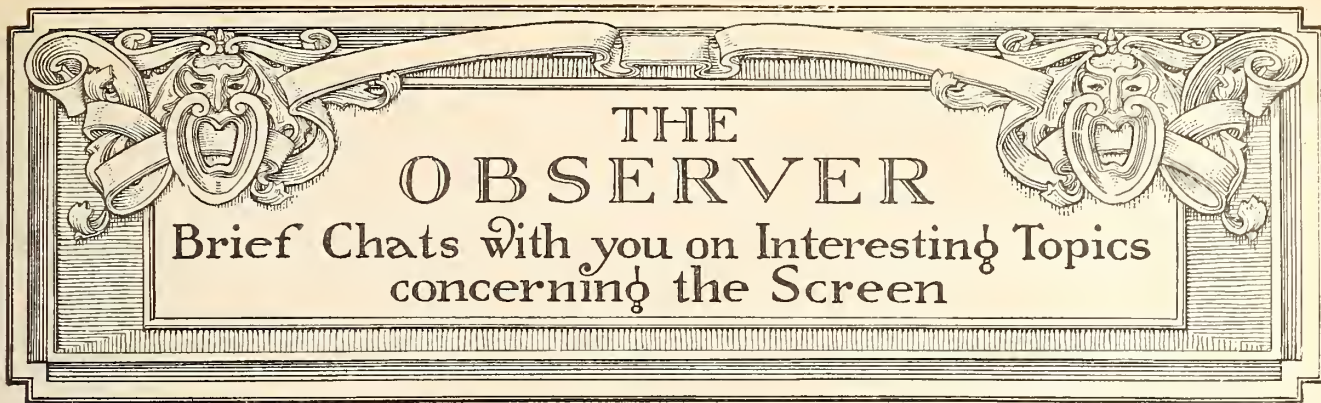
Just then two amazing things happened. Van Dorn, realizing that the day was lost for his rag-tag army if Grant's well-equipped men should begin firing, saw a chance to seize a mean but efficient advantage over the leader of the striking men. He sped away in a racing car while his followers held their ground and muttered. Soon he returned with Grant's little brother, now a boy of three or four. Grabbing the boy by the waist and lifting him high over his head, Van Dorn rushed out in front of the rag-tags.

"Grant Adams," he shouted above the turmoil, "if you don't come down we'll make a target of this brother of yours."

That was the first of the two amazing things.

A woman doesn't belong in a rioting mob. It doesn't give her time to think, and she becomes panic-stricken. Another automobile had followed Van Dorn's back to the scene of trouble, and in it was his second wife—the Lorelei—and beside her was the child of Van Dorn's first marriage, with Laura Nesbit, the two-year-old Lila. For a reason which none but the Lorelei could have explained, she had known that some ominous thing was in the air when she saw Van Dorn speed toward the scene of the riot with the little Adams boy in his arms, and a hidden instinct had impelled her to seize Van Dorn's child and follow. And so now a screaming woman, with frenzied eyes and disheveled hair, dashed in front of the mob, carrying a two-year-old girl.

Continued on page 86



THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

Easy Money

There are, we suppose, a few authentic cases in which a man buys oil stock or mining stock and becomes rich. Now and then a man bets on the right horses a number of times in succession and makes money without working. But to date The Observer has never heard of a member of the general public who has made an unusual profit by buying wild-cat motion-picture stock.

Yet throughout the country men are making good-sized fortunes in stocks of nebulous motion-picture companies. The men who are making these fortunes, however, are those who are selling the stock, not those who buy it.

There seems to be an unusual lure about speculating in motion pictures. Men and women who would not think of gambling in oil, or in investing in a machine for turning one-dollar bills into twenty-dollar bills, will listen to a promoter who comes into town with a blue print of a studio, a scenario, and pictures of a few actors, and will pay good money in the belief that the proposition is one that is going to make them wealthy.

There are motion-picture stocks that are legitimate investments, although all of them are speculative. The common stocks of even the largest companies are continually fluctuating and are to be considered as "buys" only for those persons who can afford to play the market as a game.

Several cities have had unfortunate experiences with motion-picture stock jobbers.

The plan usually is to go into a city, arouse the Chamber of Commerce with promises of a studio for the city and with glowing tales of the world-wide advertising that will result from the establishing of the city as a motion-picture production center.

Some prominent business man is persuaded to accept the presidency, and the stock is quickly subscribed for. The first picture is made, and because it has been produced haphazard the company either fails entirely in its efforts to sell it, or else gets rid of it at a loss.

It takes experts to make a good picture, and the experts are not out taking part in this kind of stock-selling propositions. The only expert in these production plans is the expert who organizes the company, and who takes a big slice of the money for his work.

How some of these schemes are worked will be told more in detail in the next number of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE by Roy D. Hinds, whose series of articles on "Crooks that Follow the Movies" begins in this issue. We strongly urge our friend readers to read this series, since these swindlers, though they have been shown up in some of the localities where they have worked, have not been generally exposed before. And, since you never can tell when some one of them will show up in your town, it's well to be prepared. You may be able to save a friend, later on, from being fleeced, if not yourself.

A Letter- Writing Strike

Every once in a while some one writes to The Oracle, asking why such and such a star failed to answer his or her letter, or why this or that star failed to send a photograph in answer to a request.

Of course, all that The Oracle can do is to suggest that probably the letter got lost in the mails.

We recently heard of one star, however, whose fan mail is not answered because she has gone on a letter-writing strike. Being known the world over, her fan mail is tremendous. The company for whom she formerly worked relieved her of the task and expenses of answering the requests and inquiries of her thousands of admirers, but the company by whom she is now employed do not furnish this service to their stars. Rather than assume an expense which would amount to thousands of dollars a year she decided to drop all this correspondence, and the bushels of letters which come addressed to her each week are refused and sent to the dead-letter office, since the government will not allow them to be received and destroyed.

The New Profession

Into motion pictures has come a new profession—"exploitation." Perhaps you do not realize that the theaters and the producers have gone in so thoroughly for this development of press-agent work, but if you stop and think a moment, you'll appreciate what is being done along that line.

A year or so ago "exploitation" was simple. The motion-picture business was almost exclusively a star business. The theater told you that Mary Pickford or Theda Bara was appearing there that week on the screen, and you went or you did not, according to whether you liked that star or not. The name of the star was your guide, and all the guide you needed.

Now, however, many of the finest productions are those in which there is no star. There are no names to guide you to the big "special" productions. That makes it difficult for the advertising departments. They have to convince you that the starless picture is going to please you.

So they have contests—ranging from puzzle pictures in the papers to diving girls at the lake. They get the department stores to put in window displays featuring the picture, and the book stores advertise the book from which the story was taken. Clever young men, who understand psychology, arouse your curiosity, imbed the title of the picture in your memory, and when the show comes along you say to the folks: "I hear that's a good picture. Come on." Although probably you could not put your finger on the thing which created in your mind the feeling that you ought to see this production, you have unconsciously absorbed the idea that the exploitation man wanted you to have, and you'll head straight for that theater.

Are We Lazy?

An understanding of psychology is necessary for the successful theater manager. We're a lazy people, for instance, and the theater that does not realize that is throwing away profits.

There was a theater in Chicago that was not making enough money to pay its film rental so the owner sold it cheap. The man who bought it turned it from a failure to a success in two weeks. All he did was to cater to the lazy bones in people's bodies.

The theater proper was built back of a row of stores, and the entrance from the street was narrow and long. The original owner had his lobby open, and the ticket booth was back at the end of it, fifty feet from the sidewalk. There were also two steps up from the street to the lobby floor.

People looked at that long walk to the ticket booth and at the two steps up and went past. Unconsciously they felt that it would be an effort to go into that theater, so they walked a couple of blocks farther to one where the seats seemed closer to the entrance.

The new owner rebuilt the floor, taking out the steps, and brought the ticket booth up to the sidewalk. Half-way down the lobby he built doors, and there placed the ticket taker. Now you buy your tickets at the booth on the street, walk only twenty-five feet to the entrance, and pass in. After you get in you walk up two steps and perhaps fifty feet farther to the seats.

The show is no better than it was before. The patrons have to walk as far as ever. Yet the theater is filled to capacity now. We're queer folks, and the fellow who gets our money is the one who knows it, and who caters to our foibles.

The Trend to Simplicity

Are we going back to the simple life in motion pictures? Perhaps not for long, but now there certainly is a trend that way. D. W. Griffith has just unleashed "Way Down East." Cecil B.

De Mille has put aside the gorgeous gowns and has given us "Something to Think About." Tourneur is making "The Last of the Mohicans," Ince is offering a Charley Rayish story, "Homespun Folks," John Robertson, who made "Jekyll and Hyde," is setting out to do "Sentimental Tommy."

Our guess is this:

The day of the huge spectacle is done. Producers have gradually learned that to be successful they must please the emotions, not the eye. Many of the most successful pictures of the year have been comparatively cheap pictures, and they have drawn crowds because they made the people think and made them feel deeply, or laugh heartily. A picture that can do one of these things is a success.

The best producers now are hot on the trail of emotional drama, and emotion travels hand in hand with simplicity. They have learned that emotion doesn't mean a vampire beating a heaving breast. It means a mother and son, a little boy healed, a girl who sacrifices her life for others.

We have heard a great deal in the past about "big" scenes, which meant the war stuff in "Hearts of the World" or the Babylonian scenes in "Intolerance" or the shipwreck in "Male and Female." Those were big for the eye, but the really big scenes are big for the heart, scenes like the boy dropping his crutches in "The Miracle Man" or the mother's farewell to her soldier boy in "Humoresque."

"Isn't that just like a boy?" is what they say about Charley Ray, and they'll remember him longer than they will a whole screen crowded with fighting men or dancing women.

The trouble is that almost anybody can direct a picture with thousands of people in it; and turn out a fair production, but it takes a genius to set up a camera eight feet from a man and a woman and direct them to do things that will make a nation weep.

We Still Vote for the Movies

The Observer has been called to task by a college student from Providence, Rhode Island, for declaring in these columns that the drama had its back to the wall, and that probably the best five screen plays which our readers saw last year were better than the best five which they saw on the stage. Our friend in Providence gives "The Taming of the Shrew," with Sothorn and Marlowe, "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans," with Mrs. Fiske, "Molière," "One Night in Rome," with Laurette Taylor, and "A Young Man's Fancy," with Jeanne Eagels, as the five best stage productions which he saw, maintaining that they represent the highest art of the legitimate stage to-day. On the screen he saw "Why Change Your Wife?" "The Virgin of Stamboul," "Broken Blossoms," "Male and Female," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." And he feels that there is no comparison between the first five and the last.

We feel that the young man from Providence misunderstood us. His town is near New York, and directly on the road traveled by companies making the jump from the metropolis to other cities. Therefore it sees many of the best stage productions which never reach most cities of the size of Providence, and some which are even much larger. When we said that good movies were supplanting poor stage productions, we referred to the shows which reach the cities farther away from New York, and more off the beaten track, shows which have been on the road for more than one season, and go limping along with a second-rate company supporting the star, if star there be, and scenery battered by many a night in the baggage car. We still believe that those persons whose theatrical fare is a cheap stock company in summer and worn-out Broadway productions in winter will vote for the best movies every time.

Concerning Titles

The Observer, on looking over the proof sheets of this issue of PICTURE-PLAY, was very much interested and amused by Agnes Smith's article on the way in which the business offices of the film companies dictate changes in the titles of pictures, and devise names for them which they believe will "pull people in" irrespective of whether or not the names fit the pictures.

We presume that this custom of the picture producers will be something which many of our readers never had brought to their attention before.

If you disapprove of it, however, don't think for a minute that it was something which the movie people originated, or for which they are especially to be blamed.

In a recently published novel called "The Foolish Lovers," by St. John Irvine, the Irish playwright, there is a character named *Cream*, a music-hall comedian. While talking with another character, a writer, whom he is trying to persuade to write a music-hall skit for him, *Cream* expounds every one of the principles which Miss Smith says the movie magnates follow in selecting their titles.

All of which goes to show that this title business is based on a pretty sound understanding of psychology, which was worked out, no doubt, long before the first film was ever shown.



"Elsie Ferguson's hair plus Mae Murray's mouth plus Billie Burke's eyes plus Dorothy Dalton's nose equals——" Well, you can see for yourself what the answer was when this interesting sum was done by Penrhyn Stanlaws, the artist, who is now working with Director Fitzmaurice at the Paramount Studios in New York. He made this composite portrait of the four pretty stars, and called it "The Paramount Girl."

Matrimony Guaranteed

Here you have it! The title of Enid Bennett's book gives you a clew to the situation and adds "though you're in the movies," and you know all about these people. Everybody knows about the wedded stars who form a triangle with the judge of the divorce court as the third corner of the triangle. We'd rather talk about those who think three's a crowd when the judge is the third member of it. Here are some of them beginning with the fair Enid who is so devoted to her husband, Fred Niblo, that she could have given pointers to the author of that book of hers.

Down in the left-hand corner we have Milton Sills, his eight-year-old daughter, Dorothy, and his talented wife, who used her maiden name, Gladys Wynn—Welsh, you'll observe by the spelling—when she appeared on the stage here and in England.



The Wheeler Oakmans—Priscilla Dean, you know—tried out an unusual theory when they were married. They'd been making "The Virgin of Stamboul" together, and as soon as they had time to marry, they rushed off to Reno, Nevada, where the divorces come from, to have the ceremony performed. "We wanted to begin where others leave off," explained Priscilla.



Above you see the partners of one of our most successful matrimonial firms—Mae Murray and Bob Leonard. They had a star-and-director acquaintance back in the beginning, which led them straight to the altar. Mae left her husband, directorially speaking, for a while, but now he again holds the megaphone on her productions.

It's Jack Mulhall, his four-year-old son, Jack, junior, and his wife, Bunty, who look up at you from below. Jack is one of the leading leading men of the screen. His wife appears in Fox pictures when she wants to act, and retires to her own studio when she feels like painting; she's one of those persons who are clever in two professions.



Photo by
W. R. Scott

Conrad Nagel did a daring thing a year or two ago. Despite the fact that the matinee girls regarded him as one of the best-looking and most popular young leading men on the New York stage, he rushed off to Chicago and married his childhood sweetheart, Ruth Helms. Then she did an equally daring thing. When he made his first picture, "The Firing Line," she made her debut as an actress as its subheroine, and never batted an eyelash when her husband made love to pretty Anna Q. Nilsson. That marriage should last forever!





Photo by Abbe

Clothes Make Some

Here's a case where they certainly changed Colleen Moore's appearance, to say the least. Put her in ruffles and frills and a floppy hat, and she makes you think of an old-fashioned garden, all full of marigolds and phlox and pinks and pansie in a row. She's a bewitching young person when she's thus arrayed, and almost makes you wish that she never played rôles that made it necessary for her to dress any other way. And she's as Irish as any tiny shamrock that ever grew.

Photo by Abbe



Here's another Colleen; the kind who wears funny little jackets and draggly skirts, and pretty in spite of them. Of course, she looks this way for picture purposes only; "Dinty," which moved Marshall Neilan to make her a star because she so firmly grasped the opportunities which it gave her, was the last reason why she discarded her ruffles and frills. But those who have watched Colleen since the days when she was with Triangle, all the way through the career that led to her doing "Little Orphan Annie," and even indulging in a comedy or two, don't mind what she wears as long as she's really a star.

the Woman— times!

Betty Compson can do sleight-of-hand tricks with her appearance, too. She can look like just a charming youngster straight from boarding school, as she does here. Of course, it's only a matter of how you do your hair and whether you dabble in a make-up box or not. For this picture she didn't bother with any of the first aids to beauty, and we believe that most of her admirers will vote for Betty *au naturel*.



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild



Photo by Abbe

For here we have quite another Betty—one with just a touch of rouge on her lips and mascara on her eyelashes, with earrings and jet beads and a sophisticated coiffure, to say nothing of that thing beloved by every girl in the land—low-necked black evening gown with a train! She looks as if she'd had half a dozen more birthdays than she's really credited with, and a past that even in a very full present she could never hope to attain. Those who like her in this sort of atmo'sp' are will be glad to learn that it's the sort of thing that surrounds her in her new picture, "Ladies Must Live."



Do You Know These Youngsters?

Of course, you know Wesley Barry, the boy who rescued freckles from the ignominy they've always known and turned them into star dust. They've been a decided asset in his screen career, and in "Dinty," in which he made his stellar debut, as you see him here, they were conspicuously present.

And you're surely acquainted with the young man below. Whenever he toddles into a Sennett comedy people stop laughing long enough to exclaim, "There's that cute baby!" John Henry enjoys his work for the screen as much as the audiences do, and probably you'll agree with us that that's saying a good deal.

Photo by Abbe



Many a boy has taken heart and once more tried his new knife on his mother's mahogany table after hearing his parents shriek with laughter at the "Edgar" comedies. And he's writhed with rage when he realized that the Goldwyn people pay Johnny Jones, who's seen at the left, for playing Edgar.

Photo by Abbe



"Peaches" Jackson, like Nazimova, triumphs over curls and beautiful gowns, and wins the hearts of her audiences even when she wears stubby little shoes and ties her hair back tight. Her rôle in "The Prince Chap" made her one of the most popular of the very young ladies of the screen.



Every one remembers the littlest brother in "Hearts of the World," whose scenes with Bobby Harron, the hero, caught at the hearts of all who saw them. Ben Alexander has done much good work on the screen since then, but that will always be one of his best-loved and best-remembered rôles.

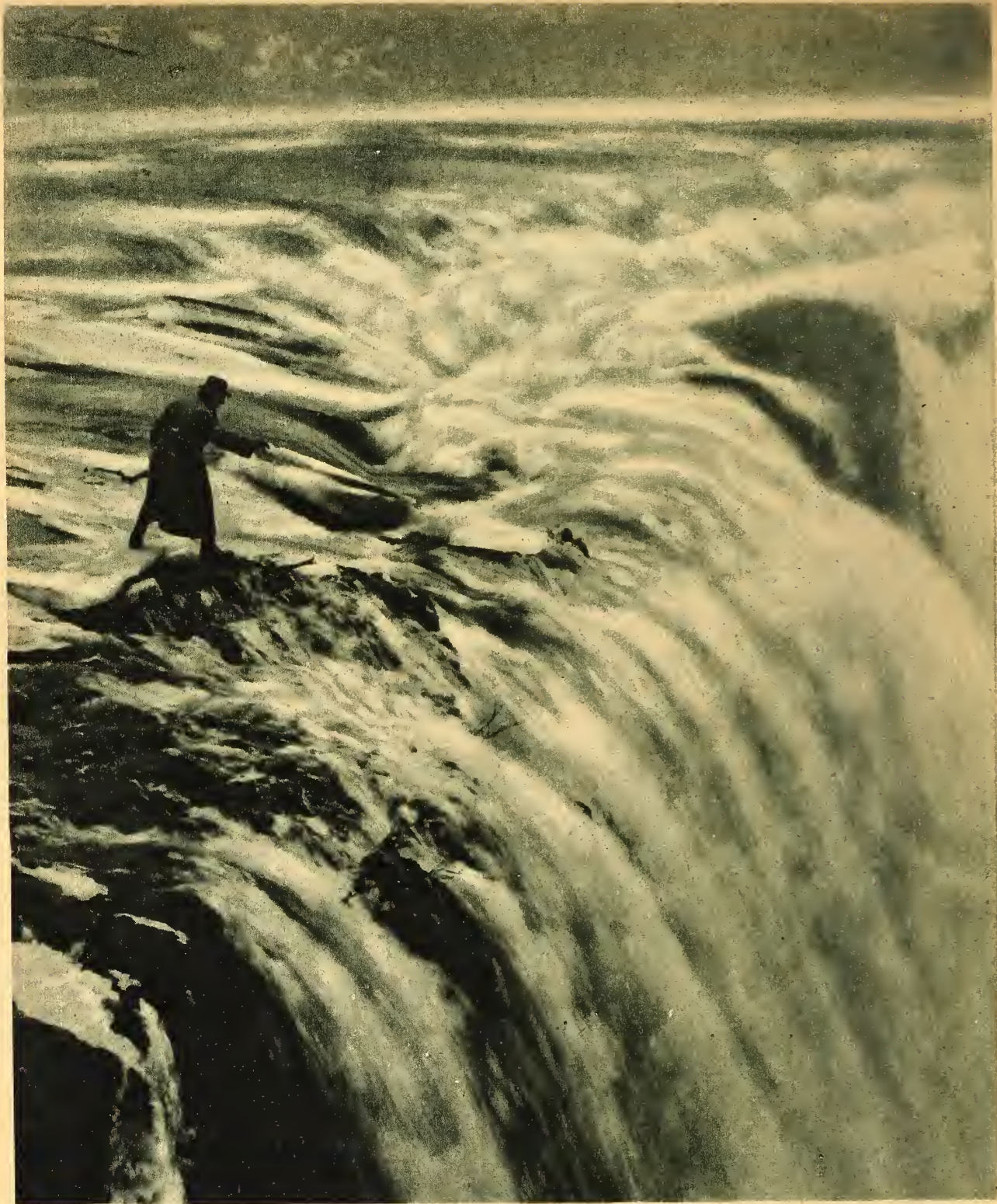


Photo by
Wells & Vincent



Photo by
Clarence Bull

How would you like to have a young lady look at you this way? If handsome is as handsome does, we tremble for the future of Lucille Rickson, who plays opposite Johnny Jones in the "Edgar" comedies.



How Did Griffith Do It?

Crashing, crumpling, struggling like fighting beasts as they hurtled into each other, the great cakes of ice swept on toward the falls. The ice jam had broken! And on one of the cakes, as yet barely caught in the swirl, lay an unconscious girl, her yellow hair trailing in the icy water. Far behind, a frantic boy fought his way toward her. That was the situation that brought a big New York audience to its feet on the opening night of "Way Down East," cheering madly as Dick Barthelmess caught Lillian Gish up in his arms and carried her to safety. Then the audience settled back, a bit ashamed of its own emotion, and said: "Right on the edge of the falls, weren't they? Oh, but they *couldn't* have been! It would be too dangerous. But—well, how do you suppose Griffith managed it?"

Here's a glimpse of how he did it, and the place where that thrilling bit of action was staged. Last January, at White River Junction, Vermont, Griffith found the Connecticut River behaving just as he wanted it to for pictorial purposes. He looked the ground over carefully, venturing almost to the edge of the falls. And then—well, you'll have to see the picture if you want to know any more about it.

The Screen in Review

By Peter Milne

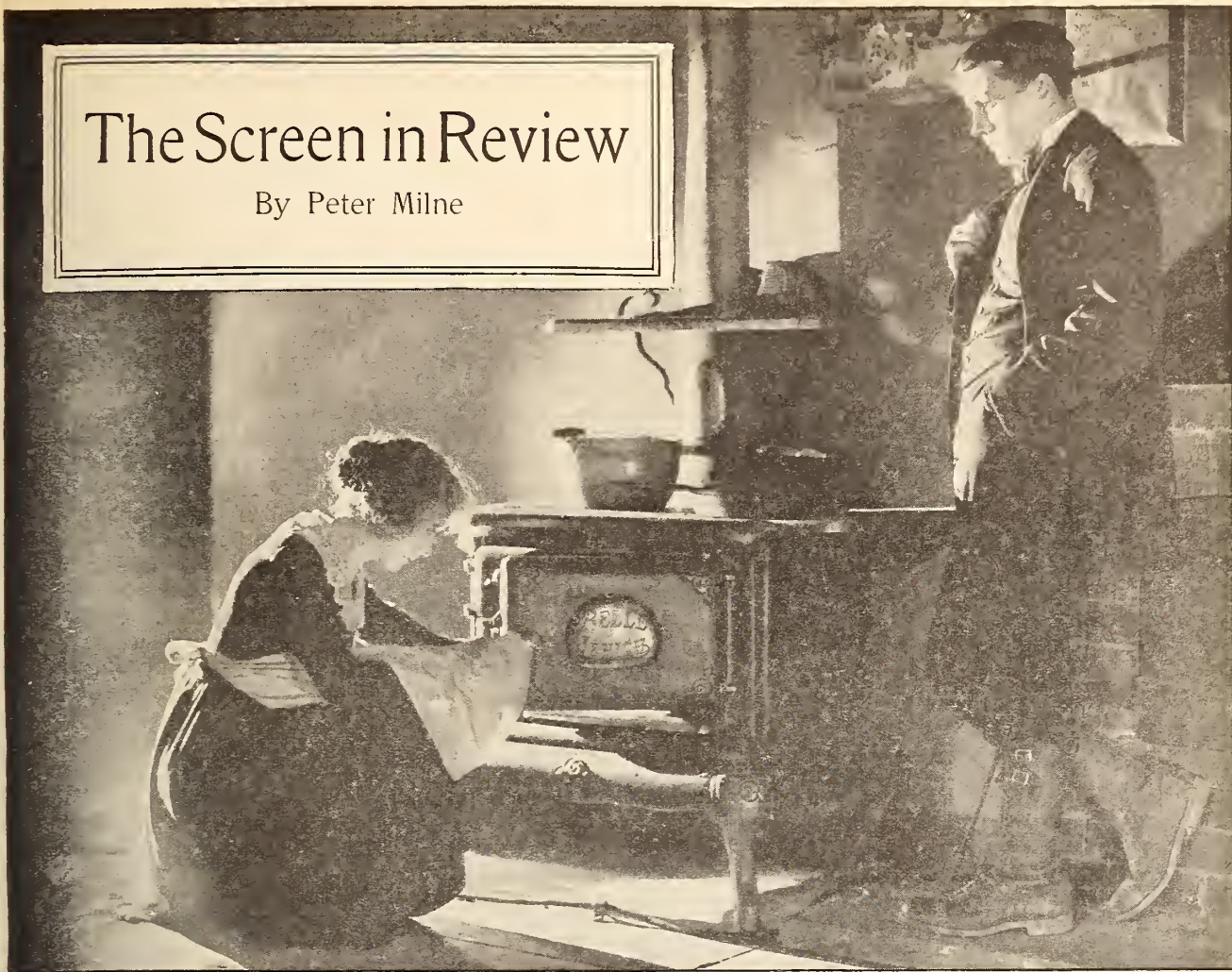


Photo by Abbe

DEEP-ROOTED in the traditions of the American stage is the "b'gosh" drama. This type of rural play, headed by such classics as "Way Down East," and "The Old Homestead," and running down the line to cruder copies of these, was prominently in vogue a decade or two ago.

The term "b'gosh" was fastened on these plays rather condescendingly. It implied more than the mere expression of the amazed squire who exploded "b'gosh" at various moments throughout the play; it implied the squire's false whiskers, the villain in riding boots, the simpleton hero, the barnyard scene with its painted backdrop, and the becurled ingénue whose manicured finger nails reflected the footlights. It never was great art, but it had a deep and abiding appeal.

It has remained for the motion picture to eliminate some of the "b'gosh" element from the rural drama. Under the magic of the camera the squire's whiskers have long since taken on an aspect of reality. The riding boots of the villain are not quite so obvious. Charles Ray and some few others have endowed the country heroes with a very sincere human note. The ingénue milks the cow in a real rural setting. The barnyard scene with its painted backdrop gives way to beautiful pastoral photographs. The camera reflects true rural life.

"Way Down East" is a production in which D. W. Griffith has taken advantage of this refining influence of the camera on the rural melodrama. He has taken this old classic and turned out an astounding production, one which is already placed beside "The Birth of a Nation" in the elements of human interest, thrill, and

spectacular effect. It is Griffith's first "big" picture since "Hearts of the World." By it he demonstrates his right to be placed above all others of his craft as the wizard who knows the hearts of the majority of picture-goers, a right which during the past two years might justly have been questioned. But though Griffith nods at times and perhaps dozes a bit his reawakenings are marked by such epics as "Way Down East." So we can easily forgive him his little lapses.

The first part of "Way Down East" concerns itself with the tragedy of the betrayal of *Anna Moore* by *Lennox Sanderson*, the city villain. It is melodramatic only in its fundamental situation. For the rest it is a brilliant characterization by Lillian Gish, who portrays the persecuted heroine of the rôle of the girl. The present production is by far the greatest rôle created by this actress. The heights to which she builds through her nervous, intensifying emotional ability are superb. Her romantic scenes, when she hears *Sanderson's* false avowal of love, and believes the mock marriage ceremonial true, are touched with a beautiful appeal. Her sudden awakening, the realization that the man she held most dear has betrayed her, are terrific. The depths of despair to which she sinks after the death of her baby—pitifully baptized by its frenzied mother—sound a note of tragedy that is tremendously potent.

The second part of the story concerns itself with the development of *Anna's* real romance with *David*, the squire's son—a rôle played by Richard Barthelmess—who is shown with Miss Gish in a scene from the play in the picture above. Here Griffith has trotted out many of the "b'gosh" incidents of the original play, and even exaggerated them. The comedy is rough and jars

in its tremendous contrast with the beautifully done major action. There are plenty of genuine light scenes, pretty and amusing, but the horse play of *Martha Perkins*, *Sterling*, and *Whipple* strike discordant notes. But it is in this part of the picture also that the power of the camera over the theater stage asserts itself. The photography of the rural landscapes is wondrously beautiful.

Then comes the long sequence of climactic action—the greatest thrill ever shown. *Anna's* past is revealed, and the wrath of the squire descends upon her. A brief moment of triumph is hers when she denounces *Sanderson* before the farmer folk who have held him a gentleman. This moment, incidentally, is Miss Gish's triumph as well as the character's. It is the rarest piece of acting that the screen has offered in all its years.

Anna, having denounced *Sanderson*, goes out into the driving snowstorm, toward the river and oblivion. At length she falls exhausted on the river ice. In the meantime *David* is wildly searching for her and finally comes to the river just as the great ice break begins! The ice cracks and swirls in the waters and starts its way down the current to the falls. *Anna* lies unconscious on a jagged piece which is soon caught in the current and hurled recklessly on.

Horrified, *David* begins his pursuit, leaping from one ice cake to another, nearing his goal, only to have the gap widened again the next moment by some eccentricity of the ice break, or the river current. But he keeps on, making dangerous leaps, sometimes slipping—once, indeed, he immersed himself in the water—only to scramble on again in a mad frenzy to save the girl of his heart from destruction.

And just as the ice bearing *Anna* touches the very brink of the falls, *David*, by one final, superhuman effort, reaches her side, snatches her from certain death, and then beats back against the ice floe to the shores of safety.

Griffith is a wizard when it comes to the building of such a climax and in holding the suspense. The quick flashes from *Anna* to *David*, the numerous shots of the falls, the terrific struggle waged by *David*, despite his seemingly hopeless task, all bespeak the hand of a master craftsman. It is a thrill that equals anything else that even Griffith has done, not excepting the ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation" or the finale of "Hearts of the World," in which the hero dashes to the rescue of the heroine. The ice floe is more relentless than the Hun.

I think Griffith has gone too far in his realism on various occasions throughout "Way Down East." The flash of *Anna* that suggests the tortures of childbirth might better be omitted. And it is hard to understand why an artist such as Griffith must needs introduce such minor vulgarities as the *Sanderson* orgy and the scene in the bedroom, in which the bed is the center of attention, just after the mock marriage of *Anna* and *Sanderson*. Realism with a capital "r" is unnecessary.

But no minor exceptions can dim the praise that is Griffith's for "Way Down East" as a whole. In his fine work he has been aided by Miss Gish's wonderful performance, by the upright work of Richard Barthelmess as *David*, by the polished performance of Lowell Sherman as *Sanderson*, and by Burr McIntosh's characterization of *Squire Bartlett*.

I made a passing reference to Charles Ray as having humanized the country-boy character. In so doing he created a new type of picture entertainment with which his name is ever associated. But it was not Charles Ray alone who accounted for the fine humor and the

homely appeal of his pictures. For a long time it was Julien Josephson's stories. There was a real warmth and wholesome sentiment about them. I want to go on record as saying that the Ray-Josephson combination, with Jerome Storm on the directing end, was one of the happiest ever consummated in pictures. It is broken now, this combination, and very regrettably so.

In Ray's first independent production one looks in vain for the usual human Ray characterization, for the warmth and appeal of the Josephson stories. George M. Cohan's erstwhile comedy with music, "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," was no more appropriate for this star than it would be for Charles Chaplin. In the Bowery prize fighter, who proves the guardian angel of a new-rich friend, Ray creates a new character, one that is amusing more than once during the picture, but one which is ill-fitting his talents. As regards story, "Forty-five Minutes" is chiefly to be noted for its lack of substantial plot. Certainly it possesses none of the distinctive interest and appeal of the Josephson works.

I believe that there are some persons who liked Ray in the Cohan piece. But you who look for Fairbanks in stunt-comedy, Chaplin in eccentric make-up, and Tom Mix in thrilling Westerns would hardly agree that a change to some other type of picture would do any one of that trio great good. I can't enjoy Ray as *Kid Burns* any more than I could enjoy Chaplin as *Macbeth*.

"Peaceful Valley," one of the sweetest of the old "b'gosh" dramas, immortalized a generation ago by Sol Smith Russell, is to be Ray's next vehicle, under his new management. A good many of his followers, disappointed in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," will be eagerly looking forward to his second release, hoping that in it they will see the "real" Charlie Ray again. And I hope they will not be disappointed.

If Charles Ray appears to have suffered a bit so far without Mr. Josephson's stories, even so has Mr. Josephson suffered without the services of the star. "Homespun Folks," a Thomas H. Ince production, which, it is interesting to note, is the first picture to bear the newly formed Associated Producers' trade mark, was quite evidently written with Ray in mind.

Its story is divided between a New England farm and the near-by village where the farmer's son, *Joel*, is making his way at law after being thrown out of the old homestead by an irate parent. *Joel's* success, his romance with the daughter of a political rival, his courage in turning his adherents down and remaining in the course of justice after he has been elected district attorney, form a story of homely appeal and genuine comedy which winds up with a spectacular thrill.

Lloyd Hughes is presented in the rôle of *Joel*. This young man is a capable actor, sure enough. He possesses good looks and shows a fine, clean-cut personality. But he is no fit successor to Charles Ray. He misses Ray's distinctive appeal. He reflects the strength of the farmer lad, but not the weakness. And the weakness was a determining and appealing part of the Ray-Josephson creations.

"Homespun Folks," on the whole, is a rural melodrama with few of the "b'gosh" elements refined to the point of artistry.

The Will Rogers comedies are closely related to this rural type of entertainment. Take for instance his latest picture "Honest Hutch," a story in which he appears as a hopeless bit of "po' white trash" of the South. Here in this picture is an atmosphere just as much of the Southern soil as the Griffith picture's atmosphere of the Northern soil.

The counterparts of *Hutch* can be found in any

little town in the South—and in a good many in the North—*Old Hutch*, the laziest man in the village, who has given his wife a half dozen children to worry about and work for. The idea of working himself never enters his head until he has the thrill of discovering fifty thousand dollars hidden away in the ground. Realizing that if he proceeds to spend the money immediately he will lay himself open to suspicion, he hides it away again and goes to work in order to get a reputation for thrift and wealth. Here is a comedy situation which Rogers has handled delightfully. That sense of humor which seems to exude from his every pore dominates the development of the story and carries it through to a genuine happy conclusion. For after *Hutch* has made good as a toiler he goes for the buried fifty thousand and finds that it is gone. But instead of a bit of trash *Hutch* finds himself a respected member of the community, loved by his wife, and looked up to by his children.

The same type of human interest that makes the rural melodrama so popular is transplanted to the city in "39 East," an adaptation of the play of last season by Rachel Crothers, starring Constance Binney in her original rôle. The romance of *Penelope Penn*, who comes to New York to seek a fortune in a church choir, and who is forced to take to the chorus to earn a living, attended by the homely and delightfully amusing scenes of the boarding house, unite to make a picture of the most thoroughly enjoyable kind.

"39 East" is by all odds the best production in which Miss Binney has appeared. If her previous pictures had contained one half its merit as to story, atmosphere, and human interest, she would be a bigger star to-day. She is very capably supported by the cast intrusted with the task of bringing to the screen the various unusual and distinctive characters of the original production.

Melodramas reflecting the shadows of the underworld, picturing life in its darker phases have been as prominent of late as the more healthy "truly rurals." William Fox's "While New York Sleeps" is a thing of various shadows. It presents three stories, all dealing with characters from or adjacent to the underworld of New York. All three are meant to be sensational, but the first two episodes are among the most disgusting presentations which have been shown on the screen as well as the stupidest. That part of New York represented by the audience on one evening at least seemed to feel that it might better have slept than spent its time witnessing the first part of the picture. Doubtless the censors in smaller communities will spare theatergoers there the boredom and

unpleasantness of watching the two stories which might better have been omitted. They are "Out of the Night," built on the old story of the reappearance of the worthless husband of a woman who, thinking him dead, had married again, and "The Badger Game," showing a woman of the underworld and a detective tricking each other. This is the worst of the three stories. The third, "A Tragedy of the East Side," is the best of the three. It tells of an old paralytic, superbly played by Marc McDermott, forced to sit in his dingy room by the edge of the East River with the realization that in the shabby attic above the wife of his adored son is lying in the arms of another man. His revenge on the woman does not prevent the tragedy of the boy's death and how he accomplishes it is best told in the picture. Estelle Taylor makes a primitive, passionate figure of the wife, while Harry Sothorn as the son and Earl Metcalf as the intruder complete a fine cast.

If our "Way Down East" and our "Homespun Folkscs" are melodramas on the "b'gosh" type, "While New York Sleeps" is on the "b'damned."

In the same category, by reason of a single sequence at its beginning, lies Norma Talmadge's latest picture, "The Branded Woman." The old story of the woman with a past, afraid to reveal it to the man she loves, who is forced into a crucial situation by a black-mailer after her marriage, is presented with little variance from the common order save for Miss Talmadge's poignant emotionalism. The sequence referred to shows the heroine's mother, proprietress of a gambling house, attempting to force her daughter on a roué. Taking exception to this, after passing lightly over the badger game of "While New York Sleeps" may seem inconsistent, but it is one thing to see plain, vicious melodrama, and another to see the attempted despoiling of innocence when the chief protagonist in the attempt is the innocent's mother.

"The Price of Redemption" is one of those unusual things, a picture with too much action. This adaptation of I. A. R.

Wylie's novel, in which Bert Lytell is starred carries the spectator from India to England and back. The story is one of many extremes, few of which are convincing. Lytell appears as the hero of a British engagement in India, who returns to England and marries for money, subsequently drinking himself silly every evening. His regeneration is accomplished through a diverse series of events which pilot him to miserable opium dens, to the windows of his wife's home, where he watches her mistreated by his successor, and to the palace of a native chieftain. In the end, after several

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"The Price of Redemption," with Bert Lytell, is an unusual thing, a picture with too much action.



Photo by Donald Eiddle Keyes

"Tell me what you read and I will tell you what you are" is a paraphrase that Harrison Ford could quote to advantage; he finds his friends' libraries true indications of their characters.

What Every Fan Should Read

THE two greatest book collectors of the film world are Mary Alden and Harrison Ford. They do not collect nice leather-bound, Marie Antoinette "prop" affairs for the purpose of being photographed with them. Both are of the true literati. And Mr. Ford looks the part with his shell-rimmed sun glasses, always worn except when he is in the subdued coloring of his library, which is suffused with a mellow gold from parchment-shaded lamps.

"It's the only thing I want money for," he confessed in answer to my exclamation as I entered his library and beheld encircling me rare books, first editions, autographed copies and gems of the binder's crafts. Priceless collection! Certainly Harrison's literary up-keep is enough to keep him toiling. Those who know Harrison well—I believe there are two or three who know him fairly well—say that he has not the least ambition to be a star. He confessed the shameful fact to me. And he doesn't care about discussing pictures. He isn't a movie fan. But he is a bookworm. Among the first editions which I beheld at a casual glance were: Gulliver's "Travels," Rousseau's "Confessions," the 1511 edition of Albrecht Durer's "Apocalypsis," *cum figuris* with the Latin text—a larger copy than that in the British Museum.

I asked him to prepare a bookshelf of "What Every Young Fan Should Read"—a rival to the Eliot and Roosevelt collections. He evaded.

"Let's not talk shop. I don't want to be interviewed. Take a look at this unexpurgated edition of Maupassant."

And then he placed beside me a slender liqueur filled with molten gold. Yes, there was everything but the loaf of bread, and that wasn't missed, because the books of verse were so many and so elegant.

Finally, flushed by—well, by the enthusiasm for his books—he prepared the following list of favorite masterpieces which he recommends to all who read. This is his ideal bookshelf of twenty volumes, and he swears he would carry them with him if he went to Mars or to—the place in the other direction. I shudder to think of how many times he's read each one—but I'm sure he'd welcome being shipwrecked on a desert island if he could take these precious volumes with him. This is Harrison Ford's bookshelf.

Shakespeare complete in a volume, "The Dove Press Bible," "Alice in Wonderland," Conrad's "Lord Jim," Butler's "The Way of All Flesh," "Gulliver's Travels," "Miscellany of a Japanese Priest," Kipling's "Kim," "Zuleika Dobson," Rolland's "Jean Christophe," Henry James' "Letters," Meredith's "The Egoist," Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," Browning's Poems, Horne's "Tristram Shandy," Clemens' "Tom Sawyer," Mantzin's History of Theatrical Art, Kipling's "Just So Stories."



The ideal bookshelf as collected by Harrison Ford and Mary Alden.
By John Addison Elliott

Mary Alden has well-defined ideas about what you ought to read; they're as strict as the college entrance requirements in literature, and as interesting as her own library.

THE last thing one apparently expects to find in pictures is a "blue stocking."

Not the kind you wear—the kind you are.

Mary Alden, one of the best actresses the screen has produced, has the reputation in Hollywood of almost qualifying for that ancient term which our grandmothers boasted.

Book collectors and dealers and literary experts from Boston to Los Angeles know Miss Alden as the possessor of one of the finest libraries in America and a connoisseur both of contents and bindings.

When she was recently cast for the lead in "Milestones" by Goldwyn, Miss Alden spent several days of careful study in her library, reading the works that described the period of the play, principally the last forty years of the nineteenth century.

Some of the notes which she made at this time read something like this: "The morality of this time was good, very good, and as good taste in things artistic and morality seem directly opposed, we find in 1860 the debauchery of bad taste in everything artistic, for which the Hanoverian dynasty, culminating in Queen Victoria, was responsible. However, the general tendency of the novel in England at this time seems to have been one step ahead of the times, producing such giants as Dickens, Thackeray, Charles Reade, the Brontës, George Eliot, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Gaskell, Wilkie Collins."

Did it ever occur to you that motion-picture actresses took time to work out a part with such care? And I dare say most of them do not, but Mary Alden happens to be an exception.

Miss Alden made out "A Bookshelf" for PICTURE-PLAY—what every young fan should read, and her large following will be interested to see the choice of books made from her large library—Kipling's "Captains Courageous," "Alice in Wonderland," Dickens' "The Tale of Two Cities," "The Count of Monte Cristo," Carlyle's French Revolution, "Jane Eyre," O. Henry's volume of short stories, "Heart of the West," Stewart Edward White's "The Gray Dawn," Shakespeare in one volume complete, the Bible, Conrad's "Victory," Browning's poems in one volume, Kipling's "Jungle Book," Rostand's "L'Aiglon," Ibsen's "The Doll's House," and Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," Owen Wister's "The Virginian," and Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," Ibañez's "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Tish" stories in one volume, "Jewel" by Clara Louise Burnham, George Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways," Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," "The Vicar of Wakefield," Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," Henry Vandyke's "The Three Wise Men," Galsworthy's "The Man of Property," Justin McCarthy's "If I Were King," Alice Hegan Rice's "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and Kipling's "Stalky & Co."

How About This

If you have to adapt them considerably,

By Louise Williams



Vertical lines cancel horizontal ones in this cleverly designed frock.

WE were waiting for the third member of our luncheon party and improving the shining hour by taking notes on the fall and early-winter fashions as they were worn by those who passed. Slim, bobbed-haired girls with skirts up to their knees; slim, sleek-haired girls with great swathing coats that made even them look like barrels, and yet more girls in just about every variety of impossible, exotic-looking costume—and all of them young and slim. At last my companion could stand it no longer.

“My goodness, what about *me*?” she burst forth. “What am I going to wear this year? If I order clothes like those I see all around me I’ll look as if I had on my daughter’s things. I simply won’t look as if I was helping the designers to see how much of a fool a woman can make of herself. They don’t seem to know that there’s a woman in the world who’s over twenty, stands more than five feet two, or tips the scales above a hundred. What *am* I going to wear?”

And then Clara Kimball Young, for whom we’d been waiting, joined us, and my friend’s problem was settled. So is yours, if you’re Miss Young’s type and want to answer the question of what to wear as she has.

As you probably know, she stands five feet six and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Her dark eyes are famous, and so is her black hair. Her skin is creamy white; just the tone of the strand of pearls which she sometimes wears clasped close about her throat. She is young, of course—beyond the “flapper” age, but well on the sunny side of thirty. Yet by studying the principles which she used in dressing, a woman much older than Miss Young, who happens to be her general type, can make the problem of adapting the winter styles a very simple one.

“Women ought to study optical illusions—those created by lines, I mean—and benefit by them,” Miss Young remarked when our discussion of clothes was well under way. “Two lines of the same length can be made to look different if combined with lines that carry the eye either inward or outward. That prin-



ciple applied to clothes by means of the lines used in trimming, can do a good deal for a woman, especially for one who wants to look either thinner or stouter than she is. Lines of embroidery, of drapery, or of trimming can be used in this way.

“You see, I believe that one’s worst points should be considered first. Dress so that they aren’t noticeable, and the good ones will take care of themselves. And lines are more effective than anything else in changing one’s general appearance.” And later she showed us how her new clothes bore out the first of her theories.

Smart and most becoming will be a street frock like one recently designed for Miss Young, and pictured at the top of the

In this gown the train and shoulder straps give the effect of length.

Season's Styles?

Clara Kimball Young can tell you how.

Photos by Aimé Dupont Studios

opposite page. It is of silk duvetyne, and is made on perfectly straight lines, loosely belted in at the waist. Braiding, lavishly used both on waist and skirt, forms the only trimming, save for the tiny buttons of the material which ornament the strips at the sides of the skirt and the outside of the sleeves. The wing in the modified tricorne hat which she wears with this gown is of pale yellow, which gives the costume the striking color note which it needs, and is most effective.

A frock that is made on the fashionable straight lines is shown on the opposite page, and is made of a material whose alternating heavy and thin stripes is much worn in Paris just now. The neckline is very good, and is edged, as are the sides of the blouse, with narrow jet bands, which also form the girdle. The stripes run crosswise on the skirt only in front and back; the danger of getting too broad an effect is avoided by having them run lengthwise on the side panels.

"I'm trying out a new designer," Miss Young told us that noon, "and this gown, meant for matinées and all that sort of thing, is proof that she knows what I need. Like it?"

We did. It was of black chiffon velvet, trimmed with narrow bands of fur and with braiding; the chiffon sleeves had cuffs of the braided velvet, and bands of embroidered lace, the latter set under the chiffon. The waist was made with a richly embroidered vest effect, and the skirt had the fashionable distended hip line, the points being low enough to eliminate too great width. With this gown Miss Young

was wearing a close-fitting hat trimmed with grapes and autumn leaves, whose colorings were of the predominating tones of the embroidery.

"But it's evening gowns I love most to plan," she declared in the midst of our discussion of clothes. "And now that trains are really back—only you can't say they're back when they come from the front of the waistline, as one did that I saw yesterday—I like them better than ever. You see, I like dignity in my clothes, and with evening gowns shorter even than street frocks you simply have to have length somewhere."

So she chose one that had it in the train, which could be caught up over one arm when she wanted to dance. The backless effect was in evi-



Sometimes a strip of embroidery, like the one on this skirt, is really the most important thing about a costume.



The lines of the embroidery and the straps on the skirt are worth noting here.

dence, as was also the bouffant hip, achieved by the use of tulle drapery. With it she carried a feather fan matching the tulle in color.

"And now I've looked at all these things, and I still want to know how you work out your second theory about dressing," I told her finally. "The one about dressing to hide one's worst feature."

"Well——" She hesitated laughingly. "If my gowns hide mine so successfully I shan't tell what it is."



Photo by Freulich

It seems that she used to be an interscholastic baby vamp, but won't admit it now!

THEY'RE startin' a journalism class seventh period. Come on and join," said the red-haired youth.

"Aw, I've got to memorize my part for dramatics," objected the snub-nosed one.

"You can do that later. All the bunch is in the class—come on!"

So the two climbed the hill that September afternoon in 1914 to the ivy-covered buildings of the Los Angeles High School. Along cool corridors they went and into a large but rather dark classroom. Many boys and a

to girls like that you're not much of an actor."

There the indictment stood.

At the end of the school year Carmel Myers had the longest "string" of clippings contributed to the school weekly of any one in the class. And the string included a notice of a performance in which Ted Taylor appeared—such a flattering notice that that young man was unjustly accused of writing it himself.

Carmel Myers was then thirteen years old and an interscholastic baby vamp, if there ever was such a creature, though she won't admit it.

Concerning Carmel's Past

Some revelations made by one of her friends of her high-school days.

By Ted Taylor

few girls were listening to a teacher, who was talking about the "why," "what," "who," "when," and "where" of something or other. Details were hazy, for to the mind of one of the newcomers there was but one distinctive thing in the room.

That was a face that stood forth from the gray blur of other faces vividly, as a black and white oil painting would in an exhibition of sepia washes. It was the face of a fresh, dark-haired girl, a young girl, startlingly young even for high school. She was vivacious, piquant, as central a figure in that room as a musical-comedy star is when the spotlight is on her. The face had the oval fullness of an infantile Mona Lisa. The glossy black festoons of hair smoothly framed the forehead in a decorative fashion that Theda Bara was just inaugurating.

At some other time the snub-nosed boy learned to write a good news story, but after he had stumbled to a seat that particular day he sat in attentive oblivion.

After class he of the red hair dragged his protégé—who waxed exceedingly bashful—to the side of the girl and said: "Carmel, this is Teddy Taylor. He's kind of a nut about wanting to be an actor," and "Teddy, this is my sister, Carmel Myers. She think's she's going to be a writer."

The would-be actor and the would-be writer exchanged confidences as they walked from class together.

"You'll never be a newspaper woman if you dress like that," said the boy with a disapproving glare at a diaphanous chiffon blouse.

The most effective part of the girl's reply consisted of a dazzling flash of milk-white teeth and a baby smile. After which she said: "If you talk

Some half hundred moons have waxed and waned, and the scene now shifts to Universal City, where Carmel Myers has signed a three-year contract to star, after a flyer in musical comedy in New York. She seems the same exquisite girl—but she must be some older. Nineteen, probably. But she is just as delightful, though perhaps a trifle more reserved than in her high-school days.

"Hello, Carmel! I haven't seen you for a long, long time."

"Why, hello, Teddy! Years and years!"

Then she glanced nervously around.

"Mr. Hertzman, I'm not late for my interview, am I? You said some one was going to be here."

"You're talking to him," laughed the impresario of publicity.

"Teddy! Why, are you——"

That started an avalanche of questions, and it looked as if the interview had been snowed under, despite the fact that she was now the Thespian, and I was the writer. But finally I steered around to the subject of her sojourn in New York.

"I was there only about a year," she told me. "You know, I've always wanted to go on the stage, so when my first contract with Universal expired I decided to try it. It's wonderful, but I am so disappointed to find that I can't play in pictures and behind the foot-lights at the same time," she sighed. "It's physically impossible.

"Do you know the thing that impressed me most? The California complexion. The girls from the West

Continued on page 84

How to Begin at the Top

Dorothy Dickson has done it—but it was hard work, just the same.

By Caroline Bell

Photo by
Old
Masters

LOTS of girls dream of becoming a motion-picture star, or at least a leading lady, overnight; few of them do it. Dorothy Dickson has, though, in the new George Fitzmaurice production, "Money Mad," but, though she didn't have to climb the ladder which leads from extra to player of small parts to player of large ones, and so on up, she *did* have to climb first the ladder that leads to the top of another profession—that of the dancer.

It all began some years ago in Chicago, when she gave up some of the engagements that keep most society girls busy, and devoted that part of her time to teaching a dancing class at a social-settlement house. Then things began to happen very fast; her people lost their money, the dance craze descended on the country with amazing force, and her friends began to say: "Dorothy, why don't you and Carl Hyson dance in public? You're lots better than heaps of professionals."

So they did. They began by dancing at Rector's, one of Chicago's famous restaurants. They danced at some of the hotels. Then they went to New York and danced at the big hotels there. Presently they went on the stage, and Dorothy Dickson began to be known as one of the most charming personalities of the theater, one of its most talented dancers. She was one of the successes of "The Royal Vagabond," a musical comedy that ran on forever, and her appearance on the Century Roof, a favorite resort of New Yorkers, was much heralded.

But what about the movies? She'd been asked to consider them more than once, but had always had a contract that forbade it. Then along came just the moment when she was free for a while, and just the right offer, from Mr. Fitzmaurice—to be featured in "Money Mad"—and that's all there is to the story.



Right Off the Grill

An assortment of observations, anecdotes, criticism, comment, opinions, and bits of news about the film world, flavored with frankness.

By Herbert Howe

THEIR TRUE TITLES.

THIS is the way we'd cast them for titles off screen:

Katherine MacDonald—"The Perfect Woman."

Viola Dana—"Fair and Warmer."

Betty Blythe—"A Daughter of the Gods."

Mildred Chaplin—"The Misfit Wife."

Richard Barthelmess—"A Manhattan Knight."

Roscoe Arbuckle and Buster Keaton—"Partners of the Night."

Wallace Reid—"A Regular Guy."

Eugene O'Brien—"What Women Love."

Antonio Moreno—"The Untamed."

Syd Chaplin—"His Brother's Keeper."

Anita Stewart—"The Slim Princess."

Lew Cody—"The Love Expert."

The Mack Sennett Lot—"The Beach of Dreams."

Hollywood Boulevard—"The False Road."

Hollywood—"The Whisper Market."

CARD OF THANKS.

THE Farm Hands' Fraternity of America

wishes to express thanks to Mr. Richard Barthelmess for presenting a country boy who is not a boob in Mr. D. W. Griffith's production of "Way Down East." Mr. Barthelmess is the first screen actor to realize that such a thing is possible.

"Way Down East" is said to have cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As Fanny, the teacup hound, observes, after a hard summer in New York: "Why, the ice alone must have cost that much!"

NAZIMOVA GIVES A BENEFIT.

THE loyalty of Nazimova toward her company was exemplified when the star recently presented a preview of "Madame Peacock," her new celluloid, as a benefit for the family of the late Gene Gaudio. You may recall that Gaudio was the Nazimova photographer during five productions. His death was sudden, occurring while he was at work on a Bessie Barriscale picture, "The Broken Gate."

Madame personally presented her picture at the Iris Theater in Hollywood. The pill-box structure overflowed with celebrities, who paid from two to a hundred dollars for the privilege of being Madame's guests. Among the stellar four hundred we observed Mr. and

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, who sat with Nazimova, Viola Dana, May Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Holubar, Betty Blythe, Alice Lake, Coileen Moore, Antonio Moreno, William Farnum, and Mrs. Farnum. Many contributed who were unable to attend.

In the rose light of the stage appeared a slender figure with an aura of swirling hair; she bowed low several times as applause swept the house. Then came the fluting tones of Nazimova's voice. She commended "Gene of the big heart," acknowledged the service rendered by each member of her company in making "Madame Peacock," and revealed an anecdote or two. Of her director she commented:

"Ray Smallwood, my director, calls me by different names. Sometimes he calls me 'Troupe,' sometimes 'Grandma.' And I call him—I will not tell you what I call him!"

Then raising her arms, she rumbled the mass of dark hair.

"Shoot!" she cried, and the operator obliged.

Nazimova appears as mother and daughter in the picture. Personally I prefer her as the vanity-stricken actress, *Madame Peacock*, a character of droll satire, as subtle as her *Hedda Gabler* of the stage. Incidents with which I happen to be familiar cause us to suspect that *Madame Peacock* is a composite of certain stellar contemporaries. There is a certain speech and manner of delivery that suggests Petrova, and a backstage moment, which, if we mistake not, occurred when Elsie Ferguson held the stage in New York. Knowing Nazimova's sense of humor I would not put it beyond her to satirize even herself.

If the dramatic facets were as carefully wrought as the star's characterization I would catalogue this picture as a Tiffany. The diamond of characterization, however, has not a good setting. Much of its intrinsic luster is dulled by careless continuity. The effect of the brilliant acting, a blend of varicolored nuances, is robbed of full appreciation because the situations are not properly devised. I feel that Nazimova needs aids who, in matters of direction, continuity, and photography, are as expert as Madame is in histrionism. Until the star is so surrounded her genius will never be realized in maximum, for not even the most gifted artist can achieve the greatest result unaided.



Nazimova, as she appears in "Madame Peacock."

REFLECTIONS FOR—

THE Press Agent: "In general, it is proof of high culture to say the greatest matters in the simplest ways."

The Scenarioist: "A ton of talk weighs less than nothing if it isn't backed by action."

The Art Director: "In all things the supreme excellence is simplicity."

The Star: "Try to keep from being puffed up because of praise; accept all commendations as belonging to the real of you, and not to your personality."

The Producer: "Wait not until you are backed by numbers. The fewer the voices on the side of truth, the more distinct and strong must be your own—the minority often sets the majority to thinking and thus rules the world."

The Director: "The rut is only a small-sized grave."

GENIUS EXEMPLIFIED.

THE Greatest Scenario Feat of All Ages: The adaptation of Schopenhauer to the screen in 1920 by Miss Anita Loos for "The Perfect Woman."

THE SUPREME CHARMER.

IF music hath charms, as the poet has said, then Wally Reid is the champ charmer. In addition to his saxophone, violin, banjo, trombone, bass viol, guitar, and trap drums, all of which he plays, he has had a combination pipe organ-piano installed in the music room of his new home and a lamp with a victrola base in his dressing room. When the orchestra failed to appear for a recent Hollywood party, owing to indulgence in apple cider with too many raisins, Wally was summoned from his bed and persuaded to play orchestra, which, we contend, is a greater feat than even his extraordinary dual rôle in "Always Audacious."

Indication that the costume play is returning: Universal presents "Pink Tights."

"WHEN CRITICS OFFEND."

THE above is title for a soliloquy by Cecil B. De Mille. The critics offended Mr. De Mille by wallowing "Male and Female" and particularly by hooting the "English" atmosphere and manners. Mr. De Mille replies:

"The setting for much of the story is, as every one knows, British in locale and atmosphere. To secure absolute fidelity to life I secured the services of Major Ian Hay Beith, famous British writer, soldier, and lecturer, as a technical director. Every detail of English life and custom which went into that production was made under his eyes, and his word in these matters was absolute. Yet any number of people who have been in England for days or weeks took it upon themselves to criticize the finished production as un-English—such criticisms are unjust, but they are to be expected."

There evidently is dissension among the English as to what is English. Hugh Walpole, who has been in

England for days, weeks, in fact all the years of his life, and who is considered by some of us to be a better authority and novelist than Major Ian Hay Beith, offers the following:

"A number of years have now passed and the many prophecies of the approaching improvement of the picture are still unfulfilled. In spite of the money spent and the seriousness of the promoters, details are still so careless that it is incredible that they should be passed. To quote an instance, the English high-life scenes of 'Male and Female,' the adaptation of Barrie's 'Admirable Crichton'—an American picture, if I mistake not—were amazing in the incorrectness of their detail. Indeed, during my nine months' stay in the United States, I saw only three pictures that showed real artistry and care in their productions: Griffith's 'Broken Blossoms,' Ince's 'Behind the Door,' with some magnificent acting by Hobart Bosworth, and 'The Miracle Man.'"

BILL RUSSELL'S SECRET.

TO Bill Russell we award the year's subscription and bushel of potatoes for putting over something never done before by a movie star. Almost a year ago Bill received a divorce from Charlotte Burton, and the colony's most reliable gossip sleuths never found it out! Grace Kingsley's ouija board predicts another marriage for Bill, and submits, among various candidates, the name of Helen Ferguson the most often. But to use an observation of Napoleon Slappey's, that ouija board of Grace's is the dog-gwan lyingst boahad as which.

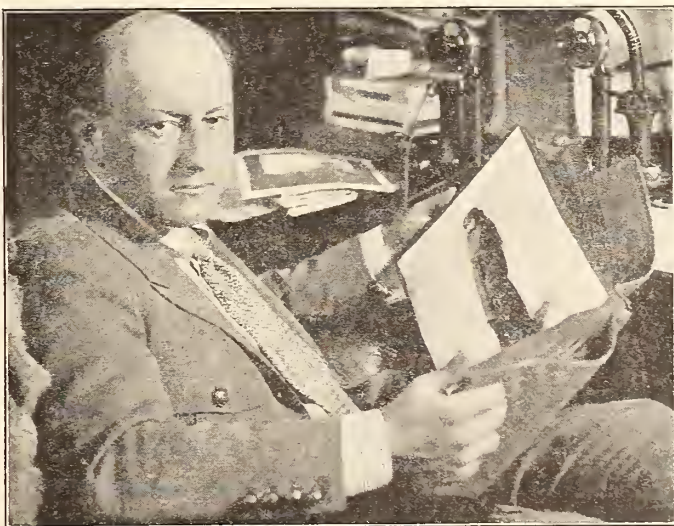
STAR TO WED PRESIDENT?

THAT Jean Paige, Vitagraph star, is to wed Albert E. Smith, president of the Vitagraph company, is a persistent rumor of the colony, substantiated by the fact that Mr. Smith is looking for a residence in Hollywood. Miss Paige recently completed work as co-star with Joe Ryan in the serial "Hidden Dangers." She left for New York for the purpose, she said, of "shopping." She will not appear with Mr. Ryan in his next serial, as he will star alone. It is understood that Mr. Smith plans to star her in feature productions. She previously has appeared as leading woman with Harry T. Morey and Earle Williams.

AT SUNSET INN.

HOW the cinema contingent of Hollywood amuses itself is a subject which I believe is of considerable interest to every fan; and I know of no more characteristic example of the sort of amusement in which the stars of the screen indulge than the photo players' night revel at Sunset Inn which I recently attended.

The Inn has outraced the Ship as speeding place for stars. Each Thursday night is designated for stellar saturnalia. The Inn faces the Pacific on the beach at Venice, ten miles on the port side of Hollywood. It is of the cabaret plan, with the guests bringing their own cabhooraying.



Cecil De Mille has been offended by the critics of his "Male and Female."

After dinner and a fast round of dancing, the floor was cleared, and the jazzchestra, under the Sousan conduct of Sir Roscoe Conkling Arbuckle, played slow music. Two chairs and a table with a pack of cards aboard were placed in the ring. Comrades Vi Dana and Al Lake advanced and took opposing places at the baize. Alice dealt, after careful stacking. A horrible hush fell as Viola raised a dainty ankle o'er a dainty knee. The jazzchestra crashed. And from a dainty foot a dainty hand removed a dainty slipper and dropped it on the floor. Apparently these two had begun a game of a certain brand of poker, not unpopular among college boys, in which one article of clothing has to be removed for each hand lost. A mighty gasp went up from the crowd of tourists in the doorway. Two Iowans fainted, and a gentleman from Missouri put on his glasses.

But at that moment two cops broke through the crowd. They seized the poker nymphs by the bob-hair and carried them off the floor. The cops were Buster Keaton and Roscoe Conkling Arbuckle.

Later in the evening impresario Arbuckle announced the sensation of Paris, Mlle. Spindelimb, in her Salome dance. Then, as Roscoe in the rôle of slave gently fanned the air with a broom, ma'm'selle made her entrance. She wore anklets of jangling forks and spoons, on her head an inverted chopping bowl. Unveiled she proved up as Buster Keaton modestly wearing pancake griddles as breastplates. Slave Roscoe placed a tin

boiler in the center of the floor. Around this impromptu cistern danced Salome, finally seizing from its depths a reptilian length of sausage. She twined and untwined in the embrace of this boa. Then the slave bore in a head of lettuce on a tin salver. After a passionate bite of this, Salome rose to full height, raised a griddle and applied the head of the sausage to her breast. With a reverberant crash she fell stiffly on the back of her head. The slave seized her by the collar and dragged her away to the kitchen. Whereupon Frank Farnum, an Orpheum tanker, bounced on to the floor and shimmied a requiem.

The dancing contest for the prize cup ensued. Subsequent balloting resulted in a pedal victory for Eileen Percy and Director Emmet Flynn. Among the oft-filmed folk we observed in the merry jamboree were Larry Semon, encircled by Lucille Carlisle, Philo McCullough gallanting with Lottie Pickford, Walter McGrail trying to keep step with the fast-moving Teddy Sampson, Tom Mix doing the chain step with the wife, Victoria Ford Mix, Blanche Sweet and Mickey Neilan. Ford Sterling, Tony Moreno, Tommy Meighan, Alice Lake, Buster Keaton, Viola Dana, Jimmie Morrison, Betty Compson, Henry King, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Grace Kingsley, Leatrice Joy, Betty Blythe, Bill Russell, Edmund Lowe, Rosemary Theby, Colleen Moore, Tom Moore, and Ruth Roland dancing with her ex-husband, who became her manager only when he ceased to be her husband one year ago.

Film Observations

By Vara Macbeth Jones

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Has your climb to fame led far?"
But she gayly shook her head—
"I'm from the Follies, sir!" she said.

THEY SAY:

That the author proposes, but the director disposes.
That man's inhumanity to man makes countless movie plots.

That distance lends enchantment to some "close-ups!"
That some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some go on the screen.

That uneasy lies the head that launches a new star.
That worth makes the man, but not always the leading man.

From Greenland's icy mountain,
From India's coral strand—
Whatever for a set is needed,
The props are right at hand.

THE GREAT—AND THE NEAR GREAT

The parent who draws the child star's salary.
The owner of the company's trick dog.
The fruit-stand owner who sold the star a bag of apples.
The landlady of one of the extras.
The leading man's tailor.
The star's maid.
The officer who arrested the ingénue for speeding.
The assistant director.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
That I gaze on so fondly to-day
Were to change by to-morrow, you'd find to your sorrow
Scant chance in the movies to play!

Familiar proverbs are here galore
That fit in aptly as movie lore.

Hero

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright.

Star

For many are called, but few are chosen.

Vamp

For I am fearfully and wonderfully made!

Villain

His hand will be against every man, and every man's
hand against him.

Critic

Render, therefore, to all their dues.

Board of Censors

Ye blind guides, that strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.

Director

He shall rule them with a rod of iron.

Play

There is no new thing under the sun.

Screen Scribe

Of making many books there is no end, and much study
is a weariness of flesh.

Camera Man

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for
the eye to behold the sun.

Some Screen Folks

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed
lest he fall!

Ingénue

We do all fade as a leaf.

The Fallen Stars

Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting.

Movies

It is good for us to be here!

Tumbling to Fame

Buster Keaton says he has been brought up being knocked down.

By Malcom H. Oettinger

IF you're a "big-time" vaudeville devotee you'll remember "The Three Keatons." You may not remember the name, but, if you ever saw them, you couldn't forget the big comedy Irishman who used to pick up his five-year-old son by the back of the coat collar and hurl him across the stage into the middle of the back drop.

This animated football, known as "Buster" Keaton, and now grown up, is being featured in a new set of comedies about to be released by Metro.

It was an easy step from the rough-and-tumble work of the vaudeville stage to screen comedies, and Buster is quite satisfied with the career for which he began in his infancy, for his first public appearance as a member of "The Three Keatons" was when, at the age of six



Why Buster deserted the vaudeville for the movies.



As the junior member of "The Three Keatons."

than Bat Nelson, Ad Wolgast, and Jim Jeffries combined. The funny part of it is that I like it. Last month I did my first—and only—straight part in 'The Henrietta'—the Bertie part—and between you and me, it was a bore. There weren't any falls, and for me a picture without falls

is as bad as Niagara in the same fix." Keaton really prefers slapstick to straight comedy.

"It's harder work than the 'dressed-up drama,' but I get a much bigger kick out of it. I don't act, anyway. The stuff is all injected as we go along. My pictures are made without script or written directions of any kind. We simply figure out enough story to build sets around, then we pull our gags and 'quick stuff' in the set as we happen on the ideas. After we feel that we've shot enough to make about six pictures, we assemble it, rip out whatever is left of the 'story'—and make one good picture out of what's left. That means an enormous lot of work. This picture with the trick scaffold in it that I'm working on now is called, 'It's a Cinch!' But take it from me, the title-writer is a liar. It isn't!"

Buster tumbled into the movies by way of the Ar-buckle chuckle foundry, where he fitted in harmoniously with Roscoe and jumping Al St. John. Then Fatty eased into what Pa Keaton's boy calls the "dressed-up" drama, and the young knockabout comic sought other fields. "Vaudeville has given you all of this acrobatic training," I said. "Tell me—what have the movies given you?"

"A touring car and a cottage smothered in flowers,"

weeks, he was carried onto the stage on a tray by his father! And Pa Keaton didn't wait any longer than necessary to begin making more vigorous use of his young son and heir as comedy material.

"I've simply been brought up being knocked down," said the scion of the Keaton family, when I recently met him at the studio. "Pop's idea of comedy was to throw me through every back-drop on the Keith circuit, and I'll bet I've taken more punishment in the way of being used as a human mop

Buster still sticks to acrobatic stunts.



She Likes to Take

Edith Johnson is quite con- week," and doesn't long to be

By Barbara



Photo by Abbe

Probably it's as a blonde that you've always thought of her.

AND her hair turned yellow with fright!" Doesn't sound quite right, does it? A heroine's crown of glory can turn white with horror, but yellow—oh, never! Edith Johnson's did, though, which, of course, goes to show that in the movies anything can happen. Not only did it turn yellow, but it stayed that color for several years, and only recently went back to brown.

"You know how it is; leading men almost always want a blond leading lady," she explained to me, when I settled down in a corner of the Vitagraph lot with her between perils of "The Silent Avenger."

"So I put a blond wig over my own hair—it's brown, you know—and made all my serials wearing it. That was way back in the beginning, when I was with Lubin. And then I came to Vitagraph, and they liked me as a blonde, so I went on that way till Mr. Duncan and I began 'The Silent Avenger.' He thought my own hair more becoming than the wig, so we tried me with that, and—well, now I'm a brunette for good, I guess."

She's rather a quaint girl, is Edith Johnson; rather staid and sedate, and not at all the wild, adventurous person you'd expect a serial queen to be. She's quite likely to settle down with a bit of sewing when she's off the set—and from the mere fact that she can hemstitch between being bound and

gagged and threatened with death, and tied to a bumper, and having a runaway engine sent toward her—well, if that doesn't give you an idea of how great are the calm depths of her character, nothing can.

"Do you know, I've seen you somewhere before—and I can't remember where?" I told her. "I know it's not from seeing you in all those Lubin and Universal serials you did before you were with Vitagraph, yet I can't tell where it was."

So we compared notes. We'd gone to the same college, but not at the same time. She was born and brought up in Rochester, New York, and I've never been there. It looked hopeless. And then, by some twist of memory, I recalled my first kodak, a little Brownie, and the fun I had when I bought and used it during a Mardi Gras celebration down in New Orleans some years ago. I remembered standing before a poster, studying it, while the kodak was wrapped. And simultaneously we exclaimed:

"The 'kodak girl' pictures!"

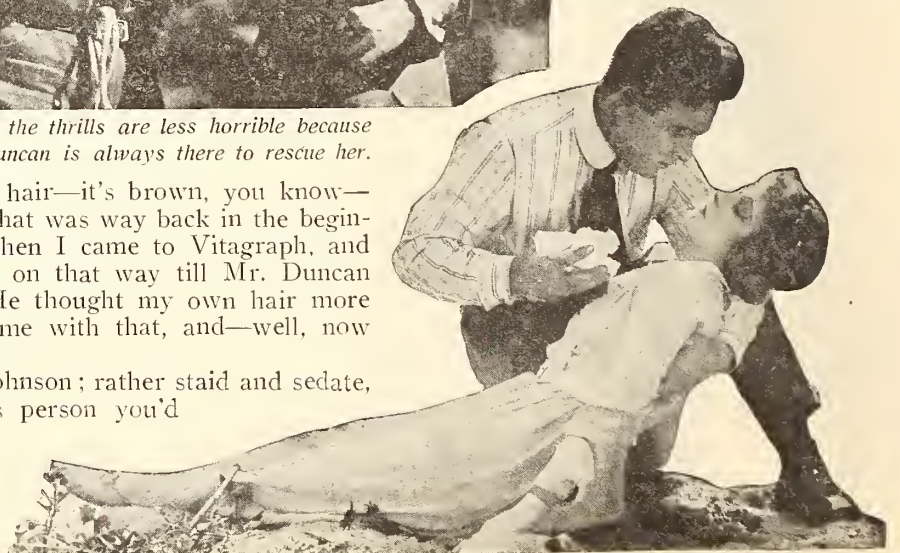
She laughed as we patched together my recognition of her.

"That was my introduction to pictures," she told me. "The kodak people wanted a girl to photograph for their ads, and I lived in Rochester, where their plant is, and so just happened into being the girl." You see, she's as modest as she is daring. "So my picture was used in magazines everywhere, and I wasn't exactly a stranger to the public when I went into motion pictures."

"And how about all this harrowing stuff you do on the screen; doesn't it get



Maybe the thrills are less horrible because Bill Duncan is always there to rescue her.



Life Serially

tented with "continued next anything else on the screen.

Little

on your nerves to sit down to breakfast each morning with the knowledge that you may be facing battle, murder, and sudden death before luncheon?"

She greeted that with a shy little smile that's characteristic of her; she's really the most bashful heroine I ever interviewed.

"No—I like it," she confessed. "I don't believe I'd ever be able to settle down to feature productions, because they'd move too slowly for me. I had to get used to this thrilling existence; when I first went into pictures I couldn't ride or fire a revolver or do any of the things that are almost second nature now. But after you've lived in constant excitement for a while, even though it's made to order, you don't want to give it up."

I wondered if the fact that the husky and handsome Bill Duncan is always on hand to rescue her made the danger less fearsome to contemplate. But I couldn't get a satisfactory answer to that question; all she would say of her companion in the four Vitagraph serials she's made was:

"Oh, Mr. Duncan is wonderful—wonderful."

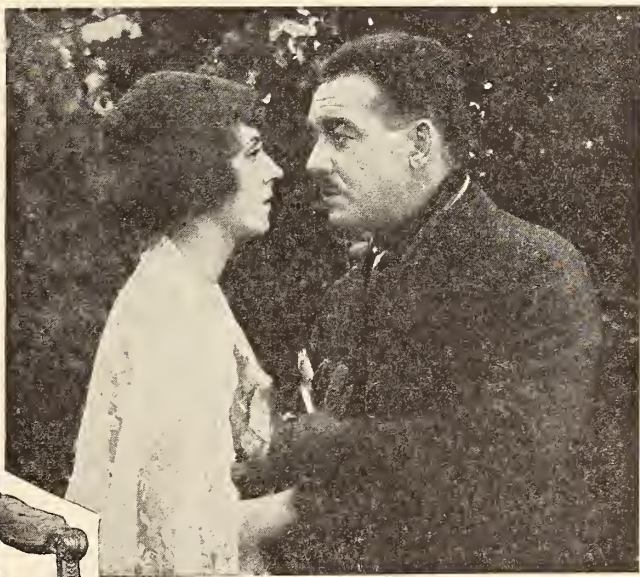
Which is just about enough, when you note the enthusiasm in her brown eyes and the sincerity of her voice. Duncan says more than that about her, however; she must have signaled an S O S call to him that afternoon, for he came

She's rather a staid and sedate sort of person.



Photo by Witzel

Miss Johnson likes risking her neck every day before luncheon; confidentially, we don't blame her!



"The Silent Avenger" turned her into a brunette.

over to where we sat just as she was showing signs of collapsing under the strain of talking about herself.

"Please talk to him," she begged me, "I never can think of anything really interesting to say about serials, though I like them so well."

I protested that I wanted to talk about her, not them.

"No use; she won't do it," Duncan told me, laughing. "But I will." And he went on to tell

all about how plucky she is; how she never tires, doesn't care about starring in pictures, has no ambition to play big emotional rôles, and is perfectly contented leading the quietest sort of life off the screen and the most hazardous one on.

I left them feeling quite content with my story, and then, like many a movie interview, it turned around and bit the hand that wrote it, so to speak. For after I'd written a perfectly good account of how Edith Johnson's hair turned from brown to yellow and back to brown forever and ever—I learned that in part of "The Silent Avenger" she had to wear that yellow wig after all. However, that's the way with the movies—and the story stands, anyway. And perhaps it's a good thing after all—for you can judge for yourself how you like her best.



Photo by Apeda

Justine Johnstone is seen at all of New York's important theatrical events.

YOU'VE been to 'Way Down East' again," I accused Fanny, as she lifted her veil and scanned the menu card with reddened eyes. "How many times is this—four or five?"

"Five," she admitted shamefacedly. "But I just can't resist it. And when they show that part where Lillian Gish baptizes the baby—well, I simply dissolve." And she looked up at the waitress through her tears and ordered muffins and plum jam in a voice that would have made her a fortune as an emotional actress. "I wore my new duvetyne dress the evening of the first showing, and wept so hard that the next day the dress-maker had to put a new lace front in it—the other one was simply ruined! But wasn't it gorgeous that evening, and didn't Lillian Gish look sweet in her little white dress with the off-shoulder effect, and that big hat? And wasn't it funny, the way Dick Barthelmess held on to her when the people applauded so at the end of the picture, so that she had to stay up, bowing, when she tried to subside into a corner even though everybody did go on cheering and clapping their hands."

"I thought it was too bad little Mary Hay couldn't have been there to share in the glory—but I was awfully glad Dick's mother could be," I commented. "And

Over the

Fanny the Fan knows all the

By The

speaking of off-shoulder dresses, have you seen Madge Kennedy in hers? She looks so quaint and lovely in it. I went to the first rehearsal of her stage play, 'Cornered,' and it was too funny for words. You know, it's three years since Madge left the stage for the screen, and she simply couldn't get used to the sound of her own voice. When she worked into a big scene she'd forget and begin to gesticulate frantically and just whisper her lines, and one of the men of the company who'd played with her in pictures caught the habit and began to do it, too. The stage director was wild, and I was convulsed; truly, it was one of the funniest things Madge Kennedy has ever done, and she didn't want to be funny at all."

"I met Madge and her husband up in the country early in the fall conducting a camping expedition that was on its way to Maine," volunteered Fanny. "He had on some of his old army clothes, but Madge was too trim for words, though she told me she was wearing a two-year-ago suit. She and Mr. Bolster were riding along in state in their big car, and behind them came a station-wagon machine, containing their servants and Airedale. How's that for a motor camping trip de luxe?"

"It's just what you'd expect of Madge," I declared, with one eye on the tea table and the other on Broadway, which was just outside the window. "There goes Matt Moore—it seems to me I see him every time I turn around. And it's the same way with Justine Johnstone; she and her husband go to the opening nights of all the new stage productions, apparently. She's so pretty, with her blue eyes and yellow hair, that it seems a shame she's deserted the stage for the screen; the camera doesn't do justice to her coloring. Shannon Day's another coming success who's had much the same beginning as Justine Johnstone did—and now she has a part in a De Mille production; isn't that great?"

"Yes, and did you hear about Gareth Hughes? He did so well in 'The Chorus Girl's Romance,' with Viola Dana, that Metro gave him a long-term contract. Then he had appendicitis, and while he was recovering Famous Players-Lasky decided to do Barrie's 'Sentimental Tommy,' and felt that he was the only person in the country to play *Tommy*. So the powers that were got busy, and persuaded Metro to let him do it. Really, I think he's the *niciest* boy, almost, on the screen!"

"You say that about every one that comes along," I

Teacups

latest gossip—and tells most of it.

Bystander

retorted, wondering if Fanny knew she was ducking her head down and smiling the way Lillian Gish does or was doing it unconsciously as a result of her attack of Way-Down-Eastis.

"Since I've come to New York I rush around so that I never catch up with myself. And I simply can't escape the movies. Why, the other day I was just walking calmly along the street, and then all of a sudden there was a crowd, and I ran over and encountered a scene of 'The Misleading Lady;' Bert Lytell was driving his automobile through a traffic jam and meeting Lucy Cotton, driving in the opposite direction, and stopping to talk to her in spite of the shrieking teamsters and other motorists all around them. I'm wild to see that scene on the screen now—I imagine it will be awfully funny."

"Oh, I almost forgot!" Fanny nearly upset the teapot in her excitement. "The other night I went to the 'Midnight Frolic,' and Charlie Chaplin sat at the next table. It looked exactly like him; dark and not very tall and clean-shaven—and he seemed to be having a good time, though he was all alone, and nobody else seemed to recognize him. And I wondered if he'd gone there for the same reason I had—to see if the girls in the show are really as beautiful as they're supposed to be."

"I saw General Pershing up at the 'Frolic' one night, too," I contributed. "People recognized him fast enough. And I wanted to have a party up there for Dorothy Gish when she got back from Europe, but she arrived in a complete state of collapse and went straight to bed; so did her mother. I suppose you heard that report that she and Bobby Harron had been engaged, and that she broke down completely when she heard of his death?"

"Well, whether that's true or not—I mean about their being engaged—you can't wonder at her being overcome; why, they'd been associated for years and years—ever since the beginning of Dorothy's screen career. Really, I'm almost sorer for Lillian than I am for Dorothy; she'd been so anxious to have her mother and sister get a good rest, and then they came home almost ill—nice home atmosphere for Lillian just as she was beginning her career as a star!"

"Wasn't it!" I exclaimed. Then, as I happened to think of some one else, "Aren't you glad that Vivian

Martin is back on the screen at last? I went to a special showing of her first picture, 'The Song of the Soul,' and it seemed so nice to see Vivian again. Oh, and have you heard anything about Madge Bellamy, who's to have leading rôles in Thomas Ince's productions? She's had very little picture experience, but has been on the stage for some time, and now she's to have the best chance in the world to become a screen star."

"Well, speaking of that sort of chances, isn't it great that Helene Chadwick has one? You've heard about her, of course; she did so well in 'Scratch My Back' that Goldwyn is featuring her in 'Godless Men,' a sea story. I'm awfully pleased, because she has been working so steadily for so long, and doing really good work."

Madge Kennedy is back on the stage—but the screen will get her again if her manager doesn't watch out.

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe



"I suppose you've seen some of the European travelers who've returned? They say they all had the most scrumptious time in Paris—just one party after another."

"Well, it would be a party for some of them to stop picture making for a few weeks, whether anything thrilling happened or not. Truly, Constance Talmadge was so thin when she went away that if she'd been my daughter I'd have put her to bed and kept her on a milk diet for weeks! And speaking of thin people—Alice Brady's looking much better, isn't she? I saw her in her new stage play, 'Anna Ascends,' the night it opened, and she'd improved a great deal. She was like a shadow a month or so ago."

"By the way, have you heard about what Evelyn Greeley is doing? She's joined a stock company in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and is working like a Trojan, fitting herself for a stage career. She hasn't been seen on the screen for ever so long, you know. And Barbara Castleton has deserted the movies, too—she's appearing in Willard Mack's new stage play with him—'Her Man,' it's called."

"Rather an appropriate title, in view of the fact that he and she were married not long ago," commented Fanny, adding cream cheese and plum jam indiscriminately to a water cracker. "Oh, did you hear about Will Rogers turning minister? Yes, honestly, he did. He and the rector of the Temple Baptist Church, in Los Angeles, met in a debate on whether cowboys or ministers had done more for civilization, and after it was over—no, I don't know who won—the minister invited Rogers to take his pulpit and preach on humor in religion—and he said he would! Probably somebody dared him to do it—he'd do anything in the world on a dare, I believe."

"Well, that's not half as risky as what Dorothy Phillips did a while ago. She advertised for a double, and no less than two hundred girls appeared, each of whom was convinced that she looked exactly like Dorothy. And Dorothy didn't think any of them did! I had a letter from the Coast telling me about it—and also about Lois Weber's buying a studio. That makes her the first woman director in the industry to have her very

own studio. And she's finished the first two of the four pictures that she's to release through Paramount-Artcraft, and the third is under way. She wrote the stories for all of them. Isn't that wonderful?—her accomplishing so much, I mean. And Nell Shipman incorporated her own company a while ago, and Rosemary Theby is now starring at the head of hers."

"Any more news from the coast?" demanded Fanny. "Not a soul out there writes to me any more."

"Lois Wilson has signed a five-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky," I answered. "She's been playing leads for Jack Kerrigan for some time, you know. I believe she'll go straight to the very top before long, don't you? Oh, and I drove up to Syracuse one week-end a while ago, and behold, they were having a State fair there and Irene Castle's saddle horse had just won second prize in the horse show—which isn't exactly news from the coast, of course, but it's interesting, nevertheless."

"And Irene has formed a company of her own—did you hear that—and is to make pictures that just exactly suit her."

"I hear that Constance Talmadge has one that just suits her, too—heard it over the phone; she's been too busy to see anybody since she got back. She's working hard again; started as soon as she got home, on a story John Emerson and Anita Loos had prepared. Imagine being as much in demand as that!" And Fanny sighed deeply and gazed at Zeena Keefe, who was having tea at a neighboring table.

"Charlie Ray is going to make James Whitcomb Riley's 'The Old Swimming Hole' for the screen; did you know that? And little Jean Paige is still here in town, working in Vitagraph's production of 'Black Beauty'; I can't figure out where the heroine of the story came in, but Jean tells me there really was one. And she's quite deeply in love with the horse that plays the lead."

"According to rumor, that's not all that Jean's in love with," remarked Fanny darkly, but not another word would she utter on the subject, though I offered to take her to a tea at Vivian Martin's the next day if she would only elucidate. Her unusual reticence made me suspect that she was none too sure of her facts herself.

"I suppose you know all about what Harold Lloyd plans to do since he's finished his contract with Pathé and begun on the one he has with Associated Exhibitors?" I exclaimed at last, disgustedly.

"Of course, I do—go on making comedies," retorted Fanny, with a chuckle. "And I know a lot about the Ince special, 'The Magic Life,' in which Florence Vidor and House Peters have the leading rôles. Won't they be great together? She's to be starred in her

husband's productions a little later, you know. And he's been a star for years."

"I saw Mabel Normand the other day, on Fifth Avenue, fleeing from a photographer. Oh, not literally; he was in his studio, blocks away. But Goldwyn's press agent wanted her to have some new photographs taken, and Mabel was determined that she'd spend her time in the East just having a vacation—so she avoided every sort of camera, even a pocket-edition one."

"She's wise. And—oh, my dear, here's a bit of news that's really gossip, only it isn't!" Fanny leaned across

the table and spoke so confidentially that the waitress could hardly bear to tear herself away. "Of course, you've heard of Luther Reed, who wrote four of the stories that Metro now has in hand; 'Cinderella's Twin,' that Viola Dana is doing, and 'White Ashes,' being made with an all-star cast, to say nothing of any number of other scenarios that have been produced. Well, Naomi Childers is directly responsible for his success; honestly,



A snapshot of John Bowers, who is sitting on the rail, looking like Tommy Meighan, and Helen Chadwick just looking like herself.

she is! He wanted to write, but never really did much of anything with his talent for it until she began to urge him to do scenarios, and kept right at it until finally he did. She'd had experience enough in movies to know a good scenario mind when she met it."

"Well, speaking of people who have been on the screen a long time, aren't you glad that Florence Turner has signed up with Metro? Just think—she's been in pictures thirteen years."

"Nobody knows that any better than I do. I used to cut cooking class so that I could go to see her, when I was in grammar school. Oh, look quick—there goes Harrison Ford; I went into Brentano's the other day to order some books, and he was simply in the seventh heaven of happiness, getting some first editions. He's at the Talmadge Studio now, you know."

"I suppose you saw Florence Reed in her new play, 'The Mirage?' And weren't you glad to hear that Henry Walthall is to do 'Ghosts' on the stage? I saw him in it on the screen, and thought he was wonderful."

"Well, speaking of ghosts reminds me of Olive Thomas' funeral; you were out of town the last of September, weren't you, and missed it? Well, I wish I had been; I felt depressed for days afterward. They brought the body home on the *Mauretania*, and held the burial services the next day, at St. Thomas' Church, you know—one of the most fashionable ones in New York. And the music and flowers and service were simply wonderful, of course, but I couldn't help remembering little Olive as I saw her when she was in the 'Follies'—and in one song in the 'Frolic,' when she

Continued on page 92

A Brand-new Type of Star

The versatile character is to have his day at last.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

OUR really great stars of the stage have always been versatile players; new, difficult characterizations have always been applauded, and the man who appears in the same type of rôle year after year has often been harshly criticized. But in motion pictures just the opposite has been the case, and their very popularity has held the screen stars to a repetition of the same sort of rôle. To be sure, some of them have recently broken away a little—Bert Lytell some time ago refused to play "straight" rôles all the time; Bryant Washburn took to character make-up in a few of the last comedy dramas he made for Famous Players-Lasky, and Wallace Reid applies it whenever he gets a chance, which isn't often. But as a rule, character work has been limited to those less important than the star.

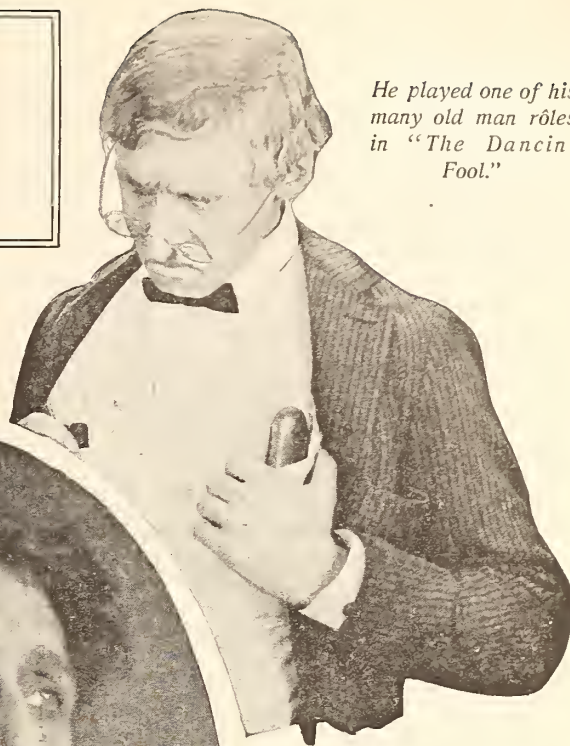
Times are changing rapidly, however—for along comes the announcement that Goldwyn is to feature, and possibly star, Raymond Hatton in character rôles. He has been playing them for years, the last five of which he has spent under the Lasky banner.

"We've had character stars of a

As Paul Benedict in "Jes' Call Me Jim."



Can you recognize him in the man holding Mabel Normand's head?



He played one of his many old man rôles in "The Dancin' Fool."

sort—stars like Will Rogers and George Beban and Bill Hart, who always play one certain kind of character rôle," he told me the other day, as he settled his belongings in his dressing room at the Goldwyn studio. "But I want to go a step further and play types in every picture—different ones each time; a Yankee farmer in one picture, a French nobleman in the next. I want to avoid repeating myself if I can.

"One of my first star parts will be in William J. Locke's 'Septimus,' " he went on, in the course of a cross-examination as to his plans for the future. "Then I have my eye on a Dickens story with a corking English part for me. And I'd like to make a try at the sort of thing George Beban does, and also play a sympathetic crook rôle. All my life I've been trained for dramatic characterization, and this will give me an opportunity to run the whole gamut of it."

And any one who has followed his trail in pictures will certainly agree that his screen work has certainly been good preparation. In 1911, when he was on the coast with a theatrical troupe, he went into the movies under the direction of George Melford, then with Kalem.

"My first stunt was to burn my beard in a Russian pogrom scene. Next I was cast as a village postmaster—and then George spotted me

Continued on page 92

What the Fans Think

On different subjects concerning the screen, as revealed by letters selected from our mail pouch.

A Suggestion for Dick Barthelmess.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

As a fan who has a wild, wild crush on Dick Barthelmess I would like to give him a bit of advice. Why can't we see him in more—well, society pictures? Every young girl is crazy about him, and I think every girl likes pictures that have to do with society. Parties and things like that. So why not put him in them—and let him part his hair more to one side, instead of almost in the middle?

R. W.—Mount Vernon, New York.

One Reason Why They Do It.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I used to wonder why some of the big producing companies made pictures that seemed to me so utterly ridiculous, so painfully simple of plot, and so crude that they seemed to be meant for children or adults of childish mind rather than the sort of people who went to see them.

But now I believe I know. Recently I found myself in a little town in California where one of the nine saloons becomes a movie house on Sunday night. The population was largely made up of Mexicans, Japs, Portuguese, and Swiss, who hissed and clapped vociferously. Evidently they couldn't read the subtitles; these were left on the screen till I began to wonder if the plot would ever proceed, and the children, who had had some schooling, spelled them out slowly in English and then translated enthusiastically into the jumble of languages that made the smelly little place sound like the Tower of Babel. The audience simply adored the cheap, slapstick comedy that was shown, was enchanted with the absurdly melodramatic serial, and enthusiastic over a bromidic Western. I began to see why this sort of thing must find its way onto the screen. In this little town there are two trains a day—one north and one south—which furnish the main excitement of life. There is no entertainment other than the weekly movie. There are thousands of people in this country of the type I saw in that motion-picture house—their equal in intelligence, education, and refinement. Until the ingredients which they demand in entertainment are furnished them in better form the cheap picture will continue to be made. And unless some scheme is devised whereby films are marked "For Class A Audiences," "For Class B," and so forth, we will all continue to suffer thereby.

FELICIA MORGAN—San Francisco, Cal.

Are the Movies Degenerating?

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I don't understand why people rave so much about the pictures that are being turned out nowadays; to me it seems that the pictures of to-day are not half as appealing or well done as those of several years ago. In my opinion, to-day's pictures are mediocre, and show a decided tendency to get worse right along. They are namby-pamby products of hastily written scenarios, which condition must necessarily exist as long as features continue to be released on schedule time.

I find myself wishing I could see Bessie Barriscale in a rôle equal to hers in "The Cup of Life," or Clara Kimball Young in one as good as "Trilby." Even Norma Talmadge has not had a good story for months, until she did "Yes or No," while her wonderful work in "Panthea" will always be remembered. Why can't we have more pictures like "Judith of Bethulia," "The Christian," "The Escape," "The Birth of a Nation," "Tess of the Storm Country," "War Brides," "Revelation," "Poppy," and Lois Weber's "Scandal?" We have had only a few exceptional pictures in the last year—"Broken Blossoms," "The Miracle Man," "Pollyanna," and "Humoresque." Yet we have splendid actors on the screen. May we have more pictures that are worthy of them!

Mrs. R. S.—Chicago, Ill.

Candidates for Kid Parts.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I wish to comment on Rose E. Ward's letter saying that Mary Pickford is the only one who can play "kid" parts. I admit that she can do it better than any one else—but there are others who can play them well. Viola Dana, for instance—and

Marjorie Daw; she was a typical thirteen-year-old in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." I'm thirteen myself and I feel just as Miss Daw looked.

I didn't like "Anne of Green Gables" or Mary Miles Minter, either; why can't they put her in some play where she can be a good, wholesome American girl without her hair skinned back tight and freckles? I'm sure people would rather see her lovely golden curls and beautiful complexion. That's why people go to the movies—there's enough of the other in real life.

A DEVOTED FAN—Montclair, N. J.

In Appreciation of Madge and Anita.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Mr. Howe recently asked in your columns whether the public wants vulgarity or such stars as Miss Stewart and Miss Kennedy. I am sure that the majority of those who go to pictures will welcome the stand these stars have taken in censoring their own productions and in insisting that they be kept refined. I have seen only one of these "sexy" pictures, which was "Why Change Your Wife?" To my mind the extravagant gowns and luxurious and refined surroundings were quite out of harmony with the fight between Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels. Is there any sight more vulgar or disgusting than that of women fighting? The moral of the picture seemed to be that the less clothes a woman has on the more sure she is of keeping her husband's love. During the war I was in England, attached to the Canadian army in a special branch of war work, and my experience then taught me many things—one being that every man, good or bad, respects and admires a modest, refined girl.

MARGARET O'FLAHERTY—Detroit, Mich.

Why Break a Good Serial Team?

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I have a complaint to make about the way the producers will launch a good serial team, let us all get accustomed to them, and then split the combination and give us another one that we don't like half as well. To my mind, Vitagraph made two good serials and only two; they were "The Fighting Trail" and "Vengeance and the Woman," starring Carol Holloway and William Duncan. Then came "Smashing Barriers," with Edith Johnson and William Duncan—no good at all. Miss Johnson is not good in serials and never will be, I think—she is too timid and doesn't look as well with Duncan as Carol Holloway did. Why can't we have that first team again?

A SERIAL FAN—Alfred, Mo.

A Page of Protests.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I'd like to protest against several things on the screen. One of them is artificial scenery. Nature can't be imitated; the public can't be fooled, and the sooner producers realize this the better for the movies. I have particularly in mind the cottage-and-garden scene in "Old Lady 31." The utter lack of reality just spoiled that for me.

Another thing is the indecency of a certain type of productions. The other night I was forced to go to one of these awful pictures—"A Sister to Salome," with Gladys Brockwell. It was disgusting—just the kind of production that is keeping the motion picture from attaining the high level that it ought to reach. A few pictures of that sort have made me avoid everything bearing the Fox label, even though all of his pictures may not belong to that class.

I recently moved to this town from Chicago, and certainly miss the big picture palaces of that city. However, we have the best pictures here, even though the theaters aren't so very good—and that's the main thing.

T. P.—Rumford, Me.

The Need for Better Theaters.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I believe that by far the greatest need in connection with the movies is the need for better theaters and better presentation of pictures.

Continued on page 81



Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

SKETCHES BY
H. L. DRUCKLIEB



Some Newspaper Ads.

(Which are likely to appear 'most any day.)

FARMS: Will exchange my farm for house in any city. Providing said house is near movie theater.

MAID WANTED: Can have every day off if she will allow me the evenings for the movies.

HELP WANTED: I have forgotten whether you put in four raisins and two yeast cakes or two raisins and four yeast cakes. Has some one the recipe?

FOUND: Pair of opera glasses on front seat in "Gem" Theater Friday night. The night "The Bathing Girls" were there. The probably bald-headed, near-sighted gent who lost them can have same upon identification. Great picture, wasn't it?

—o—

No! No! Drown The Thought!

Often, to our perhaps prejudiced mind, occurs the thought that scenarios written B. P. contained more pep than present perpetrations.

Can it be that in those dear old dampish days Bacchus was wont to preside o'er the ol' underwood instead of H-2-O, as now?

—o—

What Do You Think?

Ever since Daniel Webster it has been

the popular belief that no lawyer could amount to very much unless he occasionally dallied with distilled delight.

For the proof of this you'll have to consult your lawyer. Our lawyer has moved to Cuba, or we could prove it by him. But what we really intended to say was this:

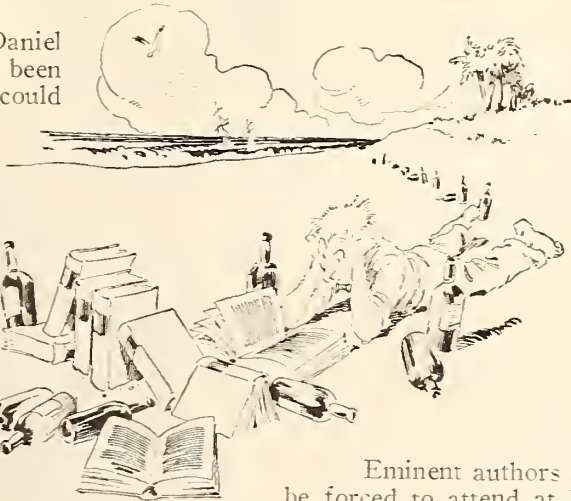
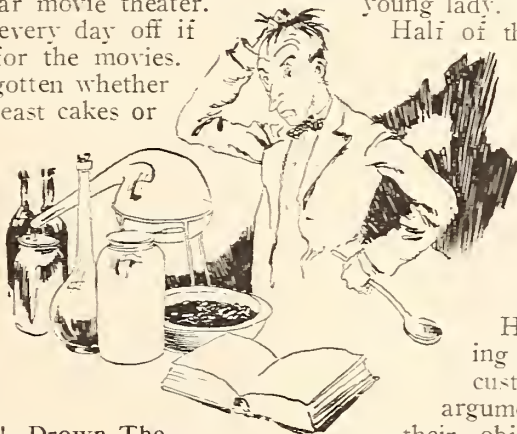
Mahlon Hamilton in "Half A Chance" is cast away upon a desert isle—this makes 4376 times it has happened in the films. With him are also cast, or casted, whichever is easier for you, a case of The Good Old Stuff and a set of law books.

After studying the booze a while he becomes absorbed in the law books. Then he absorbs the liquor and studies the books.

Eventually he returns to our so-as-to-say civilization, and after walloping all his enemies, wins the girl, and the two live happily ever after.

Could he have done all this, we ask you, if he had been cast up on desert isle with a set of law books and a case of sewing-machine oil?

Well, what do you think?



And We're Hoping For The Other Half!

"The Dangerous Hero," starring Owen Moore, has to do with a penniless chap who is loved by a wealthy young lady.

Half of this is our case exactly.

—o—

And This Reminds Us—

We know the real reason for the shortage of farm labor.

All the ex-hired men are in the city where they are busy building flivvers for the farmers AND attending the movies.

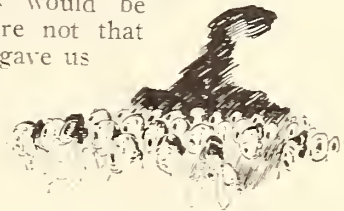
—o—

Reasons For Censorship.

Here in these in-a-manner-of-speaking United S O A, we have become accustomed to the from-weird-to-nutty arguments sprung by censors. Most of their objections would be laughable if it were not that their utterance invariably gave us

a pain.

But other climes and other burgs have their clams and bugs as well as we, dear fans. In Calcutta, India, the censors object to the films because "so many ladies cry after seeing!"



—o—

Laughs—Of Course!

A friend of ours thought Mack Sennett's "Down On The Farm" was a sort of educational film, and went to view it in the hope of getting a line on all this talk of underproduction.

The picture evidently satisfied him that the farmers are not attending strictly to business.

He told us afterward that all they raised on that farm was—

—o—

Unobservant Authors.

Eminent authors who write of the screen should be forced to attend at least one movie.

Not one of them has ever written a story of the screen without referring to the pie-tossing ability of Charlie Chaplin.

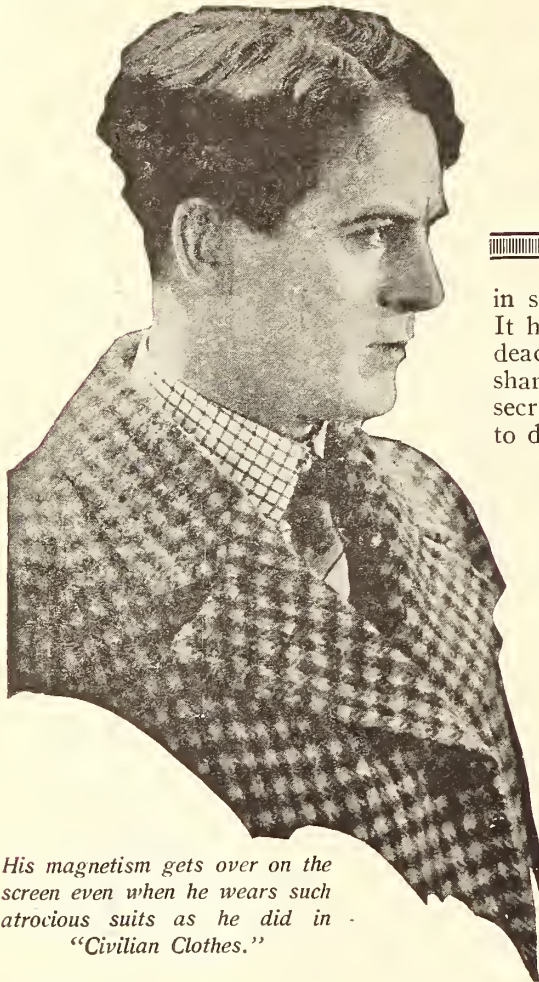


If the e. a. had quit shaving when Charlie stopped throwing pies he wouldn't be able to get near his remaining wood for the foliage!

Unconventional Tommy

Thomas Meighan is a most surprising person, for he refuses to accept the time-honored mannerisms of stardom, and remains—just a regular fellow.

By Ted Evans



His magnetism gets over on the screen even when he wears such atrocious suits as he did in "Civilian Clothes."

I wish you'd tell us something about Tommy Meighan—I don't mean about his work on the screen, but about just what sort of a person he is. I think he must be a mighty good scout and I want to know if I've got him sized up right.

THAT is a bit from a letter I received a short time ago, and that appeal is the reason for this particular story.

I'm rather glad to have the chance to write this story about Tommy, because it happens that he is a most extraordinary person—even more so off the screen than on.

Among the other stars of the Hollywood film colony, Tommy is unique—I might say "a genius." His habits and conduct are freakish in the extreme, certainly exotic to the colony. For instance: He doesn't own a motor car. He "pals"—actually *pals* with his wife, thus exciting notoriety. After being introduced to a person of low rank, such as a writer, a banker, a studio door man, a newsie, or any other ordinary citizen, he invariably remembers to speak to them and call them by name when passing them on the street. One day I saw him standing on a corner with his wife. He was waiting for a street car! He dresses and acts like a business man. He lives in an artistic, comfortable house; not a palace, by any means. Furthermore, and perhaps this is the most unusual thing about Tommy, no one has been heard to say: "I don't like Thomas Meighan." You think this a trite compliment? You don't know the film colony, where good feeling among stars is much like that between presidential candidates. Wherever a star stands or sits on screen is usually the center of attention. Wherever Tommy stands or sits off screen also is the center of attention. He has a quiet magnetism that is as effective in a clubroom as in a feminine drawing-room, a magnetism that gets across on the screen even when he appears

in such atrocious suits as those he wore in part of "Civilian Clothes." It has been said that every person has a "secret life," even a pious old deacon or a picture censor—some tendency toward a clandestine, perhaps shameful, practice. Tommy is no exception. We happen to know his secret. In telling it we break a confidence, but we feel he has no right to deceive the public.

On certain nights he disappears mysteriously, usually in company with that dare-devil companion of his, Tony Moreno. No one at the athletic club knows where they go, which bodes no good. Sometimes they take packages with them, acting rather sheepishly, we think, in the way they handle said articles. Once we tagged along, sworn to secrecy. They went to the Los Angeles Orphans' Home, where they were hailed familiarly as "Tommy and Tony." Sister Cecilia, official mother for the children, informed us that they were the Santa Claus fathers of the home and the honored guests at all celebrations given by the orphans. Tommy has interested many stars in this home, and he sees to it that they demonstrate their interest in writing—on checks. Oftentimes great consignments of gifts without a name arrive at the home. Sister Cecilia always guesses the identity of the donor. Yet Tommy says he can't afford an automobile for himself!

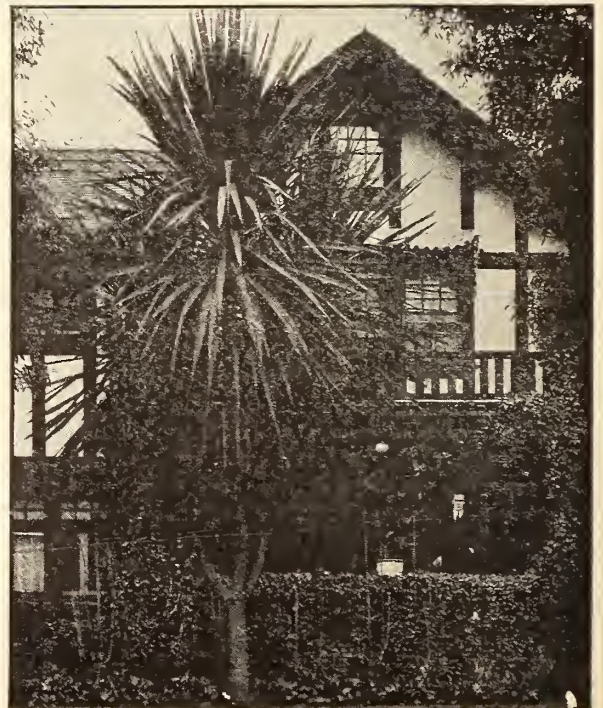
It was through Mr. Meighan's efforts that "The Miracle Man" was brought to the screen. His motive was quite selfish—Tommy's motives always are, according to him. He says that

Continued on page 86

"A man's love affair is his own business."

That's what Tommy Meighan told Grace Kingsley, when she went to interview him for her series of "Romances of Famous Film Folk." But he finally told her all about his one big romance, and the story of it will appear in the January issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. No one who has ever seen Tommy on the screen will want to miss it.

He lives in a regular house—not a palace.





Willie Russell he was called then.

The Man Who Made Himself Over

Bill Russell gives a few recipes for manhood, and tells how, as a crippled child, he commenced his fight for health and success.

By Celia Brynn

I CAN'T recall what I went to interview Bill Russell about, and it doesn't matter, because I never did it. I was waiting for him in his little bungalow dressing room at the Fox studio, amusing myself by looking over old pictures of the stalwart star, when I suddenly came across a photograph of a puny, spindling youngster with one leg in a metal brace. The resemblance to William Russell was unmistakable; there were the same dark eyes, the thick wavy hair, the same facial contour, and I was trying to decide whether the boy was a brother or cousin or nephew of Bill's, when the star himself came into the dressing room, having finished work for the day on his latest picture, "The Challenge of the Law."

"Relative of yours?" I asked, holding the photograph up for his inspection.

"Well, yes—and no," he answered, regarding the picture with an amused and reminiscent smile. "To be exact, the person there is the Bill Russell of—er—several years ago—Willie Russell he was called then."

I gasped.

And you who are familiar with the powerful physique of William Russell would have gasped with me.

He is one of the strongest men in moviedom—he tips the beam at two hundred and four pounds, and there is not an ounce of fat on his six-foot-four frame.

"It doesn't seem possible," I murmured, my eyes traveling back and forth from the picture of the scrawny youth to the figure of the massive but perfectly formed man beside me.

"It is possible, though," said the star, filling his pipe thoughtfully. He sank down into an armchair and smoothed back his thick black hair with large, well-kept hands.

"You might say," he continued, "that I made myself over. And what I did, any man can do. There wasn't any miracle about it, it just took work and determination. If you care to hear about it——"

Of course, I did. The original theme of the interview had slipped my mind some moments before.

"Well, here's the whole story in a few words. When I was a kid, I was 'nuts' on tumbling; and at the gymnasium where I spent every possible minute after school, I met a troupe of gymnasts who were training for going on the road. They taught me the tricks of tumbling—backward somersaults and all that. And, of course, I used to show off around the house.

So the neighbors used to call me out on the sidewalk and say, 'Willy, do us a couple of back-flips,' and I would—for a nickel or a dime.

"But one day I missed the last flip, and came down on the hard sidewalk on my hip. I'll spare you the details of the operations I had, and the long months in the hospital—anyhow, when I came out, I was like that"—he indicated the picture—"my right leg was in a brace, and was shorter than the other. I told myself that I simply wouldn't go through life a semicripple, and I started in to make myself over.

"I studied physical-culture books, I spent hours at the gymnasium, and I worked out a scientific schedule for myself. When I commenced, I weighed one hundred and thirty; in two years, when I was twenty-one years old, I weighed two hundred and ten."

Bill Russell paused, and I demanded detailed information as to how he did it. Not that I ever expect to reach the two-century mark on the scales—but ten pounds would be a welcome addition.

"Exercise," he responded. "Regular eating and sleeping, deep breathing exercises every morning, a cold bath every day of the year, and a wineglassful of olive oil with a dash of salt taken every afternoon. I'll guarantee a course of training like that will put weight on any one, no matter how thin they are."

I mentally put olive oil down on my shopping list, but not for the world would I have interrupted him.

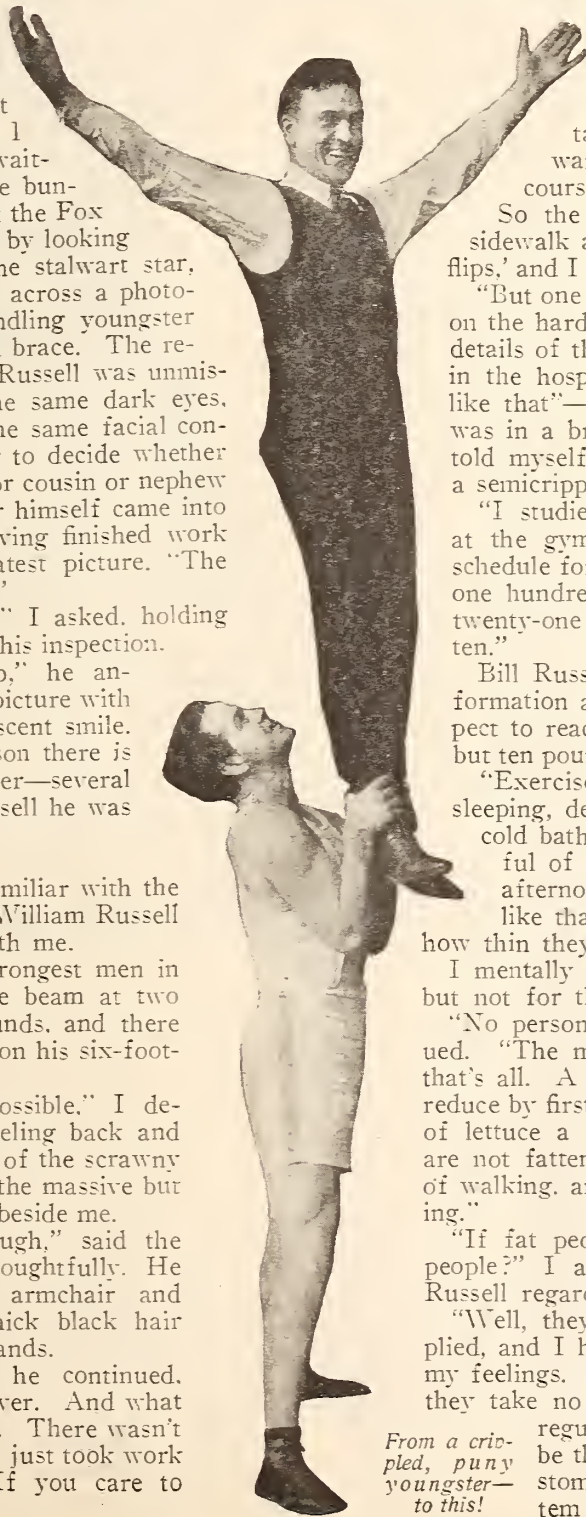
"No person need to be without health," he continued. "The man or woman who is too fat, is lazy—that's all. A person who is inclined to corpulency can reduce by first fasting for ten days—eating only a head of lettuce a day—and then beginning on foods that are not fattening. Fat people should do a great deal of walking, and should take regular gymnasium training."

"If fat people are lazy, what would you call thin people?" I asked, anxious to hear the worst. Bill Russell regarded me speculatively.

"Well, they are—inconsistent, we'll call it," he replied, and I have an idea that he was trying to spare my feelings. "Thin people never eat properly, because they take no time to it, and they very rarely eat at

From a crippled, puny youngster—to this!

regular intervals. Breakfast for them should be the important meal of the day, because the stomach is ready to receive food, and the system is capable of assimilating it. And thin



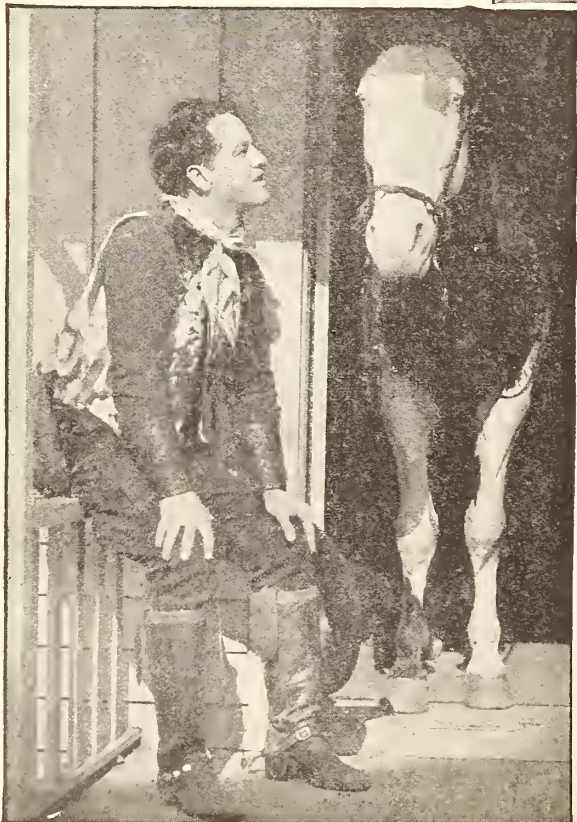
people should pay a great deal of attention to deep breathing—that builds up the chest, and they should take exercises to develop their arms and legs.”

I hadn't thought before to ask Mr. Russell just how he acquired his strictly scientific knowledge of what to do and how to do it, in regard to health and hygiene.

“I was with a school of physical culture for three years,” he told me, “and later I was an instructor at Muldoon's establishment. Then I went on the stage—I won second prize for the most perfectly built man in America at Madison Square Garden, and later I became the amateur boxing champion of America. In those days the care of the body was more than a hobby with me, I was a fanatic about it. Whenever I saw a man or woman who was too fat or too thin, I'd think to myself—‘How unnecessary that is—why don't you get to work and put yourself in proper shape?’ I had a pretty good chance to study humanity in the flesh when I was life guard at the Chicago Beach Hotel. Oh, yes, I've done a little bit of everything. I've bronzed radiators for twenty-five cents an hour, have been a boxing instructor, and once had ambitions to be a jockey. My first work on the stage was in a boxing act. Later I became ambitious to be a real actor. I studied every book and theory of dramatic expression and the technique of acting. In fact, I went to work to learn acting just as I worked to gain



Russell's first stage experience was in a boxing act.



His love of out-of-door life has helped him keep his splendid health.

health and muscle. Gee, the knocks I got, and the disappointments.” He paused soberly, with a reminiscent expression. “But the thing that helped me most was the belief that I was going to achieve what I had set out to accomplish. Right thinking has more to do with health and success than athletic training. If it hadn't been for my faith in overcoming difficulties, I'd never have had the determination to make myself over.”

I asked Mr. Russell if his picture work gave him much opportunity for keeping up his physique.

“Almost none,” he replied. “I could get flabby in two months if I'd let myself do it. But I won't. I often dismiss my car and walk downtown just to keep in trim—I do shadow boxing every morning, and I always fast for ten days in the spring to clear out my system.”

Mr. Russell criticized the way women try to keep beautiful by means of cosmetics. Exercise, he said, and regular hours would do more for the figure and complexion than a “whole” avenue of beauty parlors.

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Chidester thought there was just nobody like Bryant Washburn. And they think so yet.

"But during my courtship I had to go home every night at ten o'clock!" exclaimed Bryant. "That was father Chidester's cruel rule. Even the night before we were married they sent me home at the same old fatal hour."

Those were the very nicest evenings in the whole world that they had alone together in their new home, Bryant Washburn and Mabel Chidester that was. You remember "Skinner's Dress Suit" and *Honey*? It was just like that all over again with them. Mabel learned to cook nicely, and when Bryant came home it wasn't to a funny actors' boarding house, but to a lovely young wife and a nicely cooked dinner.

"And then one day—" as the subtitles say—see business of making booties, robes, and other funny little thingumys. Because Sonny was coming! He came one bright autumn morning. Of course, his real name is Bryant, but nobody ever calls him that. Sonny was born in the little flat, and proved an admirable infant. He never cried at night or got a pain in his stomach that made his dad have to sit up with him and lose his beauty sleep—his dad's, I mean—Sonny himself made no pretensions to beauty at the time.

But Bryant's salary had to be stretched to meet the new needs. He worked and worked along for two years. Like *Honey*, in "Skinner's Dress Suit," Mabel thought he ought to have his salary raised—raised a lot. So she set out to learn what was wrong, why a man with Bryant's genius wasn't getting his name in electric lights everywhere. Finally they decided together it was the stories he was doing. To be sure they were as good as anybody's stories, but not, Mabel was sure, good enough for Bryant.

One afternoon when Sonny was taking his nap and everything was quiet in the flat, or as quiet as it ever gets in Chicago, Mabel sat reading a magazine. She turned the pages rather idly; then suddenly she sat up straight, as a title caught her eye, "Skinner's Dress Suit." When she was halfway through with the story, she jumped up, ran to where Sonny was sleeping in his crib and cried: "I've got it! Here's the very story for Bryant!" Of course, Sonny awoke with a start and didn't appreciate the situation at all, but began to cry, but Mabel danced about like a girl. She thought she'd tele-

phone to Bryant about it, and then she thought no she wouldn't, but would wait and watch his face when he came home. He wasn't fairly in the house, of course, when she rushed to meet him with a glow on her face and the magazine in her hand. Manlike he was quite able to wait until after dinner for the story, and then they sat with their faces close together and read the tale of the good fortunes that came to *Skinner* because he dared to buy a dress suit.

"Oh, the author will want a lot of money for that!" was Bryant's comment.

"Well, Essanay will pay it!" replied Mrs. Washburn, all full of enthusiasm and the glow of optimism

Chaplin Found Him—

and pronounced him a genius!

And, according to all predictions, five-year-old Jackie Coogan will be the talk of five continents when Chaplin's forthcoming masterpiece, "The Kid," is released. For Chaplin was so pleased with his juvenile discovery that he built the picture which he considers his masterpiece around the boy, and gave him a big share in its honors.

Before You See "The Kid"

you'll want to know something about Jackie Coogan.

You can do so by reading the January issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. For in it the youthful genius will make his bow to the fans in an interview entitled,

"Mr. Chaplin's Partner"

You'll find him a most amazingly interesting youngster.

superinduced by the story. "I—I'm going to ask them myself!"

And so it turned out. That is, she went with Bryant to the heads of Essanay, and together they approached the subject of the story. If you knew Mrs. Washburn you'd know how hard it is to refuse her anything. The final outcome of it was that Essanay did buy the "Skinner" story for Washburn, and when the picture came out—well, if Mabel hadn't been a Chidester she would have cried for joy.

For Bryant Washburn was famous. Known and liked before, his pictures were now in demand everywhere. So "Skinner's Dress Suit" proved not only lucky for *Skinner*, but lucky for the Washburns, too.

That first night it was released in Chicago, Bryant and Mabel sat in the back of the house, where it was dark, and held hands. Only Bryant

affected to kid the picture a good deal. And twice afterward that evening Mabel dragged him around the corner to surprise her Bryant's name in electric lights. Bryant's salary went up and up after that, and the little flat was exchanged for a big one, while a neat maid in a cap was added to the household ménage. The old *Skinner* charm seemed to work right along, for pretty soon along came the offer from Pathé which took the Washburns to California. When they reached the Western State they never stopped a minute until they had bought a large, handsome home in Hollywood, where there was a big, sunny back yard for Sonny to play in. Next, Washburn got the contract from Famous Players-Lasky, which made his name assured everywhere. His wife continued reading stories for him, and he played a score of good parts in comedy, with every one adding new laurels to his name. *Skinner* and *Honey* in their happiest days never were happier than Bryant and Mabel in those days.

It was there in the new house that baby Dwight was born. Followed soon the Washburn's first big trouble. The new baby was taken very ill, and there were many days and nights when neither Bryant nor Mabel stirred from his bedside. Somehow the little fellow pulled through, but he didn't rally, and one day the doctor gave forth his dictum: there must be a transfusion of blood from the veins of some strong, healthy person to the baby if the little one was to live. Of course, Bryant at once offered, the operation was performed, and from that day on the child began to thrive.

If I have dwelt too much on Bryant's professional career in connection with his romance it was only because that love affair was so inextricably connected with the fact that his sweetheart and his wife was his helpmeet, and I can't tell about their devotion at all without mentioning his work.

The *Skinner* luck goes right on working. Bryant Washburn now has his own company, with every prospect bright for success. "Luck," did I say? It's a lot deeper than that—the Bryant Washburns' good fortune. I think it springs not only from real excellency of mind and talent, but somehow from foundations of real character in the man and his wife.

Because you know, as well as I do, that it wasn't just *Skinner's* dress suit that brought *Skinner* luck.

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The producers who catch the quarters of the guileless Tommies, the curious Dorothys, and the wives who like to run away in the afternoon to see problem plays, continue to play up the world, the flesh, and the devil. And because there are a lot of people who cannot resist the temptation to know why girls go wrong, these pictures gather in a floating patronage.

But take yourself, for instance. We will suppose that you are neither a guileless Tommy nor a curious Dorothy. Perhaps you are simply a person of breeding and education who isn't the least bit interested in why men leave their wives or why girls go wrong. Wouldn't you stay away from a theater that was showing a picture called "Neglected Wives" or "Why Women Sin?" In the first place, the vulgarity of the title would keep you out of the theater. In the second place, you would be afraid of seeing something rather common and boresome.

This particular picture was not as bad as its title. A woman I know who saw it said that it was rather good in its way. It was not made to appeal to the sophisticated, but it did not live down to the title that had been wished on it. The man who had given it its name had a perfect genius for misstatement. There was scarcely any sin and only one neglected wife.

When a man makes a good picture and then descends to the expedient of giving it a title that insinuates that it is not a good picture for women and children to see, he does the picture an injustice. For he keeps from the theater the very class of persons who are capable of appreciating artistic work. Personally we think that Cecil B. De Mille would be just as well known and much more highly respected if he had kept the piquant question mark out of his films.

Looking over the titles of some recent releases, a man with a censorious turn of mind might believe that there is more sex on the screen than in all French literature. In the last few months you might have seen: "Why Change Your Wife?" "A Lady In Love," "The Devil's Riddle," "The Married Virgin," "The Right to Love," "Ashes of Desire," "Man's Plaything," "The Discarded Woman," "The Path She Chose," "Love Without Question," "Mother of His Children"—described as a story of high life in Paris—"Would You Forgive?"

"Love's Harvest," "Stronger Than Death," "His Wife's Money," "A Modern Salome," "The Woman and the Puppet," "The Woman Game," "The Woman God Sent," "Just a Wife," "The Amazing Woman," "Mothers of Men," "Sex," "Madonnas and Men," "Tarnished Reputations," "The Deadlier Sex," "Forbidden," "Paid in Advance," "When a Girl Loves," "The Forged Bride," "When a Man Loves," "The Midnight Bride," "Dollars and the Woman," "Sinners," "Love Without Question," "The Virgin of Stamboul," "Indiscreet Wives," "The Love Expert," "Romany, Where Love Runs Wild," "Love, Honor, and Obey," and "The Invisible Divorce."

Most of these films were good productions. In many cases, even the titles are fairly harmless. But

DO YOU HAVE TO DIET TO KEEP THIN?

Many of the leading stars do, and an account of the different diets which they adhere to has been prepared for us by Fritzi Remont.

These may or may not be of any practical value to you—but in any case the story will interest you.

It will appear in the January issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

isn't the theme getting a little monotonous?

The discrepancy between the titles of motion pictures and the actual contents of the stories themselves is a wide one. By its names, the screen is continually giving you the impression that it is a fearless breaker of conventions, a merciless exposé of vice, and a truthful mirror held up to nature. Moreover, through its titles, it continually insists that love is the greatest thing in life—and it promises to prove it.

As a matter of fact the screen is as proper as your maiden aunt. It is as gentle as your grandmother. It is properly and decently conventional. It believes in law and order and in virtue triumphant. It cannot be cynical; it seldom achieves sophistication. With all its talk about breaking up homes and ignoring marriage, it believes in the happy ending. The golden-haired darling always unites the quarreling couple in the last reel. Once you get beyond the captivating and tantalizing title of the problem play, you will

find that the screen stands for law and order. It must.

The screen has not been eminently successful in exposing vice. Nor has it held the mirror up to the darker side of nature. The early "white-slave" pictures were made to fool a trusting public. They were hopeless melodramas. The orgies in cabarets and dance halls were dismal affairs. They wouldn't fool a sophomore in a Middle Western freshwater college. Its vampires are unconvincing creations. In spite of its titles the only kind of nature it mirrors with true success is the simplicity of Mary Pickford, the genial humor of Charles Ray, Will Rogers, and Douglas MacLean, the satire of Charlie Chaplin, the ingenuousness of Harold Lloyd, the art of John Barrymore, and the adventure spirit of Hart, Fairbanks, and Mix.

As for preaching that love is the greatest thing in the world, you will find no such doctrine in the average picture. The love interest is always present, but you will find little undiluted romance. There were two conventional adaptations of "Romeo and Juliet," but the screen gives us no "Tristan and Isolde," and no real "Romeo and Juliet." The screen caters to a practical public which believes that while love is undoubtedly a great institution there are many other important things in life. If you will think over the pictures you have seen recently, you will find that love not unmixed with other motives. The love interest is generally served up with such exacting additions as train robbers, business, murders, prohibition, politics, ambition, shipwrecks, racing, and assorted fights. But the love part is the only motive that figures in the title.

When persons who do not understand the dark and mysterious ways of the film makers, see the names of pictures without seeing the pictures themselves, they judge the screen by its scarlet labels. And then they agitate for censorship. Producers who have titled the films to catch the careless quarters are obliged to put up larger dollars to prove that motion pictures really need no censorship other than public opinion. All this juggling only goes to prove the now bromidic expression that it is a young industry.

Incidentally, Cecil B. De Mille's newest picture is called "Something To Think About." We hope he doesn't change his mind about it, because we do not believe that it will scare any one away from the box office.

WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LOW

and all within is snug and cosy despite the howling wind and drifting snow without—when sparkling eyes reflect the firelight's glow, and the lilt of melody tingles through our veins—then do we know the sweet thrill of real companionship, when soul meets soul on that blessed plane of mutual understanding to which music opens the way. And of all music, there is none so intimately, humanly appealing as the silvery voices of

Gibson Instruments

Really, a GIBSON is more than a mere instrument. It is a pal; an understanding friend; comforting; cheering; always ready to sing our heart thoughts; exquisite in design, finish and tone—truly a GIBSON is a "joy forever."

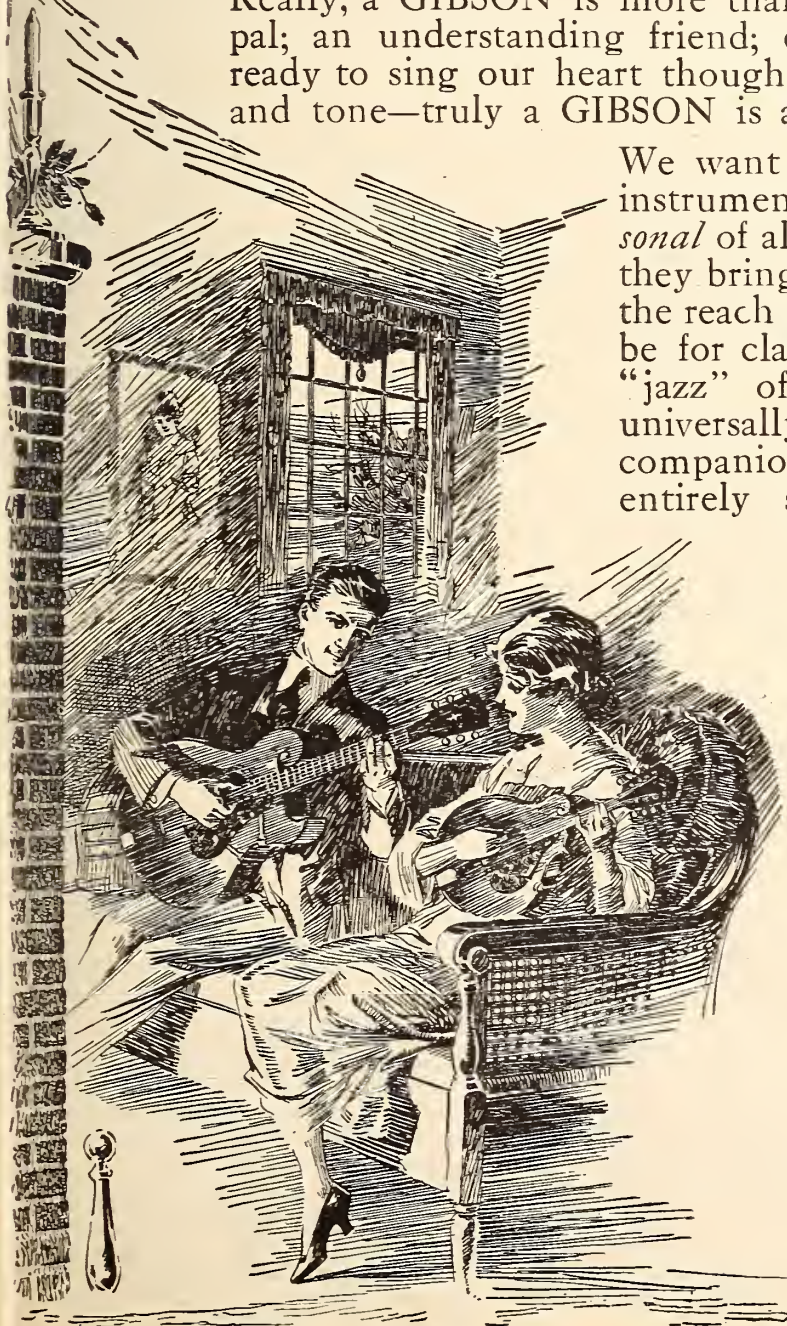
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HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William

Lord Wright

The Plot's the Thing

The best newspaper man I ever knew, a man who could "smell a story" a mile away, who knew the heart interest of that story, the high lights, what the story would be worth in type—well, that particular newspaper man could not write an acceptable yarn to save his life. He knew the value of a story, and there were a lot of rewrite men who could supply the style and the color. This newspaper man drew a bigger salary than any of the literary personages who dressed up his stories. He had a nose for news—a sense of dramatics—he knew plot and story value.

A similar situation is obtaining more and more in the preparation of motion-picture plots. New stories, plots, situations, are at a premium. Any studio can summon three or four good continuity writers—men and women who can dress a plot in proper form, but no studio can summon three or four men and women who can give a new, fresh plot angle at a moment's notice.

It sums up to this: the day is here when the plotter—the person who can invent new business for the screen—is well remunerated; those who put the ideas into scenario form are the rewrite men and women of the movies.

That is why the synopsis carrying a new plot angle is so eagerly seized upon. Style, word paintings, verbose copy are not essential—are not at all necessary. The studios do not want "literature." You do not necessarily have to be a novelist to succeed in writing for the screen—you must know life—and have the gift for writing dramatic plots.

Another Art

Mr. Willard King Bradley, the author of many successful screen plays, in an interesting article on photo-play writing appearing in the *Writers' Magazine*, tells of another angle to the work of the photo dramatist. He writes:

In addition to puttering around the studio and laboratory, I have served an apprenticeship in the exploitation and advertising departments of two of the largest concerns in order to get the exhibitor's angle, and the reception tendered the various pictures at the box office. There is an art in knowing what to write, just as there is an art in knowing the current market.

The person who really knows the psychological value of a picture can always find employment with the wise producer. The art of knowing how a main title will

appeal, not only to the "upper crust" but to everybody; the art of mentally picturizing how some spectacular scene in the picture will play up on posters; the art of fitting a main title to the picture exhibitor's needs for lobby displays, posters, newspaper stories, et cetera—for the exhibitor must make money if the producer is to profit—all this knowledge is useful. The box-office angle of the pictures is too little known in many studios. The writer of this department makes it a rule to see every picture which he has been connected with—to see every picture in a first-class theater. Music lights, audiences work marvelous changes, and a close

study of how the picture is received by the audiences always teaches me something. I have learned that something which I and my associates had expected to be a "sure-fire" effect, calculated to get a laugh or a tear, is not sure fire, and that some other incident or climax, which we thought of less importance, has a greater effect on the audience. You never know what an audience is going to do, and as an audience receives a production so ultimately does the exhibitor receive it. He may get a prejudice against certain picture makers, and favor certain others—because his audiences do likewise, and an exhibitor must

please the patrons of his house or he will not last long.

Seeing Ourselves

"Seeing Ourselves as the Scenario Editor Sees Us," is the title of an interesting résumé written by Mr. Leo James of his experiences while traveling along the rocky road to success as a writer of photo plays. He clearly sets down his adventures and what he says is so true that I take pleasure in presenting his statements in toto. His idea regarding the presentment of the atmosphere of the story and a brief version of the plot on the first page of the manuscript is good. The professional writers do it. Mr. James states that Westerns are not wanted by the particular company for which he has been reading. He is right. Take a tip and do not attempt Westerns for any company. Europe has tired of Westerns, and several stars who have specialized in Westerns are turning to other local color. But now for his experiences:

About two months ago, having a few hundred dollars in the bank, I resigned my position on a newspaper, and came to Los Angeles, determined to learn what I could about motion-picture scenario writing. I concluded that in the capitol of the film world I could find out quicker than in any other place just what

Continued on page 80

QUESTIONS concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, when accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Beginners, however, are advised first to procure our "Guideposts for Scenario Writers," a booklet covering all the points on which beginners usually wish to be informed, which will be sent for ten cents. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with statements of the kinds of stories they want, may procure our Market Booklet for six cents. *Please note that we cannot read or criticize scripts.*

The Land of Romance

Few people realize that they may enter into this charmed land, and contribute to it. Novices?—the greatest artists were once of that class. Chances?—just as many as in any other walk of life. You simply haven't tried.



New Opportunities In Photoplay Writing

Open to All Who Have Ideas

WHO will say that he or she has not average ideas and imagination about life? And who has not thought, in the theatre, that they have as good or better ideas for photoplays than some they have seen on the screen?

And did you know that literary ability has nothing to do with this new art?

One doesn't need "style" or vocabulary, but simply good ideas and the ability to express them clearly.

For photoplays are not written as stories

are, or as plays for the stage. They are built of ideas, which are put into pictures, arranged in a certain way.

Those who would write photoplays are concerned with that particular arrangement. And now there's a way in which you can learn how to arrange your ideas.

When you have learned that, you have learned to write photoplays in the form acceptable to producers.

And producers will rejoice as much as you in your new success.

The PALMER PLAN is complete, efficient and vitally interesting—it enthralles those who take it up. There is no tedium; in fact one finds in it one of the best of all diversions from other lines of work. Don't say you can't follow it. Don't think you can't win because you have never tried to write. This is a new and different opportunity. Who knows who doesn't try?

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For There's a Famine in Photoplays

THERE'S a need for 5000 new stories and producers must have scores of them to produce at once, for the demand is far exceeding the supply that present writers can prepare. Twenty million people are attending motion picture theatres daily and they are calling for new plays. Their interest must be maintained if the art is to survive. The opportunity to aid is yours. Who will rise to a new and perhaps "unexpected" success on this modern wave? Who is there who hasn't said to himself, "I am capable of doing something that I have not yet found, far better than anything I have ever done"?

The Palmer Plan

THE PALMER PLAN of Photoplay Writing teaches you mainly how to prepare your ideas for acceptance. Then as you progress it develops you in all the fine points of the art. It is both a primary and finishing school, and it has brought out many star writers—Mrs. Caroline Sayre of

Missouri, author of "Live Sparks" for J. Warren Kerrigan; Dorothea Nourse; Paul Schofield, Ince writer; G. Leroi Clarke, who sold his first story for \$3,000; and others who have won success. "His Majesty the American," played by Douglas Fairbanks, is a Palmer student's story. James Kendrick, another student, sold six stories less than a year after he enrolled.

We maintain a Marketing Bureau in Los Angeles, through which students can offer their stories to the big producers if they so desire.

Our Advisory Council which directs our educational policy is composed of Cecil B. DeMille, Thos. H. Ince, Rob Wagner and Lois Weber. All are famous in the industry and would lend their aid to nothing that they would not use themselves.

Twelve leading figures in the profession have included special printed lectures for the course. These lectures cover every essential phase of photoplay plot construction.

is required. I am still here; I am still trying to learn. In the hope that some of my experiences may be helpful to those ambitious folk who are not able to do as I did, I am going to tell you what I have found out. I am going to try and explain to you, from the viewpoint of an outsider, why your cherished manuscript may be in the mails, alongside a rejection slip, this very minute.

I have spent several months in studying scenario writing. I collected a library of texts; I took a correspondence course. I began with a foundation of ten years of successful newspaper work, admittedly excellent training for scenario work. I have attended scores of picture exhibitions in the past eight or nine months, endeavoring seriously to study the technique of productions that were shown, endeavoring to learn what was wanted, what the various stars preferred in the way of rôles.

Here in Los Angeles I ran across an old pal of mine in the newspaper fraternity. He is reading manuscripts for one of the well-known producing companies here. Day after day this man wades through scores and hundreds of manuscripts that the mail man out in Hollywood staggers into the office with.

(And right here, before I forget it, let me insert a parenthetical hint. Out at the office of this company they call the postman "Mr. Postage Due!" For it is a fact that every day manuscripts come in on which there is postage due, the authors having neglected—willfully or carelessly—to attach sufficient postage. "In some studios they simply decline to accept manuscripts upon which there is postage due," my friend the reader said. "We are a bit more liberal than that; we accept the expense ourselves, though it amounts to more than you might think in a month." Now listen, brother—or sister—you may not yet know how to write a salable scenario, but you certainly do know how to have an envelope weighed at the post office, and how to attach sufficient postage. Do it—don't make a bad first impression. If your work is worth anything, it is worth sufficient postage to carry it to the studio—yes, and to bring it back if it is not accepted.)

As I started out to say, this reader friend of mine invited me to take a batch of these manuscripts home with me to read.

"You will learn from these much on 'what not to write,'" he suggested. "You will see the utter futility of trying to find anything screenable in the vast majority of the scripts we receive. You will see how far from the mark most of these misguided 'imminent authors' are shooting. Write me a fifty to one-hundred-word synopsis of each manuscript you read."

I read the first lot he gave me—some fifty, I think. Out of them I found exactly two that had any merit, that did not bore me to tears. And these two, while they undeniably had merit—my reader friend agreed that they had—were wholly unsuited to the type of story required and sought for by this producer. They might have sold elsewhere—they never would have sold to this company. They could not be used unless the producer's whole style and system were changed.

As a consequence of this experience, I have read manuscripts given to me by this reader for the past thirty days—several hundred of them in that time. And in the meantime I have earnestly pursued my study of screen requirements. I have inquired at every turn what was wanted. I have read the trade papers, two or three studio publications that are printed here in Los Angeles, giving the news of the studios and what they are producing, right up to the minute. I have devoted nearly every moment of my time to an intensive study of filmdom from the viewpoint of a would-be scenario writer. And these things are among those that I have learned:

Give the scenario editor a chance! Have a heart! No matter how much better your story may be than the average he finds in his daily grist—and no doubt in your own mind your script is better than the average—give the editor a chance to find out *at once* what you have to offer. Don't force him to wade through ten or twelve typewritten pages of manuscript to see what your story is all about. Give him a brief, condensed synopsis—tell what it is in a paragraph, if you can. Read over your morning paper, and you will discover a principle of news writing that I learned long ago. In a news item the story is told, as nearly as possible, in the first paragraph. In fact, the copy reader tries to tell the story first in the headlines. Consequently, when you pick up your morning paper, you scan headlines first. If you see something that interests you, you read the first paragraph. And by the time you have read that far, you know whether it is an item you want to read more about.

Suppose, then, that your scenario is a Western story, full of gun play, Indians, scouts, trappers, cowboys, or what not. This particular company I am thinking of has absolutely no facilities for filming that sort of picture. They are not in the market for such material, and even though you wrote the best Western that was ever turned out, it would be rejected. Let your first paragraph tell what sort of a story you have, the kind of people that are in it, the setting or locale, the theme. If you find it difficult to accomplish this in the first paragraph, start out with

a brief synopsis, possibly one typewritten page, skeletonizing the whole story. Then follow it with the detailed synopsis.

The reader will bless you if you do this; and next time he sees your name at the head of a manuscript, he will not pick it up so resentfully. He feels you have some knowledge of requirements, that he can "get you" and your idea without struggling through a mass of verbiage that is utterly a waste of time to him, and to you. For, when he reaches your manuscript, he may have been through a dozen that were the silliest, most impossible piffle imaginable. Being human, he is mentally tired and on edge. He unconsciously thanks you if he picks up your manuscript and finds a condensed synopsis—brief, businesslike, very much to the point. You have a friend at court right away.

Another thing worth remembering is that ninety-five per cent of the millions who go to motion pictures in these United States are "from Missouri." Yep—they have to be shown! In other words, they are "wise." You cannot choke impossible situations, impossible people, impossible actions, impossible, or even improbable, stories, down their throat. They won't take them. If you don't believe it, do as I have done—stand in the lobby of some picture theater for several evenings, and listen to the comments of the patrons as they come out. "Nothing to it!" "Utterly absurd!" "That never could have happened in real life!" I am sure you will hear that from folks who have seen pictures which even producers have believed might be accepted. What, then, about *your* story, which even the producer is afraid to take a chance on because of its unnaturalness?

Imagine this: The story of a strange tribe in the desert of Sahara, known as the "Lamas!" Imagine a girl wandering in the Sahara, carrying a blue light, which is seen by the hero, who, after riding for twenty-four hours to investigate, comes upon the girl carrying the light! Yet that, and many other incidents just as ridiculous, were contained in a manuscript I read a few days ago, submitted with a letter in which the ignorant, egotistical author advised the producer he better buy at once—that he had just refused an offer of two hundred dollars for the script! Such transparent idiocy does not get anywhere; yet it is nothing out of the ordinary.

Just remember, too, that the vast majority of the people who visit picture houses are adults. When they read a book they do not read Grimm's fairy tales, nor do they read the works of Horatio Alger. They read stories of grown-ups, doing the things that grown-ups do, in the way that grown-ups do them. They read stories of fiction folk who live and move and breathe and love and struggle in the same world with them. So, when they go to picture shows, they want to see people with whom they can sympathize, or whom they can hate, or love. They want to see people doing the little, ordinary, commonplace things of life in a big way. They want to laugh a bit; they enjoy feeling a lump rise in their throats over the trials of the heroine; they want natural human beings, doing natural, human things.

Looking over a batch of manuscripts that lie here on my table as I write, I fail to find among them one single scenario that measures up to the above requirements. Either they are full of the dull, monotonous activities of uninteresting people who are not doing things that inspire, or they are full of the most bizarre, impossible, unnatural people and activities conceivable. Your screen characters must have natural folks doing natural things in an inspiring, entertaining way, or the reader is apt to hope your hand becomes palsied before you are ever able to write another script.

Not So Unusual

John Langdon Jones, in a letter writes the following: "A friend, who to my knowledge had no particular literary ability, wrote last winter a scenario. She sent it somewhere and received a check for five hundred dollars. Is that unusual? It occurred to me that perhaps I might try the same thing, although my literary work has never taken me into the movie field. There seems no slackening in that direction. What are the chances for a free lance? Evidently a beginner can do something even if it be for only five hundred dollars."

Five hundred dollars is the average price paid for a motion-picture story to average five reels. It is a fair enough price, too, for a beginner more frequently gives just an idea for a new plot angle with, perhaps, one or more situation ideas; the detailed business must be supplied by the writer of the continuity and by others. Literary ability is a requisite in so far as originality is concerned and the ability of putting down on paper the idea. There are one or two editors who

Continued on page 82



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Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 80

will not purchase the first plot submitted by an unknown writer, no matter how good that plot may be. This is because the editor, not having read everything that has ever been written, is sometimes fearful of taking a chance and having some old plot "put over" on him in a new guise. However, the experienced editor can generally judge, and "first offerings" are in demand, if superior. But there is no royal road to success. We recall a prodigy whose first two offerings sold on sight at top prices, and, try as he would, he could never sell another plot. Evidently this writer's originality became exhausted early. And then we know of another instance where an ambitious writer came to be regarded as a pest. Every week or so a new movie plot was submitted, and not one was up to standard. Finally, after the eighth or tenth submission, the manuscripts did not arrive so frequently—one came along and was good. Two months, and then another good one. This author concluded to work more slowly and carefully and thoughtfully—and those were the essentials for success.

The House of Twenty Stars

Continued from page 33

ANN: You mean the one that makes you look like an accident going somewhere to happen?

ZASU: Yes, that's the one, and believe me, I won't sell it to you if I have to sit around and look at it for the rest of my life!

All of which disconcerted Ann not the least bit. And no one seemed to sympathize with ZaSu. They figure that since she is drawing down a thousand dollars a week she can afford to be stung once in a while.

I suppose I've left out the most important things about the Hollywood Studio Club—I haven't mentioned that it is under the supervision of the Y. W. C. A.—nor have I said anything about the wonderful system that prevails—despite the lack of rigid rules. I was frankly more interested in the girls—and the hats.

It is customary, I believe, for visitors to the club to send some token of their appreciation of its hospitality. The Rockefellers, after having tea there, sent twenty huge boxes of candy the next day. The candy is gone, but the boxes are used for toilet articles, and each one is named "Rockefeller."

So, if you should happen to call at the club and some one should tell you that Emma-Lindsay Squier has laid an egg, don't be shocked. They will be referring to the ban-tam hen that is my contribution to the House of Twenty Stars.

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Concerning Carmel's Past

Continued from page 59

seem to have such a healthy color, even under paint and powder, in contrast with lily-pallid city girls of the East.

"I saw ever so many old friends. Houston Peterson came backstage one night. He's a professor—at Columbia—now, and talks in a deep, deep voice—and looks the part!"

We laughed.

Mamma Myers had been gazing earnestly at me.

"Are you the young man who came home with my son Zion one time and ate up the chicken for our Sunday dinner while I was away?" she demanded.

"No, no, mother," Carmel fibbed tactfully. "That was somebody else."

"Well, I just wondered," said Mrs. Myers. Then she amicably changed the subject.

"Carmel made her first stage appearance in 'The Lady of the Lake' at the old Custer Street school," she told me. "She wore a Scotch costume and was ever so excited about the play."

"Yes," said Carmel, "and my hero was a blond six-footer who forgot his lines in the middle of a passionate love scene."

"You were sitting on a nail keg," said Mrs. Myers.

"Supposed to be a rock."

"With bottles scattered around."

"Mother, that was part of the scenery! What made me feel bad was ringing down the curtain. But they raised it again, and we started over, and I prompted the hero in all his lines."

"You weren't doing any acting at Los Angeles High, were you, Carmel?"

"Only in our cellar at home. I was a scrub—only in the ninth grade—so all I could do at school was debate. The teacher in journalism used to accuse me of being crazy about the boys, and I wasn't at all. I was afraid of them—except that I liked to talk to you and Morris."

Then we chatted about school-mates—the class poet, the girl-hater who married, the star debater who got a job in a pickle factory, and the verses Carmel used to contribute to the weekly I helped edit.

"Oh, and do you remember that beauty show at school—the one you won second prize in?" I demanded.

"Do I? Bessie Love was in that contest, too—we rode on the same float in the parade, as maids of honor.

"That was the very happiest year of my life—up till then!"

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 70

I live in a town of ten thousand inhabitants. My friends among the young married crowd take no interest in the movies, nor do I—at home. We used to go to them a few years ago, when we were in high school, but only as a lark—we never took them very seriously. The reason we never go any more is that the three theaters in the town are old, small, stuffy, and smelly. They're all owned by one man, I believe, and he's satisfied with the way things are, I presume. Why should people with nice homes and plenty of other diversions want to go to a run-down, dirty theater?

But a few weeks ago I came to New York for a visit. To my surprise I found that the people I visited went to the movies a great deal, as did their friends. How could this be, I thought, when New York offers so many, many wonderful forms of entertainment and amusement?

I soon learned. I was taken one night to that marvelous picture palace, the Capitol Theater. What I saw and heard there was a revelation. Then I went to the Rivoli and the Rialto and some of the others. I began to see what we were missing back home. I've become a rabid picture fan, and when I go back home I'm going to preach the gospel of pictures, and see if I can't talk some one into building a decent theater, for I know now what we are missing there.

ELLEN M. HALLENBY, Hotel Quarrels,
New York City.

Where Chicago Beats New York.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Not long ago I had occasion to take an Eastern trip; and, during my stay, I was forced to depend for information on the newspapers of the cities I visited.

One fact struck me very forcibly. With the exception of one New York daily, the Eastern exhibitors and newspapers are miles behind those of Chicago. In New York, for instance, after deciding that I would like to visit a few of the picture houses, I discovered that an even half dozen programs were offered for inspection in the columns of the daily press. In Boston conditions were somewhat better, but not much. I believe I counted about a dozen programs in the Boston papers.

During the last convention of the Elks in Chicago I chanced to meet a number of out-of-town visitors who were interested in pictures, and it was a pleasure to hear their remarks in regard to the way the Chicago newspapers handled their motion-picture pages. The fact that more than one hundred motion-picture theaters advertised their bills through the medium of the daily press made a great hit with the out-of-towners. It gave them a chance to do a little judicious selecting.

As an unprejudiced and impartial observer, I would suggest that Eastern photo-play editors and exhibitors ought to get together and inform the movie-going public as to what pictures are to be seen—and where. JAY DEE SEE—Chicago, Ill.

What Happened to Ruth

By BEATRICE IMBODEN

It was Spring on the campus! Fairies had come and suddenly spread over the gray buildings and brown lawns a mystic net interwoven of green and gold, of fragrance and sunlight.

But there was no Spring in the heart of a slender, dark-eyed girl crossing the quadrangle. Her sombre expression caught the eyes of a friend.

"Cheer up, Ruthie! Maybe it's not so bad as you think," laughed this rosy-cheeked maiden, slipping her arm in Ruth's.

"Dot, what's the use of it all?" passionately burst out Ruth. "I'm going to quit college! I'm young, alive—I don't want to grind away three more dull years!"

"Why—gracious me!—college is just the place where one can have good times!"

"You know it is not—for us!" Ruth repressed her almost sternly. "Let's be frank, for once. You and I don't have good times. We just study and go to poky lectures and slip into the hack seats of concerts so no one will notice our clothes. And that's all! No, I'm going to stop! I'll go to the city next year and work. Maybe I can save some money."

"For what?" asked Dot.

"For clothes! Of course! What do you suppose I'm haranguing about?" jerked out Ruth. She turned her head away quickly. "I wouldn't care if I could have just one new Spring suit—I wouldn't ask for many clothes!"

"Oh," murmured Dot knowingly. For a couple were approaching—a tall, laughing boy with an attractive girl who wore jauntily a pretty Spring costume.

"Why, hello Ruth," exclaimed the boy. "Say, I had a letter from home yesterday. Want to hear the news?"

"I—I haven't time now," and Ruth hurried on, dragging Dot with her.

"Why won't you let Alex talk to you?" reproached Dot. "He's a dear—and about the most popular boy in the University."

"In my old blue suit—and Grace Morrison all fogged out?" demanded Ruth icily.

"She isn't as pretty as you," declared Dot with warmth. But Ruth's gloom was complimentary.

"Well, goodbye. I'm going upstairs to study," she said, as they reached their boarding place. In her room at last, the books lay untouched. She was wistfully recalling a moonlight night last August when she and Alex had planned to spend this Spring together.

They were from the same little town and for years Alex had deserted his fine, big home on the hill to spend evenings in Ruth's rather thread-bare little sitting room, where her school-teacher father and dear mother made him welcome. But in Millersville everyone knew and loved the Allison—clothes didn't count. At college they did, it seemed.

"I don't think all those pretty, happy sorority girls are snobs," Ruth told herself gloomily. "They don't know me and my plain clothes make me awkward and shy."

And it certainly was not Alex's fault—he had tried his loyal best to take her into the circle where his good looks, good clothes, and good car had quickly placed him. But after one or two unhappy evenings, when Ruth had suffered agonies in her plain white graduating frock among hutterfly girls in tulle and silk, she had refused his invitations. Finally, cut by her refusals, he had ceased to see her.

"I don't care!" muttered Ruth. And she flung herself on the couch and sobbed.

Saturday, Ruth's Aunt Susanna ran down from the city to see her.

"She's wonderful!" Ruth told Dot. "Uncle Harvey lost his money three years ago but she manages to dress even better than before. She's so clever!"

Aunt Susanna proved fashionable—and wise. She attended a lecture or two, visited classes and eyed Ruth critically.

"Where are the parties and athletic events and such?" she suggested. "I thought college nowadays was one glad dream for you young folks?"

"Not for me," said Ruth shortly.

"Well, well. I must look into this when you come to visit me in June," and Aunt Susanna deftly turned the subject.

College dragged out to the year's end. Ruth declared she was not coming back.

Dot heard little from her that Summer. But a mysterious card came in June bearing the word "Eureka!" Then one in August. "Meet me at the train in September," which Dot did one crisp Fall morning.

"Where is Ruth?" she was wondering as passengers filed off the train, not recognizing a smart, slender figure in a blue traveling dress whose tailored touches and good lines

simply cried "Style!" Then Ruth hugged her.

"You dear, to come back!" cried Dot. "Why, how stunning you look—and how happy!" Yes. Ruth was more than pretty, she was beautiful now! Some miracle had touched her.

Alex rushed up to her just then. "So glad to see you," he cried. "How dar—er—dandy you look," he rushed on, a little confused. "Our frat gives a little dance tomorrow night. May—may I come for you?" and Ruth smiled acceptance.

After lunch two trunks came for Ruth, much to Dot's amazement. Last year one small one had sufficed.

"I'm dying to know what's in them," Dot said. "May I see? I scent a surprise—you seem so mysterious!"

At once Ruth unlocked one. Then she drew from its tissue paper wrappings a miracle of a visiting costume, soft chiffon velvet, a lovely taupe color, Frenchly set off by a tiny vest of gold and pink brocade. With this went a taupe georgette blouse, beaded in gold, pink and old blue.

"Where in the world did you get that beautiful costume?" Dot was wide-eyed.

Ruth smiled, then lifted out an evening dress, crimson silk, covered with petal-like tiers of tulle, ranging from rose to flame color, shoulder-strapped with tiny hand-made satin roses.

"Ruthie Allison, you don't mean that dream of a gown is yours?"

Not answering, Ruth took out another dress, with panniers and quaint peasant bodice. "Corn color! The color I always said you should wear!" exclaimed Dot.

"Here is my favorite," smiled Ruth calmly, displaying a dainty creation of cream-colored satin and silver lace. Dot gasped. "Pinch me—am I still on earth?" she whispered. "Three party frocks! Surely there can be nothing more!"

But there was—a blue silk "for Sundays," exquisitely braided and faintly touched with scarlet; an intricately draped printed voile, all misty grays and lavenders with a violet girdle; a smart brown serge sailor suit and an even smarter checked woolen frock with clever flare pockets and tiny leather belt.

"Just one more, except for shirtwaists and such," said Ruth, lifting out a wonderful evening coat, aero blue with white marabou collar. Then Ruth faced her friend.

"No, I didn't rob a bank or find a pot of gold," she began. "And I didn't exceed my clothes allowance of \$100." Dot turned frightened eyes on her—something had surely affected Ruth's brain.

"Honestly! I'll prove it by this expense account. Taupe velvet, brocade and georgette, \$28 (I plunged on that costume). Tulle for party gown \$6.50. The foundation was an old red silk cover for our square piano, laid away and forgotten.

"The evening coat was mother's long-ago party cape. The corn-color silk was an old dress of hers. And do you recognize the braided taffeta? My last year's best dress! The other party dress contains three and a half yards of crepe satin and three of silver lace at a cost of \$21.70."

"Don't dare analyze that compound of moonlight and mystery!" commanded Dot.

"The traveling dress was my last year's suit; the checked wool a made-over, too."

"But who made them? Has a Fifth Avenue modiste adopted you?"

"Why, I did!" came Ruth's reply. "You see, Aunt Susanna told me her secret. She learned to sew wonderfully right at home, and she insisted that I could, too. And I did! Why after only four lessons I made some dear 'undies,' two waists and this crepe kimono! Then I made over that checked wool horror Miss Simms, the Millersville dressmaker, had evolved. Don't you like it?"

"It's wonderful! But tell me, how did you learn all this at home? Who taught you? I'm breathless to know!"

"Why, the Woman's Institute, of course. I was soon able to make really elaborate things, so I took a trip to the city and copied some models from a fashionable shop. Then I made some darling clothes for several kiddies at home and earned enough for slippers and boots. During Christmas vacation I've promised to help on a bridal trousseau—and thereby earn my Spring suit!"

"Do you think I could learn to sew, too?" Dot's voice was unsteady now.

"Learn!" exclaimed Ruth. "Why, you couldn't help learning! The text books seem to foresee and answer every possible question. The pictures are simply marvelous and the teachers take just as personal an interest in your work as they do here in the college classrooms!"



"I don't think all those pretty, happy sorority girls are snobs," Ruth told herself gloomily.

"I know that the Woman's Institute has really made me more capable than most professional dressmakers—after just these few months of study at home!"

"Well, you won't be able to keep Alex away now," said Dot meaningly. Ruth's eyes grew dreamy. She saw herself in the moonlight-and-mystery gown, queening it among his frat friends, while he watched jealously, or in the rose-and-flame dress which turned her into a vivid, glowing gypsy, transformed her lips to scarlet petals and eyes to deep dark pools of allurements, listening to an ardent question. And she knew her dream was really a prophecy!

For a sequel to Ruth's story peep into a sorority house the following Spring.

There are Ruth and Dorothy in a group of girls. They had "joined" in the fall.

"And it should have been a year earlier!" exclaimed one girl. "But we never would have known what darlings you two are had we not been attracted first by your delightful clothes! Clothes really are a sign-post to one's character. What are you going to do this Summer, Ruth?"

"I won't tell," she laughed. "But just you girls bring back all the feathers and scraps of velvet you can!"

"I know," said one wise maiden, "the Woman's Institute teaches millinery, too. Going to make us some bridesmaids' hats, Ruthie?" And Ruth's blush was no denial.

What happened to Ruth can happen to you. More than 70,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

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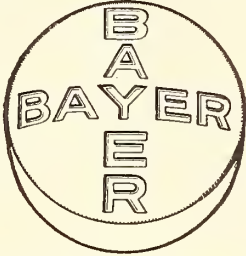
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In the Heart of a Fool

Continued from page 40

"If that boy is hurt—by the God above I'll kill your child, Van Dorn!" she screamed with the madness of a woman who had lost her reason.

As though Fate had turned fiend and challenged the frenzied woman to make good her threat on the life of the little girl in her arms, a bullet fired from the outskirts of the mob crumpled the little boy into an inert mass on the pavement. But the woman dropped the girl and swooned, falling to the ground with one arm, as though for protection, over the dead body of the boy who lay there. And the riot was over. Men can't carry on their own quarrels in the face of women's agony.

A solemn cortège of flannel-shirted men, men from both sides of the fight, who had been ready to kill each other only a few moments before, now walked with Grant Adams, in silence and with bared heads, as he bore the limp body of the boy to the Adams home. The woman was helped to the "palace of love" in which she lived with Van Dorn, and when she revived he faced her alone, accusingly.

"Why did that boy mean so much to you?" Van Dorn demanded, suspicion mingling with rage in his voice.

"That boy"—the woman spoke calmly, slowly—"why, Van Dorn, that boy was my son—mine and Grant Adams'."

Van Dorn was too slow for her. The pistol appeared in her hand as if by magic, and there was a flash, then another and another in quick succession.

And Van Dorn's power for further harm was forever ended—by one of his own kind.

A different fate—as bad as his—was to be hers. A strange light came into her eyes, and she began crooning baby songs to the child who had been shot, her own tiny son, and in imagination rocking him in her arms; there would be no courtroom scandal; the woman had gone insane.

EPILOGUE.

And so it was that life threads which had been snarled by the chance arrival of an interloper were finally though tragically untangled. And so it was that, on a later spring day when time had to some extent dulled the memory of bitter tragedies, Laura Nesbit and Grant Adams strolled once more hand in hand, as fate had first intended, toward life's setting sun.

Unconventional Tommy

Continued from page 72

he knew the part of the gambler would make him famous, so he coerced George Loane Tucker into producing it. And, as a result, they were both made famous.

The starring contract which he signed not long ago carries a salary that passes over two thousand dollars a week, with careful clauses as to "wardrobe supplied," "expenses while on location," and so many pictures a year to be made in New York. Nor did Tommy become dizzy with

the sudden influx of gold and fame. Nothing could lure him into the stellar set of the nouveau riche. He is still without an automobile, a valet, and a palatial manse. He still remembers names and faces as distinctly as he did when looking for a job. And when you ask the question of those who know him, "What do you think of Tommy Meighan?" you get the emphatic response, even from such unsentimental he-regulars as Tony Moreno, "I love him!"

Screen Seasons

WHEN chill winds sweep the Avenue,

And skies are dull and gray,
When all the world seems colorless,
A low'ring winter day,

I hie myself to where I know
Are blossoms nodding gay,
And stretching fields, and distant hills,

And youth and love at play.
Forgotten all the sadness now,
And eagerly I lean

To view the gracious pageantry,
Sweet summer on the screen.

When all the town is sweltering

Where I perforce must stay,
When sadly droop the weary folk
A sultry August day,

I know a place that waits for me,
And gladly there I go,
To find a virgin forest grim,
And miles of trackless snow.

A lovely maid, a dog team waits,
The hero's strong and lean,
What matters the thermometer.

When winter's on the screen!

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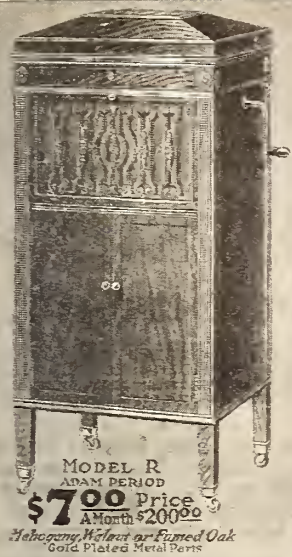
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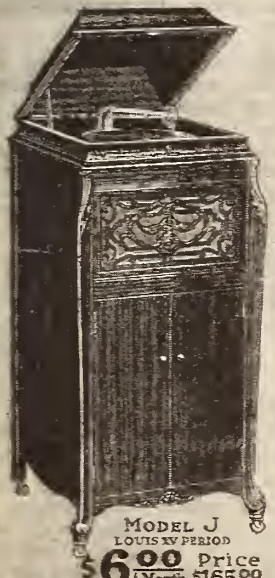
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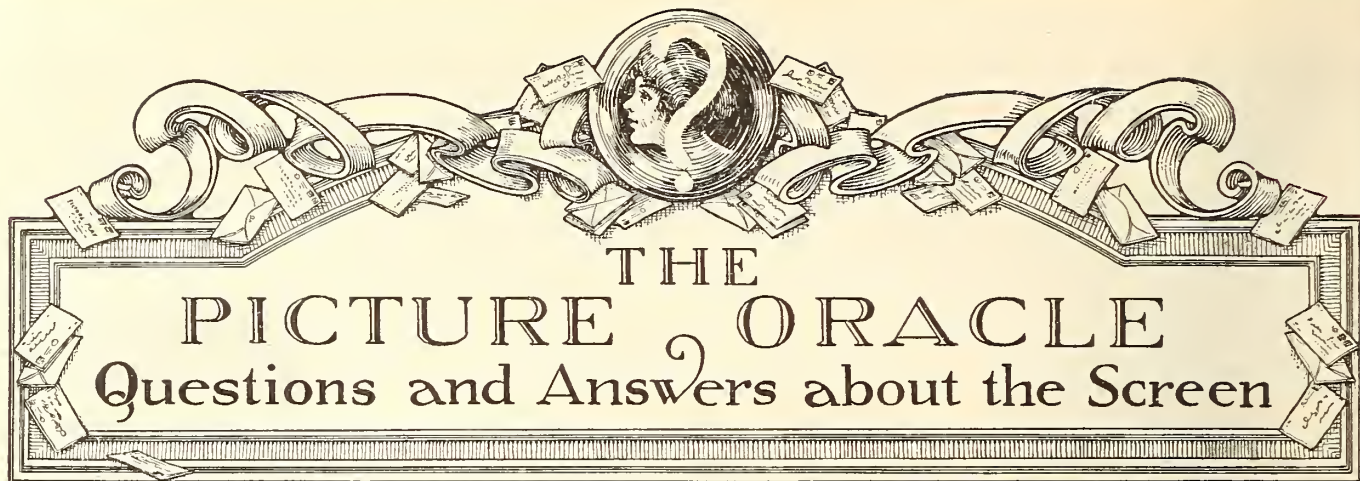
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THE
PICTURE ORACLE
Questions and Answers about the Screen

TERESE.—My goodness! You don't mean to tell me that you don't know that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford recently made one and one—one? Where is your hiding place? Bill Hart has not been caught in cupid's lasso yet. Thomas Meighan's wife is Frances Ring, sister of Blanche Ring, the musical-comedy star. Dorothy Dalton is not married at present. She has no children. Elliott Dexter played the title rôle in the Lasky production of "The Squaw Man." Ann Little was the squaw. Kathryn MacDonald was the English sweetheart. No trouble at all. Come again when you get time.

EDITH JOHNSON ADMIRER.—Edith has dark-brown hair, but she wears a blond wig in her pictures. She and William Duncan are still making serials together for Vitagraph. She was born in Rochester, New York, in 1895. Your other questions have already been answered in the replies preceding yours.

BLOSSOM H.—Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. Mae Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in 1897. Mildred Harris is Mrs. Charles Chaplin. Mary Pickford is the wife of the acrobatic Douglas Fairbanks. Mae Murray is the better half of Robert Z. Leonard, her director. Jean is not married. Jane Grey appears in motion pictures every once in a while.

FRANCIS S.—Mary Miles Minter is at present living in California, where she is making features for Realart.

BILLY.—There is nothing to do but try.

BUBBLES D.—Your Niles Welch question has already been answered in this issue. That's his name. He was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1888. July 26th was the date of the happening. His hair is medium brown and his eyes are blue.

CATHERINE C. E.—Robert Taylor Bien is the correct name of Robert Warwick. He is not married, having been divorced a year ago last October.

MAY W.—No sooner said than done. Your request has been granted. You will find the addresses you want at the end of this department. Don't be so long between letters after this. I shall expect you to keep your promise and be more punctual. Yes?

A MOOVY FAN.—Ralph Graves opposite Dorothy Gish in "Peppy Polly." Wilfred Lytell is Bert's brother. There is no one by that name in pictures. You must have it wrong. Yes, that was Sessue's wife. He was born in 1889. Nazimova hasn't any children.

H. G. JACOBS.—I'll bet your wrist will be sore and your fingers cramped by the

time you write to all those players for their pictures. It ought to take you a couple of days from the looks of the list. You will find all the addresses at the end of this department.

BEULAH MAY.—Bill and Edith are not married. Neither is Peggy Hyland.

I. MARSH.—Look at the end of this department for the addresses you want.

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.

"The Courage of Marge O'Doone," is a Vitagraph production, with Niles Welch in the principal male rôle.

MARY R. B.—"A Cumberland Romance" is the current Mary Miles Minter feature. The latest picture with Blanche Sweet is "The Girl in the Web." Not a bit of trouble, I assure you.

TONY MORENO'S FAN.—Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck in real life. She has no children. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902. Tony Moreno's full name is Antonio Garrido Monteagudio Moreno. I'm sure I don't know whether he can pronounce it or not. I should say he's lucky if he can remember it all. He was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888. There is no "easiest way" to get into pictures. All the ways are mighty hard, so if you're looking for an easy way you had better

not waste your time, because you won't find any. Conway Tearle was born in New York, in 1880. Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896. She has light brown hair and brown eyes.

ALTON W. C.—Fred Stone is not making any features at present, having gone back on the stage. Charles Lynn, or Charles Conklin, as he has changed his name back to his original standing again, is forty years old. The reason for the change from Conklin to Lynn was because he joined Sennett's forces when Chester Conklin was on the same pay roll. Sennett figured the names would cause confusion so he changed Conklin to Lynn. Now Charles has changed it back again.

ALICE JOYCE ADMIRER.—Vivian has not appeared in pictures since then. Jack Mulhall is quite popular with the fans. Jack and Juanita Hansen have not played together since they did that serial for Universal. "Smashing Barriers" is the name of the last William Duncan serial released by Vitagraph.

M. R. M.—Lew Cody's latest picture is called "Occasionally Yours." He was born in Waterville, Maine, in 1885. Jack Holt was born in Winchester, Virginia. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-three pounds. He has dark-brown hair and eyes.

CLEO.—Well, you were on time this month for the second consecutive month. What's going to happen? Monte Blue has come to New York to do a picture for Famous Players-Lasky under the direction of Charles Maigne. They will probably go into Kentucky or Virginia for some mountain stuff. Monte began his motion-picture career for the usual five bones per day—some days. He used to do a lot of doubling, and at one time doubled De Wolf Hopper on the windmill in the Triangle picture, "Don Quixote." Monte sprained his wrist and his ankle doing it, and could not work for several days. He has seen the real hard road to fame, and is just beginning to enjoy some of the fruits of success. More power to him, I say. Don't you?

ANNA MAY.—Write to the editor about pictures in the gallery and articles in PICTURE-PLAY. I have nothing to do with that end of it. "A Corner in Colleens" was produced by Thomas H. Ince for the old Triangle Company. The picture is about three years old. Bessie Barriscale had the feminine lead in this while Charles Ray was the leading male member of the cast. "Nan of Music Mountain" is two years old. Wallace Reid and Ann Little headed the cast.

Continued on page 99

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Some Unique Movie Theaters

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BOOTH had done a good deal of traveling, but the Eastern fan had felt the strain at his pocketbook most. The Western fan's trips, on the other hand, had only cost fifteen cents apiece, plus two cents war tax.

"You know," remarked the Western fan, "I have seen practically every section of the United States in the movies, but my exploring spirit has yet to be appeased. Did you come across any unique picture theaters?"

"I sure did," replied the Easterner. "Let me first tell you of a stunt they pulled off at Coney Island last summer. How would you like to sit on a beach chair with the Atlantic Ocean in front of you and the starlit sky as the roof? Well, this was how I took in the movies during the dog days.

"Down in Texas—at San Antonio, if I recollect rightly—you walk in the Soledad Theater and enjoy a high-class feature. When this is over you travel several flights to the top of the building, where you find a roof garden. You may dance, have refreshments, watch a refined cabaret performance, or you can see a program of short films in the air-drome."

"What else did you unearth in the Lone Star State?"

"All I can say is that the married folks in El Paso with tiny tots to care for have a perfect paradise of a theater in the Alhambra. Parents need not be bothered with a crying baby; all they have to do is to take their offspring to the baby's rest room and check it. It will be placed in one of the eight tiny cots and be cared for by an attendant, and two nurses."

"But an exhibitor here in Seattle," interjected the Westerner, "prevents his audience from being annoyed in another pleasing way. In his theater, at one of the sides, is a glass-enclosed room, where parents with noisy children may sit out the performance.

"On my way North I stopped off at Washington, D. C.," continued the Easterner. "In the business section of Ninth Street there is a theater to which only men are admitted. This looked suspicious to me, but when I observed that the men were allowed to smoke and the films were the same as shown to a mixed audience, I grasped the reason.

"Proceeding to Indiana I unex-

pectantly located a movie theater on a lake steamer. You see, the summer residents along the shore of Lake Wawasee have little facilities for amusements, so of an evening bored folks may step aboard this boat and witness a show.

"Honestly, though, I consider that Detroit possesses the most distinctive photo-play theater in this country, for as you enter the Grand Boulevard Theater you find two distinct auditoriums. In the middle of the building is a sound-proof partition of glass, on both sides of which are seats.

"The screens are located at the two opposite ends of the building, consequently the audiences sit back to back, as it were. The operating booth is situated at the top of the partition, where the films are focused in both directions. The partition, by the way, prevents the music in one auditorium being heard in the other.

"I hate, as you do, to arrive in the middle of a feature, so all I have to do is to enter the other auditorium, where the short films are being shown, and wait until the feature is put on again in the next section. Dandy idea, isn't it?"

"Out in Iowa, at a place called Gladden, is a grocery store; at least, that is what I found it in the morning and afternoon. But when I visited it in the evening a transformation had taken place. The counters are so cleverly constructed that they fold up and cover the shelves. At the far end of the shelf, on which repose tempting eatables, is the canvas screen. The chairs, which accommodate fifty—the entire population of the town—remain during the daytime.

"On my first visit to St. Louis a certain building on Grand Avenue was a Presbyterian church, but the last time I went there the pews had been replaced with opera chairs, with other alterations that transformed it into a regular motion-picture theater.

"I was never more surprised in my life than when I located a photo-play theater in an orchard in a forsaken part of Idaho. Wendall, the town in question, has but a population of about fifty, yet this show runs all the best brands of feature productions and gets ten cents for them. It felt good to be inside with the doors wide open and the pure, country air filtering in. Despite this temptation, I saw no children standing around for a free show."



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The Carey Creed

Continued from page 18

go West, young man, which I did, after the Biograph days in New York. We made some Western stuff with D. W. out here, then, and let me tell you, brother, that man knows just as much about his West as he does about No Man's Land or the London Chinatown.

"After the old Biograph stock company started breaking up, I was offered a very interesting contract by Mr. Laemmle. In addition to starring me, he offered to give me some leeway in picking my stories. That suited me to a T, and I've been Universaling ever since. Some of my pictures have been sort of poor stuff, I know, but at least I have carried on the true Western manner untainted by the ordinary picture treatment of Western customs. I will not wear flapping chaps and fancy shirts, any more than I'll let Reeves Eason close-up me and my horse makin' eyes at one another."

Carey did not say that he was in love with his work. He takes it, it struck me, as a business proposition. He was about to start for Arizona to get some exteriors for "Luck," a forthcoming flicker feature, and with the sun registering ninety-four in the cool foothills of California, the prospect of the Arizona desert was a torrid one, even to the most Pollyanna-minded. This making of movies is not the life of raspberries and cream that the Iowa fan would think it.

"We'll prob'ly fry eggs on some near-by rock," said Carey, with a wry smile of anticipation. "Last time we were down in Palm Springs, getting desert stuff, it was so hot that we worked from four in the morning till ten and loafed the rest of the time."

Bret Harte is Harry Carey's ideal. He "packed the human punch" and would, Carey thinks, have made a satisfaction-guaranteed scenarioist. "Look at 'The Outcasts of Poker Flat' and 'Luck o' Roarin' Camp,'" said Carey. "We made 'em into pictures, and people wrote gobs of letters slingin' bokays in this direction. I think," he continued, "that a producer should get credit when he takes a chance on producing a classic. Give him credit!—Few enough of 'em take that chance, believe you me, brother. I'll stay right here with Carl Laemmle so long as he shows an interest in good pictures. As long as I'm makin' 'em I want to make good ones."

That's fair enough. In fact, as his wife pointed out, that's the Carey creed.

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PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE
Studio 1589, 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 68

wore gingham rompers and looked about ten. Mrs. Pickford and Lottie came on—Mary wanted to, but hasn't been feeling well since she got back from Europe, and Doug thought she'd better not make the trip. Every one in the film world was there, of course, and some of the celebrities were pallbearers—Eugene O'Brien, Owen Moore, Tommy Meighan, Harrison Fisher, the artist who discovered Olive when she first came to New York, Montague Love, and several big theatrical men were included in the list of honorary pallbearers. It rained that afternoon, and—well, it was just one of the things that make you feel that life isn't worth living. I moped for days and then bought a simply villainous hat in a moment of desperation, trying to console myself. And as I dashed out of the shop wearing it and hating myself even then forgetting it, of course, I ran into David Powell—if it hadn't been somebody so good looking I wouldn't have minded so much! He walked three blocks down Fifth Avenue with me, telling me all about how he was sailing for England soon to be featured in a picture

called 'The Mystery Road,' and I hardly heard what he said because I was peeking into all the shop windows we passed to see if I really looked as awful as I thought I did."

"If it was that hat you have on you probably did," I offered by way of consolation.

"It isn't; this is one that ZaSu Pitts bought of Ann May and didn't like, and I traded it to her for a pair of white gloves from France that my brother brought me after the war, that were too big for me. There goes Margarita Fisher—wish I had her eyes!"

"I'd rather have Mae Murray's," I declared. "I'm so glad she's signed again with Famous Players-Lasky—for five years, too. I phoned her my congratulations the minute I heard it."

"So did I," declared Fanny, pulling her fur collar up till it almost hid her eyes. "No, I'm not starting for the north pole—merely for the new Lasky studio on Long Island; Billie Burke's working late, and we're going to have supper together in her darling dressing room; she says it's more attractive than her suite at the Ritz!"

A Brand-new Type of Star

Continued from page 69

for comedy, and sent me over to Mack Sennett, at Biograph, where I made comedies for a year. But I stuck to legitimate make-up," declared Hatton proudly. "Never was I hit with a pie or soused by a leaky hose."

He left pictures for the stage after that, but two years later came back, and since then has appeared in such big productions as "Joan the Woman," "The Whispering Chorus," in which he handled the main part of the action, and "Everywoman." At present he's playing a press agent, *T. Anthony Squibbs*, in "Head Over Heels," with Mabel Normand.

"And I'm allowed to act young—no crutch and no beard; think of it!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "This is a real, live young chap—and incidentally, I'm patterning him a little after Doug Fairbanks' publicity-getter. I often do that in creating a part; fashion them after people I know or characters I've met in books, especially in Thackeray and Dickens."

So if you ever meet Raymond Hatton keep your eye on your own actions—you may see an impression of yourself on the screen later on.

The Man Who Made Himself Over

Continued from page 74

And as for smoking and drinking—"Prohibition is the best thing that could have happened to the country, regarded in its relation to health," he averred. "It won't be felt now, but in ten years you'll see the improvement. And no one who wants a perfect physique should smoke a great deal—women should taboo tobacco entirely. If nicotine will make the ends of your fingers so yellow that no soap can remove the stain, think what it does to the lungs when

it gets inside. I regulate myself to two pipes a day."

There's no telling what other secrets of health I might have learned, but I had an engagement. It was to have been at a certain Broadway beauty emporium where they make a specialty of facial massage, but on thinking it over, I decided to hunt up a gymnasium and register there instead. And if I don't put on the ten pounds Bill Russell promised me as the result, I'll use my influence with Fox to have his contract broken.

Wisdom in a Green Negligee

Continued from page 35

that a story is much more successful where there are two big parts rather than one. It's less top-heavy.

"I'd like to go on the stage in musical comedy, although I don't always trust my voice. Or I'd rather enjoy taking a fling at heavier and more serious drama on the legitimate.

"I've always wanted to be able to write a check offhand for fifty thousand dollars. I don't particularly want to own a gorgeous home, though I like comfort. I don't want exotic, unnecessary gowns, and I don't crave more than one car. When I'm between pictures, I pack a valise and motor to Santa Barbara or to San Diego. I stay a day or two and then I come home.

"I don't like housework, and I don't try to cultivate the taste by doing it. I positively can't stand a disarranged dwelling, and if anything happens to my maid, I pitch in and houseclean. When you're working as a free lance, that is, not signed on a permanent contract with any one company, you haven't time to be domestic."

The year she referred to produced a good many plays in which Miss Theby has had prominent parts. For months she was tied up as Francis Ford's leading woman in a serial. Later she starred in "Rio Grande," and left that to play opposite Walthall in "A Splendid Hazard," following which she did the part she referred to with Conway Tearle. On its completion she returned to the Mayflower lot to assume a lead in "Athalie," and three days later hopped off to New York for a brief vacation.

As she enumerated her year's work, she happened to turn around and get a glimpse of herself in a mirror.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, a bit surprised. "I forgot to change my green negligee. The layers for the shortcake burned, Teddy threatened to call a fire engine, and just in the middle of it all you came. Rosemary, my dear, they'll be talking about you out here in Hollywood—wearing a negligee when you are being interviewed. Tut, tut!"

But the green negligee served as the correct stage setting. Its soft colors thoroughly harmonize with Rosemary's coal-black hair and sparkling eyes, and makes you think of her as some lovely variety of flower which you're not likely to forget.

And—oh, yes—her name. Rosemary—that's for remembrance!



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Crooks that Follow the Movies

Continued from page 37

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stock company. I think it should be capitalized at one hundred thousand dollars. We shall issue preferred stock on which we will guarantee, say, an annual dividend of eight per cent. For every four shares of preferred stock purchased we will give one share of common stock. The earnings of the common stock, of course, will depend upon the earnings of the theater. I call that a fair proposition. Do you think that Valeport's business men will be interested?"

"I'm quite sure they will," replied the elderly, prosperous citizen. It was hard for him to restrain his eagerness. "And I suppose," he added, "that you will let me in with the rest?"

The stranger nodded his head solemnly. "As far as you want to go," he assured, "providing it is agreeable to all concerned. It really is a matter for the citizens themselves to decide. But you have first chance, and can hardly be blamed for seizing a business opportunity."

Whereupon events moved swiftly. As the news of the project spread around, a plan of the theater was produced, and the most conservative business men were taken down to inspect the site. The citizens of Valeport bought ten thousand shares of preferred stock at ten dollars a share, a grand total of one hundred thousand dollars. A like number of shares of common stock was issued, at no par value, and one share of this was given free to every purchaser of four shares of the preferred stock. These free shares of stock, paying dividends upon the income of the theater, which undoubtedly would be large, was a powerful magnet.

Now here is the fraud: Preferred stock had no voting power in the direction of the company's affairs. The voting power lay with the common stock. When the stranger had sold ten thousand shares of preferred stock for one hundred thousand dollars, he had given away, on the basis of one to four, twenty-five hundred shares of common stock. But the stranger held seventy-five hundred shares of the common, or seventy-five per cent of the voting power in direction of the company's affairs.

The slick stranger himself had invested five hundred dollars in this enterprise, the sum he paid for the option on the vacant lot. Before the option expired he had in his possession, as treasurer, one hundred thousand of Valeport's dollars. For

the most part this money came from business men, but not all of it. Frugal workmen and thrifty clerks and shopgirls got in on the ten-dollar-a-share bonanza.

And now the stranger prepared to work the other end of the game. One day he made a trip to New York, and for the first time in his life paid a visit to the offices of the reputable motion-picture company which he told Valeport he represented. There he announced that he had organized and held control of a company for the erection of a motion-picture theater in Valeport; that he had an option on the most desirable site in the town, and that he would sell his rights in the theater company and the option on the property for fifty thousand dollars spot cash.

The motion-picture company, not knowing that the stranger had posed as its representative and taking his statement that he himself was a citizen of Valeport, examined the possibilities of the town. The company decided that while Valeport was "underseated," the small city's capacity did not warrant the erection of a theater as costly as the one planned. The city at present was a little too big for the shows it had and a little too small for the proposed theater.

The stranger still endeavored to carry his sharp game just within the law and made an effort to sell out for fifty thousand dollars to other reputable picture concerns—with a like result.

Had he sold out, the people of Valeport would have had nothing to regret except perhaps that they permitted themselves to become tools of a grafter while he cleaned up fifty thousand dollars. Unfortunately, however, he did not sell out. There was but one course for him to pursue now.

He sought seclusion in a far-away land, behind a distinguished bearing and a plausible alias. Just before he departed he gathered Valeport's one hundred thousand dollars in a compact parcel and dropped it casually into his traveling bag.

A high official of one of the largest motion-picture producing companies told me just how Valeport could have saved \$99,999.98. That amount is the difference between what Valeport lost and a two-cent stamp.

These companies are eager for information concerning men who pose falsely as their representatives, and invite correspondence from every citizen who is approached in this manner. One company maintains a separate bureau for handling corre-

spondence of that nature, and fraud after fraud has been nipped, but tucked away in somewhat remote regions are towns that continue to be victimized.

"Make these men show credentials," said this official. "Write to the home office of whatever company he says he represents. The company will appreciate it, and lose not an instant in setting a citizen exactly straight. There could be no fraud if some one in every town thus approached would write such a letter."

For the most part these frauds in theater erection and exhibition are conducted along the general lines of Valeport's experience. The methods may differ in detail, but in no case can one of these games be carried out successfully if the motion-picture company named by the gamester is notified.

For the general information of readers, it might be stated that motion-picture producing companies rarely enter the field as exhibitors. They prefer to place films with local exhibitors rather than to erect theaters. Where sales prospects are bright, and local capital is shy, the companies sometimes advance capital and take mortgages in order to extend their business to a town which promises good returns.

Thus a man posing as a representative of a company, as in Valeport, who doesn't offer credentials and directs talk away from any such subject, should at once arouse suspicion. It is then your move.

Write a letter.

"Film-Star, Thy Name is Patience!"

He was no mere wag who called Movies the "Waities!"

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

THE biggest surprise to the person who visits a motion-picture studio for the first time is that most of the time is spent in—waiting. You probably have read in interviews that "The only thing that I object to is the tiresome waiting," but that mild statement doesn't begin to express the tedium of the daily studio routine. The photo-play world is a waiting world—and he who waits longest sometimes gets the ripest plums, and then again sometimes he doesn't. But every one must wait, from assistant camera man to thousand-dollar-a-week lead; from the impetuous young juvenile who is fast losing the marcel in his hair to the meanest extra collecting five dollars a day. It's

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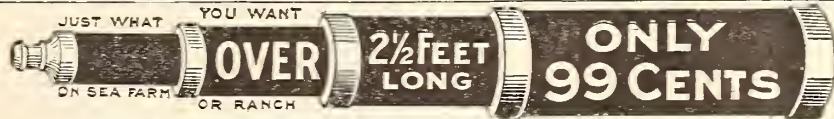
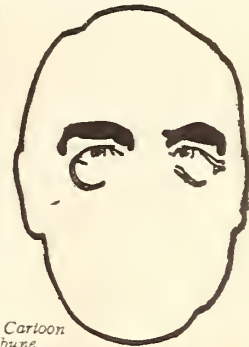
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a democratic angle of the movies. And this alone would stamp it as distinctly unique.

Wander through any studio with me and see what you will find. Here is Metro. Alice Lake and her director are waiting for Tony to dim that baby spot; May Allison is joking with Buster Keaton on the lot while waiting for the cloud to give the sun play once more; Rex Ingram is holding up "The Four Horsemen" until they can enter on leave-strewn paths, and Pete Props is strewing. Every one is waiting. Now we're at Universal City. Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran are waiting for the old man in the scene to get his action down pat; Priscilla Dean is sitting on a glowing stove pensively watching the camera man "lining up" the set; Eddy Polo is reading the morning paper outside while his director is swearing at two very bad actors rehearsing an important bit in Eddy's serial. And beyond, in the Canadian village, Director Jaccard, resplendent in an all-white costume, is asking Bill to delay the shot until Harry hits Virginia Faire in the face with that reflector.

Take Jack Pickford for another waiter; he sits on a Goldwyn fireplace waiting for his leading lady to make an appearance; Will Rogers is telling wheezes while Miss Moore is changing into the dress she wore yesterday in the preceding scene; Raymond Hatton and Mabel Normand are waiting while Victor rearranges the table that's just out of line with the Bell Howell. And, of course, to be out of line with the Bell Howell is to be out of the picture.

Every one is always ready, but no-

body is ever actually shooting—unless we wait until the baby spot behaves or Harry succeeds in reflecting sunlight satisfactorily on Virginia Faire's face. Eventually they do shoot the scene, but more time is spent in preparation and false starts and retakes than you will ever know.

Over at Christie's, Fay Tincher waits boredly until some one finds a longer feather duster for the comedian. He must swat a tall man with it, and that's going to be a scream, so some one *must* find a longer duster. And every one waits.

Jack Mulhall is waiting for Bebe Daniels to retouch her lustrous lashes; Roscoe Arbuckle is waiting for an auto to take him out on location; Bryant Washburn is waiting for the roof-garden scene in "Wanted, a Blemish" to be given its final local-color dabs. And at all these places character women and butlers and scene shifters and directors all sit around—tirelessly, patiently, quietly, and perhaps a bit resignedly awaiting the call of "Action!"

No one is spared and no one seems particularly to mind it, and so it will probably go on as an integral part of the motion-picture game. What connection it bears to the much-vaunted "efficiency of the studios" it is hard to grasp, but that its presence is apparent in every studio, regardless, is certain. As long as there are sets to be lined up, and lights to be "hit up" and extra girls to be made up and screens to be "angled" and sunlight to be featured, just so long will it all continue to be a veritable waiting game.

No wonder some one dubbed them The Waities!

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 53

deaths, our hero is reunited with his wife. Just how this end is achieved only the picture can tell—and it doesn't tell it very convincingly.

All the comedy makers are beginning to desert the two-reeler for the production of feature length. Mack Sennett's features are becoming regular events. Charles Chaplin has been threatening a five-reeler, "The Kid," for over a year. And Fatty Arbuckle comes out with "The Round Up." It seems that the symmetrical Roscoe could have picked a better vehicle than this old play, one that would give him a greater number of opportunities. The fact is that whenever he is off the screen in the present picture the interest woe-fully lags. When he is on accom-

plishing such tricks of slapstick as falling off his horse in an endeavor to kiss a girl, burlesquing William S. Hart's old business of rolling a cigarette and showering himself with self-pity because of his excessive person, the picture waxes funny indeed. But there are too many counterplots that distract attention from the star. If there had been more plot for the chief comedian the results would have been more enjoyable.

Dorothy Gish in her most recent comedy, "Little Miss Rebellion," reverses the Arbuckle formulas and supplies everything there is to the picture. As the closely guarded little princess of the mythical kingdom she registers laugh after laugh with her peculiar comedy business and

cute little tricks. Her initiation into the great American games, baseball and craps, are two of the funniest sequences seen in a long time. And the episode in which she discovers the allure of gum chewing is rich in comedy.

As for plot, "Little Miss Rebellion" is all about a Bolsheviki insurrection in one of those George Barr McCutcheon kingdoms of Europe. The main fault concerning the picture is that both author and director have attempted to take the plot seriously now and then. Despite these efforts of theirs to ruin it, Miss Gish is always present with some comedy interference. Hers is the entire credit.

In "The Cradle of Courage," William S. Hart has deserted the plains once again, this time for the uniform of a San Francisco policeman! He first appears as a returned soldier. Previous to that he had been a crook. His next step up the ladder is to join the force and hunt those who were his erstwhile associates. The plot supplied the star is largely a character study, and its ethics are rather crude, inasmuch as murder is condoned while the hero's mother becomes enraged when he gives up safe cracking to patrol a beat. Hart renders a virile performance, but somehow one looks for a story of more skillful pretensions than that provided him here.

From the program of "The Stealers," a picture recently shown in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Astor before an obviously too-appreciative, invited audience I select the following line, "Weaving the play from his own powerful theme, which was years in the molding, Mr. William Christy Cabanne is responsible for this human document, and to him is due all the credit it shall deserve."

"The Stealers" is very obviously an imitation of "The Miracle Man." The title offers some light opportunity to make a clever remark, but let the opportunity pass. As long as Mr. Cabanne has rested contented with tracing the plot of "The Miracle Man," so long also is he successful in holding the attention. But when he has made futile attempts to be original, to parallel the plot of the greater picture with situation and incident of a slightly different mold yet of one by which to perform the same functions of development—then he fails miserably.

George Fitzmaurice's production, "The Right to Love," is glittering, gorgeous, sumptuous, exotic, barbaric—and underneath all shallow.

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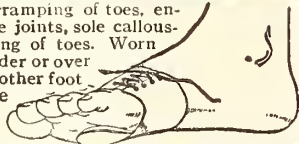
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The story of the submissive wife, the cruel husband, and the gallant lover is enacted with small regard for dramatic effect, this time on the banks of the Bosphorus. The atmosphere with which Mr. Fitzmaurice has surrounded his work is incomparable. Its richness is nearly suffocating, its magnificence staggering. But for dramatic action, the mere display of a character's mental processes, "The Right to Love" is close to nil. Take away the rich settings, the exotic atmosphere and splendor of the East and you find a very crude and poorly developed story—one which has graced the screen many times before and to more dramatic effect.

Mae Murray's few chances in the rôle of the wife are realized in good style. David Powell is permitted to do little else but walk through the action, and Holmes E. Herbert has small chance to display his ability.

Mr. Fitzmaurice's production resembles nothing so much as a plain, common, and vulgar woman, garbed in queen's raiment and rouged and painted into a state of superficial brilliancy.

William Fox's latest special production "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse" comes as a delightful surprise. Fox and his directors love melodramatic sensationalism, and I thought that perhaps this picture would feature murder, eviction of tenants, and kindred events. Instead it appears as a very beautiful piece of work glorifying the unselfish love of a mother for her children who desert her in her old age. "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse" has the same common, down-to-the-ground elements that are fundamental reasons for the lasting success of "Way Down East" and the Charles Ray rural dramas. But instead of a melodrama being built over these there is raised a structure of heart-rending drama, heart-rending because it is so true in every twist and turn.

To those whose home life is everything to them the plight of the mother after being refused the scant protection she requires from all her married children, may seem a bit exaggerated—perhaps it is stretched a bit to gain a point. But all of us who have come to a pass where we have reflected on our actions of the past, must realize that the mother's predicament is tragically true. She receives the selfish blows of her children with a smile, and at the end when the "black-sheep" son returns to establish her in the little home that is so dear to her, she welcomes all her children back with never a word of reprimand. How close to reality is this situation! It is, in

fact, reality itself. The all-forgiving spirit of a mother!

Harry Millarde, who directed the picture from a scenario inspired by Will Carleton's famous old poems, has caught the spirit of the little New England family with a touch of inspiration. His work is so good that all spectators of his work are led to the inevitable conclusion that he is a man originally of a small town. There are times when Millarde oversteps with his scenes of emotionalism. He brings out the tears, but is not content to stop until he has rendered them into veritable streams.

But what are a few wet handkerchiefs? Perhaps their dampness will serve as a lingering reminder to abide by the lesson so beautifully taught by the picture, "Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother."

Mrs. Mary Carr has the all-important mother rôle of "Over the Hill," and plays it with a delicate feeling that makes it more an allegorical representation of thousands of mothers than just a single character. John Walker, once an extra—very short time ago in fact—appears as the son who stands by her through thick and thin, and gives a performance little short of inspired. A large cast appears in support of these two, none of them very well known, but all rendering to the parts all that of which they are capable—which is much.

Pure melodrama on a lavish scale is "Love Madness," starring Louise Glaum. Written by that master mechanic of the screen, C. Gardner Sullivan, it relates the manner in which a loving wife freed her husband of a trumped-up murder charge by entering the underworld haunts of the villains and by playing upon their various susceptibilities, thus forcing a confession from them. Obviously a vehicle for the star to display her certain histrionic talents and physical appeal, the story is, at the same time, superbly constructed and maintains a fine element of suspense from beginning to end. The production is sumptuous to the extreme.

"Neglected Wives"—or as the alternate title has it, "Why Women Sin." The answer to the "why" evidently is, when their husbands, running for governor of the State, leave them unattended and open to the attacks of a bogus count and countless in the employ of the opposition party. The story is of molding timbre, the production unskillful, and the characters are drawn and portrayed unrealistically.

Picture Oracle

Continued from page 88

MISS BILLIE HELEN N.—I am quite sure he will send you one of his photos if you request it. Better inclose a quarter with your request, as it costs a player that much to send them out. You will find the addresses at the end of this department.

MARY.—You refer to Alan Forrest in "The Walk-Offs" with May Allison. He is not married.

PHELPS BROOKS.—Marie Prevost was born in Sarnia, Canada, in 1898. She is five feet four inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty-three pounds. She has dark hair and blue eyes. I have never heard of any one by the name you mention playing in pictures with Syd Chaplin or being offered several contracts to appear in pictures. Are you sure some one isn't pulling a little Mexican stuff with you and throwing the bull?

GLORIA SWANSON'S FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD-AUBURN-HAIR ADMIRER.—You certainly believe in long titles, don't you? The scenes from D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance," and C. B. De Mille's "Male and Female," were all taken in Los Angeles, California, and vicinity. Pearl White was born in 1889. She has been married about a year to Wallace McCutcheon. Wallace is one of the pioneers of the film game. D. W. Griffith used to work under Wallace and his father at the old Biograph, years and years ago. Theda Bara, according to announcements, should be touring the country in "The Blue Flame," cleaning up everywhere, and shattering all box-office records. Ann Pennington is not playing in pictures at present. "The Tiger's Cub" is the latest Fox feature with Pearl White. "Something to Think About" is Gloria Swanson's newest De Mille feature. Mary Pickford is now working on a new feature, since her return from Europe. "Suds" is her last picture out. "The Mollycoddle" is Douglas Fairbanks' last film.

VELMA.—Yes, it is a secret. It is easy to see that Wallace Reid is your favorite. Your Lew Cody questions will be found already answered in this issue. I should say you have been asleep when you refer to Antonio Moreno as a newcomer to the screen! I am sure Tony would not feel very flattered. He is one of the veterans of the game, and got his start at the Vitagraph Company years ago. Probably his best-remembered work was with Edith Storey in "The Island of Regeneration." Lloyd Hughes is a comparatively newcomer to the screen. He got his start playing in King Vidor's kid pictures and later had an important part in Vidor's, "The Turn in the Road." He played opposite Enid Bennett in a couple of pictures, and then Ince signed him up to a long-term contract.

G. B. H.—Corinne Griffith is married to Webster Campbell. She is five feet four and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. She has light complexion, with blue eyes and light-brown hair.

MISS F. NAVAJO.—The pictures you saw recently, showing Charles Chaplin and Mabel Normand, are old Keystone pictures made five long years ago. No wonder you thought the clothes were a little bit old-fashioned! Chaplin is making comedies for First National, while Mabel Normand is still under contract to do features for Goldwyn. Gene Pollar has the title rôle in "The Return of Tarzan." Elmo Lincoln appeared in the two previous Tarzan films made by the National Film Corporation.

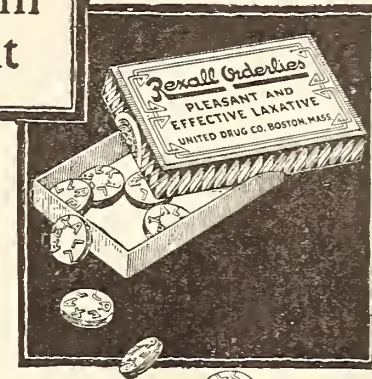
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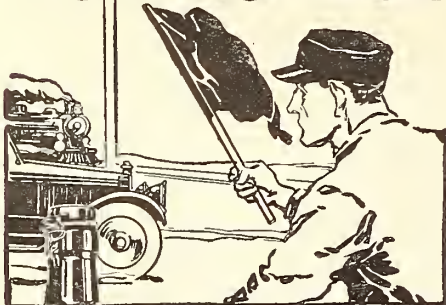
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GLADYS D.—June Caprice is still in pictures. She will soon be seen in a Pathé serial with George B. Seitz. That was Mary Miles Minter's sister in that picture with her. You refer to Jay Belasco as her opposite. Madlaine Traverse is not playing in any new production at present. It is rumored that she is busy forming plans for her own company, and will make a few big productions every year.

A MONTHLY READER.—Harty Carcy's hair is not red. It is brown. Eileen Percy is married to Ulrich Busch. Marion Davies has the principal rôle in "The Restless Sex." Otis and Kenneth are not related. Of course, Nazimova has appeared in pictures with Charles Bryant. He is her husband, and has appeared opposite her in nearly all of her successes for Metro. You will find the addresses at the end of this department.

LITTLE BITS.—Pearl White's first Fox feature, "The White Moll," has already been released. The story is by Frank Packard, the man who wrote "The Miracle Man." Conrad Nagel's latest release is "The Fighting Chance." He will soon be seen opposite Sylvia Breamer in "Athalie," from Robert W. Chambers' famous novel.

TOODLES.—It is hard to say whether Walter McGrail will ever play opposite Pearl White again or not. Walter is free lancing, so there is a possibility that the two may be seen in the same film in the near future. "Blind Youth," and "The Invisible Divorce" are two of his recent Selznick pictures.

MONTE BLUE FOREVER.—Monte has not played with Constance Talmadge. His latest picture is "A Cumberland Romance," with Mary Miles Minter. He was born in Indianapolis in 1890. He is six feet two and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds. Judging from your description, it's some town.

CURIOS.—I think that nearly all my regular readers are cured of the rumor habit, but, of course, the newcomers have to be broken in. They believe everything they hear and then write in and let you know they are in on it. So you know that Charlie Chaplin is deaf and dumb? Why don't you write and tell Charlie about it? I'm sure he would be surprised to hear it, as he is not aware of the fact. I doubt if there is any profession where rumors run so wild as in the motion-picture industry. First it's Clara Kimball Young has a glass eye, then Mary Pickford has five children. Next I'm informed regularly every month that Theda Bara has died, and so on month after month. Now Charlie Chaplin is deaf and dumb. If you believe that you ought to believe that money talks, and, judging from the amount of dough that Charlie has accumulated, I should say he was some linguist. Seriously, you have been misinformed.

LIGHTNING.—Jane and Katherine Lee are not related to Lila Lee. Irene ought to be appearing in a new picture soon. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde. He can shoot very well. In fact, Tom is an all-around sportsman and athlete, and can do most anything well. He has to in order to do the stunts he is called upon to perform in his features. Tom has a trainer and keeps in constant trim all the time. You can see him working out with his trainer, boxing, wrestling, or punching the bag, every day after a hard session before the camera. "The Dead Line" is George Walsh's latest picture. I believe they would send you their pictures if you wrote them.

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G. G.—“The Wreck” was made by Vitagraph nearly six years ago. Ralph Ince directed it and Anita Stewart had the leading feminine rôle. Constance's hair is light brown. Richard Barthelmess recently married Mary Hay. I am sure that they will send you a nice photograph if you inclose a quarter with your request.

LOTUS BLOSSOM.—George died with influenza two years ago. Helen Holmes is married to J. P. McGowan. The tears come naturally, of course. Your other questions have already been answered.

KITTENS.—If I told you all about myself there would be nothing left for you to be inquisitive about, and then you would not ask any questions, and as I make a living answering questions, I should do my best to encourage PICTURE-PLAY readers to be as curious as possible. Fifty out of every hundred disagree with the other fifty and swear that I am a man. I am pictured from sixteen to eighty, all of which is very amusing to yours truly and helps keep up the good spirits. No, Kittens, as soon as you find out all you want to know about anything, it's settled, and you drop it. I wouldn't want you to drop me, so I'll keep still. Tom Mix has no children.

CASEY JONES.—Myrtle Lind is married. Harriet Hammond was, but isn't now. That is her maiden name. Schuster was her married name. Addresses at the end of The Oracle.

THE RUTH ROLAND FANS.—All right, I'll take your word for it and be on the lookout for your letter each month, with the other steady contributors. Herbert Heyes is the name of Ruth Roland's leading man in her serials for Pathé. Marguerite Clark is Mrs. Palmerson Williams, and she has no children.

EDNA M.—It must have been quite a large book you lost to hold all those addresses. However, you will find them all printed at the end of this department.

MISS V. FAROO.—The reason your last letter was not answered in the magazine was because you forgot to put your name on it. You almost did the same thing again this time, didn't you? Bill Russell is married to Charlotte Burton. He lives in Los Angeles. They go for their vacations wherever they happen to want to go, and not to one certain place as you imagine. Jack Holt is married, so is Jack Hoxie.

MABLE'S COUSIN.—You couldn't have been following the magazines very closely not to have seen the announcements of Pearl White's marriage to Wallace McCutcheon. Nazimova has been married for several years. The only way I know you can get a theater to run the pictures you want to see is to ask the manager, and have your friends ask him. When he sees there is demand for it, he will get it—if he is a good showman. Mary Anderson is still playing in pictures. Madge's brother has never appeared on the screen. Jane and Katherine Lee are in vaudeville with a sketch. You will find your other questions already answered.

PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—Walter McGrail played opposite Pearl White in “The Black Secret.” “The Perils of Pauline” was the first serial she ever made. Crane Wilbur had the leading male rôle, and Paul Panzer was the wicked villain. “The Exploits of Elaine,” “Romance of Elaine,” “The Iron Claw,” “The Fatal Ring,” “Pearl of the Army,” “The House of Hate,” and “The Lightning Raider,” are her other serials. She also played the leading rôle in the features, “Hazel Kirke,” “May Blossoms,” and “New York Lights.”

A DUNCAN FAN.—Where did you get the idea that Hampton Del Ruth played with William Duncan in “The Silent Avenger?” He did not. This serial was made in and around Los Angeles, California. You will find your other Duncan and Edith Johnson questions already answered.

DA-DA.—Viola Dana was married to her director, John Collins, but he died two years ago after a siege of pneumonia. She is not married now. Shirley Mason is married to Bernard Durning. Harrison Ford is still a bach. One of our busiest rumors is that Constance Talmadge is going to marry somebody, but each time the rumor appears it concerns a different man. She certainly can't marry them all, so Dame Rumor must be wrong. We won't believe it until the wedding bells are ringing ding-dong.

M. E. GRAVES.—Mac Marsh is married to Louis Lee Armes, and they have a little daughter, Mary Marsh Armes.

H. M. A.—You will find the addresses of the former Vitagraph stars you write about at the end of The Oracle.

MRS. PAULINE C.—Gordon Griffith played the part of Tarzan as a boy, and Elmo Lincoln was Tarzan grown up. Real animals were used in that picture. “Smiling” Bill Parsons died about a year ago. You saw “Broken Blossoms,” and didn't see Dick Barthelmess? Well, I am surprised! Dick played the young Chinaman who was in love with Lillian Gish. Now do you remember him? I don't know of any from Richmond.

MAXINE B. F. A.—That was Geraldine Farrar's first appearance on the screen, and not Wallace Reid's. He began with Vitagraph, and then went to Selig way back in the good old days. From Selig he went to Universal and from the U to Griffith's and then to Lasky's, where he is at the present time. Gloria's hair is dark brown. I don't know about the color prints, but you might ask them when you write. Better inclose a quarter with your request.

M. A. W. ALABAMA.—Why do you want the address of some one to send your picture to to have it criticized? There are hundreds of people who will criticize it no matter how good it may be. What you want is some one who will have at least a couple of good things to say about the features, now don't you? The editor has charge of all photos in the magazine. Remember the rogues' gallery is full of criticized faces while the hall of fame has the other kind hanging on its wall. Moral: Well, you can see for yourself.

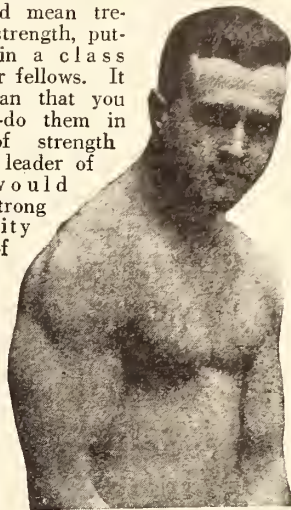
BILL HART FAN.—Bill Hart was not killed in an accident. I just heard from him last week, and I know he would have mentioned it if it had been true. Don't believe all you hear. Some people have nothing else to do but spread a lot of false talk, and the people who are busy should be too busy to believe it unless they see it in PICTURE-PLAY. I almost get peeved when I read the rumors that are spreading around. I feel like getting up and lecturing on it. I think I'll get the editor to write an editorial on it. He has more time than I have.

V. M.—I never heard of your friend Lionel, and the Metro Company, where you thought he was employed, never did, either. Sorry I can't help you locate him.

CLAIR T. L. W.—I like Seena Owen very well on the screen, so you haven't any chance to start an argument on that score. You will find all addresses at the end of The Oracle.

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ALMA C.—“A” wins and “B” is stuck for the new bonnet. It was William Farnum and not Dustin who took the dual rôle in Charles Dickens’ “A Tale of Two Cities.”

SUSAN SHY.—Monroe Salisbury is the gentleman’s correct name. He was born in New York. Why don’t you carry out your threat and write to him? I’m sure he would be glad to hear from you.

RAE.—Welcome to The Oracle! What has kept you from writing before? Of course you may write again. There is always room for one more. Mary Pickford had the “flu” nearly two years ago, and it has not left any bad after effects. That is Mary Miles Minter’s very own hair that she wears on the screen. Billie Rhodes was born in San Francisco, California. She is still appearing on the screen. “His Pajama Girl” is her latest feature.

DOT.—Edna Mayo is not appearing in any pictures at present. I don’t know whether she intends to return to the screen again or not. Time alone will answer that. She is not related to Frank Mayo, the Universal player. No, I never get tired answering questions. I don’t have time to be tired. Wheeler Oakman had the leading rôle opposite Mabel Normand in “Mickey.” Lew Cody was the wicked villain in that picture. “The Right to Love” is Mae Murray’s current release. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone, who also appears in various screen productions. The best way to get a photo of Niles is to write to him for one. Why get discouraged? You know the old saying, “If at first you don’t succeed, try, try again,” still holds good.

RAY FAN.—Charles Ray’s latest picture is “Forty-five Minutes from Broadway.” It has already been released, and will be followed by Sol Smith Russell’s “Peaceful Valley.” He was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1891. Abert Ray is not playing in features at the present time. He is devoting his time to directing comedies for First National. “The Kick in High Life,” is the name of his latest effort in the directorial line. He was born in New Rochelle, New York, on August 28, 1893. I am sure that both Charles and Abert will send you their photographs if you ask them for one.

MARGARET SMITH.—Of course you can write Pearl White personally. Who is going to stop you, especially when Pearl likes to hear from her screen friends? Pearl was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889, so naturally she is an American. Charles Spencer Chaplin was born in Paris, France, in 1889. Don’t mention it. No trouble at all. See addresses at the end of this department.

MONTEALM.—Why not write to Charlie and request the picture you want? I think he would send it to you. I personally think that “Stella Maris” was one of the finest, if not the finest, pieces of screen acting that Mary Pickford has ever done. “Pollyanna” was a very close second. Evidently that is the type of picture which sells best for the Fox Film Corporation, so that is probably why they continue to stick to that type of story. Your friend is not working in pictures any more.

ABE AND IKE.—Henry Walthall has not deserted the screen for good. He is at present appearing on the stage in Los Angeles, California, in Maude Fulton’s new play, “The Humming Bird,” and will appear in the screen version of it. I haven’t heard whether he will come to New York with the company or not. The reviews on the play give it remarkable notices, and predict a big hit for it, also for Walthall.



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State of New York, County of New York, (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Treasurer 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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GEORGE C. SMITH, Treasurer, of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22d day of September, 1920. Francis S. Duff, Notary Public, No. 239, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1921.)

V. I. H.—You are all wrong about Mollie King's husband. She is Mrs. Alexander and not Mrs. Vernee. Houdini, Ruth Stonehouse, and Marguerite Marsh had the leading rôles in the "Master Mystery."

ICE CREAM.—So you miss Theda Bara since she has left the screen? Well, perhaps she may return to the fold some day. Judging from the success her stage play, "The Blue Flame," made, it does seem doubtful that Theda will desert her new love for some time to come. She is American-born, Cincinnati, Ohio, being her birthplace. Theodosha Goodman was her correct name, but she had it legally changed in the courts to the better-known Theda Bara. Marie Empress made one picture for Universal. Annette Kellermann recently made a picture called "What Women Love," a First National attraction. It takes quite a little while for letters to come from abroad, so your answers can't appear as quickly as the ones sent in this country. Better late than never, you know.

IRENE D. B.—Alice Brady's latest picture is called "The Dark Lantern," in which her husband, James L. Crane, plays the leading male rôle opposite her. Conrad Nagle played opposite her in the stage production of "Forever After." She made the biggest hit of her career in this play. Irene Castle is not making pictures at present. It is understood that she will make some more very soon for Paramount.

H. M. N.—You will find the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

JASMINE.—You, too.

EMILINE.—You, three.

ESTHER AND MAY.—Send all questions regarding scenarios for pictures to William Lord Wright, care of this magazine. He handles that department and will be only too glad to give you any advice that he can and answer any questions you may ask. Inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a reply.

EVELYN R.—Marie Mosquini is the little lady who plays opposite "Snub" Pollard in his Rolin comedies.

HILLMA.—Wallace Reid and Mary Miles Minter are starring for different companies, which are controlled, however, by the same capitalists. Wallace's films are made at the Lasky studios and released by Paramount, while Mary's are produced at the Morosco studios and released by Realart. So you think they should play together? Just think what a big pay roll the firm would have with these two in the same film! Wallace is married to Dorothy Davenport and they have a little "Wally," Jr. His latest picture is called "The Charm School." Mary is not married. "A Cumberland Romance" is her latest offering. The Oracle does not answer questions concerning religion. I haven't noticed that they almost always have the service of any special creed for screen weddings. Those are Constance and Norma's correct names. The "Market Booklet" gives a complete list of all the producing companies in the United States and their addresses, together with the kind of stories they are in the market for.

BLUE EYES.—Constance Binney has only been working in pictures for about two years. Maurice Tourneur's "Sporting Life" was her first film. That is her correct name. She is not married. Margaret Shelby is Mary Miles Minter's sister. She very often appears in some of her famous sister's features. Juliet Shelby is Mary Miles Minter's correct name. Blanche was one of the winners of a recent motion-picture beauty contest.

CLEO No. 2.—So you are quite sure that I am a woman? Are you sure? A few answers ahead of your own the writer declared emphatically that I belonged to the masculine sex. Suppose you two fight it out? I'm neutral. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are going to return to pictures after a prolonged absence on the stage. They are now in Los Angeles, California, where they are filming scenes for "The Master Thief," the play they appeared in on the stage. Francis had five children by his first wife and one by Beverly Bayne, the present Mrs. Bushman. You wish to be remembered to "Cleo" and "Hope?" I'm sure they will read this. That must have been a very funny "movie ball." I would like to have had a peek at it.

AL. K. HALL.—You must be related in some way to my correspondent who labels herself "Lotta Hops." Are you? Henry B. Walthall has left the screen for the time being and is going to star in the stage production of Ibsen's "Ghosts." He recently appeared in the new Maude Fulton play, "The Humming Bird," and scored a tremendous success.

GRACE DARMOND ADMIRER.—Grace recently starred in a serial called "The Hope Diamond Mystery." She has just finished playing opposite T. Roy Barnes in "So Long Letty." She is now engaged in doing a second picture with Barnes, adapted from the latter's stage success, "See My Lawyer." Grace is still free from matrimony.

MARY REAGAN.—Alice Lake played the principal feminine rôle in the Metro production, "Lombardi, Ltd.," starring Bert Lytell. You refer to Kenneth Harlan in that picture opposite Carmel Myers. Lucille Lee Stewart, sister of Anita, played opposite Eugene O'Brien in Selznick's "Sealed Hearts." Enid did not play in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Allan Holubar, who is now confining his efforts to directing his wife, Dorothy Phillips, was *Captain Nemo* in that feature.

V. T.—Your questions have already been answered in this issue.

AGNES.—See answer to "Al. K. Hall."

OSWALD.—The first motion picture with a story was put out by Thomas A. Edison and was called "The Great Train Robbery." G. M. Anderson, who became famous as the *Broncho Billy* of Essanay films, played the leading rôle.

SUNNY SOUTH.—Alla Nazimova is the wife of Charles Bryant, who appears opposite her in many of her productions and also adapts her stories for the screen. Pauline Frederick was recently granted a divorce from Willard Mack, the playwright and actor. Madlaine Traverse is not married. She was born in Boston, Massachusetts. Pauline Frederick was also born in Boston. Eighteen-eighty-nine was the date of Pauline's arrival.

MARGUERITE L.—Corinne Griffith is the wife of Webster Campbell. Earle Williams is married to Florine Walz, of Philadelphia. Alice Joyce is Mrs. James Regan, Jr. William Duncan is married to a non-professional. Those are their correct names. Gladys Leslie is married. Richard Barthelmess recently signed a new contract with D. W. Griffith to be starred under the latter's supervision.

KOKOMO LIZZIE.—Wallace MacDonald is not married. Kenneth Harlan was born in New York City in 1895. Nigel Barrie played opposite Marguerite Clark in "A Widow by Proxy." Eugene O'Brien was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1884.



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- ...Skin Disorders
- ...Impotency
- ...Great Strength
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DOROTHY DAY.—The editor is mailing you a copy of the "Market Booklet," as you requested. I am sure that you will find it very valuable in looking for a suitable market for your scenarios.

ALICE T.—Yes, Pearl White is married. She became Mrs. Wallace McCutcheon in 1919.

BOBBY BROWN EYES.—Clara Kimball Young's latest production is titled "Mid-Channel." Tom Mix is the husband of Victoria Forde, who first became a screen favorite in the old Nestor-Universal photoplays. She is not appearing on the screen at present, and I doubt if she will ever appear before the camera again. Victoria seems to have retired for good. I am afraid it would do no good to ask the actresses for the clothes they wear in their productions after the picture is made. You see, there will always come a time when the same wardrobe will come in handy for a part.

A. CALLAWAY FAN.—Yes, that is her correct name. Faire Binney was born in New York City in 1901. Peggy Hyland, Dorothy Dalton, and Anita Stewart all use their own names in pictures. Mary Pickford is a better professional name than Gladys Smith, which probably accounts for Mary's change. I never heard of the lady you mention. That's a deep, dark secret. Give you as many guesses as you want.

FOX FAN.—William Russell is still making features for Fox. "The Man Who Dared" is the latest picture. I enjoyed "While New York Sleeps" very much. I thought it good melodrama. It was fashioned after "While London Sleeps," the famous stage melodrama of years gone by. Albert Ray is not with the Fox Film Corporation at the present time. He is directing comedies for First National. I don't know whether he intends to return to the screen at the completion of his present contract or not. Time alone will tell.

FILM HOPEFUL.—The Oracle does not recommend any school of motion-picture acting to readers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, being a firm believer that there is no school that can make an actor or actress. You simply have to be born with a gift for acting. They can teach something about the technique of the stage and screen, but that is all. If you want to pay your good money for that, it is up to you.

ALPHONSE AND GASTON.—Gretchen Hartman's correct name is Greta Arbin. She is the wife of Allan Hale in real life. She is still playing in pictures. You will find your other questions already answered.

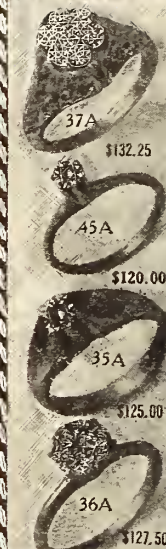
FAIR ONE.—I'm afraid I can't help you any. I cannot tell you whether you will make a success as a motion-picture star just by reading a description of yourself. So you want to start off right away as a star? I'm afraid you are in for a disappointment, little lady. Better stick to your job, as you are sure of three square meals a day as long as you stay where you are, and not so sure if you venture forth to seek a star's job in pictures.

FRANK B.—"Ruth of the Rockies" and "Broadway Bab" are Ruth Roland's last two serials for Pathé. She was born in San Francisco, California. Herbert Heyes is playing opposite her.

L. ROPER.—Fannie Ward was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1875. Tom Mix was about everything from a revenue officer to a cowboy before making his appearance on the screen. He was a member of the Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War.

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O. V. M.—Conway Tearle opposite Clara Kimball Young. Stuart Holmes is married. "Trailed by Three" was his first serial. He has since played the heavy in the Benny Leonard serial, "The Evil Eye." Douglas MacLean is married, but Doris May is not. Enid Bennett is her correct name. She is still married to Fred Niblo. Hoot Gibson was Helen Gibson's husband. Helen took *Helen Holmes'* place in the railroad series produced by the Kalem Company several years ago under the heading of "The Hazzards of Helen." No, I don't think Wallace Reid is to desert the screen for the stage. He recently played in "Sick Abed" at the Little Theater in Los Angeles, and also "The Rotters," but he kept up his picture work all the time. Nope, not too many.

LELA M.—Harrison Ford was born in Kansas City, Missouri. No, he is not married. Constance Talmadge is not married, although it has been rumored several times that she was about to plunge into the sea of matrimony. She has just returned from a trip to Europe and is working hard again. She has no regular leading man. She engages her opposites for each film.

I. H.—Josie Sedgwick was born in Galveston, Texas. She is not married. Josie played opposite Will Rogers in "Jubilo" and then played opposite Jack Dempsey in his serial, "Daredevil Jack." She is now making a serial with Charles Hutchinson. I can't agree with you on that. I think "Pollyanna" was one of Mary's best pictures.

QUESTION BOX.—Pearl White wears a blond wig in her pictures because she thinks it photographs better than her own hair. Dorothy Gish wears a dark wig. Her own hair is blond and not bobbed. Shirley Mason does not wear a wig. Her own hair is dark and bobbed. Albert Roscoe had the leading rôle opposite Madeline Traverse in "The Hell Ship." Shirley Mason is just five feet tall. Pearl is six inches taller. Ruth Roland uses her own hair. Jane and Katherine Lee are in vaudeville. Bill Hart is not married. Baby Marie Osborne was born in 1911. Madge Evans in 1909. Your other questions have already been answered. You're welcome.

Y. B.—Harrison Ford's early stage career was in stock during 1913-15. He is five feet ten and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He has brown hair and eyes. "Food for Scandal" is his latest, opposite Wanda Hawley. Write him and see. He is working in Los Angeles, California. Conway Tearle was born in New York in 1880. You wouldn't be half as interested in me if I were to tell you who I am and what I look like. It takes all the interest out of anything when you find out what it is, and the interest then begins to go. I'd rather have you interested and ignorant of who I am. You will find your other questions already answered.

BILLIE B.—They are brother and sister. I can't say what success you will have. Most of the players now do most of their corresponding by sending out their photographs. Your other questions already have been answered.

KATE S.—Dorothy Gish was born in 1898. That is her correct name. Norma Talmadge is one year older than Dorothy.

Miss L. K.—The "Market Booklet" will give you a complete list of all the motion-picture companies, with information regarding the kind of stories they are in the market for. Your other questions already have been answered in this issue.

FRANCES H.—Norma Talmadge's hair is not bobbed. Natalie is not a star. She contents herself with playing in either sister's productions. Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan are not going to play together any more. Each is being starred separately by Paramount. Tom, Owen, Matt, and Joe Moore are all brothers. Charles Ray's wife is a non-professional.

THE DREAMER.—Theda Bara has not gone blind. Just another one of the many ridiculous rumors that are constantly being circulated about motion-picture players. I don't get much time for anything but answering questions, but if it is a real good story I think I could manage it. Louis Bannison was born in Oakland, California.

MARJORIE JEAN.—Constance Talmadge is five feet five. One inch shorter than you thought. You have Jane Novak's correct height. Ethel Clayton is the same height as Constance. Harrison Ford played opposite her in "Young Mrs. Winthrop."

E. B. B.—Hale Hamilton is not playing in pictures at present. Harold Lloyd was born in Nebraska in 1893. He is not and never has been married. Bert Lytell was born in New York City. He has been married some time. He has no children and neither has Anita Stewart. Olive Thomas' correct name was Oliveretta Duffy. She had no children. She left a mother, sister, and brother. She was pronounced by Harrison Fisher, in 1914, as "the prettiest girl in America."

ANNA P.—You will find the addresses you want at the end of this department. You should have inclosed a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wanted a personal reply.

MISS EDITH B.—You can get back numbers of PICTURE-PLAY by sending sufficient stamps to the subscription department. Edith Johnson is not married. Edith was born in Rochester, New York, in 1895. Mary Pickford and Owen Moore were divorced some time ago. Don't you read the papers?

MARY PICKFORD ADMIRER.—Norma Talmadge is five feet two. Tom Moore is making pictures at the Goldwyn studios in Culver City, California. Alice Joyce works in New York for Vitagraph. Little Alice Joyce Moore is visiting her father now. Theda Bara was born in 1890. Ann Pennington is still on the stage. Pearl White starred in "The Perils of Pauline," the third serial to appear on the market. She must be left-handed if you saw her writing with her left hand. Yes, Dorothy Gish has been on the stage. Her stage career dates from 1902, when she was but four years old. Clarine Seymour died on May 26th, 1920.

A. JERRY L.—Romaine Fielding is dividing his time between directing and acting. He is married to a nonprofessional from St. Louis, and they have a little son. Edwin August is not playing in pictures at present.

PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—Carol Holloway is not in pictures at present. Pearl White returned from Europe some time ago, and is now working at the Fox Studio in New York. William Duncan and Edith Johnson are not married, and Helen Gibson and Hoot Gibson are not related.

BROOKLYN.—There is always a rumor that Constance Talmadge is engaged to some one; so far they've never been true. Yes, Robert Harron died, on September 5th; he was unpacking a trunk a few days before that, and the trunk lid fell and hit his revolver, causing it to go off. The bullet struck him in the chest.

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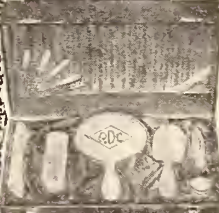
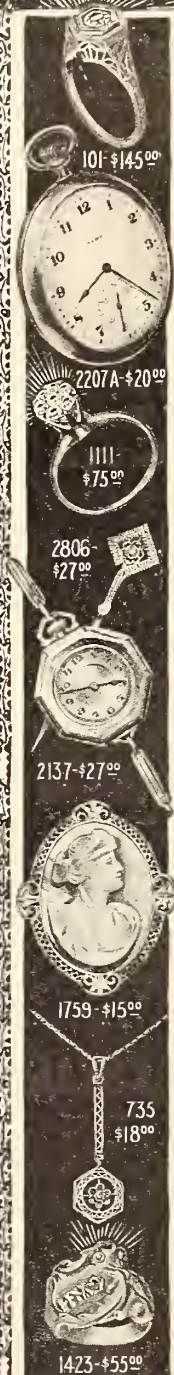
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OLIVE THOMAS FAN.—Olive Thomas died in Paris, France, on September 9th, after taking bichloride of mercury, which she had mistaken for a nerve tonic prescribed for her by a physician. Her body lay in state in a little church in Paris until September 18th, when it was brought back to the United States for burial. She had been in Paris since the middle of August with her husband, Jack Pickford, on a vacation.

Olive Thomas was born in Charleroi, Pennsylvania, October 20, 1898. Her name was Olive Duffy. While still very young, she obtained employment in a Pittsburgh department store, and was married to a man named Thomas, by whose name she was afterward known. Friends who appreciated her voice and her beauty advised her to come to New York, which she did, and there met Harrison Fisher, the artist, who used her as a model for many of his paintings for magazine covers. In this way she came to the notice of Florenz Ziegfeld, and was engaged for the "Follies," where she immediately gained great popularity.

Later she went into motion pictures; her first picture, "An Even Break," was released in July, 1917; its story was said to parallel that of her own life. Her marriage to Jack Pickford occurred soon afterward. She continued with her work in pictures, and was the first star signed by the Selznick Pictures Corporation, to which she was still under contract at the time of her death.

D. M., Pomona, California.—Something must have happened to that stamped envelope of yours, because it wasn't in your letter. I don't know the actor you mention. Milton Sills is married; so is Conrad Nagel—you'll find pictures of their wives and all data on another page of this magazine. I'm sure I don't know why they don't star Milton; perhaps he doesn't care to be starred; some don't, you know. Dustin Farnum was born in 1874, and William in 1876.

DOLLY.—No, I don't suppose Bebe Daniels and Wallace Reid will ever play together again. You see, Bebe's a star now, and so couldn't very well play with another star, as she used to. Dick Barthelmess was born in New York City in 1895, and is married to Mary Hay; he was not married to Clarice Seymour. Viola Dana is not married; her husband, John Collins, died in 1917. Her most recent picture is "The Chorus Girl's Romance."

REGGIE MACK.—So you think I'm tall and dark and have "the sweetest little mustache," do you? Well, maybe you're right, and then again, maybe you're wrong. Since you "just love that type of man," let's hope you're right. Was Lew Cody at any time married? Yes, at several times, but not at present. Perhaps he'll stop in Youngstown on his tour of the country. I'll speak to him about it. Katherine MacDonald is quite as sweet in every-day life as she appears on the screen, and is not married. You are fortunate indeed to have an uncle who owns a picture house in Los Angeles. I can't recognize from your description the girl you saw making pictures on the street, though it sounds a little like Colleen Moore. What might Eugene O'Brien's age be? Oh, it might be about thirty-six; why didn't you ask him when you met him? It's too bad that you were disappointed in Mary when you saw her and Doug getting off the train in Los Angeles; however, they had had a long and very crowded trip, and she was completely tired out, so you must make allowances for that.

W. W.—Wyndham Standing was born in London, England, in 1880, and was educated at St. Paul's College. He is now under contract with Metro. Rudolph Valentino was born in Taranto Italy, and was on the stage before he went into pictures. He has the leading rôle in Metro's production of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Dorothy Gish's newest picture is "A Cynic Effect." Her leading man in it is Tom Douglas, and this is his first picture. Harry Carey's newest picture is "West Is West," some of the scenes of which were taken a quarter of a mile below the earth's surface in a copper mine.

CONNIE.—Yes, Constance Talmadge is surely some girl—I agree with you. Her hair is light and really curly; she wouldn't have time to have it curled every day if it weren't. No, she's not engaged to any New York broker that I know of. She was born in 1900. George Walsh was born in 1892, and Albert Ray in the following year. If you're so sure I'm a girl, can't you be sure about how old I am, too? I'd likely to come to Montana, and I do like bobbed hair, but am afraid I can't come to see yours right away. Too many letters to answer! Constance Talmadge's picture was on the cover of PICTURE-PLAY for January, 1920.

PARISIENNE.—Eric von Stroheim is making a picture called "Foolish Wives," the scenes of which are laid in Monte Carlo. Elinor Fair has the leading feminine rôle in the screen version of "Kismet," and is now playing in a picture opposite Eugene O'Brien. Richmond, Virginia, is her home town. Her first picture was "The End of the Trail," in which William Farnum appeared; he gave her a small part, and she made good at once.

MAIZIE.—Gareth Hughes had ten years of stage experience before he went into pictures. On the screen he has played with Clara Kimball Young, Marguerite Clark, Florence Reed, Norma Talmadge, and Viola Dana. He played the male lead in "The Chorus Girl's Romance," with Viola, and now has a five years' contract with Metro, beginning as soon as he finished "Sentimental Tommy," for Famous Players-Lasky, in which he appears as Tommy.

V. R. N.—Gladden James had the rôle of the boarder in "Yes or No," with Norma Talmadge. He is featured in the American Cinema production, "His Brother's Keeper," with Martha Mansfield, and will be seen in "The Road to Ambition," with Conway Tearle.

CAROL.—Evelyn Greeley's last screen appearance was in "Diane of Star Hollow," which she made for Macauley Photoplays. Bert Lytell recently finished "The Misleading Lady," and has no intention of deserting the screen. Mollie King plans to return to the screen soon in American Cinema productions. Her last picture was "Women Men Forget." Carmel Myers' next picture is "The Orchid," and King Baggot will be seen in Alan Dwan's next picture, "The Forbidden Thing." Dorothy Phillips has not left the screen; she has been working for some time on "Man, Woman, Marriage," the first picture which she and her husband, Allen Holubar, the director, have made since they left Universal and formed their own company.

B. G. D.—Yes, it is the Madge Evans of screen fame who has the hat company. She is not making pictures at present. That was Una Trevelyn whom you saw in "The Devil's Pass Key." She is now working in a picture directed by Lois Weber.



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GIRLIE.—Robert Warwick has not made any pictures for some time now; neither has Crane Wilbur, who prefers the stage to the screen and has a stock company of his own in Oakland, California, where he tries out the plays which he writes. Bryant Washburn is now in England, where he is making pictures. June Elvidge is appearing on the stage in New York.

PAUL.—Frank Keenan is not making pictures now. He may return to the screen later, though this is not certain. Mabel Julienne Scott was born in Minneapolis, and began her theatrical career in a stock company, later appearing in vaudeville. She is now a regular member of the Goldwyn organization.

A. R. K.—Your questions were answered in the reply to Gertrude. You will find the addresses at the end of The Oracle. Louise Lovely is now starring in Fox productions. Lottie Pickford has not appeared on the screen for some time.

RUTH'S ADMIRER.—Ruth Roland has recently finished a serial, "Ruth of the Rockies." She did not go to Japan; it was Marie Walcamp who went to the Orient to make a serial. Madlaine Traverso expects to return to the screen in productions made by her own company.

QUESTIONNAIRE.—Lots of others have missed Marguerite Clark, too; perhaps she'll come back this year, though it's rather doubtful; she prefers being a lady of leisure in New Orleans to working hard as a screen star in New York or Los Angeles.

MRS. L. R., PAWTUCKET.—Yes, Pearl White did write the story of her life, and it was published in book form. You can get more information about it by writing to the Fox Film Corporation, Tenth Avenue, New York City. You did not inclose a stamped envelope in your letter, so I am answering it here.

PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—Carol Holloway is not acting just now. Pearl White did return from Europe some time ago, and is now making a picture at the Fox Studios in New York City. William Duncan and Edith Johnson are not married. Helen Gibson and "Hoot" Gibson are not related to each other. I gave your other letter to the editor, and he said he'd try to include those pictures that you want in the magazine in the near future.

SYMPATHY.—So you think I'm a man of twenty-seven and have a sweet mouth and dark, tired eyes, do you? Some day I'm going to devote about fifty pages of the magazine to reprinting what my correspondents think I look like—if the editor will let me. The very next letter after yours addressed me as "Dear Madame." Better stop being miserable among the "blasted Northerners," Sympathy, and learn to know some of them, hadn't you?

MARGARET.—Anita Stewart is an American all the way back on both sides. Yes, her hair is curly—and I do know her personally, and think her a mighty fine girl. Some of her recent pictures are "Harriett and the Piper," "The Yellow Typhoon," "The Fighting Shepherdess," "In Old Kentucky," "The Mind-the-Paint Girl," "Human Desire," "Kingdom of Dreams," "Mary Regan," "A Midnight Romance," "Virtuous Wives," and "The Goddess."

O. Y. C.—Frank Mayo is thirty-four. Tom Mix doesn't care to make his age known. Neither do Bill Desmond and Louis Bannison. Harry Carey was born in 1880. Arthur Ashley has deserted the screen for the stage, but it may be only temporary.

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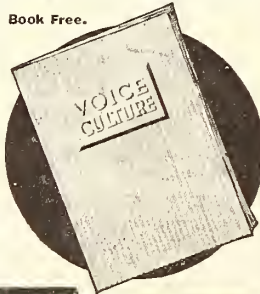
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Two COOTIES.—I can't possibly answer all your questions here, because it would take just about all the space I have. But here goes for some of them. Pearl White does wear a wig before the camera. Edith Johnson does when she appears as a blonde, which used to be most of the time. Pauline Frederick does not wear a brace to keep her back in place—it stays where it belongs of its own accord. Fanny Ward is forty-five. Theda Bara did not die; she's as much alive as you and I are. Elaine Hammerstein really sang in that picture. Norma Talmadge is twenty-three. She has no children. Katherine MacDonald is not married and is called "The American Beauty" because she is so beautiful. Mary Haye is little and very pretty; she has been married since June 18—just as long as Dick Barthelmess has. Harold Lockwood was married to his wife when he died; write to the Metro Film Corporation, Longacre Building, New York City, and you can probably get a picture of him. Harrison Ford won't tell anything about himself—not even his age. He is making a picture at the Talmadge Studio now. He has been playing with Wanda Hawley. Harold Lloyd is a bachelor and is twenty-seven years old. Bessie Barriscale is a blonde. She changes the color of her hair by wearing a wig. Louis Bannison is not making pictures at present. That'll be about all for you two this time—come again!

C. H. H.—Your letter wasn't a bit long, and I enjoyed it very much. Yes, the same questions are asked pretty often—people don't seem to want to believe some things unless they read them at least twenty times. Probably you're right about dozens of girls asking me if Dick Barthelmess is married. So you think we aren't getting as good pictures as we used to. Well, perhaps you're right—though I believe that "Way Down East" is just as good a picture as "Tess of the Storm Country" was, and I think "The Miracle Man" and "Earthbound" compare pretty favorably with "The Aryan." Perhaps Hart feels that he has to make his pictures suit the fans—they seem to want him to do the same things over and over again, you know. I think that answers your question about Wallie Reid, too; he has to do what the public wants him to. I believe you're changing, though, of course, it's possible that pictures aren't improving and that the fault may be with them.

Z. C.—We've recently had interviews with both your favorites, so I'm sure you must be happy. Edith is not married, and that is her real name. She has brown hair and eyes and is five feet four inches tall. Yes, she is playing opposite William Duncan. I think she would send you her picture. William Duncan is not married. He is five feet ten inches tall and has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. He weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. That is his real name.

E. V. P.—Your Duncan and Johnson questions have just been answered. It's hard to tell what Tony Moreno is going to do. Carol Holloway is not related to Bill Duncan and did not play with Tony in "The Invisible Hand" because the powers that control Vitagraph didn't think it best. Joe Ryan didn't play with William and Edith in that picture because he was being costarred in another one with Jean Paige. Didn't find those stamps enclosed.

JUNIOR.—David Powell has never gone on record as anything but a bachelor. That's his right name; he was born in Wales and stands five feet ten.

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How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed. I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out.

"He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easy as I do. Any one with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His course did! I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one

hour, how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonyng, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1000% in 6 months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory power you have got. Your dividends in increased power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars.



"Of Course I Place You! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth course is priceless. I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a dash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

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Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forgot that right now" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember," or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph Smith?" Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

satisfied, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

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CASTLE FAN.—Irene Castle has formed a company of her own, so will doubtless be seen again in your home-town theaters before long. She lives in Ithaca, New York.

INQUISITIVE.—You live up to your name, don't you? You'll find the addresses at the end of The Oracle. I'm glad you like the big pictures of screen favorites that we print, but I don't see how you can possibly frame all of them and have enough of your allowance left to go to the movies, too. You must be a millionaire. No, Pauline Frederick did not leave the screen when she left Goldwyn; she is now making pictures for Robertson-Cole, and her latest picture is "Madame X." It was Naomi Childers who played the part of Wyndham Standing's wife in "Earthbound," she is a member of the Goldwyn stock company. I think you will see Flora Finch again in pictures soon; she left the screen for vaudeville, but now plans to return. No, it doesn't do any good to write the stars and ask them to do something about having their pictures shown in your town; you will have to go to the owner of the theater and see if he won't arrange to show the pictures. Carlyle Blackwell has left the screen for the stage, and is now on the road in "My Lady Friends."

WILMINGTON.—Yes, you could see Alice Brady on the stage if you came to New York. She is now appearing in a play called "Anna Ascends." Rod la Rocque is also in the cast, so you would see two of your favorites. Mrs. Sidney Drew is now directing pictures for Vitagraph. I don't know whether she will appear on the screen again or not.

MAE MURRAY FAN.—Your favorite is no longer with Famous Players-Lasky, but has formed a company of her own, and her husband, Bob Leonard, will direct her pictures. She has yellow hair and blue eyes, and was on the stage before she went into pictures, winning fame as a dancer.

INCONSTANT READER.—I passed your letter along to Herbert Howe, but he says he doesn't send his photographs to any one; if he did, he'd certainly send you one. I believe that he was offered a part in a screen production, but turned it down—so there's the answer to your question about why he doesn't go into the movies. You see, he would rather be a writer than an actor. Doris May was born in Seattle, Washington, and educated in a French convent there. She is still with Ince.

GEORGIA FAN.—Alma Rubens is no longer with Cosmopolitan Productions. She was born in San Francisco, and has been on the screen for some time; her career began with the old Triangle company. Her height is five feet seven inches, and she weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. Her hair and eyes are black.

VIRGINIA.—The next De Mille picture is named "Forbidden Fruit," and the cast is headed by Ayres and Forrest Stanley. Agnes used to be with Essanay, and also did some of the O. Henry stories for Vitagraph. "Everything for Sale" is the name of the picture in which Gloria Swanson will return to the screen as a start. Matt Moore is a brother of Tom and Owen, and appears on the screen occasionally. He is in New York at present.

OSKALOOSA READER.—Gaston Glass was born and educated in France, and came to this country in Sarah Bernhardt's company some years ago. He is five feet ten and one-half inches tall, and weighs one hundred and fifty-six pounds.

T. N., Chicago.—I do not believe you could possibly get a position as stenographer in one of the big film companies' studios by sending in an application by letter. It is absolutely necessary to apply in person for any sort of position. Billie Burke is now making a picture at the new Famous Players-Lasky studio at Long Island city, New York; Alice Brady is also working there.

BELLE B.—Anita Stewart and Lucille Lee Stewart are sisters; Lila Lee is not related to them. Anita is Rudolph Cameron's wife, and her sister is married to Ralph Ince, the director and actor. Marie Doro is still making pictures. Edith Roberts signed again with Universal, and is now on the coast working on a new production. Her last one was "The Adorable Savage."

HELEN.—Geraldine Farrar has made one picture since she left Goldwyn, "The Riddle: Woman," and is not now working in pictures.

CURIOUS.—No, Dorothy Dalton did not appear in "The Devil's Pass Key." How could she, when she is a Famous Players-Lasky star? The actress you mistook for her was Maud George, who has dimples much like Miss Dalton's and closely resembles her.

V. V.—Ann Forrest is under contract with Famous Players-Lasky; she was to have had the leading rôle in the new Cecil De Mille picture, and then was given the female lead in William De Mille's new production instead. She was born in Denmark, in 1897, and has had extensive experience before the camera. She has yellow hair and blue eyes, and is five feet two inches tall.

JEAN FROM SALEM.—Vera Gordon, who played the mother in "Humoresque," was born and educated in Russia, and had been on the stage for several years before she first appeared on the screen. She has recently finished a picture called "Mother Love."

GERTRUDE.—Louise Huff is not now appearing on the screen. She retired when she was married last year, then came back to make one picture for Selznick, and has not worked before the camera since then.

SYRACUSE GIRL.—Virginia Lee Corbin is now in vaudeville, doing very well; she has not been seen on the screen for some time. I don't know whether you could get into pictures if you went to Los Angeles or not; that would depend largely upon you, and also upon the producing companies. Lots of girls try to answer that question every year, but, of course, you don't hear anything about the ones who fail. I'd advise you not to try.

DIXIE.—It wouldn't do any harm to write to the stars at least, and probably most of them would answer. Yes, Alice Lake is under contract with Metro. Bessie Love has her own company. Muriel Ostriche is not making pictures at present. Neither is Virginia Pearson.

BILLY.—Edith Storey's latest picture is "Moon Madness." I hadn't heard that any of the big companies were working in Mexico. Many of the movie folk run over the border to Tia Juana occasionally, but that's a different story.

EVA.—Betty Blythe doesn't play with any one company all the time; she appears in the productions of different ones. She played opposite Lew Cody in "Occasionally Yours," and will be seen in the Fox production of "The Queen of Sheba."

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Mrs. SCODLIMS.—No; Dorothy Dalton doesn't wear a wig. Mary Pickford has no children. Neither has Norma Talmadge. Norma is married to Joseph Schenck. You're lucky to have a theater owner for a father, aren't you? And your real name is a pretty one—I'd be proud of it, even though the children do tease you because it's the same as a star's.

B. B.—So you like Gene's whimsical left eyebrow and his halfway smile, do you? Well, lots of people feel the same as you do about them. He is in New York right now, but, of course, by the time this magazine reaches your hands he may be somewhere else. One of Marguerite Clark's last pictures was "A Widow by Proxy." Anita Stewart is twenty-four.

E. S.—You may see Charles Bryant on the screen again, though, of course, he's pretty busy with all his duties as Nazimova's manager that he hasn't much time left for acting. Yes, I liked him very much on the screen.

H. B.—William Farnum recently made "If I Were King." Yes, Pearl wears a wig before the camera. Priscilla Dean was married just after she finished "The Virgin of Stamboul." Geraldine Farrar is not making pictures now, but may return to the screen next summer. Constance does not wear a wig—that is her own hair.

GERALDINE.—No, I don't know the actress you mention. You could address her in care of Louis B. Mayer Productions, Los Angeles, California, if she was in a picture with Mildred Harris. There's no time limit on becoming a star—sometimes it takes years and sometimes a very short time will do it.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Douglas MacLean, Doris May, Lloyd Hughes, and Jane Novak, Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Douglas Fairbanks, Fairbanks Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

William S. Hart, W. S. Hart Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd, and Harry Pollard, Rolin Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Compson, Lottie Pickford, Mary Pickford, James Kirkwood, Lillian Walker, and Sessue Hayakawa, Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Charles Murray, Ben Turpin, and Charles Conkin, Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Wyndham Standing, Billie Burke, Marguerite Clark, Elsie Ferguson, Ann Pennington, Catherine Calvert, and Irene Castle, Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Charles Hutchinsou, George Larkin, and Ruth Roland, at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Kathryn Adams, Marie Walcamp, Eddy Polo, Harry Carey, Edith Roberts, and Priscilla Dean, Universal City, California.

Mildred Harris Chaplin and Anita Stewart, care of Louis B. Mayer, Los Angeles, California.

Hale Hamilton, The Lambs' Club, New York City.

Viola Dana, Bert Lytell, and Alla Nazimova, Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Ethel Lynne, L-KO Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Ray Stewart, Niles Welch, Ashton Dearholt, Pauline Curley, Ruth Clifford, Dell Boone, Bertram Grassby, and Hall Cooley, in care of Willis & Inglis, Los Angeles, California, or the Mabel Condon Exchange, Hollywood, California.

Constance Binney, Mary Miles Minter, Wanda Hawley, and Bobe Daniels, Realart Pictures Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Ralph Graves, and Richard Barthelmess, Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, New York.

Norma and Constance Talmadge, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Antonio Moreno, Albert Ray, and James Kirkwood, at Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

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If you are losing your hair, even if there is baldness, it is probable you have not adopted the right preventive and hair-growing method. So now you have the chance to use something different. This is Kotalko, a peculiar compound which is said, by users, to do almost miracles, in many cases.

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Read these excerpts from letters. They are specimens of letters coming in streams from delighted users of KOTALKO. We have original letters on file open for inspection.

Mrs. Ethel Hahn: "My hair was coming out in bunches. It has stopped falling out, dandruff is gone; hair looks beautifully glossy. I truthfully recommend Kotalko."

C. F. Heiser: "I had a large bald spot. Kotalko has developed real, healthy hair all over my head."

Gerard Pothoff: "For 6 years I had been growing bald. There was a bald spot on top of my head. Since using Kotalko hair has grown again, thick and long."

Miss A. A. Thornton: "I had lost nearly all my hair but since using Kotalko it has grown again, thick and long."

G. W. Mitchell: "I had a bald spot and since using the wonderful hair elixir Kotalko, it has grown four inches over the bald place."

Matilda Maxwell: "The whole front of my head was as bald as the palm of my hand and had been so for about 15 years. I used every preparation I saw advertised or heard about but nothing did me any good until I used Kotalko. Now I am glad to say the hair is growing all over the spot that was bald."

Jos. W. Williams: "Every time I combed my hair, a lot would come out. When I began using Kotalko, the hair stopped falling and I now have a full crop of hair."

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William Shaw: "My looking glass is ample proof that Kotalko will grow hair. I had a bald spot over 12 years that has become covered. I am sure that Kotalko will become the most famous hair preparation in the world."

Miss Mary Ferreira: "When I began to use Kotalko my hair had nearly all fallen out. Then the hair grew again."

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Albert H. Flary: "My head was as bare as the bottom of my foot. Since using Kotalko there has come a nice thick growth of hair."

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Nadine Owens: "Kotalko is really a wonder. From birth I was blessed with a remarkable growth; but in 1918, for some unknown reason it started to fall out and I became entirely bald over quite a surface. I had tried various hair remedies, etc. without benefit until I used Kotalko. I am never without it now."

Miller Van Horn: "When I stand before my mirror and see my new growth of rich black hair, I am more grateful than words can say to Kotalko."

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PICTURE-PLAY

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Jan. 1921
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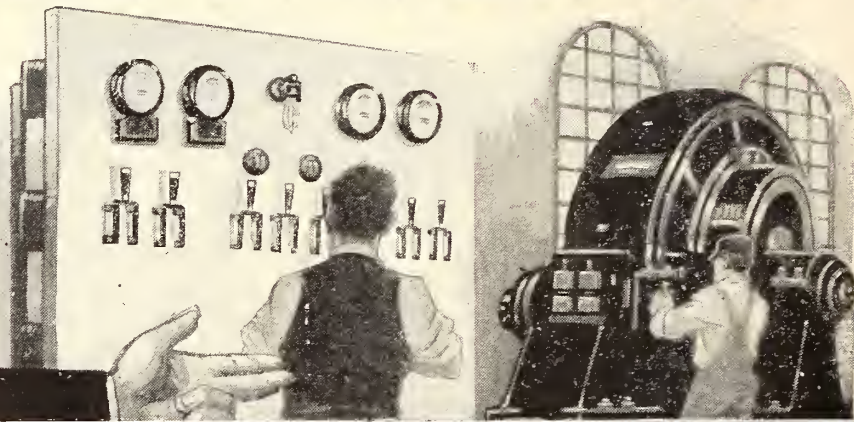
Mildred Davis



WHO'LL BE WHO ON THE SCREEN IN 1921
forecast of next year's line-up of stars by HERBERT HOWE



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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Thomas Meighan in
"Conrad in Quest of His
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Did You Know That—

It's Going to be a Nude New Year?

So Grace Kingsley tells us, referring, of course, to some of the recent productions which she has caught glimpses of in her travels around Hollywood. She will tell you about them in the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. Also you'll learn about

Wallace Reid and a Follies Girl!

Herbert Howe says—and he always keeps his word—that he has some inside dope on Wally which he's going to spring in the same number.

Oh, What An Eye-Opener

you're going to get this New Year! If you're one of those who miss the pop and fizz of the old New Year's, just buy a copy of our next issue.

You'll Get a Kick—

served "Right Off the Grill" every month in PICTURE-PLAY. Every one is talking about this department. Even the film colonists read it to get the news! It's frank, fearless, and full of information about the film folk which you won't get elsewhere. It's

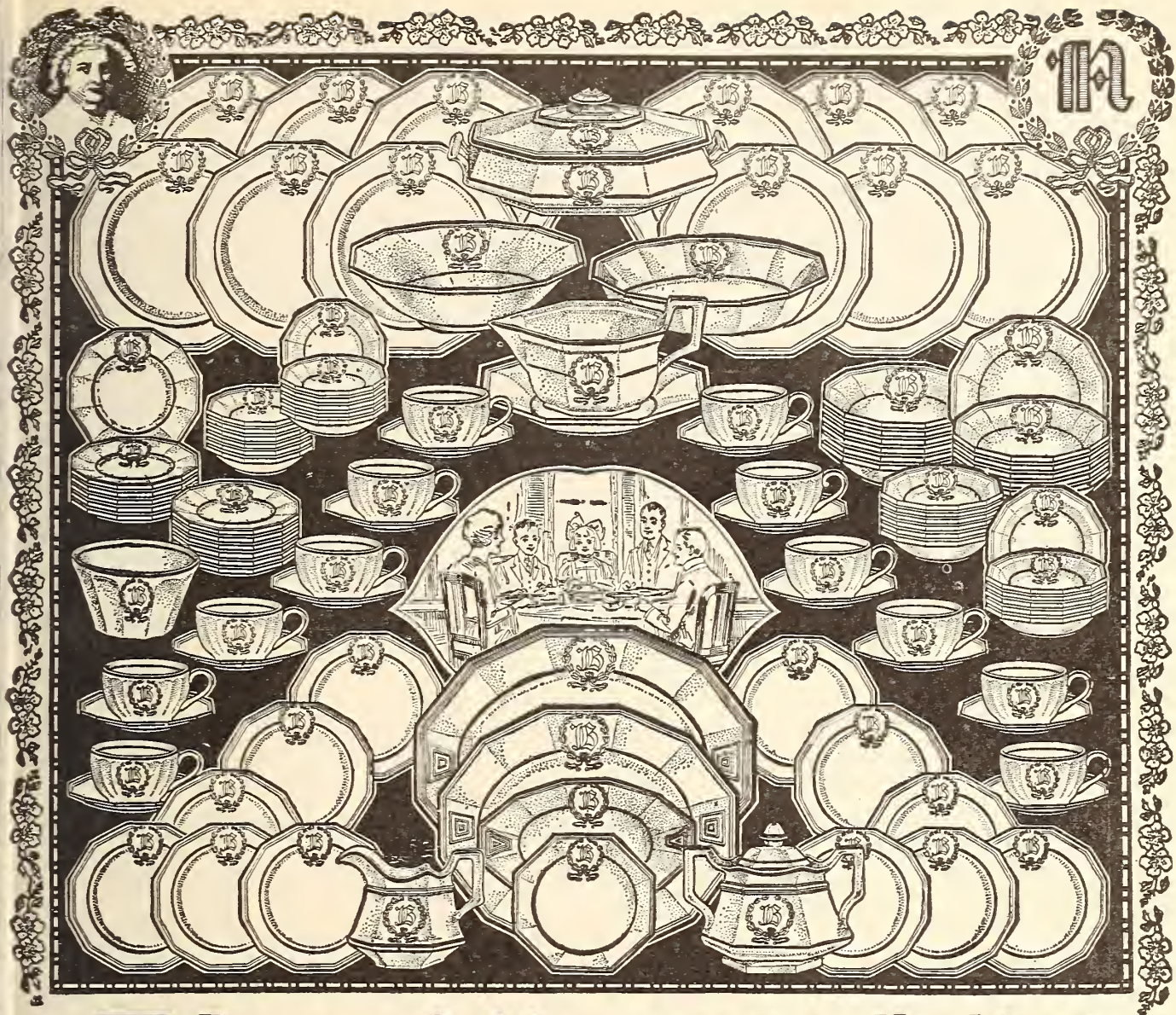
Filmtown's Tattler!

But no more prying than Fanny the Fan, whose chatter about the gossip of the studios is being devoured each month by the fans everywhere.

We're Not Announcing

all that we're going to spring on New Year's Day. We couldn't do justice to it in so small a space. But just take our tip, whatever you resolve for 1921,

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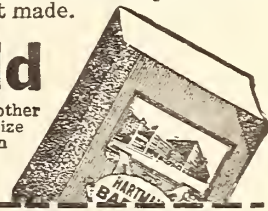
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Complete Set Consists of

- 12 dinner plates, 9 in.; 12 breakfast plates, 7 in.; 12 soup plates, 7 1/2 in.; 12 cups; 12 saucers; 12 cereal dishes, 6 in.; 12 individual bread and butter plates, 6 1/2 in.; 12 sauce dishes; 1 platter, 13 1/2 in.; 1 platter, 11 1/2 in.; 1 celery dish, 8 3/4 in.; 1 sauce boat tray, 7 1/2 in.; 1 butter plate, 6 in.; 1 vegetable dish, 10 1/2 in., with lid (2 pieces); 1 deep bowl, 8 1/2 in.; 1 shallow bowl, 9 in.; 1 small deep bowl, 5 in.; 1 gravy boat, 7 1/2 in.; 1 creamer; 1 sugar bowl with cover (2 pieces).
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HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William

Lord Wright

What
to
Write

What to write, that is the question! Whether it is nobler to write movie "mellers" or to dive into the writing of other plots that we know not of—ah, there's the rub! No one in movie-land or out of it, can tell what to write, what will be acceptable to the fickle producer of motion-picture plays. Four or five years ago, the demand for plots would shift overnight. The "boss" would arrive in the morning, hang up his hat, and summon his script editor.

"James," he would say, "we've been buying too many melodramas—stop it; we will buy nothing but polite society drama." It's not so bad now, because good material is running short, and the motion-picture demands seem more staple. But I shall try to point out to you what the trend of the market is, to the best of my ability. Of course, this is written three months before its publication, but we have means of knowing just how the minds of the producers run.

The average maker of movies is influenced by the character of Broadway stage productions. The California producer makes an occasional trip to Gotham, takes in all the best shows, and returns to the Coast with a broader vision, perhaps. But the strict New Yorker, the man who has all his stars and his studios in New York, becomes obsessed sometimes, and believes that as New York theatrical productions run, so runs the nation. He is wrong.

Anything that has merit is seized upon by the nation, but there are a lot of New York performances that will not interest the nation either in movies or out of it.

As this is written, the motion pictures are specializing in tried and true melodramas. These are always good for the screen so peculiarly adaptable to thrillers with something doing every minute. They are not nearly so difficult to produce as plays of other atmosphere.

There is a trend, as has been written in this department, to return to the classics. "The Last of the Mohicans," Stevenson's "The Pavilion on the Links," Dickens' "The Old Curiosity Shop," and others of like character, have been filmed, or are in the course of making. It is a good augury. A little more of Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott and less of tin-horn plotting will add class, substance, and interest to the screen.

Six or seven years ago Vitagraph did Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" very nicely. The time has arrived for a revival, with the later methods in vogue, and sooner

or later some company will produce the old-time classic with an all-star cast.

Another gladsome sign of the times is the gradual diminishing of "sex" plays. The vampires have almost retired from the spotlights, and the "deadly triangle" has been done to death. Two men and a woman, or two women and a man, with three big sets and some "soft-focus" photography cannot be depended on to make big money any longer.

The plot having to do with the lives of everyday people is much desired. Thomas Ince has an eye to "small-town stuff," and now that Charlie Ray has gone elsewhere, is working other stars in country-life atmosphere.

Griffith paid a mint of money for "Way Down East," another rural drama. "Peaceful Valley," and the rest are having their lucrative innings. The writer of real ability, who knows small town atmosphere and can set down on paper the small-town plots, can find a market.

And, as I have previously remarked, original plots are more and more in demand. Within a short time everything will have either been "adapted" or "revived," and the old film stories of six and seven years ago will all have been "revamped." Then it will be "originals" or virtually nothing. Get ready for that time!

QUESTIONS concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, when accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Beginners, however, are advised first to procure our "Guides for Scenario Writers," a booklet covering all the points on which beginners usually wish to be informed, which will be sent for ten cents. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with statements of the kinds of stories they want, may procure our Market Booklet for six cents. *Please note that we cannot read or criticize scripts.*

A Beginner's Observations

Leo James, who has an observing eye, has recently been reading scenarios which had been submitted to an editor friend of his, and turned over to him, which he wrote about in these columns last month. Being a writer with aspirations to turn out original stories for the screen, his point of view was somewhat different from that of the usual scenario reader, and he learned some things which will doubtless be very useful to him, and to you as well. He writes to us again, as follows:

As I read each scenario I try to see the story unfolded on the screen. And there I find the writer getting into trouble. I am compelled to see an endless succession of explanations: of jumps from Tacoma to Timbuktu; of a stranger to whom I have never been introduced suddenly walking on to the screen in the middle of the picture; of incidents that serve merely to pad, and which have absolutely no relation to the story. Or I find that when I have conscientiously visualized about fifty scenes, I have come to the end of a story that the author has offered for a five-reel picture, and there are, on an average, two hundred and fifty to three hundred scenes in the usual five-reel picture!

Here permit me to digress far enough to offer another suggestion.

Continued on page 10



Mae Murray and David Powell in "Idols of Clay," a Paramount Picture
A GEORGE FITZMAURICE PRODUCTION

The thrill that the movie millions love!

THE fascination of the photoplay has reached into every nook and corner of human life throughout the Universe! It enralls one and all—children from seven to seventy! Men and women in all walks of life, the high and the humble, the poor, the middle class, the rich—the toiler and the man of ease, the woman of fashion and the shop girl, the lady of leisure and the woman who works—the clerk, the conductor, the lawyer, the doctor, the broker, the banker—all intermingle and sit side by side at the Movies! All are swayed by the same feelings as they watch the film's rapid picturizations of the Moving Finger of Fate—as they even see things pictured that have happened in their own lives, or the lives of their friends—so the movie screen is The World's Looking Glass, wherein it sees reflected all its own emotions!

Yes, all the world goes to the Movies! All humanity wants its thrill! Thousands of Movie shows in thousands of cities daily, nightly, are packed with throngs of eager people with a keen appetite for realism, romance, tragedy, pathos, humor—they want to see and feel every human emotion it is possible to portray!

AND all this Movie madness sweeping the world has revealed startling things! Do you know one strange thing the Movies have done? THEY HAVE PRODUCED THOUSANDS OF PROMISING NEW PLAYWRIGHTS—men and women photoplay writers who get their ideas merely from seeing photoplays night after night!

These people not only produce wonderful scenarios, construct vivid plots, weave romantic, tragic, serio-comic or humorous situations, but they also write many of the wonderful little magazine stories you read. For to learn the one thing automatically teaches you to do the other. And now the big rush is on! So many men and women are beginning to write photoplays successfully! IT REALLY ISN'T HARD TO LEARN TO WRITE A PHOTOPLAY—IT REALLY ISN'T HARD TO LEARN TO WRITE A STORY! It's

no longer a mystery. *The secret's out! And hosts of bright people are eagerly taking advantage of it and learning how!* With the right instruction, they become thrilled and fascinated by the lure of scenario writing, and eagerly concentrate all energies on it at every opportunity—for the scenario and magazine editors are ever calling for more plays and stories—more and more are needed daily, weekly, as more photoplay houses are built, and more film companies organized—and wider grows the fascination of the photoplay.

SO right here is your big, vital, gripping, romantic opportunity—in an irresistible profession that carries with it a world of surprising new possibilities, that lifts you up to new honors, new environment, fine friends, exalted purpose, and the admiration of all your family and fellowmen. YOU may learn to write photoplays and stories—yes, you! YOU who have always doubted you could—YOU who thought it was some mythical, mysterious magic that only geniuses dare attempt.

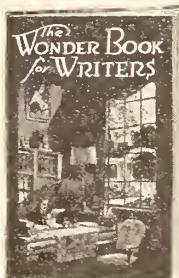
All the ideas, all the material, all the suggestions, the spur to your imagination, you can get at the Movies, by a method described in a wonderful New Easy System of Story and Play Writing published at Auburn, New York. It is called THE IRVING SYSTEM and is for the millions who go to the Movies and want to learn how to write photoplays and stories. In a word, THE IRVING SYSTEM is for you.

It teaches you: How to attend the Movies and adapt scenes, incidents, motives, titles, characters to your own purposes and plans for photoplays; it shows you how easily you may get ideas for photoplays every time you go to a picture play; how to switch around any play and make it a realistic story totally unlike the one from which you adapted it; how to take characters you see in any picture and re-construct them for your own photoplay; how you can easily rebuild any plot you see; how simple it is to revise and rebuild

dialogue; how to begin writing photoplays in the easiest, simplest, surest way; how to demonstrate to yourself it doesn't take genius to write them, but plain common sense and earnest effort.

The wonderful Irving System also shows you how to make an interesting test of your own ability after the next photoplay you see; how to familiarize yourself quickly with every rule of writing photoplays; how to learn all of the interesting terms used in photoplay production, such as close-up, semi-close-up, iris and dissolve, masks, visions, the lap-dissolve, double exposure, the flash, reverse-action, and many others; how to quicken your own imagination; how to spur your ability to adapt ideas from plays you see; how to lift yourself out of the rut of life and do something fascinating as well as profitable; how to develop all the finest and best there is in you—how to win your way to public recognition; how to thrill and enthuse thousands; how to take the short cut to success!

SO to get you started on the Road to Realization, The Authors' Press, originators of the Irving System, are going to present to you absolutely free the most enchanting illustrated book you ever read, called "THE WONDER BOOK FOR WRITERS," and filled with many things that will be good news to you—revelations, information, ideas, helps, hints, and pictures—pictures of Movie stars, scenario writers, authors, photoplay studio scenes—that will thrill you with all the possibilities that play writing holds for you.



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gestion that may be helpful. It has proved so with me. In the course of a series of lectures on photo-play writing given by the University of California extension department, we students were directed to divide up our stories into not less than fifty consecutive episodes or incidents, each of which would require an average of five scenes to the picture, thus making the average total of two hundred and fifty scenes for a five-reel picture. Try that test on your picture—I venture you will find it interesting, and highly instructive. See whether each episode does something to develop the plot, see whether your characters can move logically from one episode to the next without lengthy explanation via the subtitle. See whether you actually have enough relevant material to make out fifty such episodes, each requiring five scenes, without introducing a lot of material that only detracts from your main theme or story. Giving this acid test to my stories has saved readers from the trouble of wading through several of my own "masterpieces," which I discovered through this method were "half baked."

Another thing I have observed in my adventures as an amateur reader is that the author up in Vermont sets his stories out here in California, or in the Rockies. The Texas author presents a New England romance, the sophisticated New Yorker "comes through" with a European locale, probably a mythical kingdom, à la Graustark! Oh, my fellow would-be's, let's stick to facts; let's stay around home, or at least among environments and with people we know about, and have lived among, or with!

"The lost memory," I have discovered, is a favorite theme, or situation, being the central incident around which a surprisingly large number of stories are written. And the perfectly marvelous recoveries of these lost memories would startle the medical profession if they were disclosed! Now ask yourself, how many people have you known who lost their memories and recovered them? Mayhaps you know a lot of people who never did have any memory! And far better would it be if you wrote a story about a fellow who got in trouble because he never could remember, than if you "put yourself in Dutch" with the scenario reader at the studio by inflicting another "lost-memory" story on him! I here vow and declare that I will never write a story around a "lost-memory" theme! Thirty days of reading has cured me of that plot.

One more thing that I have learned, and then I will quit—though goodness knows I could add pages to these experiences and observations if I thought the editor of this magazine would be able to find space for them. That is, you must have drama, you must have dramatic action, in *every single reel*. That does not mean that drama consists of train wrecks, murders, fires, riots, arson, abduction, death, disease, or famine! Leave those things for the experienced serial writer on the studio staff. Yet, just remember—and you will see it if you will use the skeleton or episode form I have mentioned above—that your film folk must move and do things all the time, must be confronted with obstacles that pique the interest and curiosity of your audience, make the blasé "every-other-nighter" at the picture house wonder what is going to happen next. Your neighbors who go to the movies won't sit contentedly through two hundred scenes of leisurely, meaningless motion, just to find out what is going to happen in the last fifty scenes. You wouldn't yourself! By that time you would have lost all interest in the characters—you might be asleep! I confess that my realization of the vital importance of logical, dramatic conflict in scenarios has prompted me to begin a painstaking study of the principles underlying dramatic action. I am digging through the shelves of the public library, reading every book I can find that teaches me these lessons. I believe they are going to help me—maybe they would help you. Try it.

In conclusion, I am convinced that your manuscript is given a reading; I am convinced that its merits are weighed, if it has any. I am convinced that the producers don't steal stories. They want you to succeed—but I don't blame them if they wonder why in the world a lot of us don't try to discover the principles of plot building. Every one of us who submits a "half-baked" scenario is hurting our own game, increasing the difficulties of the earnest student by benumbing and discouraging the scenario editor who daily searches in vain for a real story.

And, by Way of Comment

The above article from Mr. James is interesting, but, with all due respect to the University of California extension department, et cetera, my experience compels me to state that it is a grave mistake to interest writers of photo-play plots in divisions of stories into episodes, scenes, et cetera. *There is a distinct and inseparable line between the*

furnishing of ideas for the movie screen and the writing of scenes, or continuities, for the screen. One person, the outside writer, if you will, furnishes an idea and some business, perhaps. The other, or continuity writer, who knows the practical end of picture making through long studied experience, puts this idea and what business there is into the scenario.

Here is an assertion that may seem surprising, but will be supported by those who know. There is rarely a book, short story, or plot idea from any other source that carries sufficient business for a five-reel picture. For that reason Mr. James' contributors cannot really be censored for not giving enough material for the usual five-reel picture.

The best writers of fiction do not offer enough material for a five-reel picture. They furnish the plot idea, the atmosphere, the characters, and several big swings, or climaxes. It remains for the scenario writer the man who directs the production, and one or two advisers to think up enough action to fill in the gaps.

Many complaints are received that such and such a novel was different on the screen. Many times the reason the picturization of the novel is different is because the author of the novel has been paid for the main title, the environment, and the bare plot only. His word paintings, dialogue, psychological analysis, and the like, will not picturize. Such writing cannot be translated into terms of physical motion. Others have been compelled to invent new business and new situations to carry along the story. A motion-picture feature must get under way quickly. If there is any let down it should be in the second or third reel. The day of two reels of introduction with all characters introduced in close-ups is over with the best pictures. And so every inch of film must carry action. Not one novel, short story, or play in a hundred contains enough material.

It is true that some of the leading authors, while professing a disdain for the motion pictures, have changed their styles and are casting their plots in atmosphere not so expensive to produce in pictures and crowding in more action. And yet there is not enough action. It takes a lot of business to make five thousand feet of film go fast.

All the outside writer—this includes Mr. James and others—can hope to accomplish is the presenting of the new idea, with perhaps a big climax or so, and some incidental business. The outside writer can never hope to furnish every detail of plot and action.

If you have what you think is an original idea, go to it and put down what you have. Let the number of scenes worry those who will be obliged to worry in any event.

The Spirit of Adventure

"The literary life," says H. G. Wells, "is one of the modern forms of adventure."

That statement cannot be too often repeated to the great majority of readers of this department. For, though I get letters every now and then from this person and that who has sold a story to a motion-picture producing company, yet I know that the average person who wants to achieve that goal will never do so—talent is not distributed so generously as is desired.

Indeed, if money were the only goal, the only possible reward for attempting screen writing I would shout from the housetops advising all untried aspirants to avoid trying to become writers for the screen above all things.

Continued on page 12

How to Become Fascinating and Interesting

Only 15 minutes a day will quickly enable you to talk interestingly on subjects of real worth

MANY of my friends think that what I have done is quite remarkable. But I know that any person with native intelligence can do the same. I relate my experience because it may be of help to readers of Picture-Play Magazine, who may realize, as I did, how narrowing and stunting is that insidious American disease, newspaper-itis!

A few years ago, the only thing I read was newspapers. There wasn't a fire, a divorce, or an accident I didn't know all about. I could argue with any one about the day's occurrences. But my conversation was inane, and I soon became looked upon as a plain gossip. I had an ambition to write and spent hours attempting to do so. But the few things I managed to produce, with the hardest kind of concentration, were so obviously "cheap," so lacking in imagination, that I gave it up in despair. There was something "big" I lacked that made everything I said, everything I wrote, trivial and unimportant. In other people's eyes, I was a "nobody," and I had to accept the position. It was galling, embarrassing,—but how could I blame others, when I understood that their estimate of me was absolutely true?

I realized vaguely what was the matter with myself. For years I was haunted with the thought that I lacked education—not necessarily a college training, but the sort of knowledge that would broaden me mentally, that would make me bigger, that would enable me to listen understandingly, talk and write interestingly and intelligently.

One evening, on my way home from work, a friend who was seated beside me, reached into his pocket and brought forth a little limp leather book. I myself, as usual, was reading a newspaper. I had never thought of reading a book to and from work, because the ordinary book is too large and unwieldy to carry around. I asked my friend where he secured his little book, and he told me the name of the publishers.

That was the beginning of a change that was a veritable revolution in my life. In the evening I wrote a letter, and by return mail I received the small limp redcroft leather volumes in this edition. Many of the titles I recognized as ones I had always wished to read. From that time on, instead of wasting my time in profitless reading, I began to devote myself to these great works. At home—in the street cars—everywhere—whenver I had a few spare moments, I read a story, a poem, a play, or an essay. The books were small enough to carry in the pocket, and I had one with me always; sometimes when I went on trips for my firm, I used to carry half a dozen with me.

Do not misunderstand me. I did not pore through anything uninteresting to gain an empty "culture." I read because I was fascinated. I began to understand that the great books of the past are not called classics just because they appeal to a few professors and "highbrows," but because they have charmed and inspired

millions of plain men and women like myself. I read because I could not tear myself away. I began to see why present-day writers themselves call these greater men "masters." I became imbued with ideals of life that had been a closed book. Great characters in novels, which were bywords, to educated people, great poems and essays I had heard of but never read, became familiar to me.

In an amazingly short time I was a fairly well-read person. The range of my reading astonished even myself. I had become thoroughly familiar with some of the best writings of all time, and I did this by saving the minutes I used to spend in reading newspaper gossip.

The change in my life was marked, both from a social and practical point of view. No longer was I embarrassed in the company of my educated friends. I found I was as well read as they. No longer did I feel a secret embarrassment and wish myself miles off when I had been ignorant. My opinions and ideas now seemed as clear-cut as theirs. I could express myself. I could talk about something else than fires, murders, accidents and tittle-tattle. I no longer had to preface my remarks with "I see by the papers." More important, my inner life was revolutionized. I had stumbled by chance into a world that was dark to me before, a world now opened up by the greatest minds that perhaps have ever been on this earth.

And I prospered in business incidentally. Again I tried to write, and found now I had something to say, and could say it in a way that was striking, interesting and convincing. My imagination had been developed remarkably. Now I do nothing but write, and my income is ten times what it was six years ago.

I philosophize often about these books and their authors. I look back and realize how much of this Great Show of life I would have missed had I not become acquainted with them. They present aspects of life far beyond the humdrum existence of most of us. They have opened my eyes—they have opened the eyes of millions of men like me—to the tragedy and the glory of life, to its humor and to its pain, to its mystery—and to its meaning.—M. B. S.

The name of the writer of this interesting and eloquent confession will gladly be given upon request. The publishers of the Little Leather Library—for that is the edition he refers to—have published these masterpieces for men and women like him, so that they can read profitably in spare time. Fifteen minutes a day, usually spent reading newspaper gossip, will within a short time give any person a liberal education in literature. In publishing these works in such form that they may be easily carried around, a genuine need has been filled. This is shown by the fact that over four million of these little volumes have been bought by the American public, without advertising.

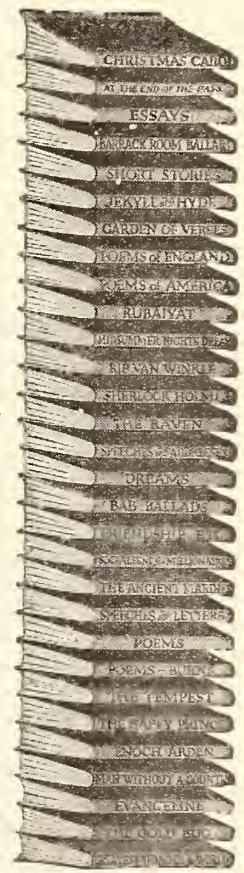
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- How to remove superfluous hair.
- How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles.

Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 10

But I know that writing is an adventure—a delightful adventure, if you will but make it so, and one which cannot help but be stimulating, and often valuable, if undertaken in the proper spirit, with common sense and a little intelligence. Not every boy—not even one in a thousand—who studies law, can sit upon the supreme court bench; of the countless hundreds of girls who study to become opera singers only a tiny fraction of one per cent ever see the diamond horseshoe from behind the footlights. But if they make an intelligent attempt it cannot fail to be of some value to them. And so it is with a good deal of pleasure that I print the following letter which I recently received.

DEAR MR. WRIGHT: You may be interested to know that through reading your department I have succeeded in selling—not a scenario—but four stories, and several little articles and some photographs—to some magazines. It has been such a lot of fun—such a new field for me—that I couldn't resist writing you a word about it. When I first got the idea of trying to write, through happening onto your department, I intended, right away, to do a story and sell it to Douglas Fairbanks. Nothing less would have interested me at that time. Well, I tried, and the story came back. I tried again, with the same result. But meanwhile I had been investigating the field intelligently. I had read all that you have written on screen writing that I could get hold of, and, after a few more attempts, I decided that perhaps I wasn't ready for so ambitious an attempt yet, and that perhaps I'd better begin a little way lower down the ladder, and then gradually work up. Fortunately, among other things I read at that time, was a little book on writing by Charles Phelps Cushing, which gave me more ideas as to how to begin where I ought to than anything I had ever seen. Selling a few little things has, of course, given me a lot of encouragement. I haven't by any means given up the idea of writing for the screen, but I'm going to keep that for an occasional adventure for a while at least.

I can thoroughly indorse everything that is said by this writer, who has written to me before, and whose name is withheld at her request. She has the attitude which ought to win, for she is going at it practically. The book to which she refers is quite well known to me and is called, "If You Don't Write Fiction." Books of that sort are very valuable to persons who are ambitious to write, but who do not know just how to go about it in a practical way. And now, to sum up this paragraph in a sentence: Make writing an adventure; have as many golden dreams about it as you like, aim as high as you want to, but try at the same time to go about it in as practical a way as you can.

Write the Words for a Song!

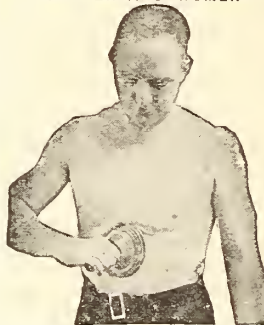
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Fugitive Flashes

By A. Split Reel

Some still call it "fillum!"

A heaving chest never made a movie star.

The eyebrow pencil and the lip-stick should be used with discretion.

Osmun Liles blames a prominent Adam's apple for the fact that he has failed to reach stellar rôles in motion pictures.

"The Heart of Africa" in five gripping parts has been pronounced full of strong atmosphere and local color.

The third reel of "Rome Under Nero," has been delayed. The studio ran out of union suits and tin spears.

Another gladsome thought in favor of the movies—there are no high-noon street parades.

Percival Ramsbottom, whose work in "No Mother to Guide Her," was so strongly praised by all the critics, is disappointed in motion-picture life. There is no opportunity to pose in hotel lobbies.

Sylvanus Q. Smucker has announced his candidacy for president of the Order of United Movie Fans on an independent platform. When interviewed at his bungalow at Walnut Grove by your correspondent, Mr. Smucker was discovered in the attic practicing on a B-flat cornet. He said in part:

I elected, I promise to abolish illustrated songs and do away with artificial flowers in all movie theaters. The throwing of pie dough must be curtailed to reasonable bounds, and I would suggest that onion sets be substituted for many movie scenes, thus cutting down profiteering. Wall-paper patterns used recklessly, crimson rambler beards, and the pouring of coffee into saucers in banquet scenes must and shall be eliminated. The use of the expression "screen" is strongly objected to by the Confederation of Former Bartenders, and this reform will also be inaugurated should I be chosen by the electorate.

It was while recording secretary of Hodcarriers' Union, No. 22, that Mr. Smucker was chosen to represent his State as a motion-picture censor, and his record in cutting out all the more intense and exciting episodes in the films attracted wide attention. Mr. Smucker eats with a fork, tucks his napkin under his chin in the good old-fashioned way, plays in Stamm's Pythian Band, and never misses a Chautauqua session.

It is always canning season in motion-picture land.

A trap drum and a clarinet are two menaces to motion pictures and must be sternly suppressed.

The Doorknob Film Company's wild-animal drama was almost ruined by scratches on the negative.

"Fanchon the Cricket" pleased a capacity audience at the Grand last evening. Real crickets were used in the second reel.

Laid up at his home with the writer's cramp contracted by autographing too many eight-by-ten photographs of himself, Wellington Wales Aiken, the idol of the screen, talked in an interesting manner of his work.

"Yes," murmured Mr. Aiken, as he smoothed his toupee back from his marblelike forehead, "I love to meet people; I love to think that my humble endeavors in the pictures carry with them a little mission; make life, perhaps, brighter and better and bigger for the many. Yes, before entering motion pictures, I played *Simon Slade* in 'Ten Nights in a Barroom,' and my imitation of the wolves in 'Davy Crockett' was an endeavor that won for me much praise from critics. I love to hearken back to those halcyon days in the spoken drama—some day I may return to the legitimate stage, I hear it calling me—calling me!"

Mr. Aiken is not at all difficult to meet. He wears a leather coat, drives his own car, and is never so happy as when making personal appearances. He is now working in that six-reel, gripping film feature, "Home Brew."

Since Iona McConnell sold a two-reel movie plot she wears horn spectacles and carries a manuscript case of leather.

Worthington Kotzman Cook, who wore an oil-cloth cape and carried a leaky torch in the Blaine campaign, is a candidate for a censor of motion pictures. Mr. Cook believes that motion pictures are only in their infancy.

During the death scenes in the third reel of "Lost in the Snow," the Buckeye Block Stringed Orchestra, especially engaged for the evening, got the wrong cue sheets, and played two verses of "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

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P.P.-1-21

What the Fans Think

On different subjects concerning the screen, as revealed by letters selected from our mail pouch.

A Protest from a Husband.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

If these picture makers keep on putting out some kinds of pictures such as they've been doing lately, mind what I say, there's going to be a revolution among married men. I refer to these pictures that make women think that the thing for them to do is to go out and rig themselves out in a lot of classy clothes, no matter whether they can afford them or not.

My wife dragged me out the other night to see a picture with Miss Bebe Daniels in it. I thought it was a silly sort of an affair, because it was just calculated to let Miss Daniels wear a whole lot of stunning clothes. But say! what it did to my wife! She came out of that theater *hypnotized!* There isn't any other word for it. And the next night she sprang a new eighteen-dollar hat on me. If this keeps up I don't know where it will end. I like pictures, but I think we ought to stick to sensible ones like those of Bill Hart. Do I get any seconds to the motion?

J. R. C.—Kansas City, Mo.

Seeing Pictures Under Difficulties.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I wonder if it's true that Antonio Moreno is going to quit serials and is going back to regular pictures? I certainly hope it is, because I haven't seen him for *ages*, and he's my favorite actor.

You see, I go to boarding school, and our principal thinks—or, anyway, she says—that serials are abominable. She says that the people who act in them aren't real actors, and that they just depend upon crazy stunts to get applause, and that we ought to be above seeing such things. I don't think she's right, and I *love* serials, but I suppose I'll never see another until I leave here, anyway.

But we can go to regular pictures once in a while—that is, we're taken every week to something that our principal thinks will be instructive and good for us—and so, if Mr. Moreno's plays aren't given some dreadful name, I suppose there's a chance I'll be able to see him again.

Our principal gets fooled once in a while, though. For instance, a few weeks ago, she told us that we were to see "The Butterfly Man." We weren't very much thrilled, because we thought, as she did, that it would be about some nice old gentleman who went around catching butterflies. But when we got to the theater and saw that the star was *Lew Cody*—we nearly fell over! Our principal didn't know who Lew Cody was, but we did, and before we went in we fixed up a plan by which we were to take turns going out to get a drink, so that she couldn't hurry us out. The picture hadn't much more than started before she saw her mistake, and tried to get us together to take us away. But we saw to it that there was always some one missing, and so we managed to see the picture through.

Oh, dear! Did any ever see movies under such difficulties?

"DANINE."—Lake Forest, Ill.

"Way Down East" a Disappointment.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

D. W. Griffith's production of "Way Down East" has gotten a lot of praise. It will probably get a whole lot more. But I was not nearly so impressed as I had hoped to be when I saw this picture at the Forty-fourth Street Theater in New York, shortly after its sensational premiere opening.

The action of the play was good, but it lacked coherence. It seemed to be separated into two distinct episodes, each rather remarkable in itself, but each antagonistic to the other. The actors who had charge of the serious half of the plot handled their parts with wonderful feeling and got in some good strong heart pulls. The humorous parts might have scored a hit if segregated in two reels by themselves. But such a mixture of dramatic appeal and slapstick comedy is a little hard to digest. You won't find living together in one community a group of persons who are serious from the word go, lacking even the germ of a sense of humor, and others who haven't the slightest idea of what it means to be serious. Human beings aren't built that way. Everybody is serious to a certain extent, and everybody has some sense of humor, imperceptible though it may be. This fault is in no way peculiar to "Way Down East." It is one of the commonest on the screen. Producers seldom bring out the little humorous points in the personalities of their otherwise emotional characters. That "Way Down East" is built on human nature may be true, but that it is built of human nature is far from fact.

The point of the plot is one that should reach the heart of every human being in the world. Many of us think and live, often unconsciously, in accordance with a double system of morals. It is very easy to excuse the real villain for "sowing his wild oats," and condemn the innocent sufferer who is unable to remove the mark of Cain. "Way Down East" tries to put this over with a crash, but right here is another weak point. It defeats its purpose by employing a too spectacular climax. We leave the theater marveling at the wonders of the break-up of the ice jamb, and dancing with excitement over the melodramatic—and very inartistic—rescue at the very brink of the falls. We forget that the hero is willing to marry a woman who has experienced motherhood through a mock marriage; that he is broadminded enough to pardon her for sins that were thrust upon her in her youthful ignorance.

To my mind, if a good portion of the spectacular scenes, for which this production is lauded to the skies, were scrapped; the burlesque, slapstick comedy replaced by a brand of humor more in keeping with the rest of the picture—and this brand of humor can be found in great volume in New England life—and the whole production cut down to about six reels, "Way Down East" would stand a fair chance of being a classic, to be passed on for the

enjoyment of future generations. It is not size, alone, that makes a great movie.
E. SIDNEY RAWSON—Brooklyn, N. Y.

"We Look to the U. S. A."

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I look forward each month to this section of the magazine, and hope that what I have to say will interest your other readers as some of their remarks have interested me.

Some time back in "The Observer's" department there was a plea for balance between star, story, and director, but I think a vital factor was omitted, which the people look to the screen to provide. My point is that you must play up to a high ideal. Two pictures that got home here were "Pettigrew's Girl" and "A Sporting Chance," both Ethel Clayton pictures, one with Monte Blue and the other with Jack Holt. Not great productions with vast sums of money sunk in them, but real human stories, ably interpreted by good casts.

Don't you think it a slur on real art to see the established stars having plays cut and twisted about to fit their stunt acting, so that one can anticipate what to expect as soon as the name of the star is known?

We look to the U. S. A. for the lead—Europe is so deficient in technical excellence and has no message—it seems as though players cannot be found on this side who have youth, talent, and physical charm. We have no three like Monte Blue, Jack Holt, and Bert Lytell—artists every one. And, to quote Priscilla Dean, we have "too many pretty nothings absorbing much valuable film and directors' time, not to mention the long-suffering public's."

"FORWARD"—Leeds, England.

Some Inside Information.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

This is neither criticism nor comment—just reminiscence and a bit of gossip. I am a movie enthusiast. When I was seven I started singing in the old Bijou, back in South Dakota. I sang there twice a night for three years. Then I came to California. Did you ever hear of Imperial Valley? Well, this was ten or twelve years ago, when at first there were no movies. One fall they built an "Airdome." In February I was thirteen, and shortly afterward I started singing there and playing the player piano—and "managing" the youngsters down in front. I chose my own songs, and even learned how to run the projection machine, so that if the operator left, the show wouldn't be crippled. (He never left!)

Since then I've learned still more. I trained as a nurse and was graduated from a hospital in Los Angeles, where I had many of the celebrities for patients—Billie Rhodes, Blanche Sweet, Fay Tincher—and oh, many others. All this time I was movie mad! I'm married now—but still go to the movies three or four times a week.

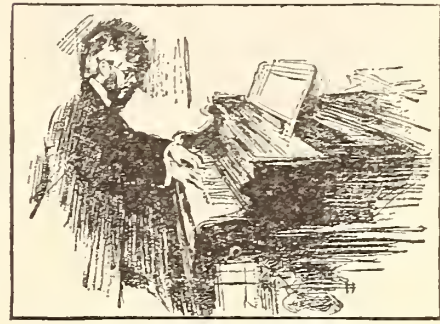
Every day I see many of the celebrities down on the beach. One day—the day that his wife startled the world by announcing her woes—I saw Charlie Chaplin buying a "hot dog," and the same day I saw Pauline Curley eating an ice cream sandwich. I saw Stewart Patton without his glasses, and Milton Sills drinking grape cider. All in one day! And I often see Fatty Arbuckle's mammoth car in front of Sunset Inn. Little Mary Anderson lives very near us, and—oh, I won't bore you any longer!

MRS. D. M.—Santa Monica, Cal.

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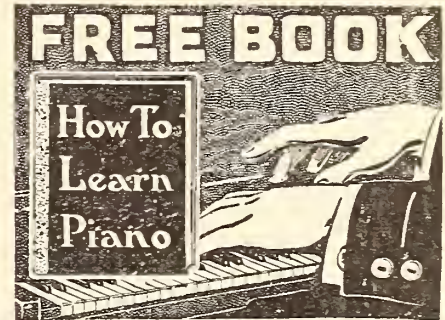
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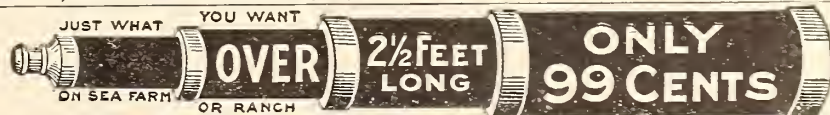
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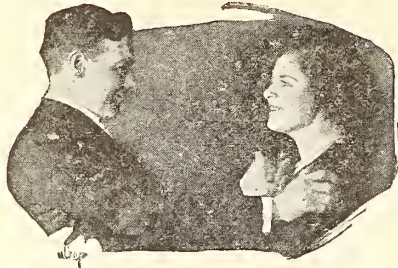
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On the Fort Lee Ferry

How movie life appears to some of the extras on their way to work.

By Harold Seton

DO you get all your jobs direct from the studios, or do you go to the agents?"

"Oh, direct, always! I only went to an agent once, when I first started in the pictures. It was Mr. Blank, who supplies all the people for the Anonymous studio. He said he could put me in a swell reception scene if I had an extra-handsome evening gown. I thought it was going to be a fine chance, and would lead to big results, so I paid six dollars for a cloth-of-gold sash, and four dollars for some crystal fringe trimming. At the end of the day Mr. Blank gave me a dollar and a quarter! So I was out eight seventy-five on the deal!"

"There is that woman and her two little girls, Ella and Bella!"

"Ain't it shameful the way she drags them around from studio to studio every day of the year, hot or cold, rain or shine?"

"She never does a blame thing herself, but just makes them children support her!"

"Some people say they ain't children at all, but dwarfs, kept small by being soaked with whisky!"

"I ain't never heard that! I guess they're kids all right! But they say she starves them, so as to make them look sad! They're awful good in sad scenes! Some one told me they don't get nothing to eat but fish bones and orange peels!"

"I'm on a pitcher with Celia Lloyd! And the airs she puts on would make you sick! You know she used to be a chambermaid in a cheap hotel!"

"Oh, most of the star actresses is terrible common! I've been working with Constance Collins. She thinks she's something great, but people say she used to be a cash girl at the five-and-ten!"

"Just like Marguerite May, used to be a waitress at Childs' twenty or thirty years ago!"

"But what makes me madder than anything is all this fuss about Mary May Marvel. Do you know what she used to do before she made a hit in the movies? She used to be a ragpicker, and everybody in Los Angeles can tell you so! They remember when she used to go around with her grandfather, calling out 'Rags and bottles!'"

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

Volume XIII

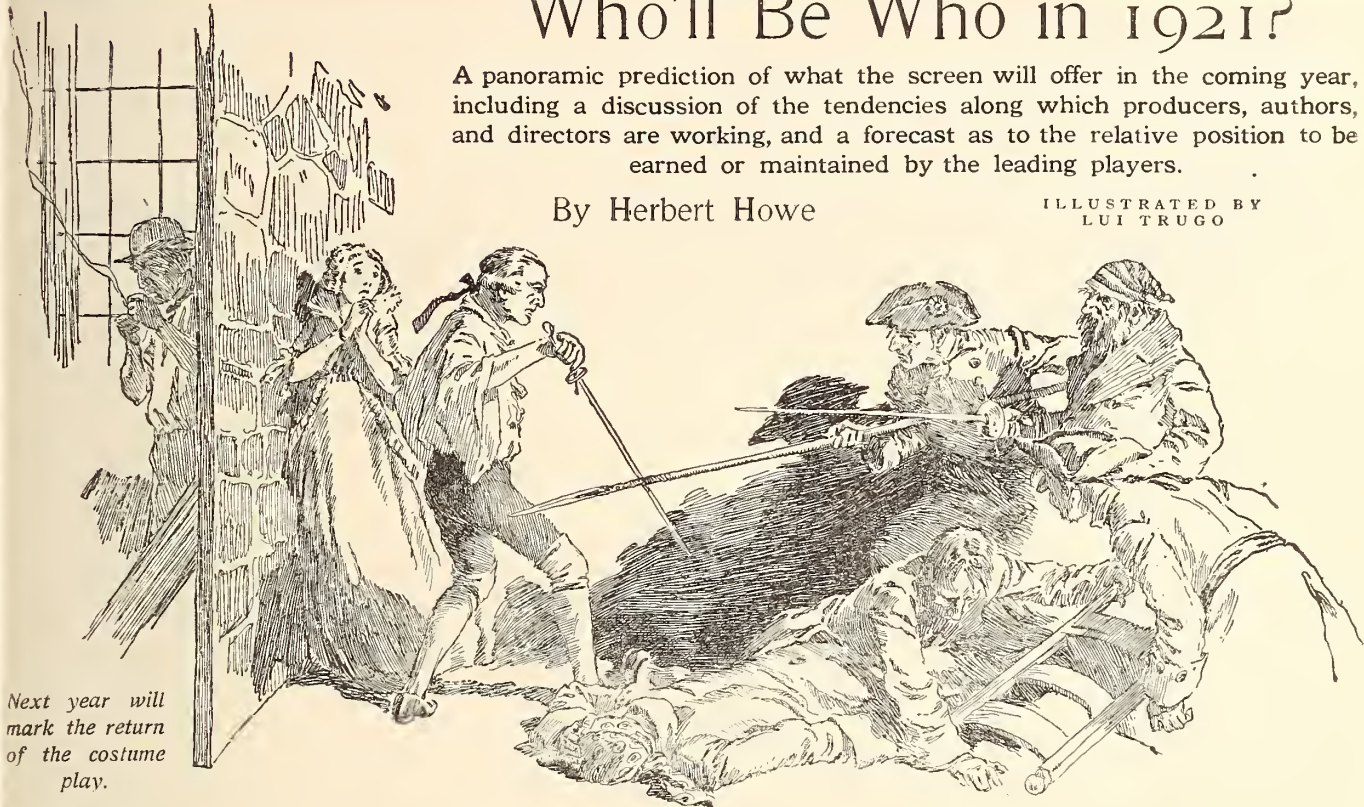
JANUARY, 1921

No. 5

Who'll Be Who in 1921?

A panoramic prediction of what the screen will offer in the coming year, including a discussion of the tendencies along which producers, authors, and directors are working, and a forecast as to the relative position to be earned or maintained by the leading players.

By Herbert Howe

ILLUSTRATED BY
LUI TRUGO

Next year will mark the return of the costume play.

FORETELLING the film events of 1921 is like prophesying the future of Russia, the policies of our next president after he's in office, or the style of Miss Gloria Swanson's next coiffure.

Even the Sibyl and Python of Greece, inspired by flagons from Bacchus, couldn't do it, so how ticklish for a home-brew prophet.

However, the unaccountable fulfillment of my divination for 1920 has engendered within me the courage of my own predictions. I make them without the aid of ouija, liquor, or fumes from aught but hump cigarettes and gift stogies.

I offer this preface as extenuation in the event of any omission such as that of last year when I failed to crown Mr. Harrison Ford with sufficient tinsel, thereby targeting myself for a barrage of well-honed epistles.

In making the attendant prognosis I confess to séance with various screen Solons—exhibitors, producers, clubwomen, taxi drivers, society leaders, chambermaids, pawnbrokers, and my confrères and *sœurs* of this estimable publication. Thus I speak with something more than mine own authority.

Briskly tabulated, the red-letter events on the new calendar are:

Consolidation of producing units under the golden wing of Wall Street.

Continued decrease in number of productions.

Influx of European-made pictures.

Further reapportioning of spoils and electric honors, the author getting a larger share of the bacon.

Renascence of the costume play.

Descent of many stars and ascent of very few.

Some revolt from conventionalities such as the slobber ending, Pollyannacy, "punch," sex jim-jam-jimmery, sainted heroes and heroines, and life as viewed by Daisy Ashford.

Herbert Howe's Forecast

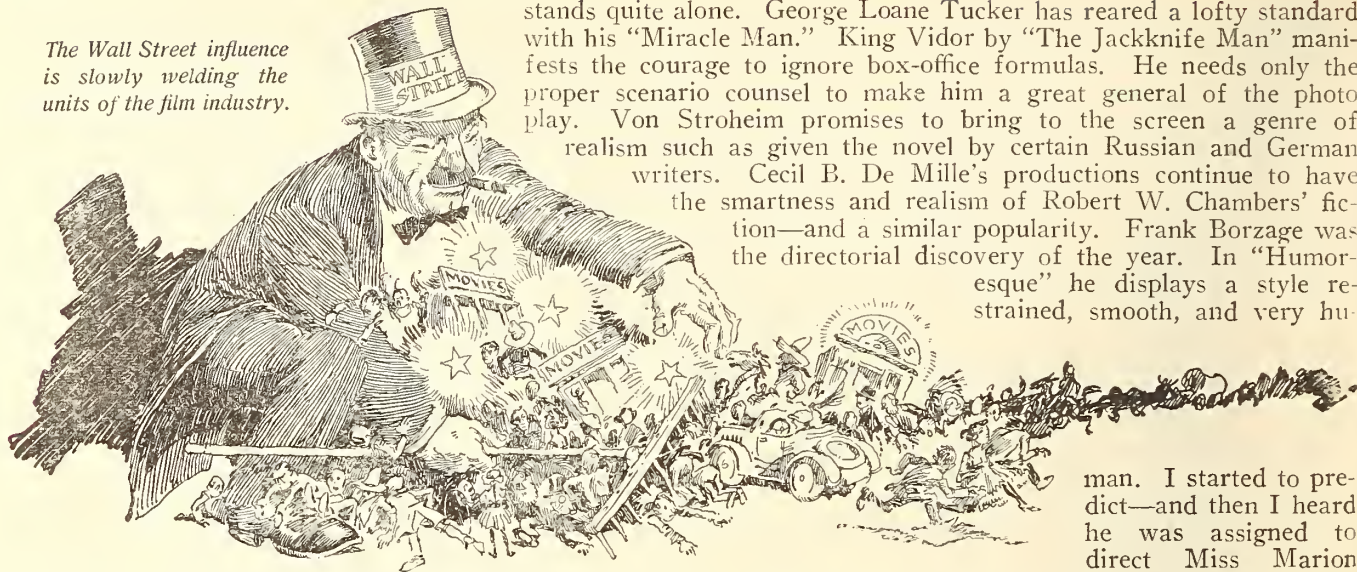
is one of most important critical contributions of the year concerning motion pictures. Brilliantly written, and backed by a thorough knowledge of the film industry, it is recognized as an annual guide-post, not only by PICTURE-PLAY'S large following among the fans, but also by the men and women of the industry, who regard Mr. Howe as an authority on matters pertaining to the screen.

CUSTOM-MADE PICTURES.

I feel optimistic about the pictures of next year. They cannot be more stupid than those of the past. Surely the endurance, or prostration, of the public during the 1920 siege of duds was heroic. Perhaps the war left us supine. At least we were easily fed with patent baby food. This monotony of the movies is hardly more obvious than that of many other products. For

this hebetude the public may or may not be to blame. St. John Irvine politely attributes our quiescence to "the standardization of thought." The manufacturers of pictures have the same reverence for uniformity as have the manufacturers of hand-me-downs and corned willy. The Laskys, Laemmles, Goldwyns, and Inces observe the same methods as the Armours, Rosenheimers, Woolworths, and Childs. Whether or not this policy of standardization can be applied with the same commercial advantage to pictures as to bologna, dime nov-

The Wall Street influence is slowly welding the units of the film industry.



elties, and wheat-cake palaces is a question. We know that the public has responded most favorably to the "radical" Von Stroheim, who merely substitutes a dash of Continental cayenne for the sugar of Americanism. He was instantly hailed by a public all hopped up from this tiny kick in its film chow.

The Wall Street influence is slowly welding the units of the film industry. Some decry the fact. They say it places art in the market with hogs and cheese. It seems to me that movie art always has been in that market, but never had the advantage of the market's capital. The danger of monopoly does not seem great. If a complete combine is effected, bringing a decrease in quality and increase of price, as is characteristic of monopolies, the stage will return to competition. And we always have the alternative of staying at home and playing the phonograph.

CONCERNING D. W. GRIFFITH.

Those directors who broke away from the "combine" to head their own companies during the past year have been so busy emancipating themselves and setting their names in the proper-sized type that they haven't had time to make good pictures. D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East" caused the greatest vibration. The chief merit of this conglomeration of serial thrill, melo, low comedy, and ice, cannot be attributed so much to direction as to the glowing emotion of Miss Lillian Gish, penetrating the silent barrier and giving to the screen a voice. I do not mean to join those Pekingese critics who are trying to make themselves heard by barking at Mr. Griffith. To him we owe the pictorial ideal—"Broken Blossoms." He has been the mentor of the cinema through its croupy period and even now is doing as much, if not more, than any one to put it in long pants. So aware are we of his superiority that we will not accept in his *hors d'œuvre* the same culls we devour without a murmur in the slumgullion of Metro or Universal. Since Mr. Griffith cannot forecast his plans for next year, I will not attempt the feat. I believe he is considering "Ben Hur," "Turn to the Right," and "Java Head."

THE DIRECTORS OF 1921.

The stars and directors of the first zone are each planning to limit the number of their productions to four. This augurs well. Time and money usually prove fair collaborators. While I still look upon Mr. Griffith as the director most capable of breaking down old traditions and creating new modes, he no longer

stands quite alone. George Loane Tucker has reared a lofty standard with his "Miracle Man." King Vidor by "The Jackknife Man" manifests the courage to ignore box-office formulas. He needs only the proper scenario counsel to make him a great general of the photo play. Von Stroheim promises to bring to the screen a genre of realism such as given the novel by certain Russian and German writers. Cecil B. De Mille's productions continue to have the smartness and realism of Robert W. Chambers' fiction—and a similar popularity. Frank Borzage was the directorial discovery of the year. In "Humoresque" he displays a style restrained, smooth, and very hu-

man. I started to predict—and then I heard he was assigned to direct Miss Marion Davies. Supplied with

the proper materials, Mr. Borzage may fall in line with the stellar directors of next year. Two directors of superior excellence who have been unposted will come into prominence. They are Jerome Storm, responsible for the human, even tenor of Charles Ray's pictures, and Irvin V. Willat, who created, under the supervision of Thomas H. Ince, one of the best 1920 pictures—"Behind the Door." Fitzmaurice's understanding of the importance of beauty as an element in screen composition assures some things of fine texture from him. If Tourneur can find it profitable to treat of poetical subjects, as he did of "The Blue Bird," he will be a progressive. It seems impossible for him to give the same expression to human beings that he does to environment. He is an artist in atmosphere rather than in drama. Allen Holubar in his latest picture, draped about man, woman, and marriage, flashes back to the skin and toga ages, thus preparing himself and the public for the costume play which he will present next year. As for Marshall Neilan, he has every chance to excel his *opera* of this year.

THE PHOTO DRAMATISTS.

The reapportioning of spoils and advertising honors continues and will continue until a correct balance is calculated at the box offices. The author has been enjoying an inning, and I believe he now has the greatest responsibility of all contributors to screen entertainment. Nearly every scribe has a chance to go on trial. Thus far, very few novelists and playwrights have shown photo-dramatic fitness. They have considered the screen only as a secondhand dump for their products. Of those who have entered the studio, Rex Beach appears most successful. Jesse Lasky recently made a pilgrimage to Europe to secure the past, present, and future products of the English writers. His emissaries have penetrated Germany.

But until the writer collaborates with the director or supplies him with real photographic drama there will be little change in screen literature. Just now C. Gardner Sullivan is, in my opinion, the scenarioist laureate. He has innumerable pictures to his credit and scarcely a bad one. He is the only screen dramatist whose name could wheedle me to the theater. Mr. Sullivan conceives his stories, writes their continuity, and then follows them on to the set to aid in their picturization. This is about the only way that a story gets to film as written.

Rudyard Kipling has been signed by Pathé to write directly for the screen. Randolph Lewis, an excellent

continuity writer, who can distinguish drama that will photograph from that which will not, has gone to England as a technical adviser for Mr. Kipling. Now if Pathé can obtain a director who will make a literal translation of the Kipling stories, we shall have a treat. Mr. Kipling, by the way, is to receive fifteen per cent of the receipts upon his pictures. This is the best inducement so far offered, I believe, to a playwright, as it gives him a royalty such as he would get from the stage drama.

THE RENASCENCE OF THE COSTUME PLAY.

During the year just closing, as it was predicted from this adytum, we had the drama of metaphysical theme. Next year will mark the renaissance of the costume play, as pretypified by "Romance," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "If I Were King," and "Milestones." Only the price asked for "Ben Hur" prohibits us from seeing that drama in pictorial form, a prohibition which D. W. Griffith is likely to break. There also is some talk of reproducing "Quo Vadis." J. Gordon Edwards, who long has been on intimate terms with kings and queens, will contribute "The Queen of Sheba" to his gallery, which already includes "Cleopatra," "Salome," and "Du Barry." Betty Blythe should do much to popularize the queen even among "Reds."

Other shadows of the past will form in silver pagantry next year. The only reason for prejudice against the costume play has been the style of its presentation. Directors, as a rule, seem to become theatrical as soon as they deal with characters in costume. They forget that life of yesterday was precisely the same as of to-day. Clothes do not change people; neither does time. We could be as much engrossed in Cæsar's worries about the ides of March as in our own worry about how to meet the income tax, providing Cæsar swore a few, tried to dodge, and came through in an entirely human way. We do not want a textbook history on the screen; we want living drama.

REMOVING THE STAYS.

So long as writers continue to write "with the screen in mind," we may hope for little that is different. While learning to construct drama that will photograph, the less heed they pay to screen plays of the past the better will be screen plays of the future. The photo play has been corseted by conventionalities which prevented any liberty of expression. Every producer has a patent formula of "musts" and "must nots." The heroine must never do anything dishonorable or naturally unconventional. The hero must never manifest any of the bad traits that make a man. Every picture must have love interest, *i. e.*, sex interest. No matter

how illogical, each drama must culminate in matrimony, that being the conception of a "happy ending," despite the not uncommon opinion that the happiest ending is in release therefrom. But the movies are firm in the belief that all romance ends in dishwater and darned socks. Until the success of "Behind the Door" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," there was temerity toward any realism that was unpleasantly real. These pictures proved the fallacies of any formula of what the public wants. Mr. Griffith made the drive that shattered tradition. Wiseacres of the industry will tell you "Broken Blossoms" was a financial failure, evidence positive that the public wants tragedy only in the undertaking parlor and chinks only in the kitchen. The records in the offices of the United Artists show that "Broken Blossoms" earned a neat percentage of profit. Perhaps it was not as great a percentage as earned by such pot-boilers as "A Fool There Was," "Male and Female," "Sex," and others in line with "Minnie, the Wild Girl" carnivals. Considering that it was stark tragedy, that it dared to have a *Yellow Man* for a hero instead of "a clean young American," that it ventured to indicate virtue in the "heathen" and hypocrisy in the "Christian," "Broken Blossoms" was a triumph of truth and beauty. No matter what horrific clucks were emitted by the Samanthas of our virtuous land, "Broken Blossoms" was recognized by the majority as a classic creation which will earn pæans when the good Samanthas have joined the *Yellow Men* and *Lucys* in the harp squad.

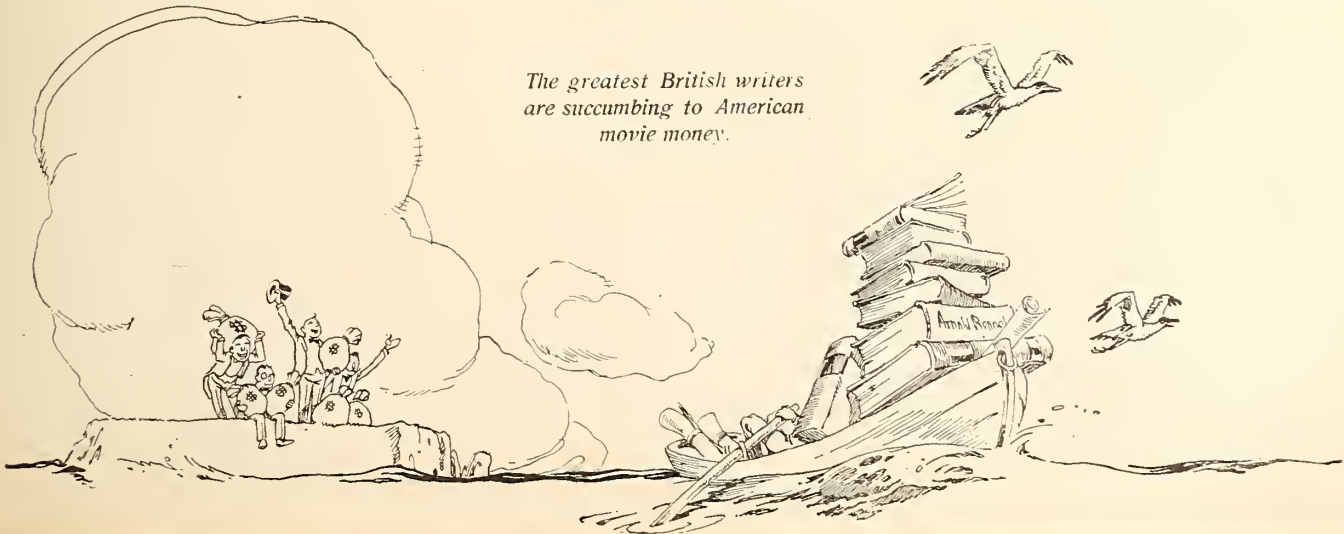
A more recent indicator of popular currents is King Vidor's "The Jackknife Man." It is devoid of all sex sentiment which has been considered the salt of movie mixtures. At the Strand Theater in New York it was applauded enthusiastically by paying crowds. From such iconoclasm we learn that the public is more open to conviction than most of our producers. A fine transcription of life, even though tragic, and without sex thrill, will be appreciated. Popular taste is not so moron that it tolerates only sex quackery, Horatio Alger popgunnery, and Pollyanna praline.

THE TEN FAVORITE FAIR.

The visible personnel always is the most interesting topic of screen prophecy. Who will be who in the new year lends light? First, the feminine who's who, since that's the more decoying.

Mary Pickford was canonized long ago. She is the divine one of pictures. Her supremacy will endure as has Bernhardt's of the stage. No matter how eager one may be to adore at the shrine of Alla or Lillian or the wag-wigged Dorothy, the first genuflexion must be

The greatest British writers
are succumbing to American
movie money.



made to Mary. There seems to me to be a triune of great screen actresses: Lillian Gish, Alla Nazimova, and Mary Pickford. The rest are simply ladies who act. While this is merely a personal impression, it is impersonally rendered, for I confess I am a more regular attendant, perhaps, at movie services when Miss Dorothy Gish presides than I am when one of the trinity is pulpited.

Since Woolworth has standardized the numeral ten, I'll enumerate the ten ladies who, I believe, will exercise the greatest puissance at the ticket window of 1921. The first ten:

Mary Pickford, Nazimova, Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Dorothy Gish, Constance Talmadge, Betty Compson, Anita Stewart, Viola Dana, Corinne Griffith.

It is quite beyond my oracular power to determine the relative popularity of the ten; hence I claim no exactness in their order of mention. Much depends upon their fortunes in the matter of stories, direction, exploitation, and circulation, quite aside from their personal worth and attraction.

I believe that Lillian Gish and Betty Compson will make the greatest individual advances in popularity. They intrigue the most speculation. Miss Gish has amazed some of us to the brink of declaring her the finest actress of the age. Knowing that she has qualities unrevealed as yet to the camera, I consider her the most interesting subject for observation. Miss Compson in "The Miracle Man" took our breath away, and to date has not returned the same; hence we are particularly concerned about her. Norma Talmadge and Alla Nazimova divided honors last year in the matter of bad stories with inept productions. If Nazimova would secure expert technical aids she might do justice to her genius. The Talmadge *filles* certainly have a constituency among women concerned with fashions, which includes, I suppose, the whole Eve vote. Further than that I scarcely comprehend. Dorothy Gish is by far the best comedienne in pantomime, but so scant has been her material that at times she appeared to be doing a clownish monologue. She should be supplied with stories and real characters, such as the *Little Disturber*, of satire rather than burlesque. Anita Stewart is the ideal American girl. Breezy light comedies matching her vivacity would be more suitable than such diamond dickery as "The Yellow Typhoon." She has had some shoddy misfits both in stories and direction, particularly the latter. Viola Dana is the American *la petite*. She's the bantam hope. If Vitagraph circulated its publications as generally as Paramount, Corinne Griffith undoubtedly would extend her thrall. I believe she will be in the major group next year. She is the embodiment of perfumed femininity and high-sexed charm.

Following close in potential attraction are the Misses Alice Joyce, Mae Murray, Constance Binney, Katharine MacDonald, Dorothy Phillips, Shirley Mason, and Jean Paige.

There has been a somewhat irrational starrng of leading women during the past year. Among those who have yet to prove their right to electricity are Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Justine Johnson, Eileen Percy, Louise Lovely, Edith Roberts, Carmel Myers, Jane Novak, Gladys Walton, Hope Hampton, and Martha Mansfield.

SOME STELLAR PREDICTIONS.

Very few stars will be created next year. Those best qualified to be among the few are:

Florence Vidor, who eventually will star under the supervision of her husband, King Vidor.

Betty Blythe, an *orchidaceous charmante* who no doubt will be a star after her presentation in "The Queen of Sheba."

Colleen Moore, favorably considered by such authorities as King Vidor and Marshall Neilan.

Marguerite de la Motte, who revealed ability in "Trumpet Island," and who, I'm told, is considered a comer by no less than Mary Pickford.

Ann May, a flame-colored bijou with a sparkle of comedy.

Ann Forrest, capable of whimsicality and vivid pathos as projected from a bit in "The Prince Chap."

Gloria Swanson, scarcely more than a manikin, yet with beauty sufficient to market her marble.

Continuing with slight variation along the same level as that of the last year, with retrogression more liable than advance, are Ethel Clayton, Blanche Sweet, Billie Burke, Dorothy Dalton, Alice Brady, May Allison, Bessie Love, Clara Kimball Young, Enid Bennett, Madge Kennedy, Mary Miles Minter, Alice Lake, Vivian Martin, Louise Glaum, Priscilla Dean, and Elaine Hammerstein.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

Once it was that stars sought the studios when the stage failed to appreciate. The condition is now the reverse. When the lowly film fan thumbs his nose, the star hits for the stage door. Some of the most eloquent actresses of the stage have been able to transfer their talents to celluloid only with tepid success. Others have enjoyed a profitable term, but now find the stage offers greater profits. Elsie Ferguson always has been more effective in footlights than in shadows. She will devote most of her attention to the stage. Geraldine Farrar plans to specialize in voice. Theda Bara is blue-flaming around the country to financial advantage. Although her mystic hocus-pocus has been kidded, she still would excite curiosity if she returned to pictures. Other stars who, sooner or later, may be claimed exclusively by the stage are Pauline Frederick, Bessie Barriscale, Dorothy Dalton, Madge Kennedy, Doris Kenyon, Alice Brady, and Clara Kimball Young.

Ruth Roland has succeeded Pearl White as serial queen. She probably will not attain the phenomenal popularity of *la belle* Pearl. Nor will Miss White as a feature star equal her serial popularity. Her status in the five-reel set has yet to be determined. Other popular damsels of the risky drama are Edith Johnson, Pauline Curley, and Juanita Hansen.

LADIES IN WAITING.

The leading ladies most engaged and engaging are Grace Darmond, Marjorie Daw, Doris May, Beatrice la Plante, Florence Deshon, Leatrice Joy, Carol Dempster, Lila Lee, Seena Owen, Edna Purviance, Helen Jerome Eddy, Jane Novak, Dagmar Godowsky, Rosemary Theby, Anna Q. Nilsson, Sylvia Breamer, Helene Chadwick, Mary Thurman, Ann Luther, Ann Little, Alma Rubens, Lois Wilson, Helen Ferguson, Mae Busch, Francelia Billington, Betty Ross Clark, Lillian Hall, Naomi Childers, Gladys George, Elinor Fair, June Elvidge, Vola Vale, Olive Tell, Fritzi Brunette, Alma Tell, Elinor Field, Lucille Carlisle, Mildred Davis, Ruth Stonehouse, Mary Anderson, Marguerite Snow, Alice Terry, Estelle Taylor, Winifred Westover, Sylvia Breamer, Rubye de Remer, Myrtle Stedman, Nancy Deaver, and May McAvoy.

Although not among the stars in popularity, Mary Alden surpasses most of them in ability. Among other actresses of character rôles who have bolstered a play

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Try This with Your Victrola

It's the trot of the Four Horsemen. Incidentally the latest step of Rudolph Valentino toward screen fame.

By Charles Carter

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE" will set the pace for syncopation.

The Ibañes novel when unreelcd will introduce a new dance originated and executed by Rudolph Valentino, who might be said to be putting his best foot forward toward film fame.

Valentino already has been seen in "Eyes of Youth" with Clara Kimball Young, in "Ambition" with Dorothy Phillips, and in "The Cheater" with May Allison. But in "The Four Horsemen" he reverts to the occupation of dancing which employed him at Rector's with Bonnie Glass, at the Winter Garden, and on the Keith vaudeville circuit. Incidentally, he plays the vivid rôle of *Julio*, for which he seems born. *Julio*, you may recall, was a dancer, a romantic devil, and handsome in a foreign way.

Valentino was born in Taranto, Italy. His father was a captain in the Italian cavalry. Rudolph hearkened to paternal advice and spent four years at the Royal Military College of Agriculture at Genoa, graduating with a plowman's degree. At the age of eighteen he came to the United States, intending to make a furrow for himself as a Western rancher. He tarried too long in New York, however, where he met a number of theatrical people. Although he had never taken a dancing lesson in his Italian life, he was considered an excellent "find" by Bonnie Glass, who engaged him as her partner.



Not for Publication

Marjorie Daw was afraid she wouldn't "sound like an actress."

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

BUT don't print anything I actually say," whispered Marjorie Daw confidentially, "because I'm not a real actress in the sense that people insist 'real actresses' should be. I'm just a regular American girl—trying," she added with a boyish grin, "to get along."

Flitting from one leading rôle to another, first in Fairbanks' acrobatics, then in Neilan productions, has not affected the demure Daw girl a little bit. She gives the impression of youth eternal and May parties and high-school days and springtime. She is a flapper, to the manner born—a young edition of all the queens

that have graced the light-comedy stage in the past. Her poise is still unstudied, her air wistful, her walk happily carefree and quite unlike the Rolls Royce swing affected by many of our foremost stars.

"I want to do some ragged, poor-girl rôles, like Mary Pickford has done. I want to do characters that are real and human." Incidentally Miss Pickford is her ideal, with Tommy Meighan lining up as her favorite male of the gelatin strips. Her choice is explained by her love of humanness in pictures. "To me Marshall Neilan ranks first among directors," declared Miss Daw, as she perched on a desk in her wicker-and-chintz dressing room. "And he's a circus when he directs. We did 'Don't Ever Marry' in twenty-one days, so you can see he's a regular hound for work, but we all had a wonderful time doing it. Wesley Barry peps up any cast, and for that matter, walks away with the picture usually. He's a dear."

And here, for the first time, is the real inside story of Farrar and Marjorie Daw. While the latter was doing "Out of the Darkness," with Charlotte Walker, on the Lasky lot, Geraldine Farrar happened by. An alert press agent posed Miss Farrar with a sheltering arm about Marjorie, and sent the picture all over the civilized world captioned, "Farrar and Her Little Protégée."

"I've met her once since the day of that picture," laughed Marjorie, "and we said 'How do!' and passed on. It was

embarrassing, though, for a time, when people would ask Farrar's 'protégée' to sing. I have a voice like a crow!"

Her pet rôle is that embodied in "The River's End," and the one she likes least she had finished not long before I met her. "House Peters was in it," she said, "but even that couldn't make my part much more enjoyable. It was a fool part, if you know what I mean. The girl I played didn't do anything that was sensible or excusable. She wasn't *real*; they're the hardest parts in the world, too. I suppose every one's said it before me, but it is awfully true that we can't make convincing that which doesn't seem convincing to us." This "foolish" part incidentally was the one she had in "The Great Redeemer." The next picture she did starred Wesley Barry, and carried a strong Irish appeal. "It's called 'Dinty,'" Marjorie told me. "And I love the part I have in that. It's small, but, oh, my!"

Criticism affects her according to its source. Writ-

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An Actor of the Old School

Cesare Gravina thinks that art should be art, and not business.

By Caroline Bell

YOU'VE seen him, no doubt, a good many times in pictures of late, particularly in some of the best Goldwyn productions. He had, as you'll recall, a particularly "fat" part, as they say, as *Jahoda*, the little dancing master in "Scratch My Back." In "Madame X" he had a much smaller rôle, that of the timid little innkeeper, but a rôle that sticks in the memory for all that it's a small one. And if you haven't done so already, you'll soon be asking, "Who is this Cesare Gravina, anyway?" Unless you read this account of him.

He's an Italian, and an actor of thorough training in the old school.

"Modern actors want only the fame, the money—quick! They are not ready to starve, to work, to give all for the art," Gravina told me when I asked not long ago how he happened to be what he was, and what he thought about being there. "It is now—what do you say?—the business!" he went on. "It is not the art. When I was a young man in Italy we did not earn the big money on the stage." He laughed reminiscently, and his face, the mobile, interesting face of an actor who has spent many years in learning to play many parts—broke into new lines that changed its whole contour. "If I had wanted to be the rich man I never would have been the actor! But they say that art grows in poverty—maybe that is why I am so clever, eh?" This time the laugh was self-deprecatory, excusing his little sally at his own expense. "That is good, though—to work hard, to love art for itself, and not for the money it brings. All the time to study, instead of—what you say—the jazz about so much! If a man make not himself the real artist—well, who will want to see him when he is old and ugly, like me, eh?"

As for being ugly, so interesting a face could not fit that description; as for being old—well, Signor Gravina is fifty-nine, but more active than a lot of the youngsters on the Goldwyn lot.

Gravina has had a tremendously interesting career. He has played before practically all the European royal families, and has toured Europe and South America with his own company.

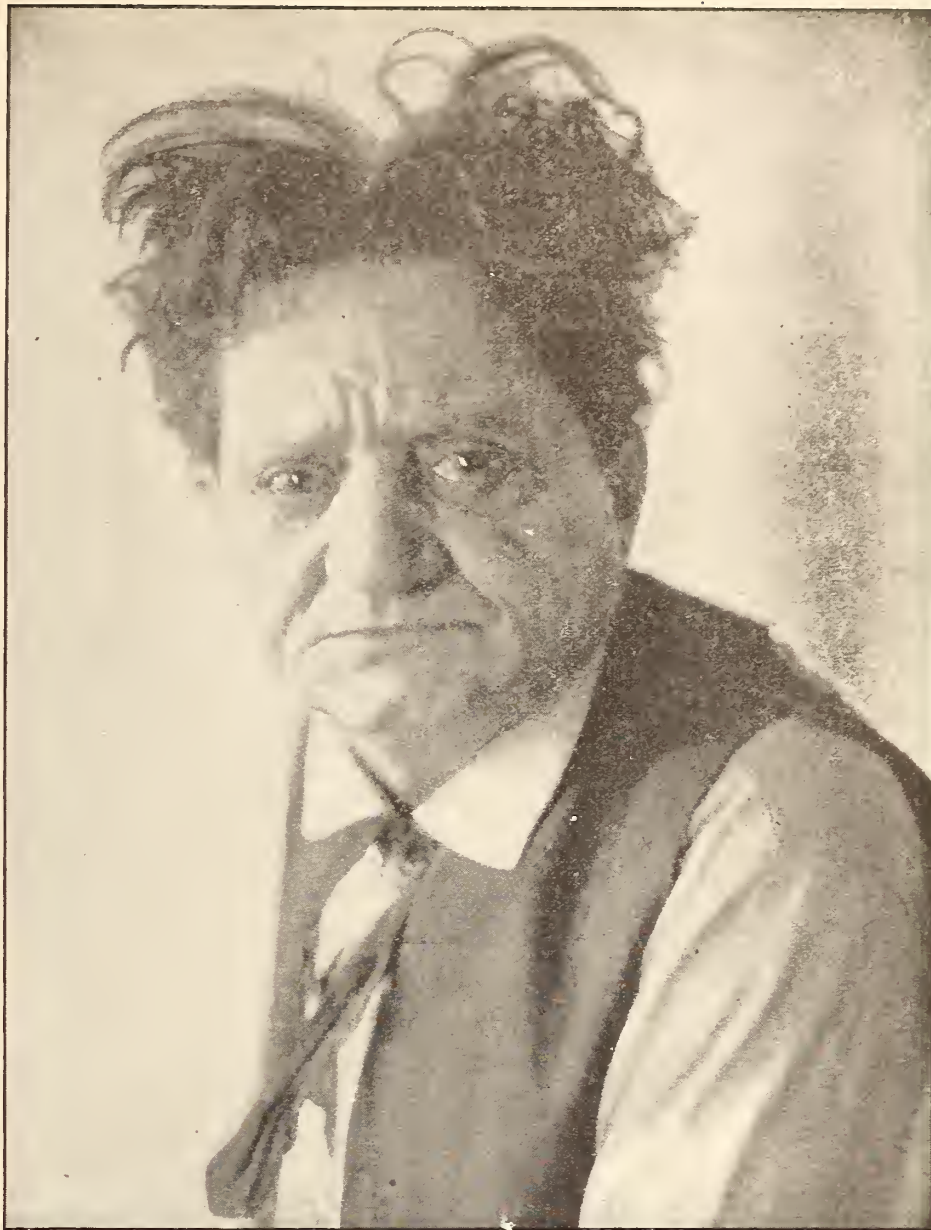


Photo by Clarence S. Bull

He has the mobile, interesting face of the actor who has spent many years in learning to play many parts, and, while he says that he has not starved for his art, he adds that "maybe I have been a little hungry."

He first appeared on the stage in his native city, Naples, in 1882, producing light opera with his own company. For years after that he played operatic rôles, in many of which he was called upon to dance—which accounts for his skill in doing just this sort of thing on the screen. Later he appeared in vaudeville and pantomime, but it was not until forty years of stage experience that he turned to motion pictures. He came to the United States about five years ago, when his Italian company broke up because so many of the players went to war, and not long afterward he went into pictures. He has played under many directors, and he continues to be a free lance, and one who is very much in demand. You will soon see him in Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives."

"It is when you have worked hard for the art that it stays with you always," he told me in parting. "I do not say that I have starved for it, remember—but I have worked and given all that was in me, yes—and maybe been a little hungry, too!"



Photo by Puffer

Who'd ever believe that there's one thing she really wants that she can't have? Well, there is.

“What’s She Really Like!”

SHE'D followed me everywhere—over the golf links, out to the tennis courts, and even on a stiff scramble part way up Mount Washington. And to save my life I couldn't see why that charming seventeen-year-old youngster should tag around after me. Finally, the evening of the weekly hop at the hotel, I found out. For, chilly as the September air was up there in the mountains, she came out on the veranda with some nice college boy's sweater thrown over her shoulders, and wrinkled her filmy little dance dress all up as she scroodged into a shivering heap in the hammock and said breathlessly:

“I've heard that you write about the movies; *have* you ever met Norma Talmadge?”

And her own grandmother, who was sitting placidly near by, echoed that question just as breathlessly.

“I have; I had tea with her just before she sailed for Europe last August,” I told them. Then they wanted to know all about her. Most everybody does, I've found; even people who insist that they never go to the movies make an exception of Norma. They've heard and read a lot about her. If they live in New York they've perhaps seen her—in her box at the opera, gorgeously clad; on the street, looking like a boarding-school girl in her little gray-squirrel coat and dull-blue hat; flashing by in her motor, holding her tiny dog up to the window so that he can bark at the traffic police. They've heard of her wonderful jewels; of her appearance at the first night of a big theatrical performance, wearing a fortune in emeralds and diamonds, when she attracted as much attention as did the star. Perhaps you, like them, want to know the truth about her. Here it is:

She has dark-brown, wavy hair, and her eyes just match it. She has the complexion of a child that eats bread and milk for supper and goes to bed at six every night. She's not thin and willowy like Constance, and certainly she's anything but fat; she's that enviable “just the right size.” On the screen she seems taller than she really is—in fact, you're rather surprised to find her so small, when you first meet her. And that afternoon she had on a simple little dress of soft, crushed-looking silk, sort of a pinky-lavender in color.

“There's one thing I wish I could do before I die,” she confided to me that afternoon. “It's just a crazy wish, like men make when they long to be a kid again and run away to go swimming—and I can't ever have it.”

I looked around that gorgeous Park Avenue apartment.

“If there's anything on earth you can't have——” I began, but she interrupted me.

“I can't have this. It's a church wedding, where everything goes *exactly right*. A wedding with somebody singing ‘The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden,’ and six bridesmaids all dressed in rainbow colors, and lots of lilies, all stiff and not wilted a bit—that kind of wedding. Oh, my goodness, yes, I'm perfectly happy with my husband,” in response to a comment from me. “And I could have had a wedding like that if I'd happened to want one at the time, but I didn't.”

That's a question every one asks about Norma Talmadge; here's the answer.

By Selma Howe

Still, I do think it would be sort of nice." And she teetered back in her chair so that she nearly fell over, and had to be rescued.

"But why long for that?" I asked.

"Well, you see, I've had so many weddings—screen ones, I mean. And they *always* go wrong, you know. Sometimes the scenario has the villain rush in and upset things, and sometimes things just don't happen right and there has to be a retake. No screen wedding ever went off just perfectly right—and I suppose the thing's just sort of grown on me till I can't get away from wanting to be in a perfectly ordinary, regular wedding. Think of all the girls who do it—and I'm perfectly sure I never will!"

You see, she's a curious mixture of charming, childlike ways and the wisdom of a woman of the world. She's so pretty that she can afford to experiment with her beauty, like a girl who can try on dozens of hats and look well in each one of them, whether it especially suits her or not. She is like a musical instrument on which one can play anything from a Bach concerto to the latest jazz.

She's not without her hobbies; disabled soldiers is the greatest of them, and one that nearly proved a conversational quicksand that afternoon. For what can you do when a famous star breaks down and cries like a broken-hearted child?

"I'm doing all I can for them; I'm sending some to the country each week—but what's that! And the other evening I went to the movies and saw a news reel of the soldiers' graves in France—those little, lonely graves, with the rain beating down on them——"

Desperately I sought for a counter-irritant.

"You're going abroad yourself in a day or two," I reminded her. "Think of what a good time you'll have, with your mother and sisters and Dorothy Gish and everybody."

"Yes," she agreed, "I ought to; I'm just going over to play. But I'm not even thinking about it till the very last minute; then I'll throw some clothes into a trunk and hop on the boat. If I talk a lot about things I'm always disappointed in them. That's not the way with Constance, though; she gets excited and rushes around and says: 'Oh, I'm so thrilled I can't talk about it—I can't talk about it——' And then she has nervous indigestion."



Photo by Puffer

She is like a musical instrument on which you can play everything from a Bach concerto to the latest jazz.

Which, as the psychologists would say, summed up Constance's reactions pretty completely.

Norma is one of the most outspoken people I've ever met; instead of calling a spade a spade, she's quite likely to call it a shovel. Even if it happened to be your own pet, particular shovel she wouldn't tie conversational pink ribbons on its handle.

Perhaps all this rather surprises you. You may have expected something far different; profound intellectual discussions, for example, or deep emotional acrobatics, such as might be expected from an actress whose ability to make her audiences laugh or cry has won fame for her.

Well, there's an adequate reason for the lack of these things. To begin with, she has the good taste not to drag such things into the conversation unless they belong there. And

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A Wee, Bonnie Lassie

Anne Cornwall's a Scotch-British American and "rags without curls" is her motto, she says.

By
Ted Taylor

ONCE there was a little girl named Anne Cornwall. In school she always seemed to get the blame for everything.

And after school her mother always sent her to a picture show so she'd know where Anne was. Anne used to hate the old movies. She used to sit in the back row and suck lollypops and hate the movie children who had curly hair. Because she hadn't. "Any one'd think all children were born with curls!"

And then her family moved to Catskill-on-the-Hudson, and Anne tramped over Rip van Winkle's hills and shot squirrels with a double-barreled shotgun.

And she learned toe dancing and went into musical

comedy. But it was too monotonous doing the same thing every night—like school—so she went into the movies.

And now the little girl who was sent to the movie show and hated it is a movie star—and likes it!

Wee, witty, and winsome is Bonnie Anne Cornwall, and let no one tell you different.

Further, keep a civil tongue in your head when talking with Anne. Once she clouted a lumpin' big boy on the head with a roller skate when he laughed at her skating. And her no bigger than a minute.

Indeed with a half brother bigger than she right now—and he only twelve years old at that!

And would you know more of this tiny tomboy? Come with me this afternoon out on the "La La Lucille" hotel setting under the long, wide, sultry stage roof at Universal City. And laddie, if you have a heart, prepare to lose it now.

"So you want my pedigree. I don't see why. I just went to school and got in the movies—that's all. Nothing exciting about that. I was born in Brooklyn, out in what was country then. My mother was a fine Scots-woman, two years from the old country. My father was English. I just seemed to go over the top into pictures. Of course, I played extras some, but I don't remember much about it. My first part was awful. I was fat then, like this"—and she made a puffy face. "My, I weighed one hundred and fifteen pounds, I guess!"

"I remember my first motion picture. It was the day I ate my first ice-cream cone. About 1902. Yes, it was, Mr. Smarty. I'm old enough to vote now, and I don't care. Anyway, this was at Coney Island. All I know is the picture was full of dogs and people rushing right at me, and then some one threw a handful of confetti onto my ice-cream cone, and mother wouldn't let me eat any more of it—and my whole day was spoiled.

"Comedies are fun. I'm *Lucille* in this, and Eddie Lyons is one *La*, and Lee Moran is the other *La*. I like being their leading woman better than I did being starred in 'The Girl in the Rain.' I was in their first five-reeler.

'Everything but the Truth,' you know.

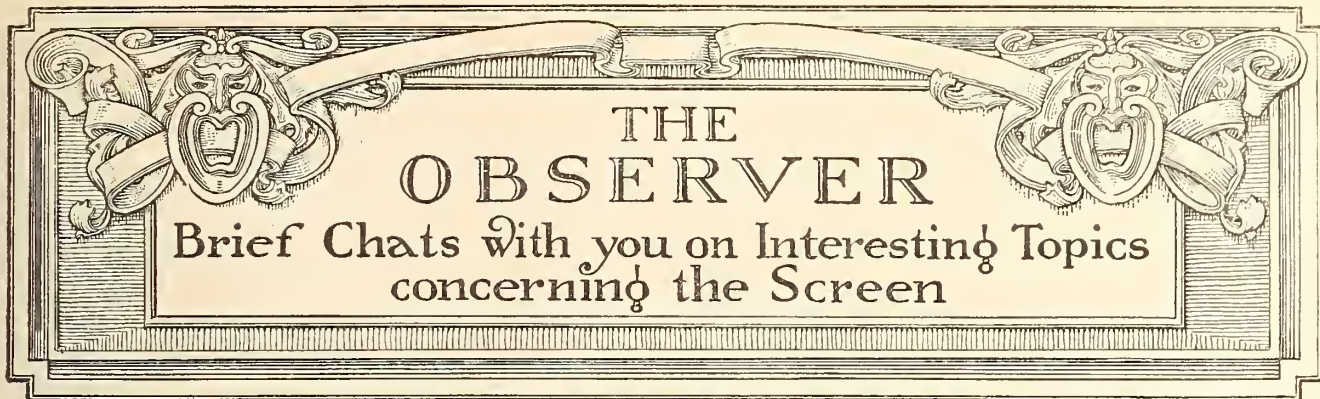
"But I like weepy parts, too. In 'The Copperhead,' with Lionel Barrymore, I had to cry in about every scene. And I liked that tremendously.

"I guess what I want is a sob sandwich—first a comedy, then a sad picture, then another light one.

"Do you want to know my real ambition? To play a raggedy rôle—without any curls. 'Rags without curls' is my motto.

"I've been in pictures only two years. Stage training before that? Oh, yes! Six weeks of it. Singing and dancing with the Dollies in 'Oh, Look!' But

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THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics
concerning the Screen

A Public Utility

Up in Kennebunkport, Maine, the residents are trying to keep the motion-picture theater open all the year round. In summer the visitors support the pictures, but there is not enough patronage in winter to make the show pay. So citizens are making appeals in the newspapers, trying to find a way to establish the theater as a public utility—like the water works, or the gas company—a thing that should be kept going in winter as well as in summer.

The same situation exists in hundreds of towns, a situation that is being remedied better in the Middle West than in the East.

In Ohio, especially, nearly every small town has its motion-picture show at least once a week. The boards of education have taken upon themselves the job of getting good pictures for their towns. The town buys the equipment necessary, and the assembly room of the high school is the theater. Season tickets are sold to guarantee expenses, and whenever the town decides that it wants to see some particularly fine new attraction, the motion-picture committee goes around town selling one-time tickets at a small advance in price. Everybody digs up, and the picture comes to town.

The difficulty in many small towns is that nobody knows the method of procedure. The best way is for the board of education to send a man to the nearest city in which there is a branch office of a reliable company. The manager of that office will be glad to explain everything. He will help the town get its screen and its motion-picture machine. The company that sells the machine will install it and teach the janitor of the high school or the president of the bank how to run it. Arrangements can be made for booking old pictures or new ones, depending upon the amount of money the townspeople want to spend.

It is easy to do if a town can get one live man interested.

A Picture We'd Like to See

It has often occurred to us that the fine emotional acting of Lillian Gish should be immortalized at some time in some of the classic tragedies. We had in mind, particularly, what a wonderful *Ophelia* she would make. We believe that she would give as fine an interpretation of this rôle as any of the great tragediennes of the past who have plucked rosemary for remembrance.

And having nominated Miss Gish for *Ophelia*, we should like to see John Barrymore cast for the rôle of *Hamlet* in this castle in Spain production. Possibly some of our readers can make further suggestions as to who might be fitted for the other rôles, such as *King of Denmark*, *Gertrude*, *Laertes*, *Polonius*, and the *First Gravedigger*.

A Post- script

We had to rush upstairs to the composing room and stop the printers from setting up our observations for this month in order that we might insert, right here, the following extract from a letter which John Barrymore recently sent to D. W. Griffith, and which came to our attention several days after the preceding paragraph was written:

MY DEAR MR. GRIFFITH: I have for the second time seen your picture of "Way Down East."

I have not the honor of knowing Miss Gish personally, and I am afraid that any expression of feeling addressed to her she might consider impertinent. I merely wish to tell you that her performance seems to me to be the most superlatively exquisite and poignantly enchainning thing that I have ever seen in my life.

I remember seeing Duse in this country many years ago when I imagine she must have been at the height of her powers—also Madame Bernhardt—and for sheer technical brilliancy and great emotional projection, done with an almost uncanny simplicity and sincerity of method, it is great fun and a great stimulant to see an American artist equal, if not surpass, the finest traditions of the theater.

I am not in the habit of writing letters of this character, and it is only a very rare experience that could impel it. I wonder if you would be good enough to thank Miss Gish from all of us who are trying to do the best we know how in the theater.

As an indorsement of our opinion of Miss Gish we could hardly have asked for anything more authoritative than this statement from the man who is universally acclaimed the greatest actor of the present American stage.

What he says makes us think more highly than ever of our wish that these two might costar in "Hamlet" or in some other suitable vehicle, and we respectfully offer the suggestion to Miss Gish and to Mr. Barrymore.

Is Business Bad?

The Observer had lunch the other day with a film executive who has just spent several months on a tour of the United States, investigating motion-picture conditions.

There have been rumors floating around to the effect that business was slumping for the motion-picture theaters, that the fans were growing less fanatical, and The Observer asked about it.

"You bet business is bad," said the film man, "for a bad show. But the good pictures are drawing more money than ever before. A year ago, a week was a long time for a picture to run in a city of one hundred thousand population, and only a whale of a picture could stand up for two weeks. These days towns as small as twenty-five thousand population are going in for week runs, and the big pictures are getting from three to six weeks in the larger cities.

"Within a year, I predict, there will be fifty cities

in the United States have theaters that will base their programs on four-week runs, and the managers of these houses will figure on booking not more than twelve pictures a year. They'll pick the best, of course.

"I find that everybody is seeing the good pictures, and nobody, much, is looking at the bad ones. They're using good sense in deciding where they will spend their amusement money.

"A few years ago a picture show was a picture show. You went down to a theater and paid your money in much the same way that a greenhorn bets on a horse race—hoping against hope that you'd pick a winner. This attitude only retarded the growth of the good-picture movement. The theater manager figured that he would get your money no matter what pictures he showed. The producer of bad pictures felt that he could get away with murder. The producer of good pictures said, 'What's the use?'

"You kicked a lot about the quality of the pictures, but you didn't do anything to help matters.

"Eventually, however, the smart fans learned that the way to get better pictures was to stay away from the bad ones and to go to see the good ones. This is mighty discouraging to the fellow who is trying to bunk the public, while it is just the thing that will make the conscientious producer work harder.

"The result is a fair division of the profits—a lot of money for the fine productions, bankruptcy for the company that delivers the trash.

"The theater manager is listening to his patrons, and they are doing more talking than ever before. A manager of a Western theater told me that a year ago he didn't know more than ten of his regular patrons, and he seldom spoke to any of them. Now he is acquainted with several hundred, all of whom have made themselves and their likes and dislikes known to him. He books the pictures they tell him to book, and he's making money."

More Woe for the Noisies

The last raise in railroad rates was the final blow to the one-night-stand show. New York producers of the so-called legitimate drama say that there is no longer any profit in competing with motion pictures in the "one-night" towns, and they're surrendering the field in all except twenty or thirty cities.

In the West there will be hardly enough traveling companies this winter to keep one legitimate theater open continuously in such cities as Los Angeles and San Francisco. The jump is too long, and the rates are too high. Kansas City, St. Louis, and such cities will get probably two regular shows a week. In the smaller towns there will be traveling companies, but they will be small and poor. Now and then a speculative musical-comedy producer will try to make money with a traveling company of thirty or forty—producers who carried more than one hundred persons and two carloads of scenery and costumes in the old days.

But if you want to see a good company in a good speaking show you'll have to go to Chicago, Boston, New York, or Philadelphia. Those are the only show towns that are left.

Fight the Liars

The Association of Mayors of New England cities held a convention recently and voted to work in a unit against censorship of motion pictures. Which was excellent. But better still, the New England mayors went farther and decided to do battle against misleading and impure advertising of motion pictures.

There is where real harm is done to motion pictures. Interview most of the persons who are attacking motion pictures. Ask them what pictures in particular they object to having shown in public.

Nine out of ten will be unable to report any actual scenes in any actual pictures, for these people don't go to see motion pictures. But they will tell you about the glaring posters and the red and yellow lobby displays they saw in front of some theater. They will point out indecent advertising and assert that there is evidently a picture that should never be shown.

A handful of ignorant, money-grabbing theater managers who run side-street, small-time, second-run shows are doing the motion-picture business a great deal of harm. They are the fellows who are responsible for the misleading advertising that is giving a few folks the wrong idea about motion pictures.

These are the men who should be fined or put in jail, and if the mayors of the New England cities will do it the motion picture business will be everlastingly thankful. They buy gaudy lithographs from the firms that deal in "stock" posters, and their whole idea is "get 'em in." Usually they are in neighborhoods in which there are enough passers-by who like that sort of thing to make the "come on" profitable.

The scheme works this way: The theater buys a six-sheet showing a Chinaman choking a beautiful white girl, and two three-sheets, one showing a chorus girl dancing on a table, the other illustrating a few ladies with few clothes.

"We'll call to-morrow's show, 'The Vices of Paris,'" he tells his regular painter, who proceeds to letter the posters, "The Vices of Paris, Men Only."

"That'll get 'em," says the showman, and he sends his janitor down to the nearest film exchange to get five reels of film. It makes no difference what the film is—it may be an old Mary Pickford, or the purest of the pure by Vivian Martin. The exhibitor runs it, the passers-by fall for the immoral advertising, and the exhibitor thinks he is clever.

If the mayors will stop this sort of thing they will have the backing of every worth-while theater man. If the fakers are cleaned out, it will help to increase the rapidly growing confidence that the public is showing in motion-picture theaters.

Politics and the Pictures

It is a fine thing that the motion pictures kept entirely out of politics in the presidential campaign. With the exception of one production that was frankly propaganda for the League of Nations we have not heard that the screen was used in any way by producers in an attempt to aid any political party or candidate.

The news weeklies managed to stay on the fence, presenting impartially the speaking faces of Cox and Harding, in spite of the fact that it would have been very easy for a Republican editor of a news weekly to have added a few feet of Harding and to have taken a few feet off Cox. There probably were great temptations for any Democrat who has charge of a news reel. How easy it would have been to have shown Harding only when he was scowling and Cox only when he was smiling!

But they kept it fifty-fifty. There can be partisan newspapers, but there must never be partisan motion pictures. Producers had opportunities to make immense fortunes by selling out to a political party, but if they, like the dishonest baseball players who were concerned in the recent scandal, ever thought of "the wife and kids," they quickly banished the thought and stuck to the straight and narrow path.

Starving and Stuffing for Symmetry

What will you pay for beauty? Some of the stars buy it this way—and the market's open to all.

By Fritzi Remont

Illustrated by Oscar Frederick Howard

THERE'S a heavy penalty laid on beauty these days. Show me one star who dares to shed her clothes and tumble into bed when she comes in off location dead tired, and I'll show you a dozen who first have their feet rubbed and all the fatigue lines massaged out of their faces so that their sleep will really rest them. Show me one lovely lady of the screen who eats when and where and how she pleases, and I'll show you a dozen more whose domestic altar is the scales in the bathroom.

I've been quizzing some of the screen artists lately, you see, and, like the small boy who insisted that he was too ill to go to school, I have "inside information" about those who have to practice self-denial—which is only another name for special diets—in order to maintain the right weight.

Of course, if you're a Gloria Swanson or a Bebe Daniels, you don't want to change your figure, but taking the world in general, few of us are quite satisfied with our weight. And then, you know, every one appears heavier on the screen than in reality. Naturally, that is lucky for the too-slender figure, but means fat-reducing methods for those already burdened with a tendency toward embonpoint.

Trixie Friganza sang dolefully, "There's lots more fun in putting it on than there is in taking it off," but I doubt it. There's Enid Bennett, for instance, who had to live on a diet of grapes and milk for three weeks because overwork had told on her nerves and put hollows into her pretty cheeks. Lots of the thinner girls are taking milk cures. Anita Stewart was a long time recovering from a serious illness, and even when quite restored weighed only one hundred and ten pounds. To maintain even this "trial balance," Anita finds it necessary to go to bed nightly at eight-thirty, to drink quarts of warm milk daily, and to abstain from acids.

Diet diagnosticians are growing opulent from prescribing for the stars, for, you see, not every one can stand the same régime; the Gish girls, Mae Murray, Mildred Harris Chaplin, and Alice Joyce were all inclined to protruding wishbones, but their methods for gaining weight were not quite the same.

Dorothy Gish, before she went East, made life miserable for her attendant at a Glendale, California, sanatorium. Dorothy *would* have something to eat besides the milk cure prescribed. Marjorie Daw, Lillian Gish, and other chums of the comedy-cutie used to wander around the porch, and while Dorothy sent the nurse off on some trivial errand the girls sneaked boxes of chocolates over the window sill.

Mildred Reardon and Betty Compson took the milk cure near Long Beach, California, and after staying one week and learning how to drink the milk they

decided it would be quite as easy to follow rules at home, especially as they had to start new pictures. The milk cure calls for one quart of whole milk—unskimmed, unpasteurized milk—for every foot of one's height. As most of our screen stars are about



A quart of milk per day for every foot of your height—even the pocket-edition stars have to buy it by the gallon!

five feet two, you see it is necessary to drink a little over five quarts of milk daily. No other food is allowed; save orange juice if one desires. That means being followed by milk bottles to the studio, for, every half hour, the striver after plumpness must dally with the lacteal fluid in ordinary tumblerfuls. Who says there's no self-denial necessary when one is drawing a queenly salary? These girls work harder at keeping fit than any débutante who strives to present a beautiful décolleté.

Unless one plays heavies, comedy characters, or eccentric rôles, flesh is the one bar over which a screen thoroughbred may not jump.

There was a time when Norma Talmadge gained weight so alarmingly that she foolishly took some flesh-reducing medicines. Everybody began to talk about the heavy lines appearing in Norma's face, until she forced herself to imbibe tissue-building foods and

drinks. Now Norma depends on massage as a means of reducing.

The Moore family has gone in for the milk diet, too. In fact, dairy products are very popular on the Goldwyn lot. It is claimed for that cure that while fat people lose flesh, thin individuals gain many pounds after the first ten days are over. Chronic diseases are cured by this simple means, which is not so hard on the patient as a complete fast.

Of course, there are those who do not mind fasting. Jeanie MacPherson's mother was suffering from rheumatism and tipping the beam at two hundred and twenty pounds, which she carried rather well, being tall and stately. Following the dietitian's advice, Mrs. O'Neill took one of the longest fasts chronicled in the motion-picture colony, living for eighty days on orange juice and water only. She was in splendid health at the end of that time and came out of the trial without any weakness or after-effects.

Mary Pickford's mother took a "tomato fast," which is really a very easy thing to do. Three days weekly one must live entirely on tomatoes, in any way palatable to the patient, having them served three times daily. Instead of imbibing calomel with its injurious effect on the liver, those who suffer with any disease of that organ now take refuge in the harmless little red fruit. The same acid is contained in tomatoes which one finds in noxious drugs, yet without leaving poisonous deposits.

Another peculiar fast practiced in Hollywood is

the "potato" diet, which reduces flesh very quickly. Among those who have used this means I discovered Anna Q. Nilsson, Lois Woods, Clara Kimball Young, and Rena Borzage, wife of the director who has made "Humoresque" famous.

For two successive days weekly, the victim of too much poundage lives on potatoes thrice daily, drinking many quarts of water besides. It's quite easy, I'm told, to lose thirty pounds in a month by following this rather tasteless régime.

Rosemary Theby has tried potato fast as well as orange-juice teetotalism. Margarita Fisher has remained a month at a sanatorium living on orange juice and the milk diet. Margarita is fighting plumpness, but suffered a nervous breakdown from overwork and worry over new contracts.

They no longer offer "sweets to the Sweet," for Blanche is on a soup diet which is bringing roses to her cheeks, filling out hollows, and putting her nerves into a tranquil condition. Miss Sweet is an omnivorous reader, and when dining alone always has a book propped up before her plate. She eats rather absent-mindedly, preferring to take mental rather than material food. She is enthusiastic over the "Art of Living Long," written by Luigi Cornaro, who discovered a system of hygienic living that prolonged his life fifty years. At forty he was given up to die, at ninety-five he wrote the aforesaid volume. Soup, it is claimed, is very soothing, easily digested, nourishing, and really

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Bagdad and *Hajj*

"Hurled Into the Movies" would be an apt way to headline Otis Skinner's screen début in "Kismet."

By Edwin Schallert

I HAD always heard that it was a job for a Hercules to get certain old-time stage stars into the movies. Still, I confess to registering surprise when I learned that it actually took a prize fighter to put the country's most celebrated romantic actor in front of the camera. And by the beard of Mohammed—since we are speaking Orientally at the moment—it was no light desert wind of a prize fighter, but a regular heavy-weight simoon! He didn't handle the actor with kid gloves, either, because they don't wear kid gloves in Asia Minor, but pitched him down a flight of stairs into a prison set that was as gloomy as a Russian novel.

The actor was Otis Skinner; the prize fighter was Tom Kennedy, and the epochal combat took place last summer just after Skinner had come to Los Angeles to re-create for the silver sheet his iridescent rôle of *Hajj*, the beggar of Bagdad, in his "Arabian Nights" drama, "Kismet."

I met Mr. Skinner just after his eventful descent. He told me he would always remember his celluloid début with pleasure, at which I raised my eyebrows. Noticing this—he remarked: "I only have to fall once in this picture, whereas on the stage it was a nightly event." Which put a different light on the matter and showed me that even if he is one of the oldest actors on the stage, Skinner was perfectly willing to give a new art the credit that belongs to it.

I don't think he lost his poise, anyway, despite his precipitous entrance, and personally, I believe I should have been terribly disappointed if he hadn't announced his arrival in the movies with a thud. He never came on the stage to slow music in his life. Most of the time the scenery vibrates when he fanfares into the action, for if there is a dramatic artist who is capable of making a swash-buckler or soldier of fortune seem like a heroic statue of Jupiter with thunder and lightning trimmings it is Otis Skinner. The brilliance of his pyrotechnical skill caused his portrait of *Hajj* to flare like an aurora borealis. He infused into the beggar the tempestuous mischief of a child, with the brains of a man for plots and execution, and though he has transmuted into life many different heroes, from *Hamlet* to a George Beban Italian, *Hajj* will probably remain for the theatergoer his sovereign bit of alchemy.

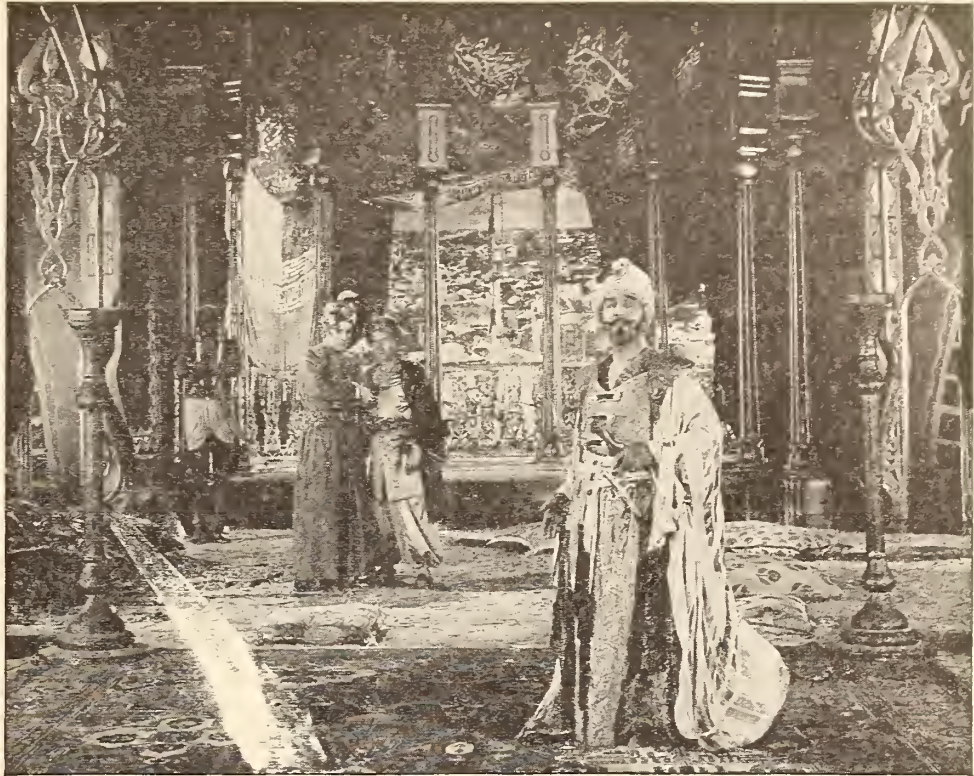
Certainly the filming of this classic, with Skinner in his famous rôle, will be eagerly acclaimed by the thousands who have regretted not having seen the tremendously successful stage version. Nor was it due to any lack of interest on the part of picture producers that "Kismet" has not been done for the screen with Mr. Skinner long before now.

"I had been asked three times to do a picture version of the play," Mr. Skinner told me. "One company wanted me to go to Asia Minor, but I see no reason for doing that, because the Bagdad of to-day is not the legendary city of Sindbads, dancing girls—and *Hajj*. We can build a better Bagdad right here."

The Robertson-Cole interests that finally persuaded the star to sign a contract did duplicate a portion of this Paris of the old Orient in California. They erected a city of palaces, domes, and minarets, capable of accommodating two thousand persons. Harem windows of magnified Persian porcelain design, with their fretwork half concealing veiled wives of grand vizier and sheik, gazed down on streets that coiled in serpentine stealthiness. Many of the buildings like the Mosque of the Carpenters, where *Hajj* was wont to spend his time begging and meditating on the great hour when Kismet or fate should beckon him, rose seemingly out of the earth itself in the brown and gray of their sun-burned bricks.

Palaces of caliph and wazir occupied the stages originally used for the Babylon scenes of "Intolerance" at the Griffith studio. The rough scantlings told nothing of the Scheherezade magicry that was mimicked within by the rich white and gold of canopied divan, the huge Persian rugs—a symphony in subdued reds, browns, and yellow—that hung on the walls, the glazed floors, and the imitation alabaster swimming pools. Here dancing girls reveled in the luxurious gayety of harem life, seeming but slightly to heed the inscription on a panel that "modesty is a virtue most highly to be prized among women."

I saw Bagdad when it was teeming with life, the day

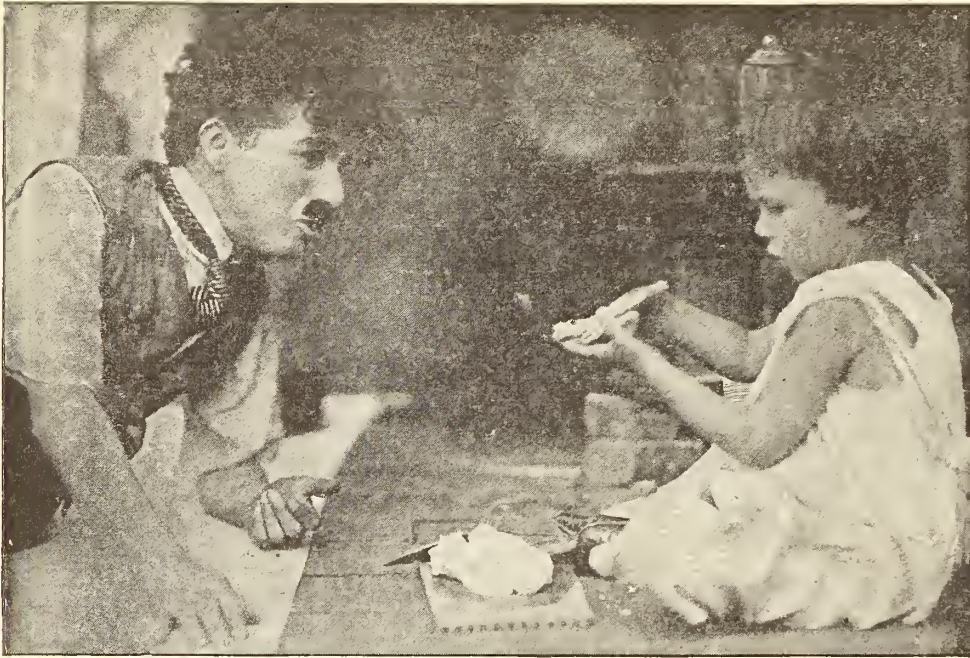


Hajj stole the purse which enabled him to begin working out his destiny, the end of which is marrying his daughter to the son of the caliph. The air was filled with languorous sound. A thousand melodious voices seemed to speak in a myriad of songlike languages. Arabs, Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Medes, and Persians reincarnated the life of their youth. When L. J. Gasnier, the director of the picture, shouted his instructions, a score of interpreters would immediately repeat these to their native brothers until Bagdad became a veritable Tower of Babel.

So many animals were used in these scenes in "Kismet" that the air was filled with flies. I thought every swat evader in southern California had made a reservation for the show three weeks in advance. It was a touch of realism that even Mr. Skinner himself noted. He had just finished stealing the purse which caused him to be hurled into prison in an earlier scene, and had been pursued out of camera range by a crowd of extras that resembled howling dervishes on a riot call. He remarked that California could supply all the required props for the films and a few besides. He was brushing away a cluster of flies at the time, and trying to mop the perspiration from his face.

"I don't pretend to know a great deal about this business," he said quite frankly, as he paused for a moment. "You see, this is my very first appearance on any motion-picture lot. I've even learned that they refer to me as a 'speakie' around here," he added with a smile. "But I do feel safe in saying that if this picture does not turn out to be as fine artistically, and as true to the delightful spirit of Knoblock's play as human skill, patience, and effort can make it, it will not be for any lack of expense—or effort on the part of those who are responsible for the production. I feel that I have learned enough, and seen enough, to be safe in saying that. I only hope that my own efforts will be equal to those of the others."

All of which, if borne out, should add to the interest of this somewhat rare event, the filming of one of the milestones of our stage, with the star who first played in it, in his original rôle.



"That kid's immense!" is Charlie's opinion of him.

IT was on the stage of the Los Angeles Orpheum Theater that I first saw "The Kid," a tiny tot of four years, about half as big as a minute, in Annette Kellermann's act, giving an imitation of David Warfield. Then he did a "rube" dance with such childish abandon that his little act stopped the show, and the rafters fairly shook with the thunderous applause of the audience.

Seated just in front of me was Charlie Chaplin, leaning out into the aisle, his mouth open with delighted amazement, utterly oblivious to the fact that people were watching him as well as the small performer on the stage.

"That kid's immense!" I heard him say to Sid Grauman beside him. "He's wonderful! I'd like to use him in a picture."

And so it was that night that the inspiration of Chaplin's latest masterpiece, "The Kid," was born with little Jack Coogan as the ideal figure for the title rôle of the picture.

Yesterday I encountered the miniature comedian on the mezzanine of the Hotel Alexandria, the rendezvous of Los Angeles' cinema colony.

At first I was not sure of the identity of the tiny person who wore a smart double-breasted overcoat and a black beaver hat which he kept pushing to the back of his head, but I was almost positive that those great brown eyes, alive with mirth and inquisitiveness, were the same that had laughed at me behind the scenes of the Orpheum Theater where I had interviewed him a year ago.

His mother was writing a letter at a desk, and the youngster, finding time hanging heavily on his hands, broke into a refrain from the "rube" song, "We're a couple of bums from Oklahoma, tum-tum tee-um-tum, boom, boom!" Accompanying the words with a double shuffle and a kick at the end. He was entirely unconscious of interested onlookers. I approached and asked if he remembered me.

"No, I don't—but that's all right," he replied promptly, without a suspicion of a baby lisp.

His mother looked up and greeted me cordially.

"Why, Jack, you mustn't say you don't remember the lady," she rebuked, and her young son looked slightly puz-

GENIUSES

are few, but those who have seen Jackie Coogan in Chaplin's much talked-about forthcoming picture "The Kid," say that that word is the only one which explains the youngster's uncanny talent for Chaplinesque drollery.

"The Kid" seems destined to be indefinitely held up by the courts, but meanwhile we're told that Jack has been engaged for a screen version of "Peck's Bad Boy," which we may expect to see before long.

Charlie Chap

It's five-year-old Jackie Charlie goes to the

By Emma-

zled at the peculiar workings of the adult mind.

"But I don't," he insisted naïvely. "I'm—I'm glad to see you again, though," he added, feeling that in some way he had been guilty of a breach of etiquette.

We found a roomy sofa where we could chat. Mrs. Coogan left most of the conversation to Jack, who was perfectly competent. He is not forward, neither is he shy. He combines the most amazing poise with an utter lack of self-consciousness.

"Oh, yes," he answered in response to my question, "I've been working with Mr. Chaplin in 'The Kid.' I had lots of fun. Mr. Chaplin—he never speaks of him familiarly as "Charlie"—"would play with me while they were getting the camera ready, and he told me stories. Did you know he'd been to the moon?" He turned his vivid brown eyes upon me, and I admitted that I had never heard of such a Chaplin expedition.

He can give a remarkably good imitation of Chaplin's playing of the violin.



lin's Partner

Coogan, and next time
moon he's going along.

Lindsay Squier

"Well, he did go to the moon," Jack assured me. "He told me all about it, and the next time he goes I'm going with him."

"To make a picture there?" I suggested.

Jack contemplated me pityingly.

"Oh, they don't have movies there, just elves and mushrooms instead of trees—and did you notice that I have two teeth out?" he broke off suddenly, pulling down his lower lip to better display the vacancy. "Mother pulled one out with the pincers, and I pulled the other out by hand.

"See my wrist watch?" he inquired next, with a conversational quick change. "Mr. Chaplin gave it to me, and on the back it says, 'To my partner, from Charlie Chaplin.'"

And it did, indeed; I read the words myself.

"He gave me a bicycle, too," Jack rambled on, twisting himself into a succession of bow-knots after the manner of five-year-olds the world over, "and he used to play for me on his violin. He plays left-handed, like this"—he sprang down from the sofa to illustrate graphically Charlie Chaplin's peculiar manner of fingering and bowing.

"I broke a lot of windows," he remarked next, apropos of nothing at all.

"But only for the picture, Jackie," his mother interposed hastily. "Mr. Chaplin is supposed to be a glazier who adopts a street waif," she explained, "and one of the ways in which he gets a lot of laughs is by directing Jackie to throw stones at windows and then appearing as Johnny-on-the-spot with his glazier's outfit to put in new panes."

"I suppose you're going to be an actor when you grow up?" I inquired of young Coogan, and he thought this over for a moment.

"No, I think I'll be a camera man," he decided. "I know how to make an 'iris in' and a 'fade-out.' By the time I'm big I ought to be a pretty good camera man, don't you think?"

I thought so, of course, but added that the screen would be sorry to lose him.

"Well, maybe I can figure out a way so I can be a camera man and act, too," he conceded.

"The Kid" was Jack's first experience in motion pictures, and he could not have had a more fortunate introduction into the film world. Chaplin built his story around the little street waif whom he adopts and cares for in a whole-hearted, if somewhat original, manner. And Mrs. Coogan had much to say of the comedian's



Photo by Witzel

Jack combines the most amazing poise with an utter lack of self-consciousness.

kindness to Jack, his interest in his welfare, and his willingness to gratify instantly any desire on the part of the youngster.

"Do you know what a soliloquy is?" Jack demanded, slipping down from the couch and planting himself in front of me.

"It's thinking out loud," he went on, giving me no time to reply. "It's what *Hamlet* did when he said, 'To be, or not to be, that is the question!'"

The childish voice suddenly took on a mature ring, his brown eyes narrowed and grew serious. He folded his arms in the posture made famous by the melancholy Dane, and flung himself into *Hamlet's* immortal speech with an intensity which was not distracted even by the unconcealed interest of the mezzanine onlookers.

"Mr. Chaplin taught me that," he said, lapsing from a tragedian into a wriggling youngster once more. "And he taught me 'The Spell of the Yukon,' too." And before his mother could prevent him, he had swung into the gruesome details of the death of "Dangerous Dan McGrew."

"Baby!" she pleaded, laying a restraining hand on the arm of the small Thespian. "I don't teach him

Continued on page 94

Edited and Illustrated by CHARLES GATCHELL



*Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough;
Our movie company
Is shooting scenes here now!*

HEALTH HINT.

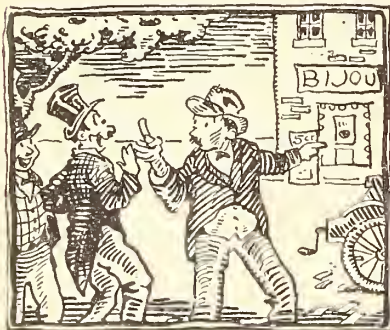
A slim, youthful figure can be maintained, according to Miss Fritz Reumont, by adhering to this simple rule of diet: The more waist, the less feed.

INTERESTING FACTS.

Mary Pickford's curls are her own. Blank cartridges are used in pictures depicting American life on the Western frontier.

Many movie stars are reputed to be very wealthy.

The dollar bills earned by "The Birth of a Nation," if laid end to end, would reach from Gallipolis, Ohio, to Happy Hollow, Indiana.



ANECDOTE.

Back in the year of 1905, a gentleman told two business acquaintances that he was about to purchase a motion-picture show business, as he believed that industry had a big future.

"Ha, ha!" they cried in derision. "That is a good joke!" One even offered to buy the drinks for having been given such a good laugh.

To-day those who laughed are bemoaning that they did so, for the gentleman at whom they laughed is one of the biggest motion-picture magnates in the world.

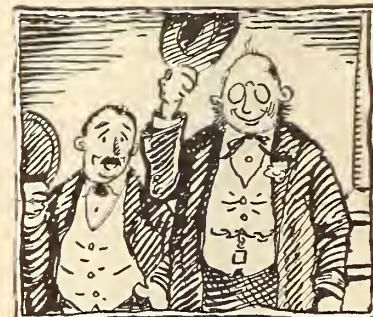
His name is William Fox.

*For more detailed forecast see page 17.

†A phrase, now obsolete, but much in use in those days.

PREDICTIONS FOR JANUARY.

There will be heavy snowstorms and ice jams in sections of "Way Down East." Local disturbances will be observed in Mack Sennett comedies. Many persons will suffer financial loss through the purchase of wildcat movie stock. News reels will continue to show ship launchings, the Prince of Wales, aeroplane stunts, railroad wrecks, and uninteresting individuals posing on the steps of the capitol at Washington, D. C.*



THE MONTH'S RECIPE.

Old-Fashioned Heart Romance.

Take one country chicken. (Insist on your dealer giving you one with curls—the straight-haired kind is cheaper, but less likely to be tender.) Soak in rural sauce. Stuff with villain's lies, flavored with city lure. Plunge into elopement, and broil in

misery. When broiling is over, it is time for the heart. Select one carefully, being sure that it is warm and tender; male, of course. Dress heart simply to taste, add more rural flavor, garnish with mountain sunset and serve.

Note.—Villain may be beaten if preferred.

- 1—Sa.—D. W. Griffith opens his studio at Mamaroneck, N. Y., 1920.
- 2—Su.—Ptolemy, the Thomas W. Edison of his day, made experiments, demonstrating the principle of physical science on which motion pictures are based, 130 A. D.
- 3—M.—Pepper, the Mack Sennett cat, born, 1917.
- 4—Tu.—Earle Williams celebrates his fourteenth year as a Vitagraph player, 1921.
- 5—W.—7,498 fans write indignant letters to Herbert Howe, protesting because in "Who'll Be Who in 1921" their favorite was not given first place, 1921.
- 6—Th.—Adolph Zukor was running a penny arcade in Fourteenth Street, New York City, 1905.
- 7—F.—Bessie Love appeared in a play unworthy of her talents, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920.
- 8—Sa.—Mary Pickford received \$30 for a hard week's work at the old Biograph studio, 1908.
- 9—Su.—Caruso discovered that people who will pay \$10 to hear him sing won't cough up ten cents to see him on celluloid.
- 10—M.—Prominent movie stars solemnly impress upon interviewers the fact that the motion-picture industry is still in its infancy, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921.
- 11—Tu.—"His Pictures in the Papers" appears, and makes famous Douglas Fairbanks and Anita Loos, 1916.
- 12—W.—Daguerre discovered the principle of making photographs, 1820.
- 13—Th.—William Fox discovered the phrase, "A Million-Dollar Picture," 1916.
- 14—F.—Thomas H. Ince studio burned, 1916.
- 15—Sa.—Comedy custard-pie throwing abandoned, 1917.
- 16—Su.—United Artists—Griffith, Chaplin, Pickford, and Fairbanks—organized, 1919.
- 17—M.—Eddy Polo bought two dozen new shirts, 1918, 1919, 1920.
- 18—Tu.—Movie subtitle writers finally achieve accuracy in grammar, spelling, and punctuation, 1986.
- 19—W.—Elsie Ferguson signs her first contract to appear on the screen, 1917.
- 20—Th.—Joseph Jefferson, the first great actor to pose before a movie camera, did some scenes from "Rip Van Winkle" for Biograph, 1896.
- 21—F.—Movie producers receive 5,689 scripts from amateur writers, 1920. (Or any other year.)
- 22—Sa.—Scripts from 5,689 amateur writers read and rejected by producers, 1920. (Or any other year.)
- 23—Su.—Winsor McCay, the artist, completed the first animated cartoon, 1910.
- 24—M.—William S. Hart announced that he would retire after four more pictures.
- 25—Tu.—The Williamson Brothers take the first submarine pictures ever made, 1913.
- 26—W.—Gloria Swanson first appeared in a new sleek, black coiffure, 1918.
- 27—Th.—Madge Kennedy signs her first screen contract, 1917.
- 28—F.—Manufacturers unable to fill orders for black hair nets, 1917.
- 29—Sa.—Katharine MacDonald forms her own company, 1920.
- 30—Su.—D. W. Griffith appeared in a minor rôle, supporting Nance O'Neil in the opening of the play, "Queen Elizabeth," in New York, 1906.
- 31—M.—"Ladies-will-please-remove-their-hats" signs discarded, 1914.



Photo by Evans

ALICE LAKE

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.

Sir John Suckling.



Photo by Rango

ALICE JOYCE

Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Or waters stilled at even.

Dante Gabriel Rosetti.



Photo copyrighted by Evans

MARY THURMAN

A brow May blossom, and a cheek of apple blossom,
. . . Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.

Tennyson.



Photo copyrighted by Evans

BETTY COMPSON
The very flower of youth.
Terence.



Photo by Frenlich

PRISCILLA DEAN

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away.

Byron.



Photo copyrighted by Evans

GRACE DARMOND

Star of resplendent front! Thy glorious eye
Shines on me still from out yon clouded sky.

Sarah Helen Whitman.

Romances of Famous Film Folk

The story of how Thomas Meighan met and courted Frances Ring, together with a peep into their home.

By Grace Kingsley

HE believes his wife is his good-luck piece, does Tommy Meighan. He has a sort of feeling that if anything were to happen to part them in any way, he would lose his luck.

"That's a good way to have a husband feel about you, isn't it?" laughed Mrs. Meighan, that day over the teacups in the rose-arbored patio of their pretty Hollywood home. "People are always so good to their mascots. And it makes everything so much simpler—bills, for instance!"

"But I really do believe," persisted Tommy, in his quick, decisive way, "that some people bring you good luck and some bring you bad. My wife brings me good luck, and has, ever since the first day I met her. You remember, don't you, dear?" and his eyes sparkled amusedly as only an Irishman's can, as they met his wife's.

They've been married, have the Meighans, oh, ever since "The College Widow" was a mere slip of a girl, you might say; so you may figure it out for yourself how long it's been.

One bright summer morning in those days, a very straight, tall, handsome young Irishman, the ideal-looking Irishman, come to think of it, with curly black hair and blue eyes and a quick smile, peeped in at the stage door of a New York theater. It was pretty dark in there, in that bleakest spot on earth, an unset stage, and he couldn't see for a minute. Then out of the darkness emerged first, like a sort of halo, a woman's blond head.

The youth naturally made straight for that. On the way he fell over a bench, a bit awkwardly, but he kept right on toward the blond head. Then somebody stopped him.

"Tommy Meighan, I believe," said a voice.

"Yes, Thomas Meighan," answered the youth, who by now had regained his Irish breeziness, "and I don't see why you don't light up around here!"

"Just waiting for you! Good idea, though! Put on the lights, Bill!"

PP?



Photo by Apeda

Would you believe it—at first Tommy didn't dare propose!

The lights shot on, and everybody was looking at him. The director was a stern-looking person, so Tommy relieved his eyes by another peek over in the direction of the blond head. The blond hair proved to crown a lovely face, and its owner graciously vouchsafed an encouraging smile. Tommy almost forgot he was after a job for a few seconds. Then he came to and reached for his script of the leading male rôle in "The College Widow," a part in which he was afterward to be famous in both New York and London.

Tommy Meighan began to read, but he was a bit shy in spite of his Irish breeziness, and as the eyes of the company were on him, he stumbled a bit. Then he made a funny little error, looked up and caught the leading lady's kindly encouraging smile, and dived back



Photo by C. Heighton Monroe

They're enjoying the first real home they've ever had.

into his reading so bravely that he made a hit even with that supercritical crowd. Of course, he got the part.

But, dear me, a mere look at the lovely leading lady was all he got that day, because nobody thought to introduce them, and they merely spoke their lines at each other.

And wasn't he jealous next day, when he saw the lovely lady being led off to lunch by a strange man from the outside? Tommy'll tell you he was!

For, as you will have guessed, the lovely blond lady was none other than Frances Ring, who later became Mrs. Tommy Meighan. She is still known professionally as Frances Ring, is Mrs. Meighan, and she is a sister of Blanche, Julie, and Cyril Ring, all well known to the stage. In her own right she is known throughout this country and in London as a very fine actress.

"In the first place," Tommy went on quite Irishly, "there's so much luck in just having her at all."

Looking at Tommy's wife, one wonders just how much mere luck there is about it all. How about the inspiring and helpful effects of the real companionship of a refined, wise, kindly, and cultured woman? You can't help thinking it all goes a good deal deeper than

luck—that there is something so fundamentally harmonious in such a union that it radiates some irresistible power which makes for strength and success.

As a woman, Mrs. Meighan is one of those sweetly serene, cool-headed ones, yet giving an effect of reserve power despite their tranquillity, who seem destined to rule men. There is a certain illusiveness about her, too—an illusiveness which some women seem able to preserve even through the trying experiences of matrimony. Yet she has so much sweetness and warmth, too, a sort of enveloping radiance, and somehow you really do feel, as Tommy says, as if nothing very bad could happen to you when you are with her.

"Yes," repeated Tommy, "my luck began that very first day when we met at the rehearsal of 'The College Widow.' We had never seen each other on either stage or screen before we met that day, had we, Frankie?"

Frankie said no. Also she added with smiling frankness that neither of them had ever been married to anybody else.

Very soon they were good friends, and nobody took Frances Ring to lunch except Thomas Meighan, her leading man. And yet she had a way of keeping a fellow at a distance, even when he was with her, to

use a Hibernicism. There were always odd little reserves which Tommy with all his quickness couldn't penetrate, and which piqued him. But she was such a good listener and such a comforting good fellow when things went wrong with an impulsive Irish lad! Taken altogether, Mr. Meighan all of a sudden discovered one day, when something was said about Miss Ring's going with another company, that he just couldn't stand that! He was very much in love, he decided. But he made the odd discovery that he didn't dare propose! He wasn't in the least sure of her feelings toward him. Frances' calm eyes daunted him whenever he started to speak. He declares he could see just how calm they were even on a dark night. But, of course, that's his Irish sensitiveness.

I positively couldn't get it out of Tommy how he finally did propose. Anyhow, it wasn't until they went to Boston together in "The College Widow."

"It was one night after the show," Tommy explained briefly, and as Mrs. Meighan herself had to leave just then to meet some other guests I can't tell you another thing about it. But I can imagine the dashing Tommy going at it quite boldly, at the last, and carrying her by storm, as it were.

"But even then she wouldn't marry me for a whole year—sort of put me on probation, I guess, until she could see whether I really was the kind of man she wanted for a husband or not. But I will say that once married to me she has stuck to me despite all my faults, and even if we were separated for months at a time, on account of my being in pictures out here in California, while she was working on the stage, I knew she was always the same.

"Why, this is the first real home we've ever had! We've had rented apartments and summer cottages and hotel suites, but we never before had our own home—though, of course, home is where she is,"

Tommy went on gallantly. Tommy isn't usually a *Sentimental Tommy*, but he is Irish, and an Irishman simply will imitate the immortal *Mr. Wegg* by dropping into poetry once in a while.

After a whole year together on the stage, they were married one afternoon over in Jersey City. They were married secretly, because in those days it wasn't considered good for business to have it known that a leading man or woman was married. They played together the next year in "The Man of the Hour," and then Tommy got the chance to go to London with "The College Widow," and Frances Ring came West to play leads at the Morosco Theater in Los Angeles. They were separated eight months that time—the longest they have ever been apart. But they wrote to each other every day. Tommy started sending cablegrams, but Mrs. Tommy soon put a stop to that.

"Remember," she said, "we want to buy a home some day."

"Women," commented Tommy, when he came to that part, "are so much more sensible and patient than men."

Then followed several years when Mr. Meighan and his wife were separated for many months at a time, especially after an engagement of the pair together in the Los Angeles Morosco stock company was finished, when Miss Ring went East to accept a stock engagement, and afterward to play the leading rôle in "Upstairs and Down," in New York, while Tommy played in pictures both East and West.

"Didn't see much luck in that separation," he declared, "but I got on very well in pictures, and every time I'd feel my professional luck beginning to slip, I'd either go to Frances or make her come to me, and everything would immediately straighten itself out. And we've always looked forward to the time when

Continued on page 95



Photo by C. Heighon Monroe

The Meighans have mutual tastes—and a mutual sense of humor.



Photo by Abbe

Do you wonder that Al Christie picked Isabel Keith?

Where Do They Come From?

If you're curious to know which part of the country furnishes the pretty girls seen on the screen, here's the answer.

By Pat Dowling

NEXT time a hard-boiled New Yorker tries to convince you that the beauty capital of the world is located somewhere near Forty-second Street and Broadway, don't you believe him. Let him rave about the gorgeous girls in the Ziegfeld "Follies"; let him prate of the Winter Garden bevy of beauties, and extol the charms of the "Midnight Frolic" and its lovely ladies. New York's got no corner on the pretty girls of the U. S. A.—and I'm here to prove it. Furthermore, I'm backed up by Al Christie, of comedy fame, who's been specializing for about nine years now in presenting youth and beauty through the medium of the screen. He knows that the pretty girls



Photo by Evans

The touch of spice—red-haired Helen Darling, whom Portland couldn't hold.

come from just about everywhere, and claims, furthermore, that the sun-kissed type of beauty from the rural nooks has it all over the bright-light, hothouse, Broadway variety, just as the census man put Detroit over Adams Mills, Ohio.

"They're ripened by the sunlight; colored by the wind of California—and Kansas—these budding beauties of the screen," declared Christie. "They——"

"Yes—and where else do they come from?" I cut in.

"Oh, everywhere. For instance, in my present picture there's Grace Darmond—tall and graceful, lovely to behold, who first saw this world in Toronto, Canada. And there's petite Colleen Moore, whose people were Scotch-Irish, and settled down in Port Huron, Michigan. Over there"—and he waved a hand toward another set, where one of his other companies was at work—"you see two of the dark-haired, dark-eyed beauties about whom subtitle writers rave and tear their hair—Dorothy Devore, from Fort Worth who had a good part in Charles Ray's 'Forty-five Minutes From Broadway,' and Vera Steadman, from Monterey—the one native daughter in our California studio.

"As for the blondes—the prettiest new girl who's walked into the studio in many months is Laura La Plant; she's just sev-

They hail from everywhere—maybe your town supplied one of them.





At the left you see Molly MacGowan, contributed by Chicago.



Vera Steadman was the only "native daughter" in the Christie studios.



Just below is Grace Darmond, who's tall and graceful and hails from Toronto.



Photo by Moffett

enteen, and came all the way from St. Louis to be a picture actress: has already been featured on the screen as the pretty daughter every one knows from the comic supplement series, 'Bringing Up Father.'

"I remember her," I announced with conviction. "Wasn't she in '813,' that melodrama that Kathryn Adams did?"

"That's right; can't forget her, can you?" chuckled Christie. "As for a touch of spice—well, a girl with wonderful hair walked into the studio about a year ago, in answer to a call for dancers. And when we gave her a chance she 'stopped the show,' as they say in vaudeville; while the picture was going on you couldn't get an electrician to turn a switch or a carpenter to do anything but pound his thumb unless you told him three times and then put blinkers on him.



She's red-haired and has spunk, so she wouldn't live in Portland longer than just long enough to get born and brought up—part way, at least—and then she danced in a San Francisco café just long enough to know that she'd rather be in pictures. That's Helen Darling.

"Some of the beauties come from across the sea, of course. There's one of the dark-haired ones, for instance; Marjorie Payne, who came from Liverpool. When you strike the Eastern coast you come to New York, and Teddy Sampson, who was born there, as was little Dorothy Orth. Then, coming along westward, there's Molly MacGowan, one of the ringleaders of the film follies, and Charlotte Merriam, our fluffy little blond leading lady, whose father was a general or something out at

Continued on page 97



Her flirtations were conducted so lightly that they seemed nothing more serious than an elegant accomplishment.

THE marriage of Folly Vallance and Anthony Bond was an affair of contrasts. Folly was nothing if not well known. As the star of several revues at the Frivolity Theater, she had dazzled and charmed all London into talking about her. Even those who disliked her, calling her hard and scheming, were forced to admit that she was a beautiful girl and one who possessed the talisman of popularity.

Of Anthony Bond little was known, except that he had made a fantastic fortune in Saskatchewan, Can-

The Furnace

That was how marriage appeared to the newly wedded Folly Vallance, late of the Frivolity Theater. How her marriage just missed ending in disaster, ending in love and happiness, is the theme of this intense story

By W. Adolphe Roberts

ada, where he had founded his own town and called it Bondville. He had never belonged to Folly's world. Londoners saw in him a primitive who knew how to take what he wanted. He was supposed to have been ruthless in sweeping aside rivals for his bride's hand. Keene Mordaunt, his best man, might have told a different story. But Keene was discreet.

The wedding took place in the Church of St. Mary the Magdalene, the fine Gothic spires of which soar high above one of the most sordid slums in London. A bishop read the service and administered the solemn vows. The guests ranged from Anthony's correct friends to Sol Bassbridge, the manager of the Frivolity, a bevy of slangy chorus girls, and Folly's parents, whose acquaintance with grammar was only a bowing one. Decidedly, it was an affair of contrasts.

A few hours later Folly and Anthony were in Monte Carlo. With one eye on the publicity to be obtained for himself, Bassbridge had chartered an aeroplane to take them there for their honeymoon. Anthony had been oddly passive in accepting this as well as other sensational features of his marriage. As soon, however, as dinner had been eaten in their luxurious suite and the last hotel attendant had left, he turned to Folly and said abruptly:

"I am curious to know just why you married me."

The girl was not altogether taken by surprise. She looked at him through narrowed eyelids and weighed her words before she answered:

"Well—you *are* nice, you know."

"Thank you," replied Anthony with a wry smile. "Your theatrical friends must have shared your opinion of me. I remember the night I proposed—it was in your dressing room after the show—you had scarcely said 'yes' before the door was thrown open and a crowd of cheap actors pushed in. First they congratulated me, then you, then both of us."

"What is the point of all this, Anthony?"

"Merely to remind you that there were plenty of witnesses to our engagement. Yet, since that time, we have never had a moment together alone until now—our wedding night."

"You dear, silly old bear, I really believe you are jealous!" exclaimed Folly with a high-pitched laugh.

"Hardly. This marriage of ours is a business proposition on both sides, and I credit you with being honest enough to live up to your bargain."

"A business proposition?" repeated Folly, with rising excitement. "I can't allow you to say that."

"Yet you told my friend, Keene Mordaunt, that if I backed out, you would sue for breach of promise."

"Oh!" gasped Folly. She could not deny the crushing accusation, but she could be defiant. "What would any girl do if she were jilted?" she demanded.

"A girl who sincerely loved a man would not think of money damages she might collect from him. But you do not love me."

Folly shrugged.

"The business proposition on my side has been this: it suited me better to marry you than to be sued for breach of promise," he said.

"Don't be a rotter, Anthony. What difference does all that stuff make now? I am your wife."

"Exactly. You are my wife, and I am going to give you every opportunity to learn to love me. In the meanwhile, I shall insist upon only one thing. Your conduct must be above suspicion."

"In other words, you have taken me on approval." Folly laughed again, acidly. "You don't make marriage seem very attractive. It is like a furnace. From a distance, it looks warm and comfortable; but when we women jump into it we are apt to get burnt."

"To pursue your interesting figure of speech, a good vase can stand the heat of the furnace without cracking."

"Well, we're having a pleasant honeymoon," sneered Folly.

"Our honeymoon is postponed," said Anthony shortly.

He swung on his heel out of the salon. Entering his bedroom, he closed the door with a decisive click that made further argument impossible.

As far as the world knew, Folly and Anthony Bond were a congenial couple when they returned to England and opened their country place, Paling Towers, with a round of dazzling social functions. Their conservative neighbors, landowners for the most part, whose family trees could be reckoned back to the Norman Conquest, had wondered how to receive the former "Frivolity" actress. But she won almost immediately the cachet of approval. General Foulkes-Brent, with his wife and daughter, Patricia, paid a formal call, and the other aristocrats followed like sheep jumping over a fence.

Folly showed admirable tact in choosing her weekend guests. With a few exceptions, she eliminated her former theatrical cronies and invited Anthony's friends. Keene Mordaunt was urged to make himself at home at the Towers. If she cherished any resentment against the young man about town, who had been one of her admirers, but who had carried her remark about breach of promise to Anthony, she did not allow it to be seen. Keene had developed into her husband's closest friend. He remained one of hers.

It would have been impossible for her not to court the admiration of men, but her flirtations were conducted so lightly that they seemed nothing more serious than an elegant accomplishment. Anthony on his part was suavely attentive to her in public. Behind the scenes, he spoke to her only at meals. He was like a male sphinx, to whom she realized that it would be useless to address questions. His judgment for or against her would be pronounced in his own good time.

Toward the end of the summer, Folly suddenly electrified the countryside with a gorgeous dance carnival. The conservatory at Paling Towers was large and particularly well stocked with palms and tropical flowers. She used it as the theater for her best effects. Keene proved to be an invaluable aid in planning decorations, arranging *tableaux vivants*, and designing costumes. She asked him to run over the list of guests, and he was struck by her flair for bringing sympathetic people together. Only one name was unfamiliar to him.

"Who is this Count Svenson?" he asked. "A Swedish nobleman. He has traveled—in Canada, I believe. I—I met him at a tea in London," Folly floundered unaccountably.

The carnival was an instantaneous success. A spirit of revelry swept the company. One might have believed oneself at some fête on the Riviera, rather than in England, where pleasure is apt to be taken soberly. Only Anthony Bond failed to respond to the infectious gaiety of his wife and the young people who followed her lead. At dinner he had been silent. Afterward, while the men lingered over wine and cigars, Keene had tried to arouse him by telling a *risqué* story of the old "Frivolity" days. Instead of laughing, Anthony had shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"I'd rather hear what you know about my guest, Count Svenson," he had growled menacingly.

"Why—nothing at all," Keene had stammered in surprise. "I asked Mrs. Bond about him, and I gathered he was merely a chance acquaintance of hers."

"I was surprised to have him presented to me here. I knew of him in Canada."

That had been all. Anthony had made it clear that he did not wish to be questioned. Now he roved the conservatory, a severe figure in evening dress, though most of the men wore elaborate costumes. Unobtrusively, he watched Count Svenson, who had appointed himself Folly's principal cavalier and who had already been granted more than his fair share of dances with her. The Swede was an adroit lady's man. He made his attentions seem like exquisite flattery, which delighted Folly no less than it irritated her husband.

"The count is playing with fire," Keene told himself. "I wonder when he'll get burnt."

He knew Anthony to be no hesitator, yet action was taken with a celerity that startled him. As the guests were thinning out, the butler summoned him to his host's study. Svenson was already there, dapper and smiling.

"I've been thinking, Keene, about the last time the count and I met," said Anthony deliberately. "There was a hotel keeper's daughter, an unsophisticated little girl whom Svenson—"

"Mr. Bond, please—" interrupted the Swede.

"She was engaged to be married to a farmer. The count tried to break off the match. The fiancé resented it, and there was some shooting. I took a hand myself. A man was killed, I need not say who. Life was primitive in those parts."

"What excuse have you for bringing up that old affair before your friend?" shouted Svenson.

"So that he may have an idea why you think it best not to call at this house, or see Mrs. Bond again."

"I refuse to let you dictate to me."

"Oh, you do?" Anthony drew from his pocket a crumpled slip of paper. "Perhaps you did not know that that was in my possession."

Svenson grew white about the lips, and his eyelids flickered.

"The count was explaining, just before you came in, Keene, that he was leaving England," drawled Anthony.

"That is so. I regret greatly that I must go. Business demands my presence in Stockholm," said Svenson. He bowed stiffly and left the room.

Anthony stroked his chin. He folded up the piece of paper and put it back in his pocket. "A dirty mess, Keene," he muttered. "By the way, when you see

"The Furnace"
 From the William Desmond Taylor
 production, played with the
 following cast:
 Folly Vallance..... Agnes Ayres
 Anthony Bond..... Jerome Patrick
 Keene Mordaunt..... Milton Sills
 Count Svenson... Edward Martiedell
 Produced by Realart

The Furnace



Folly electrified the countryside with a gorgeous dance carnival.

Mrs. Bond, oblige me by telling her that Svenson ducked when he found out that I knew too much about his past in Canada. Nothing but that, if you please."

The bewildered Keene did as he was requested. The opportunity was afternoon tea the following day. Folly and he were alone in a summerhouse on the edge of the lawn. The girl stared at him in silence for a full minute after he had finished speaking. Her lips curled.

"I understand," she said. "Anthony insulted the count, because he thought I liked him. I don't believe that poor Svenson has anything to hide."

"But look here!" protested Keene miserably. "Anthony mentioned something that had happened out West, and it scared the count half to death."

"I don't care. What does anything matter? Oh, Keene, I'm so unhappy! I wish I had never got married," Folly burst out.

"Folly! Folly! You must not say that to me."

"Why not? You used to like me a little."

She placed her hands on his shoulders, while Keene strove to find words that would be loyal to his friend. He was spared the necessity of an answer. Anthony appeared at the door of the summerhouse, a cablegram fluttering in his fingers. If he had seen Folly's gesture or overheard her words, he gave no sign.

"I must leave for Canada immediately," he said. "There has been a fire in Bondville, and I must go to protect my interests. Folly, I wish you to close Paling Towers and stay at our town house until I return Keene, will you see that my wife is not too bored in London?"

He volleyed the phrases crisply at them. There was no room for argument, and Keene accepted the thank-

less task of watching over a beautiful woman to whom marriage had brought, so far, nothing but disillusionment.

Folly left Paling Towers on the morning train. Keene followed in the afternoon. As he bade good-by to him, Anthony said:

"Watch out for Svenson. He may try to see Mrs. Bond. If she seems at all likely to renew her interest in him, show her this. And keep it safely for me until I return. It is a valuable document."

He produced the same slip of paper which had silenced the Swede the evening before. Murmuring his embarrassment at the charge, Keene stowed it away in his pocket-book. He wrung his friend's hand and leaped into the car that was to take him to the station.

Keene Mordaunt felt intuitively that a drama, about which he knew very little after all, was approaching its climax. Evidently he was destined to play a part in it. He did not propose to shirk it, though it was a bit rough on a harmless bachelor, as he put it to himself, to cast him for a rôle that an experienced grandparent would have found it difficult to fill.

He passed the night at his club and called on Folly at the earliest hour within reason in the forenoon. It scarcely surprised him to be told that she was not at home.

"Where did she go?" he asked her maid authoritatively.

The girl hesitated. "Why, I don't know as I'm supposed to know, sir. But I did hear her tell the chauffeur to drive to the Ivy Inn in Kent."

Keene smiled grimly. The Ivy Inn was a decidedly fast road house, a favorite stopping place of runaway couples on their way to Dover and the Continent. Folly had wasted no time. He hurried to the Russell Square garage where he kept his car, and in less than fifteen minutes was on his way to Waterloo Bridge, South London, and the countryside beyond.

It was raining when he drew up in front of the inn. No other machine was in sight, but a hasty glance through the half-open door of an outhouse revealed one stabled out of the wet. He ran to the main entrance and knocked. A rubicund innkeeper, who looked as if he had stepped out of the pages of a Dickens novel, admitted him.

"I am to join two friends of mine. They are probably in a private room," said Keene, taking a chance.

Mine host bowed, rubbed his hands, led him through the hall, and pointed to a door. Keene hesitated for an instant, then entered, closed the door behind him and rested his shoulders against it.

"Blustering won't do you any good, Count Svenson," he told the angry man who had leaped up from the tea table. "I am not going to allow you to run away with Mrs. Bond."

"What right have you to interfere?" cut in Folly. "I intend to leave a husband who does not love me for the sake of a man who does."

"That is not a very good reason, Folly. There should be love on your side before you take such a step. Do you think it possible for you really to love a murderer?"

"A murderer!" screamed the Swede. "It's a lie. I'll jail you for saying that."

"Go easy, Svenson. You killed the farmer who was engaged to the little girl you deceived in Canada. You got off on a technicality, but Bond made you give him a confession at the point of his revolver. Here it is." He unfolded a slip of paper. "It won't do you any good to try to take this from me, though. It's only a copy," he added.

Count Svenson's movements thereafter were marked by speed and decision. He reached for his hat and coat and, unopposed by his accuser, he bolted out into the rain. Folly was sobbing, her arms flung along the table, and her face hidden in them.

Keene remained tactfully silent. As the minutes passed, he ventured to sit beside her and pat her shoulder. She dried her tears, gave him a woe-begone look, but did not speak. He covered her hand with his, and it was in this situation that Anthony Bond bursting into the room without the slightest warning, discovered his wife and his friend.

Keene drew away his hand and passed it over his forehead. "Why the melodrama?" he jested dryly. "I thought we'd had enough of it here to last for a long time."

"Well, you're caught. Caught, both of you! Lassoed. Plenty of rope until the noose is drawn taut." raved Anthony.

Keene was too astounded to find a reply. Folly it was who stepped into the breach with the first words she had uttered since Svenson's flight.

"You suspect us of running away together?" she asked gently.

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Do I Do That?

Every one who acts in pictures has to learn to overcome mannerisms which she—or he—never knew existed.

By Celia Brynn

IT was in the pitchy blackness of the Universal projection room. It was hot and stuffy as projection rooms always are, and the monotonous clicking of the camera was the only sound heard in the intense darkness except for the occasional murmur of some one of the company witnessing the informal prevue, or a chaffing remark flung across the room at an invisible actor who was seeing himself on the screen as others would see him by the time the picture was released.

I don't know what the picture was, for it was being shown in the "raw" stage, without titles, subtitles, cast of characters, or cut-ins. But I do remember that on the screen a curly headed ingénue was sobbing over a letter, and that at the end of each sob she lowered her handkerchief and twitched her nose in a manner strangely reminiscent of a rabbit nibbling a lettuce leaf.

From behind me came a startled gasp.

"Good heavens! Do I do that?"

And every one laughed.

Tod Browning, the director, unseen but tangible at my right, gave a satisfied "I-told-you-so" chuckle.

"I warned you about that rabbit nose of yours," he reminded the ingénue behind him.

"I know you did," she acknowledged, "but I didn't realize it was as bad as all that."

Frank Mayo, on my left, nudged me with his elbow.

"She's just starting in pictures," he whispered, "and Tod hasn't found her very amenable to suggestions. But this will teach her more quickly than any amount of nagging."

And by "this" I knew he was referring to the flickering film before us.

We emerged from the stuffiness of the light-proof projection room into the open air, the little ingénue apologizing contritely to Tod Browning.

"We all get that lesson," said Mr. Mayo, as we walked toward the big canvas-covered stages. "And those of us who come to the screen from the stage

get it a little harder than others because we have more mannerisms to overcome. The actor need not fear to display any affectations that he may have—sometimes he even makes a reputation by them. The



fact that he uses his hands too much, shrugs his shoulders, or lifts his eyebrows in a peculiar manner means very little because the voice covers a multitude of sins.

"But in the picture, without the influence of the magnetic voice, every little mannerism becomes appallingly apparent—it fairly pushes itself out through the screen. Why, I remember in my own case when I left the stage for the screen in London, my first part was that of an artist in

Colleen Moore learned that was righting her with

Moore a fanatic in charging "Oo-oh-ing" all over the place.

Photo by Melbourne Spart

"Trilby." There was a banquet scene, and we were told to be jolly and have a good time generally. I did exactly the same things I would have done on the stage, and as rapidly. But when I saw it in the projection room—good Lord! I was simply a blur. I had hopped around in my seat, flung my hands out, and made myself look like a jumping jack.

"You and me both," supplemented Carmel Myers, who had overheard the conversation. "When I first acted before the camera—I jerked. I didn't simply move my head or hands—I yanked them around as if a string had been attached. And the director was always saying, 'Take it easy, Carmel, don't rush it—' And I'd always assure him that I wasn't rushing it. I used to shed a great many tears in the darkness of the projection room before I cured myself of that awful habit."

That started me to investigating the faults of the screen celebrities which were cured by the pitiless revelations of the camera rather than by the megaphone of the director, and I found that in most cases the corrections had come about through continual watching of the day's "rushes." Some, however, were delayed until the stray comment of an onlooker in a moving-picture theater would point out the defect, and Colleen Moore confessed to me that it took a fan letter to bring her to the realization that she had been cultivating a habitual *moue*.

"Dear Colleen," said the letter, "I love your work, but I do wish you wouldn't 'Oo-oo' all over the place. Do you know that every other minute you purse up your lips as if you were going to whistle—or maybe kiss somebody—anyhow, I think you do it entirely too much, and won't you please see yourself as others see you and not spoil your pretty face by such an unpleasant mannerism?"

"I was almost indignant when I read the letter," Colleen told me, "but that very evening I saw myself in 'So Long, Letty,' and my correspondent was absolutely right. I did 'Oo-oo' all over the place."

Even Mary Pickford, the incomparable, was not free from camera faults, and she told me how she had "pouted" her way through her first pictures without realizing it.

"And it got so bad," she continued, "that in a certain picture I made, I was just one big pout. It would have been all right within reason, but I overdid it terribly, and recognized it, fortunately, before the picture was released. In fact, we retook about twenty scenes just on account of it."

Louise Fazenda, who recently left Mack Sennett's slapstick ranks to do more "serious" comedies, found that for her peculiar style of acting it didn't pay to be natural. If she smiled unaffectedly in her grotesque make-up the comedy simply didn't register. It spoiled

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Oh, Look Who's Here!

Just take a glimpse at what PICTURE-PLAY has in store for you for 1921.



Photo by Woodbury

Witwer's first story is called "Fools Rush In." It's an interview with Farnum, done as only Witwer could do it, and it will appear in our next issue.

YOU recognize Dustin Farnum, who's laughing at you, but do you know the bird behind the bars, at whom he's pointing? If you don't, you will soon. His name is

H. C. WITWER

and he's the latest acquisition to PICTURE-PLAY's all-star cast of writers and artists.

Witwer is one of the most prolific and popular writers in America.

Although but a youngster, he's already made one hundred thousand dollars by hammering his typewriter.

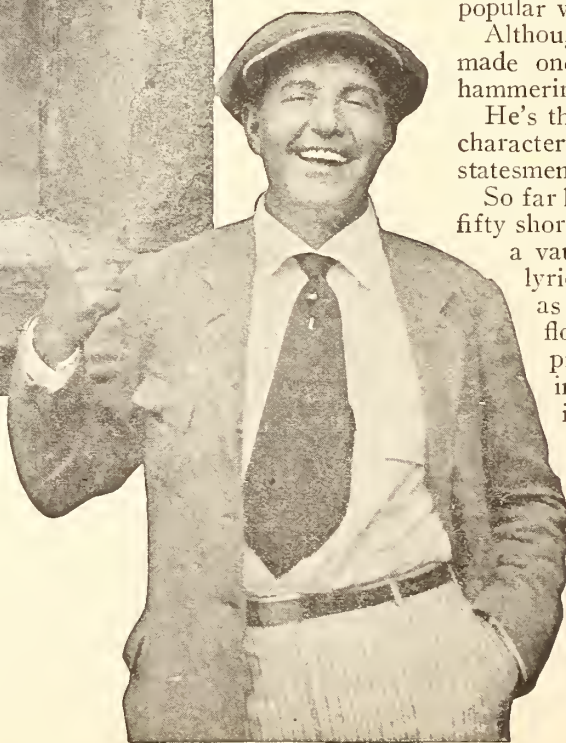
He's the creator of half a dozen fiction characters better known than most of our statesmen.

So far he has produced one hundred and fifty short stories, four books, three plays, a vaudeville act, a popular song, the lyrics of a musical comedy, as well as being responsible for a whole flock of movies, some already produced, and others forthcoming, about which you'll read more in future issues of this magazine.

He's just been turned loose on the Los Angeles colony, and he's going to relate for us, with his inimitable wit and slang, his latest adventures.

ALICE IN MOVIELAND

might be the name of another newcomer to our staff in whose adventures you're going to be very much interested, if we're as good a



prophet as Herbert Howe. This contributor is a girl who lives in a small town, and who is a *real movie fan*, if there ever was one. Some time ago she wrote to us, taking issue with something The Observer had said. Since then she's written us several letters, commenting on different phases of the movies, and we were so impressed by her keen observation and fresh point of view that we decided to bring her to New York, take her through the studios, on location trips, introduce her to the stars, directors, and producers—in short, to show her how pictures are made from start to finish.

You can imagine her surprise. She could hardly believe it was true when she received the offer. And did she accept? Well, wait till she tells you about it in her own enthusiastic, girlish manner. Her account of her movie experiences will begin in the next issue and will continue for several months. What she saw, and *felt*, is something entirely different than the things which the professional writer on movie topics experiences. It's what you would have felt if you could have had her opportunity.

THE NEW YEAR

will bring other innovations, other new writers, and new contributions from some of our old friends. One of these is the taking over—beginning with this issue—of "The Screen in Review" by

AGNES SMITH

satirist and critic—the keenest film reviewer in New York City—who will entertain you each month with her appraisal of the current releases.

If you read her article, "Where Do They Get Those Titles?" in our last number, you already know her keen sense of humor. She's trenchant, sparkling, alert, and subtle. Even a bad picture becomes amusing when she puts tongs to it.

HERBERT HOWE'S

work in this number speaks for itself. For the last year he has written, for this magazine exclusively, the most brilliant and authoritative articles which have been appearing anywhere about the movies. He will continue with us throughout the coming year.

LOUISE WILLIAMS

has been writing a series of fashion articles, based on the different types of stars, which have brought her more fan letters than some stars receive. She is to follow this by a new series of articles showing how to adapt screen fashions, decorations, and ornaments for home and personal use. She will also continue to contribute interviews, written in her own delightful style.

EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

has been one of our star writers in the past—she will continue to be in the future. She needs no introduction to PICTURE-PLAY readers. The things that we like especially about her stories and interviews are, first, her ability to reproduce, in words, a vivid and accurate picture of the personality she is writing about, and



A new member of our staff, whom we'll introduce for the present as "Alice in Movie-land." The others in the picture, from left to right, are, May McAvoy, Mabel Taliaferro, John Robertson, director, and at the right, Mrs. Robertson. The picture was taken at the Scotch village built for "Sentimental Tommy."

second, the human, sympathetic touch that you always find in her work. Some of these days we're going to ask her to interview herself for PICTURE-PLAY readers.

GRACE KINGSLEY

is another of our regular contributors, who recently has endeared herself to thousands of fans through her series of the "Romances of Famous Film Folk." Miss Kingsley, who is the critic and columnist of the Los Angeles Times, is an authority on film-land. All the players read her column for news and anecdote about themselves.

EDWIN SCHALLERT

critic of music, drama, and pictures on the Los Angeles Times. If you read his scholarly impression of Maeterlinck in a recent issue of PICTURE-PLAY you know the richness of his style, its color, flash, and subtlety.

GORDON GASSAWAY

Flippant and frank, with a penchant for jazz, he has invaded the Mack Sennett lot—"The Beach of Dreams"—as our grill chef titles it—to learn the naked truth about the water sprites. He also has written an article, "Danger!" which might be about the Sennett sirens, but isn't.

THESE, AND MANY OTHERS

will enliven our pages in the coming year, and will help PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE to maintain its present position as the brightest, the most entertaining, and the most instructive magazine on all matters pertaining to the great motion-picture industry in which the lovers of the screen are interested.

Crooks That Follow the Movies

No. 2. The fake producers, and how they use the motion-picture industry as a blind to cover their operations as swindlers.

By Roy W. Hinds

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR FERARD

IN a materialistic sense, the small city of Rosemont never had taken seriously its surrounding scenic grandeurs. For years Rosemont had gazed upon the sun rising proudly from the rim of green prairie on the east; indifferently watched it ascend until the warmer rays flashed pleasantly upon the winding river and its hems of lilacs and magnolias, and in tranquil meditation had surveyed its decline and fall behind the picturesque chain of hills on the west.

The beauties of the wide landscape seemed as natural as the sun itself, and so far as capitalization was concerned, no more of an asset. But that was before the emissaries of the great Gardenia Film Company reached Rosemont.

They came first in a group of three. Brisk, enterprising men they were. Mr. A was tall and slender, with a cold, doubtful eye. Mr. B was of medium build and solemn, impressive mien. Mr. C was something on the Gothic style of architecture, square and blocky, with a humorous twinkle in his blue eyes.

They arrived in Rosemont on an early morning train. While they plainly were men of affairs, their deportment for the first hour or so surrounded them with a tantalizing mystery. Each carried a traveling bag, but instead of proceeding at once to a hotel, as did all newcomers of means, they checked the bags in the station, and, three abreast, casually sauntered uptown.

An inquisitive citizen, who hadn't much else to do, was so seized by the glamour of the strangers that he followed, and subsequently reported the following episode:

Mr. C seemed to be eager to convince Mr. A and Mr. B of something of which they were doubtful. The former gentleman occasionally pointed out various objects. At one point he indicated a commanding view of the river, where it wandered across the prairie and dipped into the hills, at another a particularly broad sweep of the lowlands, and at still another an encompassing survey of the mountains. On the outer edge of town the mysterious trio mounted a low hill, from which eminence the whole panorama of sunlit prairie, river, hills, and city stood revealed as an imposing spectacle.

Whereupon they returned to the city. Mr. A, the doubt gone from his eyes, meditated profoundly; Mr. B smiled contentedly, and Mr. C gesticulated and talked happily, and occasionally nodded his head in an "I told you so!" manner. They went at once to the Lee House, the best hotel in Rosemont, engaged a suite of rooms, and arranged for the immediate transfer of their trunks.

A half hour later the tall, dignified Mr. A called upon the president of the Rosemont Chamber of Commerce. That official was much impressed by Mr. A's bearing, although he had no clear idea yet of his purposes. Mr. A asked if he had time for a stroll about

the city. The citizen had, and they set out. At a point where they could get a good view of Mount Jackson, the highest and most picturesque peak in the range to the west, Mr. A and his companion came to a halt.

"Do you realize, sir," asked Mr. A, "what that mountain is worth to Rosemont?"

The other man had a vague idea that some one had discovered coal, or perhaps gold, in the rugged declivities of Mount Jackson.

"That mountain," Mr. A pursued, "is worth thousands and thousands of dollars to Rosemont."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"I shall explain. I am the president of the Gardenia Film Company, as I told you before. For one solid year, sir, we have sought a suitable location for the filming of what perhaps will be the motion-picture classic of the age. I refer to the play, 'The Hope of a Nation.' Perhaps you have read of it—the newspapers printed announcements of it being under way. This play requires an unusual setting, and I am very frank in stating that Rosemont and vicinity

is just the thing we have been looking for. One of my agents, Mr. C, visited your city about a month ago, and was so impressed that he induced me to come down and look you over. I arrived more or less skeptical—you understand, our search has brought many disappointments—but I am convinced now. *I surely am!*"

The president of the Chamber of Commerce thereupon was led to other points in the vicinity. He became aware successively that each individual hill was a potential gold mine, that untold wealth flowed in the quiet waters of the little river, and that riches lay upon the very surface of the prairie. At length the survey was completed.

"Here I find," Mr. A announced meditatively, "the very thing we want. To the east is a level sweep of lowlands. Outside of its value as 'location' in certain parts of our film, it provides an ideal site for extensive studio buildings. Plenty of water is here. The river is also essential for 'location' purposes. This quiet little city is precisely the type our play calls for, and the mountain range to the west gives us the scenes to round out our production." He paused, and then declared solemnly: "My dear sir, we must talk business!"

"I should be very glad to," said the delighted president of the Chamber of Commerce. "Ah—won't you come and have lunch with me?"

The promoters of the Gardenia Film Company had a smooth path to the confidences of Rosemont. They came with a proposition which, in one way or another, had been previously advertised—a proposition to let the community in on the biggest financial snap in the history of money. The advertising had been done involuntarily by every newspaper that printed stories of fabulous salaries for actors and enormous profits on

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS

have been stolen from communities all over the United States by the methods described in this story, which is published as a warning to the public, and an effort to aid the members of the legitimate motion-picture industry in their attempt to stamp out this evil.

certain exhibitions, with but little or no space given to the multitude of failures. Every man, woman, and child who spoke a word about the big salaries and enormous earnings unconsciously prepared the confidences of Rosemont for just such a game as was now spread before it.

It will be observed that the name of the film which the Gardenia company proposed to produce, "The Hope of a Nation," had been selected because of its similarity to a real work of art and one which, legitimately, brought in huge financial returns.

During the year preceding the opening of its Rosemont adventure the Gardenia Film Company had operated as a film exchange. It really had a New York address, and its promoters possessed voluminous correspondence and documents to

prove that they had been connected with the motion-picture industry. The mistake of Rosemont lay in not examining those documents closely. Had that been done, the actual experience and responsibility of the concern would have been laid bare. The Gardenia company, when it came to Rosemont, had perhaps a capital of ten thousand dollars, and it was upon that comparatively slender bank roll that it conducted its gigantic swindle.

The news got abroad quickly that the city and vicinity had been chosen for the production of a great motion-picture classic. In glowing colors, the promoters pictured an immense studio rising on the prairie. In time the community would be treated to the spectacle of a vast army of actors at work. An immense amount of money would be spent in the city—and every merchant who had a foot of lumber, a sack of flour, a pound of beef, or a suit of clothes for sale rose as one man to welcome the vanguard of this legion of prosperity.

"The people here are very interesting," said Mr. A to the president of the Chamber of Commerce, after a few days. "A typical American people, I should say: progressive, yet clinging to the wholesome atmosphere of the past. I notice very distinct types. If they have no objections, we should like to use them in certain parts of our film."

Did the people of Rosemont like that? So much so that whenever Messrs. A, B, and C appeared in the streets they found themselves waylaid by whole sections of the townspeople, young, old, and middle-aged, with applications for rôles.

"Who is the very pretty girl with auburn hair, just stepping out of that automobile?" Mr. A inquired one day.



"That mountain," Mr. A pursued, "is worth thousands and thousands of dollars to Rosemont."

"That is Mary Cornell."

"I have seen her several times," Mr. A went on, "and have studied her closely. Do you suppose she could be induced to take a rather important part in 'The Hope of a Nation'—at a good salary, of course?"

That matter just naturally arranged itself. Miss Cornell accepted with trembling eagerness, and her proud parents acquiesced almost as quickly. Incidentally her father was the leading banker in Rosemont.

By similar devices, calculated to reach quickly and surely either the emotions or the financial desires of the city, the promoters of the Gardenia Film Company strengthened their hold upon the people of Rosemont, and led them willingly into the broader phases of the swindle.

Thus far the promoters had proposed only to spend money in Rosemont. Not a word had been said about offering for sale any stock or any other inducement to attract capital. The enterprise so far had proceeded with the tacit understanding that the Gardenia company was wholly able to finance the film, "The Hope of a Nation"—and, that being the case, why should outsiders be admitted to the profits?

That is the question that certain citizens of business acumen and money asked themselves, a little wistfully. But they had not long to wait.

Two weeks after the arrival of Messrs. A, B, and C, and when nothing but general survey work had been done, Mr. A asked if he could be permitted to make a statement before the Chamber of Commerce. He asked also that the mayor and other city officials be invited. He was just mysterious enough and explanatory enough to arouse a fire of interest.

Mr. A appeared before the Chamber of Commerce

Continued on page 102

The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on current releases.

By Agnes Smith



"Conrad in Quest of His Youth" will not convert the lovers of the book to the screen.

But it is likely to make motion-picture fans want to read
Leonard Merrick

WHEN a motion-picture producer purchases the screen rights to a novel, he figures out how many persons have read the book, into how many editions it has jumped, and measures carefully the length and breadth of its popularity; hence certain studios become mere canning factories for "best sellers." The producer, of course, works on the assumption that all readers of the book will flock to see the picture.

However, there is another side to the question. So many constant readers have come away disappointed from screen versions of their pet internationally celebrated novels by their pet internationally celebrated authors that they have a dread of seeing the raven-haired heroines of their dreams turned into pallid blondes and played with all the routine tricks of the perennial screen favorite.

And so we turn to "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," Leonard Merrick's story of a not-so-old gentleman who seeks to regain the thrill of first love. Merrick's novel has been meticulously transferred to the screen by William De Mille. But the Merrick devotees are likely to shy away from it. The humor and the romance of the story have an elusive literary quality that lies too deep

for the flat surface of the screen. Mr. De Mille strives valiantly for the Merrick flavor, and sometimes he succeeds in catching it. Those who haven't read the book will find the picture delightful; those who have, will find it just a bit disappointing. Merrick's readers will not become converts to the motion pictures, but film fans are likely to become Merrick readers.

It is Thomas Meighan who is the *Conrad* of the screen. Mr. Meighan is Irish; Conrad was English. Without wishing to venture on the dangerous ground of the Irish-English controversy, we think that Mr. Meighan's nationality is against him in this particular case. There is the widest difference in the world between a sentimental Englishman and a sentimental Irishman. The Englishman is outwardly a cynic but a sentimentalist at heart; the Irishman wears a cloak of sentiment to conceal the fact that he is either a dis-

appointed patriot or a successful politician. Mr. Meighan does his best and brings to the rôle all of his justly celebrated charm. But his charm is the charm of a ballad sung by John McCormack and not that of Leonard Merrick's *Conrad*.

Kathlyn Williams plays *Mrs. Adaile*, the chief figure

We Said to Agnes Smith

when she took over the work of reviewing pictures for us, "remember that you have no restrictions. Be perfectly frank and honest in telling our readers just what they may expect of every picture on which you comment."

You will find, in reading her reviews, that this is what she has done. You may, therefore, depend upon this department for your guidance.

in one of the sentimental episodes. *Mrs. Adaille* was *Conrad's* first love. And an Englishman's first love is usually a charming married woman whom he meets in Italy. After twenty years, *Conrad* tries to recapture the first fine careless rapture. The lady agrees to come to his room to say good-by. *Conrad* waits, and while he waits he falls asleep. A middle-aged gentleman is likely to fall asleep after the clock has turned midnight. *Isolde* comes and finds *Tristram* slumbering. Because it is, the silent drama, we do not know whether or not he was caught snoring. *Mrs. Adaille* is hurt, but because she, too, has reached middle age she understands. And so she leaves a little note and vanishes from his life.

Mr. De Mille, out of respect to the State censorship boards, carefully deleted Theophile Gautier's "Madelon" from the scene. Therefore, the episode is entirely harmless.

As *Mrs. Adaille*, Kathlyn Williams fails to bring to the part any suggestion of the woman Merrick drew. Again Mr. De Mille is guilty of an error in casting.

The best scenes of the picture are those which tell of *Conrad's* experiences with a cheap theatrical company. Here *Conrad* meets the *Countess of Darlington*—an actress married to an earl. Adopting her old stage name, the *Countess*, too, is in quest of her youth, a youth spent in struggling bohemianism. Satisfying an eternal convention of the screen, Olga Printzlau, who wrote the scenario, marries *Conrad* to the *Countess*, thereby proving that youth exists as long as there is love in the heart.

To do full justice to Mr. De Mille, we think that he has done better with "Conrad" than could any other director. For his is a gentle art, and he is an agreeable sentimentalist. He hasn't his brother's fault of overelaboration, and his touch is simple and sincere.

As I have said before, the picture will make you want to read the book. And so I am glad that Famous Players-Lasky produced it.

"PASSION"

If you see a picture called "Passion" advertised as a big superdeluxe spectacle, do not run the other way, as your best instincts might dictate. For "Passion" is no such thing. It is the life story of Mme. Du Barry.

favorite of King Louis the Fifteenth of France. Mme. Du Barry has been made romantic by time and turned respectable by history. At this late day it seems unfair to accuse her of passion.

You will want to see this picture because—speak it softly—it was made in Germany. Curiosity is likely to get the better of patriotic scruples. The motion-picture industry has been filled with rumors about the artistry and splendor of these mid-European productions. It is the first one to reach the American market.

"Passion" hasn't the finish of our American productions. The director, Ernst Lubitsch, may be as capable as our Griffiths and De Mille, but he hasn't the aid of our camera men, art directors, and costume designers.

When you watch the picture, you are conscious of the wigs and make-up. The scenes of the storming of the Bastille must have engaged the services of all the unemployed in Germany, and they are impressive just the way an elephant is impressive—because they are so big. The settings that depict the palace at Versailles are more remarkable. They present scenes that could have been photographed only in the Old World. Popular report says that they were taken at Potsdam. I cannot verify the report, since I have only a post-card acquaintance with Europe.

But the illusion of reality that permeates the picture lies deeper than the backgrounds or the spectacular scenes. It lies in the acting. American players may be loath to learn from German models, but the European players bring a new note of vitality to the screen.

Pola Negri, a remarkably beautiful young woman, plays *Du Barry*. She looks a little like Theda Bara, and she has those vampish ways. Also she has them there eyes. But, in spite of the physical resemblance, she is an immensely fine actress. Her work is not as glib as that of some of our players who know how to be arch and agreeable. She rises above the standards of adolescence that rule most of

our screen performers. An American actress would have made *Du Barry* either a pretty flirt or a plain, everyday "vamp." Pola Negri makes her a real superwoman. We didn't see Leslie Carter's performance in "*Du Barry*," and we wonder if she struck so surely into the heart of the character.

The names of the actors who play the other parts are not available, so the men who give such splendid



"Passion," the first big European film to arrive here since the war, is finely acted, but lacking the finish of our American films.



"Dead Men Tell No Tales" is a pirate story, with Catherine Calvert and Percy Marmont in the leading rôles.

performances of the *King* and *Choiseul* must go down to anonymous fame.

The posters that seek to lure the public to "Passion" will probably make a great noise about the big scenes and the number of men, women, and children employed therein. But you can afford to miss the falling of the Bastille before the onslaughts of the infuriated mob. What you cannot afford to miss is the fall of *Louis the Fifteenth* before the onslaughts of *Du Barry*.

"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES."

This thrilling legend has probably caught your eye of late in the back-page columns of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. Yes, children, it is a picture, and Vitagraph has exploited the title so effectively that you will want to see it without knowing anything about it. Other celebrated lines of song and story that might look pretty on billboards can be dug up from literature. We suggest "I am dying, Egypt, dying" or "Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum."

To go back to "Dead Men Tell No Tales." It is a

Tom Terriss production, and will appeal to all good souls who love pirates. And what good soul does not? It is a nice exciting powwow, and it has a shipwreck scene that has been well directed with the aid of megaphones and dynamite. Catherine Calvert is the heroine and Percy Marmont is the hero. Pursued by villains throughout the entire picture, they earn their salaries.

"A SLAVE OF VANITY."

Right after her success in "Madame X" comes Pauline Frederick in Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's drama "Iris." But because "Iris" is associated with camera parlance, the title has been changed to "A Slave of Vanity." As yet Pinero has not written to the London *Times* protesting against the wild ways of American cinema manufacturers. Nor has Pinero said anything about the fact that the tragic ending has been turned into a dream. Some pupil of Freud ought to psychoanalyze the dreams indulged in by otherwise respectable heroines.

Pauline Frederick's acting ought to please the dramatist. For, after a slump in which she was but the shadow of her former self, Miss Frederick recently has been coming into her own again. As the woman who hasn't the courage to accept love at the price of giving up luxury she gives an intelligent and an emotionally forceful performance. This, by the way, is her first picture for Robertson-Cole.

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

There is one scene in Bebe Daniels' first starring picture that is fraught with emotion and surcharged with dramatics, as the best critics put it. It represents a fashion show and shows Bebe all dressed up. And why should not Bebe Daniels be all dressed up? Doesn't she deserve a few la la Lucille gowns after such a long career in bathing-suit comedies? And shouldn't she be all dressed up after being all undressed up in a Cecil B. De Mille picture? Apparently a full line of French gowns is included in her new contract.

The plot is nothing to worry about. The hero sees Bebe when she is all dressed up, and, although she is only a cloak-room girl in disguise, he loves her. Perhaps the fashion writers are correct. Perhaps it can only be done with the aid of a good dressmaker.

Harold Lloyd, whose comedies first brought Bebe into prominence, wishes his erstwhile leading woman all kinds of good luck in her starring venture. And so do we all, for Bebe is a cute little trick and a cute little trickster.

"HARRIET AND THE PIPER."

Right here we wish to protest against the way California producers malign Greenwich Village. If the lords of Hollywood persist in representing the Village as the home of free love, tam-o'-shanters, and table d'hôtes, we shall incite the Villagers into a screen attack on home life in Hollywood.

The bohemian revels on the screen are getting to be more than we can bear. There ain't no such revels in Greenwich Village. Apartments are too scarce and rents are too high for the Villagers to take such chances with breaking a lease.

The Greenwich Village scene of the month comes in "Harriet and the Piper," adapted from the novel by Kathleen Norris. We have a lot of respect for Miss Norris as a novelist, but we feel that something went wrong with this story. Anita Stewart stars in the screen version, and, if it weren't for her beauty, the picture would be entirely unimportant.

"BODY AND SOUL."

Speaking of bohemianism, there is "Body and Soul," a wild, wild story of the Latin Quarter of Paris. We

suspect that Charles Swickard, who directed the picture for Metro, has been guilty of maligning the artists of Paris, just as "Harriet and the Piper" misrepresents Greenwich Village.

The story was taken from a play by William Hurlbut and tells of a girl who is hit on the head by a lamp-post and who thenceforth leads a dual existence. No, the villain doesn't crown her with the lamp-post after the happy fashion of the comics. The girl merely strikes her head against it in passing.

Alice Lake is the lady of the double life, and she is called upon to enact so many scenes that are either ridiculously sensational or downright disgusting that we lose all sympathy with her acting and all patience with the story. Stuart Holmes is the villain of the piece. *Hist! Hist!*

"CURTAIN."

The verities of theatrical life are truthfully mirrored in "Curtain," by Rita Weiman. Miss Weiman knows theatrical life. She knows that an actress is neither a devil nor an angel. Usually she is just a woman. She knows that managers are not men whose sole joy in life is the pursuit of the starring sex. And she doesn't try to tell the public any highly flavored fibs about the mysterious land that lies beyond the curtain.

Katharine MacDonald has a rarely interesting rôle in "Curtain." She is seen as an actress who marries out of her profession. She is willing to give up her career and settle down as a wife and mother. The lure of the foot-lights doesn't draw her away from home. It is the husband who is drawn back to the stage. He is a type familiar to those who know the stage. It is the actress he loves, not the woman. He likes the uncertain joy of backing plays, of dining with actresses, of mixing in "professional" company, where his money buys him the satisfaction of enjoying sprightly company and the glamour of make-believe. So he turns from his wife, who has come to be too much of a homebody, and seeks another actress.

It is an intelligent story, extremely well acted both by Miss MacDonald and Charles Richman.

Rita Weiman also wrote the story of "Madame Peacock," from which Nazimova has concocted another one of her dazzling starring vehicles. Like the small boy who couldn't see the forest for the trees, we couldn't see the story because of Nazimova.

"A BROADWAY BUBBLE."

Another theatrical story that is truthful in its atmosphere and intelligent in its presentation is "A Broadway Bubble," in which Corinne Griffith is starred by Vitagraph. Miss Griffith is a modest violet of a star. But watch her, because she is an embryo Elsie Ferguson.

"THE SONG OF THE SOUL."

One of the most soul-stirring scenes we have witnessed in a long time is found in "The Song of the Soul." A strong-armed gentleman tosses an alligator over on his back and mesmerizes him into a delicious trance by stroking his stomach. The scene has nothing to do with the plot, which seems too bad. Nor is it a sequel to "Scratch My Back." The little episode was simply thrown in for nothing by John W. Noble, the director.

"The Song of the Soul" brings Vivian Martin back to the screen. The picture was made by Messmore Kendall, and Robert W. Chambers had something to do with it. He didn't write the story—the story was taken from a William J. Locke tale—so perhaps he edited it. Or maybe he furnished the alligator.

The picture gave us what Mark Twain used to term the fantods. It is all about a blind girl and a man



"Harriet and the Piper" is a typical screen exaggeration of the revels of New York's Greenwich Village, redeemed only by the charm of Anita Stewart.

whose face is horribly scarred. It has one dramatic scene that is beautifully played by Miss Martin, but we felt like crying, "Stop, stop, you are breaking our heart!"

Mr. Kendall was president of Goldwyn for a few brief weeks. Now Samuel Goldwyn is back—or he was when this was written. But time passes so quickly in the movie world that General Obregon may be the new president. However, we don't suppose that all this shifting of honors has anything at all to do with "The Song of the Soul."

"ALWAYS AUDACIOUS."

We thought that he had gotten our last thrill from the double-exposure picture until we saw Paramount's "Always Audacious," and realized that there is still something interesting about seeing one and the same star on the screen at one and the same time. Wallace Reid is the gentleman in question who so ingeniously turns himself into twins. (Continued on page 105)



Photo by Evans

If you're her type and age you can wear hats like this one.

The Arithmetic of Fashion

Anna Q. Nilsson knows the common denominator of every costume she wears.

By Louise Williams

WHAT a squeegee-looking woman!" remarked the Very Pretty Girl; as our hansom cab got caught in a traffic jam on Fifth Avenue, and we settled back to observe the passers-by. "She looks as if she'd stood against a wall and had her maid throw whatever came handy at her."

"Not to me; I'll wager matinée tickets against that hat you're trying to sell your sister-in-law that that woman spent longer on her dressing than you did," I declared. "It's just that she didn't know where to stop; she put on a blouse and then it didn't look quite satisfactory, so she added a string of green jade beads, which simply swear at the blue embroidery on her veil, of course. She liked the buckles on her tan shoes so well that she simply had to wear them, even though her suit would look much better with black ones. And she topped it all off with gloves that are beautiful, but don't bear any relation to anything else she has on. She doesn't know that arithmetic and fashion have anything to do with each other—and I wish she could meet Anna Q. Nilsson and learn the error of her ways."

Perhaps you, like the Very Pretty Girl, want to find out what it is that Anna Q. Nilsson knows about arithmetic and fashion—

I hope you do, for it's something that every woman ought to learn. And it's simplicity itself. The stunning Anna is a blonde, of course, but the blackest-haired brunette that ever saw her on the screen can learn about dressing from her, even though they do happen to be of quite different types.

Not long ago I went shopping with Anna, and she yielded to temptation and bought a hat that can be described by just one word—luscious. It really looked good enough to wear. It was an imported model, of palest rose velvet, with gaura feathers of the most exquisite pale blue, "all dripping down the front into your eyes," as the salesgirl described it.

"Now—I'll have to do arithmetic," announced Anna as we left the shop. "Usually I sort of know in my mind what's the lowest common denominator of a costume; I mean, what the one feature that matches in my hat and dress and shoes will be. But once in a while I just go

Photo copyrighted by Evans



Color is the common denominator of this brown costume.

mad and buy something because it's beautiful and becoming—like that hat. And then I have to analyze it and find things that have the same quality. You know how we used to do problems like that in school—you could take a jumble of numbers, like one hundred and fifty-four and sixty-eight and ten and find that they were all divisible by two; maybe that's not exactly all of it, but that's the principle of the thing. Well, that's the way I do with my clothes; I find some one thing in all of them that's the same. Now, take this hat I've just bought; I can't make color the harmonizing thing, because the hat's too light; if it were a tricorne or a Gainsborough, a hat of any particular period or character, I'd match that, but it's just round, you know. So—I'll have to make the keynote delicacy and charm. Don't you think that will work?"

I did—and it did. I wish you could have seen the things she bought to wear with that hat. There was a pale-gray dress, whose ruffles of net were as airy as the gaura feathers. There were gray pumps whose silver buckles were so delicately fashioned that they were like fine lace, and gloves of very fine French kid, so soft that they molded themselves to the arms perfectly. There was about the whole costume an effect of fragility, of delicate charm, that effectively supplemented Anna's golden hair and deep-blue eyes.

"You can always find some one thing about a hat or a gown, or even shoes, to use all through a costume," she told me. And later we examined her entire wardrobe so that I'd see how she carried out her theory.

Of course, she is a very blond blonde—her hair is very yellow, her eyes are deep blue, and though she



Photo copyrighted by Evans

Simplicity should be the keynote of sports clothes.



Photo copyrighted by Evans

The brown you see in sable skins was meant for blondes of the golden type.

is not tall—she stands just five feet seven—she gives the effect of being quite a bit taller than vivacious May Allison, who is but two inches shorter. She is the golden type of blonde—not the very-pink-and-white type—which opens up to her a whole gamut of colors and styles that those of Ethel Clayton's or May Allison's coloring should avoid.

For example, she wears brown, certain shades of it, beautifully. There is nothing that will kill the looks of a certain type of blonde more quickly than brown will; it fades their hair and makes their complexions look grayish, but for one whose skin holds the necessary glow—that's the only word that describes it, though it may seem rather inaccurate—brown does wonders. It must be the brown that is found in beaver or sable furs, since they have a golden tint of brown themselves. And certain red-fox skins, as well as crossed fox, can be worn, but only experiment will show which ones; this is a matter for individual consideration.

I can't illustrate this point better than by describing one of Anna's favorite costumes,

Continued on page 99

Right Off the Grill

A coast-to-coast service, with everything served hot.

By Herbert Howe

AFTER a year in California I understand why people go there to die.

The reason dying is so unpopular in most places is that people are afraid they're going to miss something. You won't in California.

If California is perfection, as the sun worshipers claim, then heaven isn't going to agree with me. I'll have to follow the Broadway crowds.

Most mortals would desire nothing more than to live in a land of omnipresent sun and movie stars. But the brilliance was too much for me. I had to wear smoked glasses.

Mind, I don't say California hasn't its features. It wasn't much originally, I guess, but cactus and horned toads. But it has been reclaimed by the missionary work of the Spanish fathers, Burbank and M. Sennett. Where cactus grew before now flourishes the palm, the cafeteria, and the bathing beauty. But it doesn't take a year to see the ocean, the palms, the missions, the Ship café, Sennett duckery, Selig zoo, and Misses Swanson, Blythe, MacDonald, and Compson.

But now that I've quit the land where you always see the sun for the city where you never see it, I miss some of the advantages. Notably, sleep. And the Studio Club—although I meet Georges Carpentier every day in the Claridge and so keep in touch with scrapping news.

When I climbed the unlimited for New York, I thought I'd shaken the film gossip forever from my style-plus. Not so, the lady who bunked opposite me had not been wasting her time in California.

"Wasn't that Ginny Demijohn, the movie star, at the station with you?" she commenced as soon as I'd unfurled myself on the luxurious plush.

"That's the jug," said I shortly.

Whereupon the lady opened her soul and shoe-box lunch, beguiling me with honeyed words and boiled eggs. She avowed she had seen me in some picture—wasn't it "Cupid, the Cow-puncher?" Did I know a girl by name of Toodles de Guava who did "sketches" at the L-Ko art galleries? Wasn't it true that most stars couldn't write their own names?

I resisted all temptation of flattery and currant jelly. If I enjoyed the intimacy of Theda Bara because my birthday date was in vibratory harmony with hers, I boasted not. I was as shrinking as a flannel violet. If you would become learned, never interrupt a lady. I learned that Bebe Daniels' real name is Lazarus, that Lottie Pickford is an adopted child, that William S. Hart's middle name is Shakespeare, and that he was engaged to Valeska Suratt, that Pearl White once checked her wig in a café, that Theda Bara's name was



*Problem: Who's the lady?
If you can't guess, read
on and you'll find out.*

scrambled from the words "death" and "Arab," that Eric von Stroheim had been arrested for moonshining, because he made some imitation money for his picture, that Antonio Moreno is heir to the Spanish throne and engaged to Viola Dana, that Nazimova kept her youthful beauty by living on three-minute eggs, that Charlie Chaplin had lived for three days without food in the Mormon tabernacle when his wife got wild, that—

Just then Jack Dempsey walked through the coach on the way to his stateroom. As he passed the seat, my vis-à-vis exclaimed:

"Oh, don't you hope George Carpentier wins the fight—he's so wonderful?"

I crossed myself and retired to the club car.

The Eastern Colonv.

I found Broadway all lit up just as if Volstead had never ousted Blatz. Times Square is a cavern of jewels, the cave of the forty thieves and their prolific progeny.

It's getting so that unless you have your visiting card romping incandescently on the Broadway heavens you're a dud, a pee-wee, a raw ham—cinematically speaking.

Outdazzling the heavenly *stellae* are such high-voltaged ones as Alice Brady, Constance Binney, Alice Joyce, Eugene O'Brien, Monsieur B. V. D., Owen Moore, Mary Miles Minter, rubbermint gum, Conway Tearle, Norma and Constance Talmadge, calfhug garters, and French kiss perfume.

Such, dear reader, is the Eastern pivot of the film world—Times Square, the fatherland of gold diggers, lobsters, gafilta fish, song venders, taxi gondoliers, and actors. The clubs frequented by the latter are just off the plaisance; the Lambs, on Forty-fourth; the Friars, on Forty-eighth; the Green Room, on Forty-seventh; and the Automat, centrally located.

Broadway Strugglers.

Once it was that you strolled Broadway. Now you struggle it. The feat on a Saturday is worthy of Moreno or Fairbanks. It reminds you of one of the mob scenes from "Intolerance." What it will be by New Year's Eve I shudder to think.

Just abreast of the Astor Hotel I heard a familiar sound, not unlike the twittering of a calliope. I recognized it instantly as George Stewart's car, the distinctive sound due to the jazz plumbing which George has installed underneath to give it the expensive tone. Marilyn Miller, the Ziegfeld stage star, was enthroned on the rear cushions. George certainly believes in change of program.

Charlie Chaplin in Disguise.

A few necks ahead and I crashed into Charlie Chaplin, who tried to duck, but the tide was too heavy. I scarcely recognized him, and such was his intention, no doubt, as he had been dodging the press.

"Why, Charlie, where's your cloth-top shoes?" I screamed, noting the brand-new cordovans instead of the old familiar dogs. "And a new suit, derby—I know! you're in disguise."

Charlie on promenade resembles a sanitary inspector on tour. He pokes into doorways, stares up at fire escapes, gazes into windows.

"What are you looking for?"

"Just getting new picture material," said he, peering into a refuse can.

"I always suspected that's where it came from," I observed brightly.

He said the Pennsylvania Hotel had given him a great idea. I said I was glad to hear it had given somebody something.

The Chaplin Divorce.

Mrs. Chaplin had just left for California to sign the divorce papers. She couldn't sign them in New York, because she was not of age, according to New York time-tables. In California they're of age at eighteen; in New York they don't get wise until they're twenty-one, it seems.

According to the last-minute quotations, Madame Chaplin was to receive two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, half the initial amount paid Charlie for "The Kid." She has one more picture to make under her contract with Louis B. Mayer. Everything apparently was fixed concerning Charlie's emancipation, but from Chicago we hear that Mrs. Harris, the mother-in-law, gave out news to the contrary *en passant*. When asked, "What's the matter with Chaplin?" she is said to have given the succinct response, "He's in love with his feet." Evidently I missed the real solution in my article of last month. I don't see how any one could love their feet and treat them so shoddily as Charlie usually does.

This is the first time, I believe, that pedal extremities have been indicated as co-respondent in a divorce suit. But we can understand Charlie's love for his feet. They've supported the entire family, which is no small burden for one set of feet.

Charlie has leased his studio to the Carter De Havens. He has plans to go abroad for a year, visiting his old London and the country of his nativity—France. But he'll not devote his feet exclusively to globe-trotting. They'll continue to costar in pictures.

At the Actor's Tavern.

At the Claridge I floundered into the backwater of Forty-fourth Street and drifted to the Algonquin Hotel, which is the Thespian barracks, being to the East what the Alexandria is to the West.

Buster Collier was holding the pivot in the lobby. His shaggy mane elicited idle quips about

We haven't a picture of Gloria Swanson's baby daughter yet, but here's a picture of Gloria when she was about her daughter's age.



Nazimova in her working costume.

who put the bomb in Wall Street. But Buster had been playing "Cardigan" and paying for a friend's dinner, so he had a right to the heavy look.

Richard Barthelmess and Mary, the wife, were in from Honeymoon Cottage on Long Island. They had been entertaining Joseph Hergesheimer. Dick expects to do Hergesheimer's story "Toll'able David" as his first starring production. In the meantime rumors continue to clash. Various persons were informing the star that he was to do "Turn to the Right," while the head waiter assured him that he was to play "Ben Hur" under Griffith's direction.

"If only I knew as much about my business as everybody else does," groaned Dick, scanning the menu as though expecting a clew to the future.

At a flanking table Ward Crane was swallowing Blue Points and looking correspondingly prosperous. He has added a mustache to his features and five hundred to his salary.

Mother Talmadge and the *mädchens* three, recently back from Páree, came tapping in with their Parisian staffs. They sounded like blind men, but looked—ooh! *tres, tres*.

C. Gardner Sullivan, the Shakespeare—or is it Bacon?—of the cinema, was scanning the menu for suggestions, but believe me he paid for them. Charlie Chaplin is the only one who was ever given anything by a New York hotel. If the pen is mightier than the lip stick, as Sam Goldwyn holds, then Sullivan deserves the featuring he is to have with Goldwyn.

Leatrice Joy, who came to New York ostensibly for shopping, was concentrating upon *potage* and John Gilbert. I nearly got Klieg eyes when I saw the diamond.

Owen Moore was gazing soberly into a loganberry high ball. He has just finished "Lend Me Your Wife," which, as we observed, should have a strong masculine appeal considering how trifling the loan.

Monte Blue, Nazimova's rival in hair growing, was able to be about for the first time since visiting the barber.

Getting Tea'd at the Lambs.

It used to be that you had to reserve foot space in advance for the Lambs Club rail around five o'clock. Now it is as deserted as the village hitching post.

Eddie Earle, just back from California, who he made love to Deraldina for a thousand a week in "Passion Fruit," greeted me affluently.

"Have a cupa tea?"

"What cup?" I quavered.

"Waiter, bring some tea—and make it strong," he added roughly.

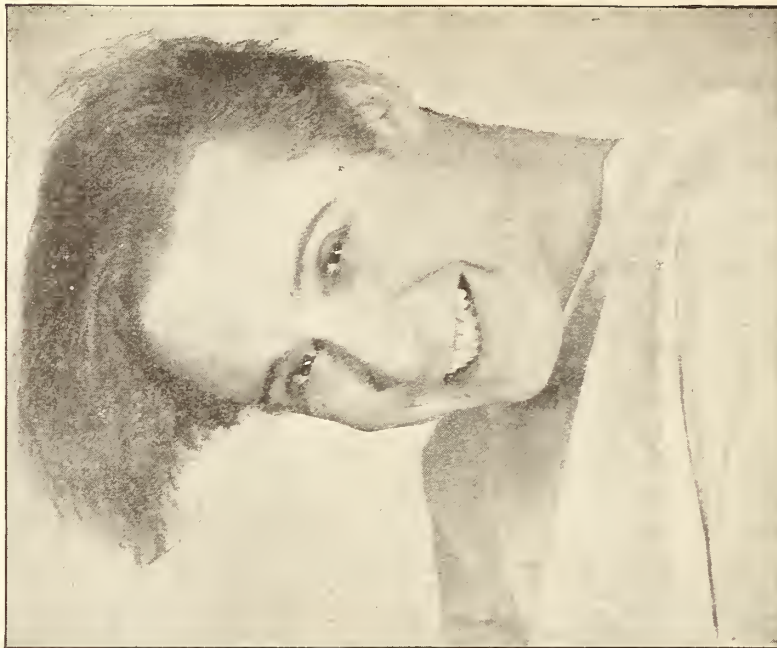
I hesitated about drinking it, being almost a stranger to the ways of the city, but I noted that Tommy Meighan and Tom Forman were getting tea'd at a nearby bench, so I knew there was nothing else to be had.

Forman was directing Meighan in "The Quarry." They just ran in from California for one picture, as is the Meighan habit. Eddie Earle, too, was going back as soon as he finished clipping coupons. When he told me that I had another oolong on him.

George Walsh is to make a picture in Cuba. Can you blame him?

The Art of Film Reviewing.

The art of film reviewing as it is fearlessly practiced: "The Curse of the Cuspidor" is a picture which is well worth seeing by those interested in a picture of



Monte Blue, snapped in the barber's chair.

this type. While it is not as good, perhaps, as some you have seen from the same producer, still it cannot be denied that it is much better than others. On the whole, it may be said to be well above the average except where it frequently shows a tendency to slip below. The star fills her rôle with that which we have become accustomed to expect of her and at all times leaves nothing more to be desired from her. The supporting cast is of the uniformity for which the producer is noted and never detracts from the action or setting,

which is on a lavish scale indicative of the pains of the producer in sparing no expense.

Moreno's Mysteries.

Tony Moreno isn't going to quit perpetrating mysteries even though he is quitting serials. He's finished the chapter play, "The Invisible Hand," and is well along with "The Three Sevens," his first feature drama. In the meantime, he takes a vacation to Catalina and sends us the mysterious picture of himself and a damsel which we reproduce on page 62. It got Grace Kingsley all stirred up. Grace said she could tell by the look in Tony's eyes and the clasp of his hands that he meant no good to the maiden. She said she bet he was going to marry her. And then the wrist watch and eyeglasses were recognized as belonging to Viola Dana. "Well," said Grace, "they're well matched—as vamps go." But Tony says, "I give you my *word*," and you have to believe him in spite of yourself. It seems he was an old friend of Viola's father—or maybe she was an old friend of his father—anyhow, it's an old family acquaintance, existing since the Moreno family helped the Flugraths to move their household goods into the ark.

The Art of Miss Gish.

Several worshippers were introduced to Lillian Gish. "Oh, Miss Gish—you don't know—" stammered the spokeslady. "To think—we've admired you so—we're meeting you—it's so—so—"

"I know just how you feel," sympathized Miss Gish with a consoling pat on the lady's arm. "I felt just the same way when I met Theda Bara."

We hear that Roget's "Thesaurus" is to be produced by Bennie Zeidman with Bull Montana in the title rôle.

Dons Her Working Pajamas.

Some doubted my word when I said Nazimova was the hardest working star in captivity. She doesn't even stop working when she puts on pajamas. In fact, the garment that puts every one else to sleep serves only to facilitate madame's industry. When rehearsing, cutting or supervising "sets" madame always wears trig little Chinese pajamas, always with the fragrance of

Continued on page 106

The Hetty Green of Pictures

Little Ruth Roland has a trick of turning to gold anything she touches—and her method is as simple as it is successful!

By Jane McNaughton Baxter

MAYBE when you see Ruth Roland, heroine of black-and-blue drama, on the screen, you think she hasn't any more sense than those foolish girls she plays, who are always going out and getting themselves shot or kidnaped or something, and who never seem to be able to keep out of trouble and danger for a minute. But if you think Ruth is like that, you're wrong.

She's such a good business woman that she's known as the Hetty Green of pictures.

Do you remember old Mr. Midas and his touch system? Well, when Ruth Roland was born, dear old Brer Midas' spirit must have been hovering around, because when the fairies slipped Ruth her golden curls, they also slipped her something of his magic golden touch. She has touched a lot of things and turned 'em into gold, has Miss Roland—films, real estate, houses, oil stock, automobiles. Why, it is even said she could have touched a certain big picture director and made him turn to gold, too, if she had wanted to!

"How did you happen to get on to the Midas combination?" I asked Miss Roland, the other day, when I went out to the studio to take a peep at her new car. She was such a regular doll-baby person to look at, was Ruth that day, in her pretty sports clothes, with



A salary of a thousand a week—and she putters around in the garden and has driven the same car for five years!

her sparkling violet eyes and her golden-brown curls streaming down her back, that it seemed like an impertinent question.

"Why," explained Ruth in a confidential manner—and I thought I was going to learn some wonderful financial secret—"it isn't anything amazing or mysterious at all. It is nothing but—well, *not* doing something—in short, it's very simple—just not wasting money. For instance, take my car there. That's the first new car I've had in five years."

And her salary is one thousand dollars a week! I

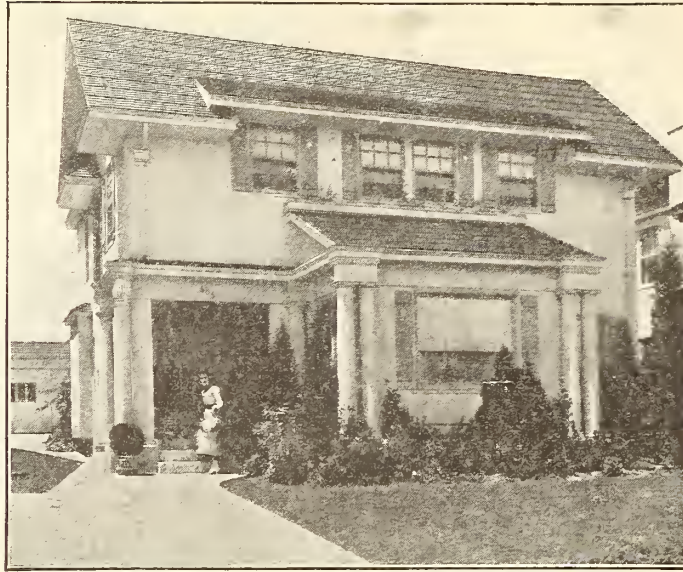
Here's one of Ruth's investments in real estate; how'd you like to accept her invitation and live in it?



began to understand. But this isn't intended as a lecture on economics, so I'll go on.

Coming back to the original question, I asked Miss Roland whatever had started a pretty young artist like herself on the Hetty Green career. And it seems that Ruth always was a reflective little person. She saw theatrical people all the time, her father being manager of the Columbia Theater in San Francisco when she was a child, and she herself being on the vaudeville stage and famous as Baby Ruth, singer of ballads at the tender age of three and a half years; and she was always hearing of actors who were broke because of their careless spending of money.

"I remember how my mother cried and how sober my father looked one day after they had read the morning paper. I asked what was the matter, but they wouldn't tell me. Mother just kissed me tenderly and cried some more. So when they had gone I got the paper and read how a dear old actress we knew, who had been famous in her day, had killed herself by tak-



Buying and selling homes like this is one of her greatest—and most successful—weaknesses.

ing gas because she was old and poor. And I decided that I was not going to be like that."

But the real saving began in characteristic girl fashion the day she made up her mind she wanted a diamond ring more than she wanted anything else in the world, but wasn't willing to get engaged to anybody she knew in order to get it, being particular that way, and kind of fussy. That was long after the Baby Ruth ballad-singing days, when as a very young screen actress, away back in the dark ages of picturedom, say seven years ago, she began work with the Kalem Company.

"I was with the Kalem Company then," Ruth explained, "getting thirty-five dollars a week, and suddenly I decided I wanted a diamond ring. So I saved up enough to buy a half-carat one. It looked like a headlight to me. I remember I went to a party the first day I wore it, and I thought everybody would be gazing at it. But nobody noticed it for a long time, and when they did they thought I

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So This Is Hollywood!

We'll start on Main Street, shown below, and take a trip through the Western movie capital.

By Gordon Brooke



LADIES and gentlemen, you are now entering the famous movie colony, Hol-lay-wood! Here is the studio capital of the world! Here lives and works Ma-ree Pickford, Char-lee Chaplin, Nazy-mahova, and Dog-a-lus Fairbanks! On your right is the Hollywood Hotel, where lives Vee-ola Dana, Betty Blythe, Alice Lake, and other of the world's greatest movie stars, beauties, et cetera—"

So cries the ballyhoo from the sightseeing busses

that daily carry loads of Mid-Westerners down Hollywood Boulevard. There is always a company of players working on the boulevard, usually some comedy company, although the boulevard is regularly employed by all studios for street scenes. Even the Dakotan who hasn't seen a motion picture since "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" will recognize the moviers at work. The grinding camera, the sun reflectors, and the ladies and gentlemen with putty faces and curious garb—

they are bound to attract attention. The bus riders will lean far out to identify the players. The fat lady from Freeport with the palm-leaf fan and the perspiration will exclaim with authority:

"There's Charlie Chaplin!"

The person thus identified may be six feet tall with the figure of Bull Montana. But the lady is positive he is Charlie Chaplin.

"No, it's Mary Pickford," contradicts the attenuated person with the bottle of pop. "See the little girl with the curls. I'd know Mary Pickford any place."

The little girl with the hirsute shavings may be an "extra" who wouldn't know Mary if she saw her. Any one with dark bobbed hair is Nazimova. And if the big man should do a leap in the air or any other semiathletic stunt, he promptly would be translated from Charlie Chaplin to Douglas Fairbanks. If he drew a gun, he would be Bill Hart. You can't fool a tourist.

Some say it was Horace Greeley who said, "Go West, young man, go West." Most people attribute the remark nowadays to Adolph Zukor or Thomas Ince or Carl Laemmle. For the pot of gold is in the path of the setting sun where it takes its plunge into the waters of the Pacific off the deck of the Ship Café. The pilgrimage to the West has been as profitable and as swift as in the days of '49. Only the new pilgrims carry make-up boxes instead of spades and gold-dust pans.

For all its rainbow hue, its glitter of aluminum cars upholstered in alligator, cretonne, and satin, its blazing kalegrams and bulls-rampant on a field of celluloid, its gents in lavender and old "puts," Hollywood Boulevard still is a village street. The town is only in its early days. But buildings are fast arising to five and six story heights. Soon it will have decent substitutes for every theater and café of the Eastern Rialto. Two theaters, each to cost a half million, are now going up. They are dedicated to the films, of course, and will be patronized almost exclusively by the filmworkers of Hollywood.

The lobby of the Hollywood Hotel is decorated as highly as the lounge of the Claridge. Actors are draped everywhere. Here—as the ballyhoo uttereth—live Viola Dana, Shirley Mason and husband Bernie Durning, Betty Blythe and husband Paul Scardon, the H. B. Warners, Monroe Salisbury, and other celebs and subcelebs. At dinner time there is a further influx from the studios—the Jack Mulhalls, the Conrad Nagels, James Morrison, the Mahlon Hamiltons, Mary Alden, Colleen Moore, Casson Ferguson, Frank Mayo, Dagmar Godowsky—the outpourings of the blue book of filmdom. Thursday night is dance night. On such occasions Pauline Frederick, the Charles Rays, Antonio Moreno, Thomas Meighan, and others of the stellar élite may do a glide in public.

Nazimova and her husband, Charles Bryant, once gave prestige to the tavern by residing there.

The Hollywood street corner which corresponds to the heart of New York's Great White Way.



The Hollywood Hotel, where many of the stars live.

Farther down the boulevard is John's Café, the only place open after midnight. No, the boulevard cannot claim to be exactly a gay white way; Frank's Café with a French cook and French management is patronized occasionally by such illustrious ones as Charlie Chaplin and Nazimova. It always can surpass any Broadway café for number of actors in napkin.

Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevard is the main movie corner. On one point is an oil station, on another the bank where actors overdraw, and on the other two are soft-drink emporiums. It is impossible to pass this corner without collecting a little shop talk. Further along, just off the boulevard, are Come-On Inn,

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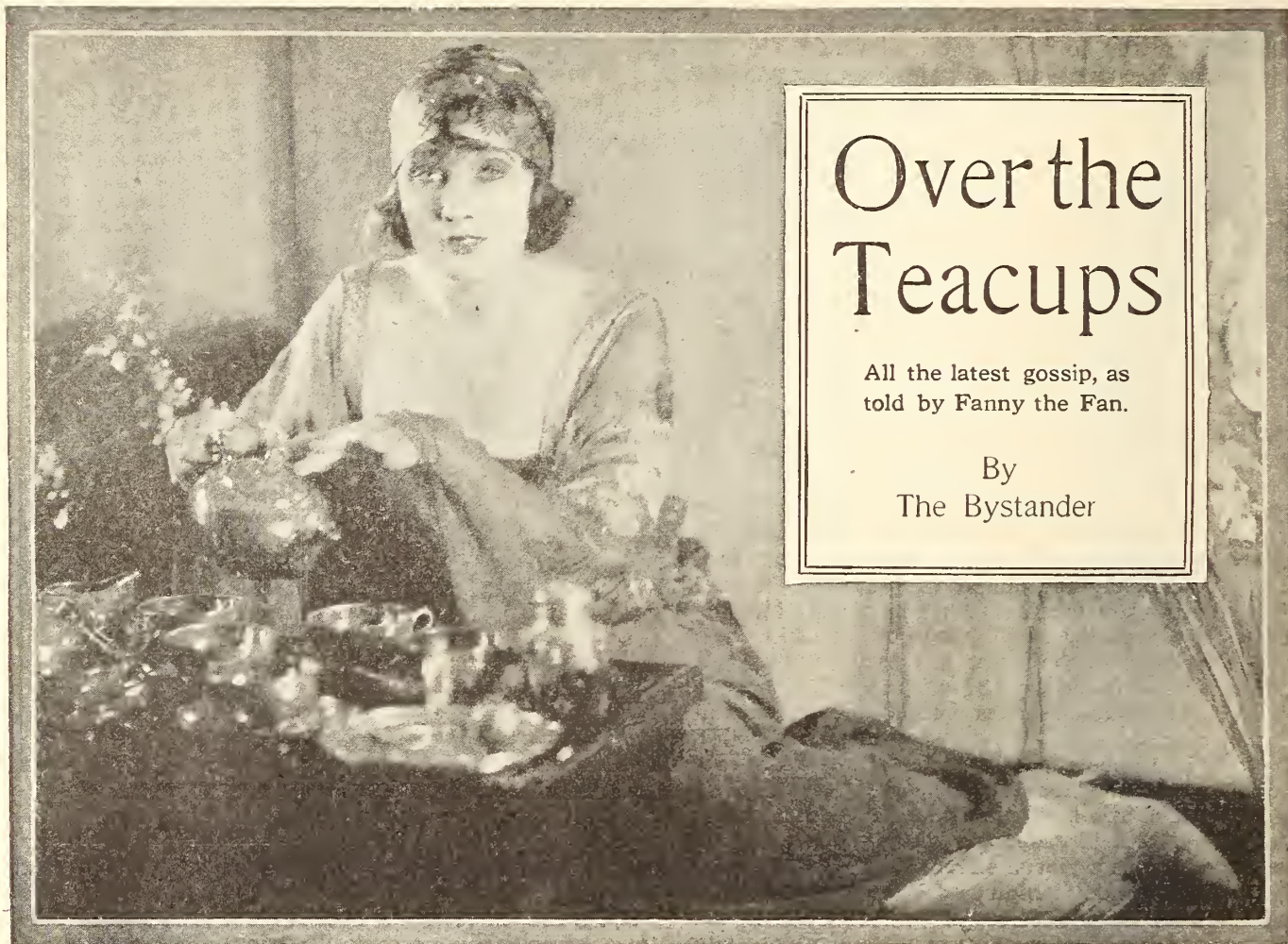


Photo by C. Heighon Monroe

A Queen of Sheba atmosphere surrounds Betty Blythe even at tea.

Over the Teacups

All the latest gossip, as told by Fanny the Fan.

By
The Bystander

YOU'RE the most startling thing in Los Angeles," I told Fanny, scanning her from the top of her fashionably high-necked dress to the tip-tilted heels of her gray shoes. "I was in New York till two days after you were, and yet you look as if you'd come straight from Paris, and I——"

"Oh, well, I've been spending the afternoon with Betty Blythe," answered Fanny airily. "She's always about three leaps ahead of the styles, you know, and I profited by her knowledge. And my having tea with you to-day is a proof of great devotion, for Betty begged me to stay and have it with her, and she had on the most stunning lounging costume I ever saw—headdress and everything. She's simply gorgeous looking, isn't she? No wonder they wanted her for the 'Queen of Sheba.' I just tore myself away. Well, what do you know? And don't put any sugar in my tea, please, because I've rented Anna Q. Nilsson's cook from her while she's in New York doing 'The Hole in the Wall' for Metro, and now I know why Anna is always dieting to keep thin; I've gained three pounds, but I just can't resist that woman's culinary feats. Anna keeps saying she's coming back, but people keep offering her good rôles, and she can't resist them. If she doesn't come soon I'll have to take the starvation cure!"

"It would be easier to get rid of the cook, I should think. That reminds me that I met Winifred West-over before I left New York, just after she'd come back from Sweden; she did some beautiful pictures over there, you know, some of Ibsen's stories and lots of other things. And she was on her way to Atlantic City with her cook, who, it seems, had stayed in New York all summer waiting for Winifred to return, and felt that she needed a change. Can you imagine anything equal to that?"

"Nothing. Maybe that's the way one keeps a cook in Sweden. Pearl White has one that won't leave her, you know; she was a great movie fan and had worshiped Pearl for years; finally she wrote her saying that she was an excellent cook and asking if Pearl didn't want to employ her—and you can imagine what happened! By the way, did you see the gorgeous feather gown Pearl brought back from Paris when she came? It's bands of cerise ostrich feathers sewn on satin, and she looks mar-

velous in it."

"Well, did you see Norma Talmadge in the things she brought home? They were simply stunning. I dropped in at Norma's the day after she landed, and the whole apartment simply overflowed with scrumptious gowns and hats and bags and things. And in

GOSSIP!

Sometimes it's not tabooed—for instance, when Fanny the Fan meets The Bystander "Over the Teacups" and tells all sorts of intimate, chatty little bits of news; things like—

Who took Viola Dana motor-boating over at Catalina Island.

How Theda Bara's sister fell in love when Theda took her abroad.

Whom Billie Rhodes married.

What Gloria's baby looks like.

And if you haven't already formed the habit of doing so, we hereby extend to you a cordial invitation to have tea with Fanny once a month in the pages of PICTURE-PLAY and let her tell you everything she knows about everybody.

the middle of it stood Norma, bewailing the fact that she was sailing in a few days for Havana to make 'Satan's Paradise,' and would have to leave all those gorgeous frocks behind, because the picture doesn't call for stunning gowns. Isn't that maddening? The only ray of light was that Harrison Ford had signed up to play with her and Constance for a year, appearing with them alternately, of course; they all like each other so well that they're quite hilarious over it. And Constance was planning to wear Norma's things that had to be left behind, so she was perfectly happy."

"Norma seems to have been out of luck, most obviously. But certainly her friends weren't; she brought everybody she knew the most gorgeous things—oh, and Winifred Westover brought me the prettiest bead bag, made of tiny beads, and so beautifully done. Really, I feel like a walking donation party these days; people say, 'Oh, what a stunning hat!' and I say, 'Yes, Petrova brought it to me from Paris.' Then somebody remarks, 'Where did you get those beautiful long gloves?' And I confess that Mary Pickford paused long enough in her triumphal career abroad to get them for me. My dear, she even remembered my size—can you think of anything sweeter? Everybody brought me things—even to shoes; Anita Loos is so tiny that some of hers were too large for her after she'd worn them a few times, and she handed them straight over to me when we found that they fitted."

"You'll be going abroad yourself on your dress allowance," I warned her. "The motion-picture people certainly have made ocean travel interesting this summer. My cousin went over on the steamer with Doug and Mary, and came with nobody less startling than Theda Bara. She said she wondered who the quiet, very unmade-up woman who sat across from her at table was; every other woman on board had gone perfectly mad over cosmetics in Paris and come home laden with lipsticks and rouge, and my cousin said they all sampled each other's loot, and for days she herself went around looking like a traveling salesman's sample case, trying to decide whether she liked white powder better than cream, and a light-pink lipstick better than a dark-red one. Well, the demure person who scorned artificial aids to beauty was the seductive Theda, none less, and hardly any one knew it. My cousin said she certainly would have made her husband travel steerage if she'd recognized Theda—and instead of that he sat across from her three times a day."

"Well, having met your cousin's husband—however, Anita Stewart says if you say catty things you can't hope to be beautiful, so I guess I won't finish that," murmured Fanny sweetly. "Seems to me he was perfectly safe! I suppose you know all about Theda's sister's wild romance that bloomed at sea. Or do you? Well, it's most thrilling. Lora Bara went with Theda to Europe, and on the way over met a newspaper man, and they did all the usual things—played shuffleboard together and tramped around the deck on moonlight nights and had tea parties in the captain's cabin—and

Winifred Westover's Swedish pictures contain many beautiful bits such as this one.



Imagine Pearl White in this gorgeous creation of cerise feathers.

first thing anybody knew they were engaged. She didn't even stay in Paris with Theda, but sailed for home early to get ready for her wedding. Did you ever hear of anything more interesting? That ought to end the rumors that Theda's dead and her sister is taking her place, oughtn't it? And do you suppose that waitress would bring us some cake? I suspect that somebody's told her she looks like Gloria Swanson, and she's trying to live up to it. Oh, have you seen Gloria's baby? It's adorable, of course, but I can't help feeling that being a mother is just a rôle that somebody's cast Gloria for, and that pretty soon her young daughter will



Louise Lovely's so pretty she doesn't need any one to call attention to her, according to Fanny.

vanish in the direction of the property room and Gloria will be appearing as some other character. However, she says it's a lifelong starring contract, and she loves it. Honestly, the movies are getting so domestic; it used to be that when you called on a star she showed you how her boudoir had been decorated; now she snatches you and runs for the nursery, where you have to rave over the patent cradle and the Mother Goose rhymes on the walls."

"Well, I hope you heard about what little Mary Pickford Rupp did the other day. She was invited to a birthday party given for one of the junior movie set, and arrived with a wooden duck as a present. 'It's a good duck that we'd had around for a long time,' she explained to the little hostess. 'And it was all right but a peeled-off place on the head, but mother put ink on that, and now you'd never see it at all.' And they say that duck was the most appreciated present given at the party!"

"Apparently little Mary inherits her aunt's charming frankness, but not her tact," commented Fanny. "Speaking of parties reminds me of the one Louise Lovely gave the other day. It was just an old-fashioned tea party, and we all ate dozens of sugar cookies

and spice cakes, and gossiped a lot. It was the first time I'd seen Louise since the night Locklear was killed; she was in 'The Skywayman' with him, you know, and, of course, the shock was terrible. Now that she's a Fox star she's headed for glory, but to hear her talk you'd never think it, she's so quiet and unassuming."

"Louise doesn't need a brass band to make people notice her. Oh, did you get an announcement of Claire Whitney's wedding? She married Robert Emmet Keane, an actor, whom she met when they were both appearing on the stage in New York in 'The Innocent Idea,' and the wedding took place just after she finished doing 'Fine Feathers' for Metro."

"No, I hadn't heard about that, but I do know a lot about Alice Calhoun—Vitagraph made her a star just a little while ago, you know, and she's working now on her first picture under the new contract. It's 'The Dress of Destiny,' and from what I saw of it—I went out on location with her one day just before I started West—it seems to be a pretty good story. She has a flourishing family tree; is related to all sorts of celebrities, but has just been going quietly along in Vitagraph pictures for quite a while, playing small parts. I like people like that, who get along because of their own merit, don't you? And certainly nothing would finish any one so far as the movies were concerned quicker than thinking they ought to be favored because of their family connections."

"Speaking of Vitagraph, there go Edith Johnson and Bill Duncan; they've just begun a new serial, you know—'The Wizard Spy Glass'—and they're both so pleased over it; it's quite refreshing to see somebody who like doing serials, after hearing Tony Moreno declare that he'll never, never make

another. I am glad, though, that he's released for five-reelers at last; he's been so eager to get at them again."

"I hope it won't make him any more exuberant than he is now; I met him on the street the day I got back to Los Angeles, and by the time he'd finished greeting me the whole town knew I was in it again."

"Well, that saved you the trouble of calling up your friends. I suppose you've seen Billie Rhodes since her marriage to William Jobelman?"

"I have. Had dinner with them the other evening, in fact. And isn't it nice that she's going to do comedies on the screen again!"

"Speaking of any one's coming back reminds me of Martin Johnson and his wife—you remember them; they went to the South Sea Islands about a year and a half ago, on their second picture-making trip among the cannibals. Well, they brought back all sorts of souvenirs, of course; I saw them in New York, and was almost guilty of theft, for they had the cutest baby monkey you ever saw, as well as a chimpanzee and a baboon, for which I couldn't work up much enthusiasm, somehow. But the monkey was marvelous—small enough to tuck into a good-sized vanity bag, which was

fortunate, because it cried like a baby every time Mrs. Johnson left it. I went to one of the big cabarets with the Johnsons one evening, and so did the monkey—though, of course, he wasn't visible to the populace, so to speak. Oh, there goes Edith Roberts; did you hear about her?"

"Only that she's still with Universal when everybody said she'd left them."

"Oh, nothing so stupid as that. Somebody told me that she was engaged to Neal Burns."

"Well, I didn't know that—but I do know that Elinor Glyn—yes, the same Elinor that wrote 'Three Weeks' when we were kids in boarding school and got reprimanded for staying up all night to read it—has come out here to write an original story for Gloria Swanson—which opens up a wide range of possibilities, doesn't it?"

"It does. However—but the waiters are beginning to glare unkindly at us and lay out the dinner menus—and here comes our check, so it looks as if we'd have to go. Have you spent all your allowance or do we ride home in a taxi?"

"I have and we don't, for there goes Fatty Arbuckle, and if we hustle we'll get to the door as soon as he does, and maybe he'll give us a ride home in his grand car. You pay the check while I hail him."

He Doesn't Want to Be a Hero!

Rescuing fair damsels has ceased to interest Frank Mayo.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

WHEN I first saw Frank Mayo, he was sipping a rather darkish-looking ginger ale in company with the colorful Dagmar Godowsky, at a cozy-corner table in The Ship, that once famous resort of the movie colony, lying just beyond the city limits of Los Angeles. And he looked like an actor. An oyster-gray sack suit with a fawn-colored vest and spats of a similar shade formed the impression; a cigarette extending from a ten-inch holder added immeasurably thereto. But when, some two weeks later, I met the gentleman at the above Miss Godowsky's bungalow—it's really too diminutive to magnify with the conventional term—I found that he wasn't like an actor at all.

In the first place, he really dislikes publicity. That in itself is an unusual distinction.

"If I can't be popular through merit, I don't want to be popular at all," he said in defending his aversion to publicity. "I come from a family of actors—good actors, too—and if I am unable to live up to the traditions and make good on my own account, I certainly shall not go out and buy fame."

The sole survivor of the Mayo clan isn't much of a talker. He proves again, by virtue of this, that he is not the usual thing, as actors go. He did, however, loosen up to the extent of admitting that he was yearning for a chance to do character parts, even though he belittled the skill of the character actor.

"Character work," he claims, "is the easiest thing in the world. Give a man a set of whiskers and half a chance and he'll run away with the picture! They keep me in this Hairbreadth Harry stuff, though. Lord, how I'd like to do *characters!*"

There you have it: crying for the moon. A month ago, the adroit Raymond Hatton was bewailing to me the fact that he had been tied down so long to character rôles that he wanted to do young, straight parts. And here was Frank Mayo yearning for crêpe hair.

"For a long time I did villains for World," Mayo added, "usually chasing June Elvidge around a gilt table at midnight, to be shooed off at the crucial moment by the dashing hero. I always used to think the hero such a bore. And now I'm doing them seven days in the

week. Universal is strong for heroes, you know." And he smiled ironically.

His last picture, just completed, is called, "Honor Bound," in which, although a hero, he becomes—for a time—an unheroic beach comber. Which must have afforded him a little novelty, at least. Miss Godowsky played the inevitable half-caste native girl.

By the way, he isn't married to her, contrary to popular rumor—at least, he wasn't when this was written. But, of course, the future must speak for itself.



Photo by Freulich

Every one seems to want a different job from the one he has, and Mayo's present ambition is for character parts.



It was for having so successfully assumed this expression that Josephine Crowell became the screen's "wickedest woman."

The Wickedest Wo

Bara and Borgia are saints in compari

By Gordon

and had all those French people killed in "Intolerance"—hateful old thing!

"It's a case of the evil that women do living with them, and I guess the good will be interred with my bones, or whatever Marc Antony said. It was just fate that made me so wicked on the screen, too. Fate and David Griffith. When he was rehearsing another player for the part of *Catherine de' Medici* I happened to be on the set, and he asked me to run through a scene. For some reason he liked my work in that type, and he transferred the part to me. I was ashamed of myself when I saw the previews. I looked so bad I was afraid of myself. Since then, whenever he had a particularly awful part he made me do it, and other directors have the habit of calling me up at all hours of the day and night and asking me if I can come out and poison a little blond child in the morning!"

She was a nice little girl from the Boston School of Oratory when she first made a

"In 'Intolerance' I looked so bad I was afraid of myself."

FROM the porch of a little gray bungalow in a Hollywood hollow *Catherine de' Medici* waved a welcoming hand to us as we threaded our way through the vacant lots down back of Bill Hart's studio.

"I'm waiting for the florist with some yellow rosebushes," she announced as we mounted the steps, "but he's kept me waiting a week now, so we might as well go inside and be comfortable." According to what we had seen of her in "Intolerance," that belated and unfortunate florist was due for a shot of ground glass in his soup if he ever did show up!

She found us seats in the cosiest of living rooms that exhaled an atmosphere of "home" and unpoisoned tea and quiet evenings with books. Where were the dripping daggers, the laudanum pots, the rack, and the pistol?

"How does it feel to be the world's wickedest woman?" we asked of the placid, kindly faced woman sitting opposite.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, in a low, modulated voice, "why will they remember me for being so mean when they could remember me for being nice. I tried to be kindly as *Mother Cameron* in the 'Birth of a Nation,' and yet everybody says: 'Oh, yes—Josephine Crowell, she was that wicked old woman who beat Lillian Gish in "The Greatest Question,"



man in Pictures

son with Josephine Bonaparte Crowell.

Gassaway

professional appearance somewhere near New York, following a cosmic urge which came upon her at the age of four years, when she spoke poems in regard to curfew and the lending of ears. Theatergoers of the dear, dead, late, and wet nineties will remember Josephine Crowell in Neil Burgess' rôle in "The County Fair." She was no more wicked then than you or I. But, oh, la! la!—now she is getting wicked and wicked.

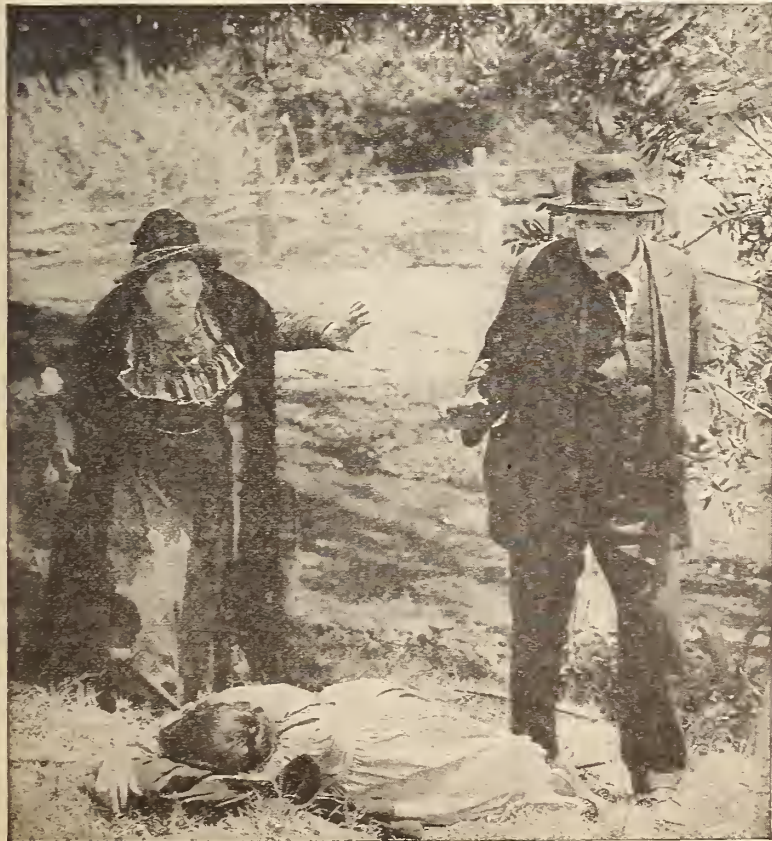
In "The Greatest Question" she chased Lillian up into the garret with a gun and a hate that would have scared the wax off a hardwood floor. With Dorothy Gish she played the part of what every one imagines the matron of a charity "institution" must be. Then, not so long before that, she was the sweet French mother in "Hearts of the World." In "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," this world's wickedest woman got her hooks into little Mary P., but was reclaimed from the land of lost souls by a death-bed regeneration. And all the time



Photoplayers Studio.

*"The Greatest Question"
made her a murderer and
child beater.*

*She's a brown-haired,
kindly woman in reality.*



she spent on the legitimate stage her dramatic work consisted of comedy!

Her latest rôle is that of a gun-bearing opium smuggler in Ethel Clayton's new picture "Crooked Streets," in which Miss Crowell is again up to her old tricks of hating innocence and reveling in crime.

"Where do you get your mean characterizations?" we asked, as she was pouring the tea. "Have you—er—known many real crooks personally?"

"I presume I have," she smiled. "But if you mean have I ever gone to the penitentiaries or the prisons to study them, I haven't."

Between the Josephine and the Crowell is Bonaparte—from a French descent which goes 'way back, and on the wall of the parlor in the little gray bungalow is a life-size portrait of the Exile of Elba. She says he has always brought her luck. Maybe she means that she hasn't yet suffered from an overdose of wickedness.

And there wasn't any poison in the tea she served us, but it had spices in it, and we thought for a moment there was a "kick," but she said no, and we took our leave with hopes that the rosebushes would come soon and with pleasant memories of a brown-haired, kindly woman, who has looked on life and found it good, and makes lots of money a week being meaner than Lucy Borgia!

The Picture of To-morrow

By H.
Riley

An unusual bit of prediction by a director-producer who, like a few others whom he mentions, is forging ahead along new paths of picture making.

JEROME STORM had been examining all the actors and actorines of New York to find the types suitable for the picture which he is directing with Lillian Gish as star.

If you recall the fourteen Charles Ray pictures bearing the name of Jerome Storm as director you will know how exacting he is about "types." There were "Paris Green," "The Village Sleuth," "Peaceful Valley," "The Busher," "The Egg-crate Wallop," "The Girl Dodger," and nearly a dozen others, all of them distinguished for the realism of small-town life.

I once remarked that if Jerome Storm ever returned to his home town he would be run out of it for revisioning its inhabitants on the screen. When I met him I was rather obfuscated to learn that his place was not Al-falfaville, but Denver, Colorado. It was his insistence upon types and true-to-type atmosphere which had tricked me.

It was six-thirty by Broadway time when Jerry called quits, gathered up the half hundred pictures of players whom he had been scrutinizing for the Lillian Gish cast, and made his way to the Claridge Hotel. There, over Blue Points, filet mignon, and pots of Turkish, I learned about types from him.

"Directors have been criticized for picking 'types' instead of actors for pictures," he prefaced. "It has been argued that a good actor can realize any character, that it is stupid for a director to insist upon having a man who looks the part rather than a man who has training to act it. But there's the difference between the stage and screen. The stage does not give you the close-up which mercilessly tells the truth about a man. The camera not only photographs features; it photographs *character*. When I have my own productions, I intend to go forth and gather casts from people who are not *actors*, but who *are* what they are supposed to be in the story. There is no elaborate technique to screen acting. Naturalness is a greater asset than the so-called 'screen technique.' We no longer have a place for the actor who acts; we need the man who lives his part. The greatest actors,

such as Charles Ray, Richard Barthelmess, John Barrymore, have a genius for *being* what they are supposed to be. Their work is devoid of effort and affectation. They have mastered the rudiments of technique, then forgotten them, and created from life. But these men are exceptions. They are stars, deserving to be. Too often the player with a little training is

worse than one without any, because he has lost his naturalness and has not had time to regain it.

"King Vidor in 'The Jackknife Man' made an interesting experiment. He went out and got players who actually were characters described in the story. The man who played *Peter* is a quiet, kindly recluse. The man who played *Booge* is a rollicking, carefree, roaming individual. The little boy of the picture had never before seen a camera. He was entirely natural. I need not say that 'The Jackknife Man' was a great picture. It portends the picture of to-morrow, one that is a segment from life without any theatricalism, without any compromise in the way of sex-sensation, love interest, or melodrama. Such is the picture of to-morrow.

"Harry Millarde, who created 'Over the Hill to the Poor House,' had a similar policy. He engaged Mrs. Carr and her children because Mrs. Carr is a self-sacrificing, loving mother in life, whose one interest has been her children. She couldn't help but stir

your emotions because she was a genuine, living mother.

"No one understands this peculiar camera-truth more than Mr. D. W. Griffith. Lillian Gish is capable of playing any rôle as well as any other actress, yet Mr. Griffith realized that she attained supremacy when she played characters similar to herself—characters of sweet-womanliness, spirituality, and great emotional endowment. He engaged Mrs. Morgan Belmont for the part of a society woman in 'Way Down East,' because he knew she would appeal more truthfully than an actress who simulated a society woman. Incidentally, I have no sympathy for those who attempt to minimize Mr. Griffith's position as leader of screen progress.

Continued on page 94



Jerome Storm, who was responsible for much of the success of the Charles Ray pictures, believes in naturalism on the screen.

Told by the Camera



Scarlet and gold and royal purple, jewels that glow in heavy, cunningly wrought settings—such a costume Salome wore when she danced before Herod; and it was no more fitting supplement for her beauty than was the copy of it for Clara Kimball Young's, when she wore it in the garden-party scene of "Hush," a recent picture.

Watch for These



Photo by Warren

If your friends all think you ought to go into the movies, study these photographs. They are the likenesses of comparatively unknown people who were selected by various experts for really important rôles. For instance, May McAvoy, whom you see just above, was selected by Jesse Lasky from a whole roomful of girls for the rôle of *Grizel* in Paramount's production of "Sentimental Tommy." She had had some screen experience, but Mr. Lasky didn't know that—it was her appearance that got the part for her. But, of course, it's her ability to make *Grizel* live that is helping her to hang on to it!



Photo by Mojonier

Rex Cherryman is a University of Michigan man who, happening to be out on the Coast, thought that just for fun he'd see what the movies were like. So he got a job as an extra in Nazimova's picture, "Madame Peacock." But the little star happened to see him, and promptly gave him a rôle in the production.



Photo by Abbe

Here we have Polly Platt, who took a well-known but roundabout way of getting into the motion-picture game. She was appearing on the stage in New York in "Lassie," a popular musical comedy, when a friend of a friend of Griffith's saw her—and now you can expect to see Polly on the screen in the near future.

Faces on the Screen



Photo by Hixon-Connelly

This is Grant MacKay, who was well on the way to become a famous pianist—he had acted as accompanist for Melba—when the war put him into the army, and a broken arm put him out of the running as a big musician. Petrova suggested that he try the movies—and now he's working in Lois Weber's next production.

At the right we have Madge Bellamy, whom Thomas H. Ince's representative selected from hundreds of girls, and who was promptly cast as leading lady in an Ince picture, in which she will appear as a Chinese girl, supporting Hobart Bosworth. Madge had quite a stage career as preparation for her climb to stardom in pictures.



Photo by Moffett



Photo by Hoover Art Co.

Above is Olga Cronk, rechristened "Claire Windsor" when she was given a five-year contract to appear in Lois Weber productions, and made leading lady in the first two released by Famous Players-Lasky—"What Do Men Want?" and "To Please One Woman." This is significant when you remember that Lois Weber discovered Mary MacLaren and Mildred Harris Chaplin.



*The Magic
of De Mille*





Belasco is often called a wizard because, starting with any play and any group of actors, he can create a piece of work as distinctive as a Paris gown.

Cecil De Mille possesses that same skill. An example of it was his lifting Gloria Swanson from comparative obscurity and—without starring her—making her one of the most talked-about persons on the screen. Now we have her successor—a Gloriafied Agnes Ayres, transformed from the simple heroine of the O. Henry stories into a De Mille manikin. Just how this wizard does such amazing things—well, perhaps the pictures on these pages will give you a clew. You'll be interested to know that they are from the production called "Forbidden Fruit," which is to follow "Something to Think About."





A Bit of Old Scotch

(NOT PROHIBITED UNDER
THE VOLSTEAD ACT)





Here are some picturesque scenes from two Scotch plays that will soon be shown on the screen. The two large pictures on the opposite page are from "Sentimental Tommy," that most charming of all the Barrie stories, which John Robertson has been making for Famous Players. The other scenes are from Goldwyn's screen version of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," a stage play which enjoyed enormous success a few years ago.





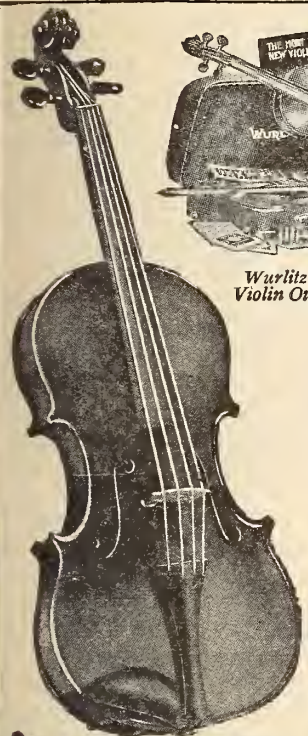
A Christmas Wish

To every one who's turned this page
And paused a moment here,
We hope your hearth may be aglow
With Christmas joy this year!

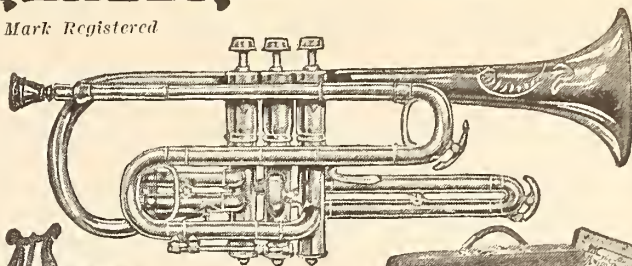
A box of bonbons on the shelf,
A holly wreath below—
And a stocking, full of presents,
Bulging out from top to toe!

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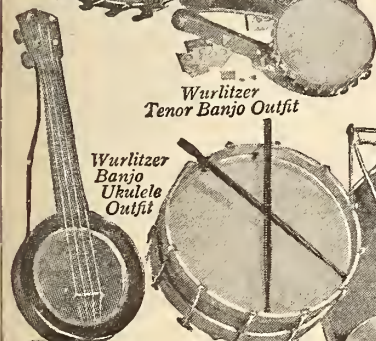
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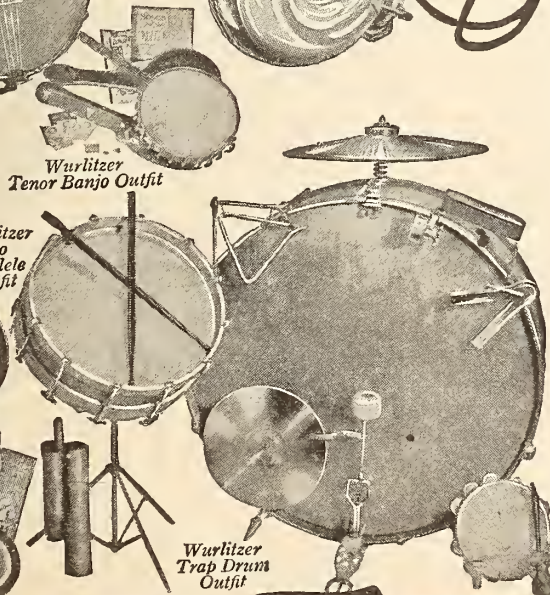
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Photo by Woodbury

Walter Long, Expert in Villainy

He claims that nothing but a beauty expert could change his career of crime—and we believe him!

By Celia Brynn

PRAISE is like medicine. One should use discrimination in administering the dose, and one should be sure whether the patient is in need of calomel or strychnine. A mistake might prove awkward.

Now if you told Wallie Reid that you thought he was a perfect love on the screen, that he photographed wonderfully, and that you could positively have hugged him, he would thank you with a pleased smile on his face.

But try the same set of adjectives on Walter Long and see what happens! He prides himself on being a villain, you see, and you have to be very careful how you talk about his work. Tell him enthusiastically that he is the most devilish cutthroat you have ever seen on the screen, that he was positively too horrible to



He hates scaring women and children on the screen, and prefers the sort of part he had in "Excuse My Dust," with Wallie Reid.

look at, that he made you shudder every time he came into the picture, and you will win from him a delighted grin in which there is no wickedness at all, only a deep pride in his artistic attainments.

I thought at first that a screen villain might be a little reticent in admitting his depravity for publication, and it was with an almost apologetic tone that I asked Mr. Long to tell me about how he got his start in crime—cinematically speaking, of course.

"Oh," he said, without the slightest hesitation, "I have always been a villain."

"Always?" I asked, shocked. "Surely there was a time when at your mother's knee you—"

Mr. Long shook his head. "I was on my mother's knee most of the time," he averred. "I stole jam, broke windows with rocks, and sicked my dog on the neighbors' cats. Every one said I'd come to a bad end—and I have, dozens of times.

"I have been shot, hurled from precipices, choked to death, and drowned. Yes, come to think of it, in Marshall Neilan's last picture, 'Go and Get It,' I was hanged. I died game, too," he assured me. "Went to the gallows smoking a cigarette; lots of heroes wouldn't do that."

I admitted it, shuddering slightly. Somehow, it is difficult to overcome the feeling that when a man is so very bad on the screen, he must be sort of devilish in real life, too. Personally, I never could understand how a man would want to play such horrible characterizations as the Mexican in "Desert Gold," the half-breed in "The Fighting Shepherdess," and Gus, the nigger, in "The Clansman."

I said as much to Mr. Long, and he shrugged his shoulders a trifle sorrowfully, I thought.

"Well," he said, "I'm not exactly a Mary Pickford or even a Gene O'Brien." And I admitted that, too.

His face is heavily lined, and there are deep wrinkles that run from his nose to his mouth. His lips are not nearly so thick as they appear on the screen, and his eyes are normally cheerful and honest, but when

Continued on page 104



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Who'll Be Who in 1921?

Continued from page 20

to success and sometimes stolen the star's bacon are Kathlyn Williams, Vera Gordon, Mary Carr, Mrs. De Wolf Hopper, Gertrude Clair, Florence Turner, Eugenie Besserer, Edith York, Lydia Knott, Sylvia Ashton, Aggie Herring, Kate Bruse, Ida Lewis, Alice Hollister, Cleo Madison, Lule Warrenton, Josephine Bonaparte Crowell, and Kate Price.

Two actresses who have been away without leave now promise to report regularly. I don't know what misadventure halted Olga Grey. Once I predicted she would be a star—and she yet may be. Marcia Manon, the other A. W. O. L., will reappear in Allan Dwan's "The Forbidden Thing."

THE MALE CHAMPIONS.

Of the men I feel qualified to speak with more boldness. Again we find an idol with a concrete foundation. Charlie Chaplin is the derby-crowned god of the movies. He is synonymous with movie. He's probably the best-known man in the world. I've seen his posters in the Riviera, at Gibraltar, and in Africa. Martin Johnson declares the cannibals eat him up. His position is unique; hence cannot be compared with that of other actors.

Richard Barthelmess is the most profitable male for speculation. Because of his youth, his physical and mental mobility, his personal *distingué* and sincerity, Mr. Barthelmess' opportunities are limited only by his good fortune and efforts. Flashing back to his suave comedy with Dorothy Gish in "I'll Get Him Yet," his poetic idealization of *Cheng Huan* in "Broken Blossoms," his romantic bandit of "Scarlet Days," his own serious and likable self in "Way Down East," one gets a composite of his potentialities. Richard Barthelmess is the best bet, financially and artistically, on the screen to-day.

The male line-up as I foresee it is:

Charlie Chaplin, Richard Barthelmess, Charles Ray, Wallace Reid, Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks, Antonio Moreno, John Barrymore, Thomas Meighan, and Will Rogers.

Charles Ray during the past year has been appearing before us at intervals of less than a month. With one exception he presented the same character. In "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" he gave us the change for which we have been howling and incidentally proved he was right in sticking to his jay. Like Hart and Chaplin, he has given the screen a character well-beloved. His popularity is limited only by his

youth and the popularity of the character, which, to me at least, is ever appealing.

Wallace Reid seems to have hit his speed with the carburetor comedies. He has a good start on the 1921 lap. He's neck-in-neck with Ray. His popularity is by no means limited to the caramel hounds.

Douglas Fairbanks outduged himself in "The Mollycoddle." I wonder if there is any stunt left for him to do. He's the favorite of the Boy Scouts, young and old. His followers are stanch and vociferous.

Harold Lloyd is the most reliable comedian of the hasty drama. He has given a pad of refinement to the slapstick, and his finesse as creator is not less than that of actor.

Antonio Moreno via the serial route has built a world popularity comparable to that of Pearl White, with whom he appeared at one time. Yet I believe Mr. Moreno excels as an actor of more human drama. He has distinction with his romantic fire, and physical magnetism. With proper attention in the way of stories and direction he might easily create a type on the plane with Hart, Ray, and Chaplin.

It is impossible to gauge the position of John Barrymore. He requires great character rôles. Prior to "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" his popularity was skimp. If he will secure the right parts and will consider the screen something more than a hock shop for his talents when they're not employed on the stage, John Barrymore will earn wide appreciation.

Thomas Meighan has had the benefit of parts big in sympathy and dramatic value. With equally good opportunities next year his success will build substantially.

Will Rogers has an appeal not unlike that of Ray. His human drollery combined with a faculty for writing humorous subtitles has established him among stars of legal coinage.

Bill Hart would belong in this list were it not for his determination to retire. While wishing to take Bill at his word, knowing that he's a squar' shooter, I suspect he's doing a Bernhardt. Still, he's purchased thirty thousand acres of land or more in Connecticut for peaceful retirement, so the farewell looks like the real stuff, pard.

Following close upon the heels of the first ten come Tom Mix, Bert Lytell, William Russell, William Farnum, Douglas MacLean, Sessue Hayakawa, Tom Moore, Roscoe Ar-

buckle, Eugene O'Brien, and Hobart Bosworth.

The degree of importance which Lionel Barrymore will exercise is an unknown quantity. No doubt he will win favor with much the same class as has Bosworth. Harry Carey is doing well on the Universal tank lines. Bryant Washburn has taken the perilous lone trail with his own company after vicissitudes along the Paramount way. Conway Tearle is being starred, but no verdict is in yet. I believe he is another popular leading man, more popular as such than as a star. Owen Moore drifts along without creating any great excitement, Mitchell Lewis—so, so. Lew Cody pulled a boner when he tried to be a male thedabara. They say it's never too late to reform, but the sacrifice in Lew's case will be stardom, I fear. The future of Jack Pickford is very much in doubt. It is said that the United Artists had about decided to take him into their fold when misfortune befell him.

FROM STAR TO "ALL-STAR."

With the deterioration of the stellar structure, many of the old featured players are being absorbed by the "all-star" pictures. Many a player who serves effectively in a part does not pass scrutiny when tricked out as a star. Among those who, I believe, will ultimately abdicate stardom in favor of ham-and-egg security are Lew Cody, Dustin Farnum, William Desmond, J. W. Kerrigan, Harry T. Morey, Earle Williams, George Walsh, Henry B. Walthall, and Monroe Salisbury.

It is a demonstrable fact that many a player makes more as a leading man than he does as a star. I believe Eugene O'Brien accepted a lower salary upon becoming a star than he would consider as a leading man. Such is ambition. A player is recognized by the public for his merits. The word "star" means nothing. Yet actors and constables do cherish it. Richard Barthelmess, unstarred, was esteemed quite as highly as any of the bestarred gentlemen. The only reason he is being featured now is that he exerts such a potent attraction that the exhibitor would be a numskull not to realize on his name.

Those actors who have passed already from stellar eminence into starless rôles with higher salaries are Marc MacDermott, King Baggot, Maurice Costello, Montagu Love, Edward Earle, Carlyle Blackwell, Roy Stewart, and Irving Cummings. I dare say all of these gen-

Continued on page 99

Nerve Force

Is the
MASTER FORCE
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the Force that controls every heart-beat, every breath, every vital organ, every muscle, and every cell of the body.

It is the Force that gives us courage, ambition, personality, character, mental power and energy—the Force that drives us **ON—ON and ON.**

Exactly what Nerve Force is, we do not know. If we did know, we would know the Secret of Life. We know this: It is generated by the Nervous System, from which it is sent throughout the body at a speed greater than 100 feet a second. The Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs for the storage of Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our "Nerve Capital," and our strength, mental power, efficiency and all other physical and mental qualities.

The vital problem in Life, therefore, is the wisdom of expending our Nerve Force, for if we waste it ruthlessly and foolishly, we soon become Nerve Bankrupts. Every bodily act, especially every muscular act, uses up a certain amount of Nerve Force. The greatest drain, however, is by way of the Brain. Mental work, worry, anxiety, anger, hate, fear and other emotional expressions consume a tremendous amount of Nerve Force, which accounts for the fact that great mental strains so readily wreck the nerves, causing (Neurasthenia), or what is termed **Nervous Debility, Nervous Prostration, or Nerve Exhaustion.**

I have for more than 30 years studied the health problem from every angle. Far over a million of my various books on Health Subjects have been sold all over the world during this time, and as a result about 300,000 people have written me in detail regarding their weaknesses and their experience with different methods of treatment they applied. I am more convinced to-day, than ever before in my life, that nerve weakness (Neurasthenia), is the basic cause of nearly every ailment of civilized man and woman. Other weaknesses are simply the result of weak nerves. I have learned further, that worry, grief, anxiety, mental strain, and of course, sex abuse are the basic cause of nerve weakness.

I ask YOU how can we reason otherwise? Is not the Nervous System the great governing force of the body, the force that gives Life and Power to every organ, every muscle and cell? When the Nervous Forces are depleted through strain, how can the vital organs, muscles and other tissues retain their power? **It is impossible.**

The power of nerves is infinitely great for good or for evil. So great is this power that a tremendous nerve strain, as for instance, intense fear or anger, may cause instant death through bursting of a blood vessel. A less intense nerve shock will

cause the cheeks to pale or become flushed with blood. It can make the heart beat wildly and paralyze breathing. It can make cold sweat break out over the body, and make the knees tremble and become weak. It can paralyze the digestive powers in an instant. Long extended nerve strains of even mild intensity will undermine the mind and body of the **strongest man and woman that ever lived.**

Nerve Force is a dangerous power when uncontrolled, and if controlled, it can be made to give us Strength, Health, Character, Personality, Success and Happiness. **It is the greatest force of all bodily forces.**

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance: that "tired feeling."

Second Stage: Nervousness; restlessness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbance; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies; and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force. It is positive your nerves are at fault, if you feel generally depressed, tired and ailing, though repeated medical examinations fail to show definitely that some organ is involved. In such cases the decline in organic power is due to subnormal nerve power. Above all, it is dangerous to assume that your nerves are sound in case your hands do not tremble. The most common and worst form of nerve trouble is not indicated by trembling and twitching of muscles.

All that you ARE—All that you ever WILL BE—

All that you HAVE—All that you ever WILL HAVE—depend directly upon the condition and strength of your Nerves.



PAUL VON BOECKMANN
Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology and Nerve Culture

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I am a Nerve Specialist and Psycho-analyst,

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In submitting your case to me for a Preliminary Diagnosis, I shall positively determine the degree your nerves are involved in any weaknesses, ailments, and other conditions you may report. As the diagnosis of nerve weaknesses may demand the mention of extremely personal subjects, all correspondence is strictly confidential. The Diagnosis will be sent sealed, in a plain envelope, by first-class mail.

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Paul von Boeckmann

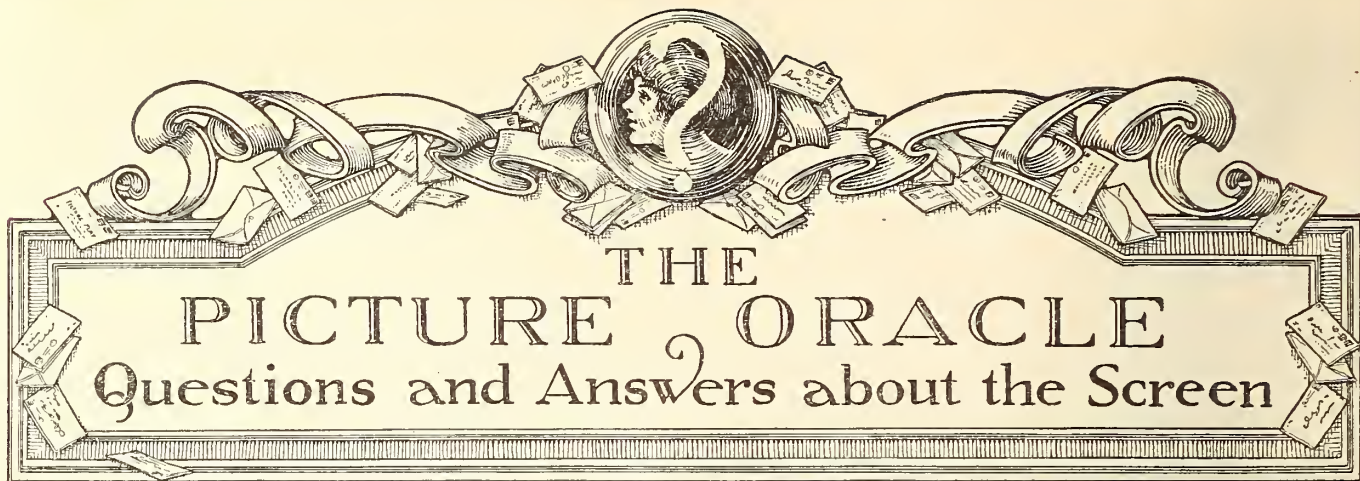
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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

A PENNSYLVANIA GIRL.—Charles Ray is married to a nonprofessional, Clara Grant. They have no children. You would be more likely to get them if you did. There isn't any chance of Mildred Harris Chaplin and Charles Ray appearing together in the same film, so you needn't worry about it. Charlie is making pictures for his own company, while Mildred is under contract to Louis B. Mayer.

R. T. G.—Glad you've discovered PICTURE-PLAY—come again! Charlie Chaplin is English, Theda Bara and Anita Stewart are American, and Nazimova is Russian. Your source of information wasn't reliable, apparently.

J. F.—I'm sorry, but we have no book containing the names and addresses of the actors and actresses. All we have is the "Market Booklet," which gives the names and addresses of the different companies.

S.—You startled me terribly, beginning your letter with, "Why don't you have your sick room and death scenes natural?" Don't hold me responsible for what you see on the screen; I had no more to do with "The Notorious Miss Lisle" than you did! However, your remarks about the nurse's costume were very pat and should be called to the attention of the producers of the picture.

BESSIE H.—Alice Calhoun's last screen appearance is in "A Broadway Bubble," in which she appears with Corinne Griffith.

CHARLOTTE.—Bessie Barriscale was born in New York, has blond hair and brown eyes, is five feet two inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty-three pounds. She was on the stage before she went into pictures, starring in "The Rose of the Rancho," "The Bird of Paradise," and "We Are Seven." She has had a long screen career, and at present heads her own company. She works at the Brunton Studios in Los Angeles, instead of having her own studio.

DEE.—Welcome! I'm always glad to meet newcomers—and also to hear that they like the magazine. If you feel like a beginner because you have only thirty-five photos of stars, you must expect to have a million by the time you're an old hand at it! No, Wallie doesn't have a double in those racing scenes—he likes doing them himself. And he'd much rather not doll up, as you call it, but has to do it. Yes, Bebe Daniels makes a wonderful vampire—I don't believe she'll ever settle down and be just a sweet young thing—but of course I may be mistaken. Mary Pickford has made a lot of pictures since 1917—"Suds" is her latest and "Pollyanna" was one of the best. No, I don't know how many stars hail from

your town—quite a lot, though. I'd just send a quarter with a request for a picture; it will arrive all right, and the bother of cashing a money order makes it a nuisance. If you prefer, you can send postage stamps. Probably Douglas MacLean will respond. I'm surprised that it took six months to get a picture of Billie Burke, though, of course, the mail sometimes piles up and doesn't get answered for weeks. I can't answer that question about religion. No, you're not a knocker—and I'll be glad to hear from you again.

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.

MARY FEWCLOTHES.—Some *nom de plume* you have! Yes, William Farnum is married. He was born in Boston in 1876. Olive Thomas worked steadily up to the time she went abroad; "Everybody's Sweetheart" was her last picture.

BEGINNER.—Yes, a good many of the screen folk are on the stage now; Madge Kennedy, Alice Brady, June Elvidge, Doris Kenyon, and Rod la Rocque are just a few of them.

NATALIE.—No, Edith Roberts did not leave Universal and go to the Pioneer Film Company as a star. She is very pretty, indeed; I do know her personally. She has reddish-brown hair and brown eyes. That report about Charles Hutchinson's being hurt was true; he was playing in

"Double Adventure" and jumped from an oil derrick to a train, but miscalculated the distance and fell, cutting his face and breaking a couple of ribs. So, you see, the stunts done in serials aren't fakes, after all—that one wasn't, at least!

Q. R.—Yes, Mabel Taliaferro is still on the screen; the last picture she made was for the Stage Women's War Relief, and now she is working at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio on Long Island in the screen version of "Tommy and Grizel."

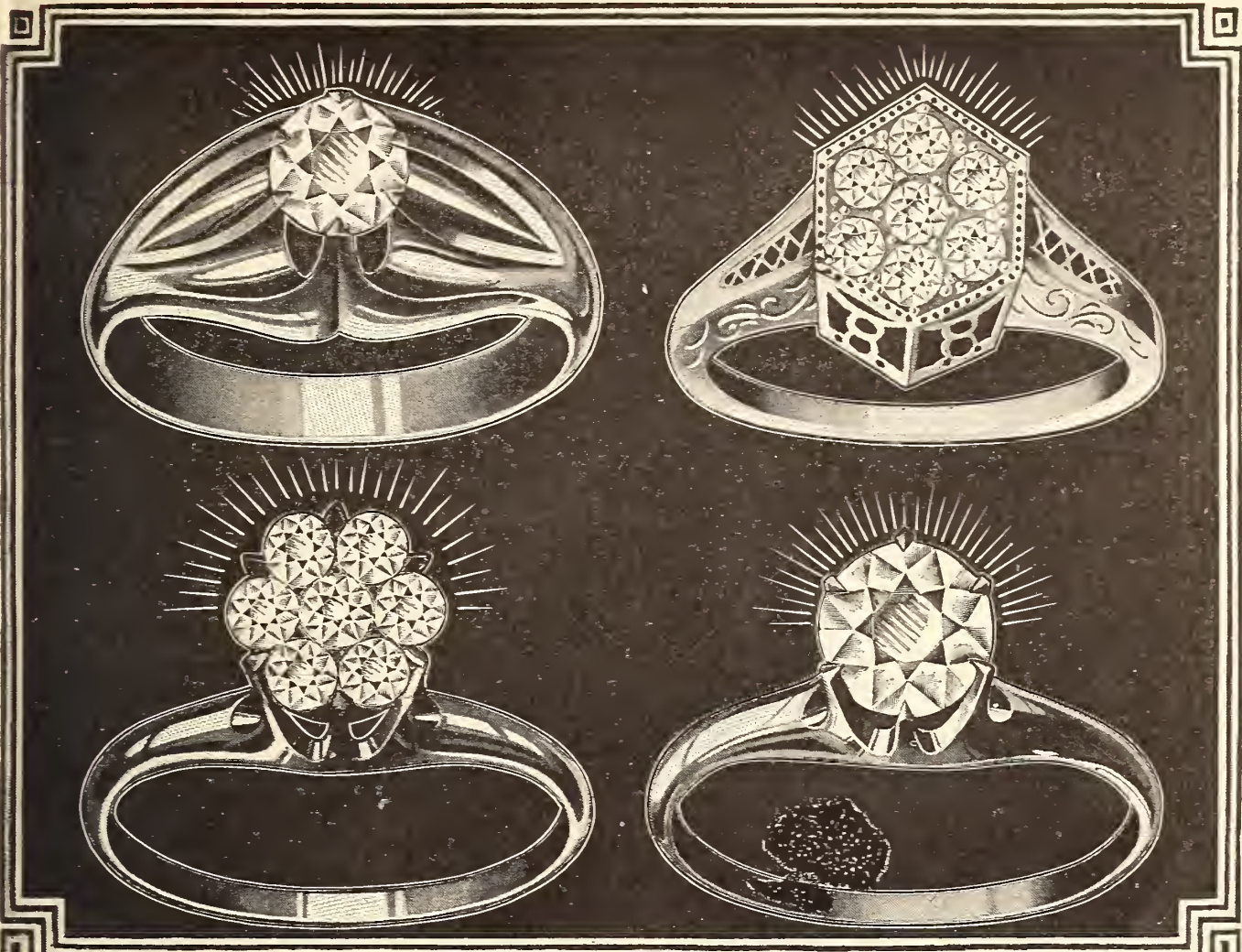
N. N.—Yes, Cullen Landis has a sister—Margaret Cullen Landis, who has been on the screen for some time. She began with Balboa, and now is a leading lady. Cullen was the son in "Madame X." He is a regular Goldwyn player. Peggy Hyland went to Egypt to make pictures when she left the States, and since her return has been in England. It is rumored that she is coming back to America, but she's not here yet. Zeena Keefe was born in San Francisco in 1896 and has dark hair and brown eyes. Lillian Gish is now living in New York City. Kay Laurel hasn't made a picture for a long time; she is now abroad.

Q. E. D.—It might have been Virginia Pearson whom you saw; she has not been working for some time, and, of course, can travel about just as she pleases. Yes, Dorothy Dalton was in Maine last summer, making a picture; no doubt it really was she. You're lucky, aren't you, seeing all these stars, with the camera grinding and everything? Alma Rubens was in New Orleans last winter making "The World and His Wife," but now is in New York. Her contract with Cosmopolitan Pictures lasted only a year, and she played in "Humoresque" during that time.

LYDIA G.—The Lee children are in vaudeville. Creighton Hale has been with Griffith for some time. Yes, he was in "The Idol Dancer"; he is also in "Way Down East," but I don't wonder that you didn't recognize him in the make-up he wears in it. It was Clarine Seymour's part in that picture that Mary Hay took. Bessie Love is in Los Angeles; she may go to England, but is not sure. Mary MacLaren left Universal some time ago; she was on the stage before she went into pictures and was one of Lois Weber's discoveries. "Shoes" was her first picture. She is not working at present.

SANTA CLAUS.—Gareth Hughes is not Lloyd Hughes' brother; Lloyd is the only one of the family in pictures now. Lloyd is with Ince, and Gareth is now under contract with Metro; he made "Head and Shoulders," with Viola Dana, then did a picture for Famous Players-Lasky.

Continued on page 107



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Not for Publication

Continued from page 22

ten criticisms in reviews and magazines and newspapers, she considers valuable, but those coming from her friends she prizes the most, "especially," she explained, "when they do not know I'm listening! I'd rather hear those frank, honest estimates than any other kind of criticism. The theater critics are not to be taken seriously. Only the other day I was sitting in front of two of them at Dorothy Gish's last picture. One said: 'Mame, I can't see this Gish girl. She wears a wig.' The companion turned and answered witheringly: 'Huh! So do you!'"

"Some of my best experience I picked up during the nine pictures I did with Doug Fairbanks. 'His Majesty the American' was the last. When I first came to him, I was as green as clover. One day they wanted me to look frightened, but Mr. Fairbanks was so funny that I couldn't do a thing. Suddenly five or six shots zipped off right next to me, and they had me really registering fright for the rest of the day. Doug had unloaded a few blanks beside me! There's a man who has as much energy all the time as he shows in each picture. It's a joy to work with him.

"And you should see Fairbanks and Chaplin do their 'Futuristic Playlets.' They are miniature gems of slapstick."

Emerson is Marjorie's poet laureate, although she concedes the laurel wreath to Shakespeare, Shelley, and Longfellow as well. And she can cook, swim, and shake a mean tennis racket, upon occasion. She did her first bit in "The Chorus Girl" for Lasky; her next picture will be a Neilanized version of "The Eternal Three"—of which Marjorie Daw will be one-third.

And she's a bachelor maid of nineteen.

"What's She Really Like!"

Continued from page 25

that August afternoon was far too warm for discussions of anything very deep. As for the fact that she doesn't bother about being dramatic—you must remember that that sort of thing is her business, her job. The girl who can take dictation like a streak doesn't do it as a means of entertaining her friends. The expert filing clerk doesn't entertain callers with exhibitions of card catalogues, and the woman lawyer, if she has good taste, doesn't indulge in cross-examining her friends. On the screen Norma can play on our feelings as effectively as John McCor-

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mack does with his voice, or as Bernhardt did on the stage—but that's no reason why she should greet you with a burning kiss on the brow and a passionate embrace, instead of with the query, "Isn't it warm today—and how'll you have your iced tea?"

It happens that I have never watched her work—but I'm told that her technique is perfected to the point where the director can say, "All right now, Miss Talmadge; this is the scene where you weep over your mother's body," or "Now we'll shoot the part where you meet your lover in the garden by moonlight," and she takes her place before the camera, does what she's called on to do so convincingly that later it makes us reach for our handkerchiefs or feel a delightful sort of glow—and go back to her book or her conversation with a friend, calm as a May morn. As I said before, it's just her job.

I've tried to show you Norma as she really is. Not a great emotional queen waited on by dozens of slaves—she foraged in the kitchen for iced tea herself. Not a spoiled and petted beauty loaded with jewels—she didn't wear even a wrist watch. Just at present life is happening to her very fast, and she's hurrying along to keep up with it, but when she is mature enough to sit back and get a hold on the world instead of letting it have one on her—well, I'm not making any definite prophecies, but just you wait and see what happens!

A Wee, Bonnie Lassie

Continued from page 26

I didn't like doing the same things night after night. I did nine pictures for Lasky in the East and this is my fourth here.

"Well, I don't care, and, anyway, Lee is teaching me to shimmy. That's one thing I didn't learn at school. There was another thing—geometry. We had a geometry class, but it broke up. They blamed me. They always did. If any one whispered and I giggled at them, I got the blame; and if I looked solemn I got all the more blame!

"But I can't shimmy like Lee yet. Look at him!"

A jazz orchestra consisting of one folding melodeon and one bass fiddle was disporting itself with "Rose of Washington Square," and Lee Moran was literally shimmying himself out of his coat to the admiration of a score of spectators.

"Lee says the way to learn it is to sit down and gently sway the shoulders, then to start revolving them at the same time. But I'm too

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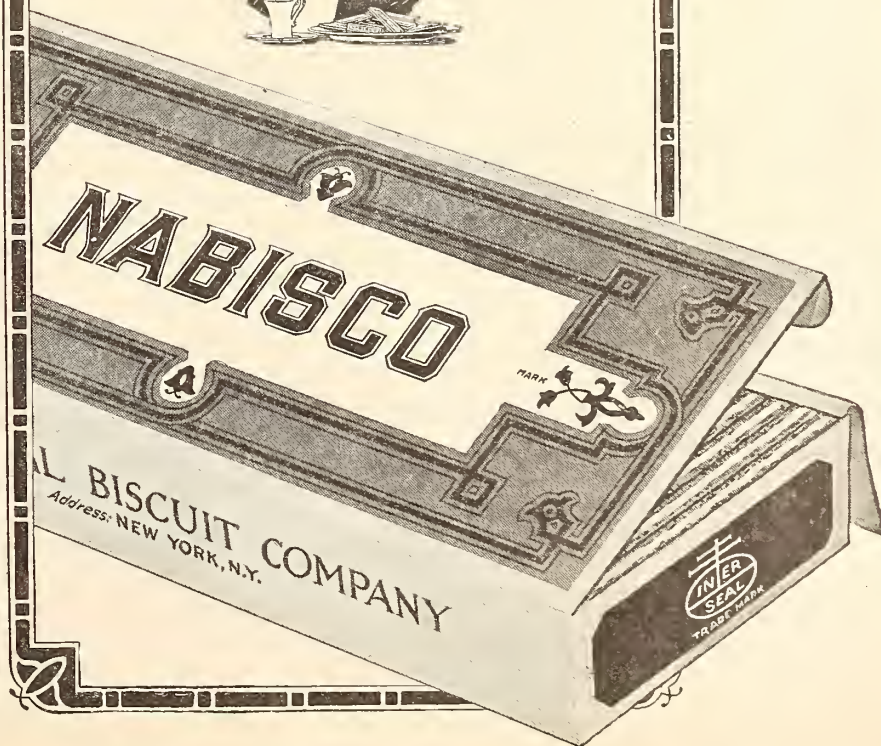
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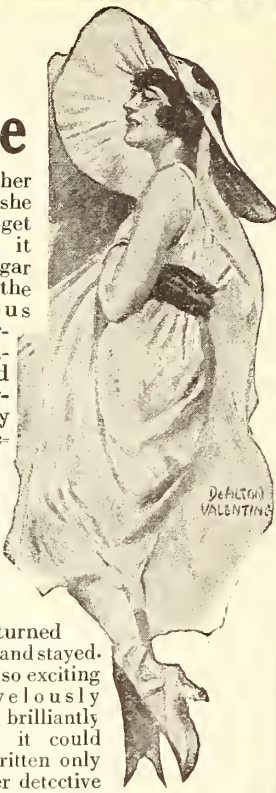
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impatient. I want to do it all at once, and can't do it good at all. Lee tells us his baby can shimmy. Lies on its back and shakes itself to jazz music. Oh!" And she clapped her hands, "I know where the shimmy started! Remember about old St. Nicholas—how does it go? 'With a little, round belly, that shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly!'"

"Was that the first piece you ever learned? I learned one before that. It was Gaelic, and it was years later before I knew what it meant. My mother taught it to me, and I used to sing it to the other children."

She chanted a quaint, intriguing, absolutely unintelligible couplet.

"That just means, 'The cats spank the kittens, and they cry.' No, I can't write it for you, nor spell the words. I can just say it.

"The company worked Sunday, but I went fishing at Big Bear. Caught one trout. But the Sunday before, at Catalina! I got seven barracuda, a lot of mackerel, and one shark. That's no fish story—it's so. My, I was surprised when all the tackle went overboard like a shot. Finally I got him up to the boat—and he was a seven-foot shark—and they were just going to gaff him when the hook broke.

"But what I like is trout fishing. Dry fly and two-and-a-half ounce rod. You have to go after them. None of this dangling the bait and waiting for a flabby old fish to nab it.

"I like hunting. I remember my first gun. It was a regular double-barreled shotgun, and it looked as big as a cannon to me. I shot a squirrel, and the gun made so much noise I thought it was broken. While I was looking at the gun I lost track of the squirrel. Or maybe I blew it to pieces. I know the first rabbit I shot had one side gone."

A director came over to tell her she could go. Miss "La La Lucille" Cornwall gathered up her monogrammed hand bag and her make-up box and her magazine and her box of candy, and led the way outside.

"Wonder if any more of my possessions are around," she said, with a last look. "Hurrah! Away at last."

Then came a summons from inside the set.

"An-nie Corn-wall!"

"She's gone home," cried Anne Cornwall in a meek detached voice.

"No she hasn't," said the voice. "Come back, Anne, we've got to take some stills."

"Gosh ding it," looked Anne, but she said, "All right!"

The Hetty Green of Pictures

Continued from page 66

was engaged to be married, and I was rather annoyed. Soon after that I began to save money in earnest. I decided I'd save up the princely sum of three hundred dollars. I did it, too, all out of my thirty-five dollars a week. But when I got the three hundred dollars, that didn't look so much, after all, so I thought, 'Now I'll save five hundred dollars.' That wasn't so hard because by that time I had had my salary raised. That was my idea of a fortune—five hundred dollars. I didn't believe I should ever be able to spend it all.

"Along about that time came the real-estate boom, and there was a new tract opening near Los Angeles, with lots for sale at ten dollars down and ten dollars a month. I bought a lot for seven hundred and fifty dollars. But I didn't figure on the interest, and after I had paid a lot of ten dollares I found I still owed seven hundred and fifty dollars. The lot cost me about one thousand dollars, but it proved to be a good buy at that. I have it yet, and the value has increased several hundred per cent. I bought another lot and sold it at a big profit. That gave me a sort of taste for business, I guess; so by and

by I bought and sold more real estate, and then some houses."

Of course, Miss Roland's salary I had been going up by leaps and bounds, especially since she's been in serials; and turning over everything she touched at a profit it has come to a point now where she owns two large houses which she rents, besides her own beautiful big home in a fashionable residence district of Los Angeles. And she owns other real estate besides, with oil stock, and still other money out on mortgages.

"Short-term mortgages are good investments," said Ruth in business-like fashion.

And now Miss Roland has her eye on a certain large apartment house which she hopes will be hers ere long.

But that isn't all. She looked around and found a lot of people who wanted to own cars, so she began loaning money for that purpose, and says she has hardly ever lost, but on the other hand has made a great deal of money.

"But I'm not a ruthless Ruth," she explained, "if I see a person is hard up I carry him over many months rather than let him lose his car."

"Hasn't Midas ever double-crossed you?" I asked.

"Well, yes, once," confessed Miss Roland. "I bought one of those deep-sea-going lots—it simply wasn't when the tide came in—bought it off paper. Now I never buy anything without seeing it myself. The other day a man called up on long distance from San Francisco, and as I wasn't home left word with my aunt for me to call him on a certain number up there—said he had a wonderful real-estate bargain for me."

"And did you call up and buy it?" I asked.

"Nope," grinned Ruth, "that was a case where I considered silence was golden!"

Just then somebody interrupted us with a letter for Miss Roland. She looked up with a comical little shriek.

"What do you think somebody wants me to do now?" she asked.

Despite the artless smile and the long, dreamy eyelashes, I had begun to know Ruth.

"Somebody want you to form a company to sell fans to the Eskimos?"

"Worse'n that!" commented Miss Roland. "They want me to go in with a company that's going to build a floating hotel five miles out at sea and make it wet! But that's nothing. Somebody the other day wanted me to buy stock in a coffin company."

That nearly broke up the interview. After a gasp I asked her what she was going to do with all her money, anyhow.

"Well, in the first place, there are a lot of people I want to look after. And next I want to found a cat-and-dog-and-bird hospital."

Talking about birds, Ruth had a little adventure the other day, when, driving her car along on her way to work, all made up and everything. She happened to spy a small warbler seated plump on the street-car track, with a car bearing down on it full speed. Ruth jumped out of her auto, stopped the car, and carried the bird, which was a baby wild canary that hadn't learned to fly well and didn't know how ruthless street cars can be when you get in their way, to a place of safety. The motorman was just a wee bit cross, or would have been, I guess, if Ruth hadn't been so pretty.

"You were going to run right over it!" cried Ruth indignantly.

"Yes, wife beater," echoed the conductor in mock sympathy, "you were going to run right over it!"

Of course, with that sort of a record for sympathy, nobody is going to be at all afraid that Miss Roland's sobriquet will ever become "Hetty all-for-the-long Green!"



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So This Is Hollywood!

Continued from page 67

the official lunching place of the studio realm, and the Mountain View Inn, where you have to be in by thirty or find the key under the doormat.

Hollywood Boulevard by night is no more picturesque than Main Street, Harrisburg. It is in its glory by day in a tropical setting of palms, oranges, poinsettias, and eucalyptus. From one side commences the slope of hills at the base of which are such palaces as those of Nazimova, Anita Stewart, Cecil B. De Mille, William Farnum, Lew Cody, Pauline Frederick, and Wallace Reid.

If you turn to your right and follow Cahuenga Boulevard through Cahuenga Cañon, past the homes of J. Warren Kerrigan and Noah Beery, you eventually will find Universal City in a hollow of the hills.

If you continue along the boulevard for three miles you will enter Beverly Hills, which is trying its best to be ultra-exclusive. Doug and Mary have a home in Beverly, as have Mae Allison and Louise Glaum. Continuing the route for some ten miles you will strike the ocean. There are the night resorts of the film world at Venice and Santa Monica. The Sunset Inn and the Ship Café are the chief centers of

nocturnal amusement. The Raymond Hattons have a home at the seaside, and other players take residence during the summer.

One never considers churches as congruous with movie life, yet Hollywood can rival Brooklyn for spires. Along the boulevard in the very heart of the industry one finds the Church of the Heavenly Rest, St. Stephen's, the Fifth Church of Christ, Scientist, the Baptist, the Christian, and the Congregational. And, as Bill Russell puts it, "They certainly play to big business." Standing room is at a premium on Sunday morning. Reverend Neal Dodd, rector of Saint Mary of the Angels Episcopal Church, is endeavoring to found a "Little Church Around the Corner" for motion-picture people, making it a recreation center as well as religious.

Thus Hollywood, supposed to be the modern Bagdad, has got religion and is not as pagan as one might expect after reading some of the tales that are told about it.

Externally, at least, Hollywood is dreadfully moral, it has "doubled" satisfactorily on the screen for almost every village of the United States. It may have a wild reputation—but it doesn't look it!

Charlie Chaplin's Partner

Continued from page 33

things like that," she said with a perplexed smile, "but he is so imitative that if he hears a poem that takes his fancy he can repeat it from start to finish—and he'd just as soon do it on the street corner as not."

It was time to go, but I lingered; for Jack, finding in me a sympathetic audience, was minded to display his knowledge of magic, which he termed, "the art of legerdemain," stumbling a little over the long word, but managing it very intelligibly, nevertheless. He mystified me by making a penny disappear and then producing it from my ear. He re-

moved his overcoat better to illustrate the movements of an Oriental dance he had done at Grauman's theater, and demonstrated his facility in speaking "pig Latin."

But at last I had to go. There are limits to the patience of even such a charming mother as Mrs. Coogan very evidently is.

"If you could be anything in the world you wanted to be, what would you choose?" I asked him as a parting question.

"I'd like to be Mr. Chaplin's partner," he replied promptly, "just as it says on the back of my watch."

The Picture of To-morrow

Continued from page 74

We directors—all of us—have been studious followers of his work, and we still are. In the presence of his achievements any one of us should feel humble. But there are many new directors of ingenuity and understanding. I cannot express too highly my appreciation of King Vidor, Frank Borzage, and Harry Millarde. They deserve your attention, because they are giving to you on

the screen very nearly what O. Henry, Rudyard Kipling, Thackeray, and Stevenson have given you on the printed page. They are presenting the truth about life."

I might add that Mr. Storm has been doing just that, only it isn't necessary. Those who have seen the Charles Ray pictures know his fidelity to homely life

Romances of Famous Film Folk

Continued from page 45

we could have a home. That's where Frances comes in again. No sooner had she come out last spring than I discovered the ideal location for a home and the ideal architect to build it. And it was just then, too, that I got my starring contract with Famous Players-Lasky.

"Oh, yes, I forgot! We've had many palatial homes! But they were always on paper. Whenever Frances and I had nothing else to do we'd sit down and sketch out the plans for a house."

"Didn't you ever disagree on anything connected with it?"

"Oh, lots of things. In fact we decided one day that the only thing we really did agree on was having half a dozen fireplaces in the house, a swimming pool, and a sleeping porch. But finally we concluded we'd just have to build a few rooms around these things, so we got together and compromised on details."

"And now that you are a star and have a home, what are your joint plans? Is Mrs. Meighan going to work any more?"

"Not," answered Tommy, "unless I break a leg or bust a lung. I haven't thrown away her grease paint yet, though!"

Since these early days when the two were together, Mr. Meighan has played opposite perhaps the most famous array of beautiful women that any actor could boast. He has gazed into blue eyes, brown eyes, hazel eyes, green eyes, playing opposite Mary Pickford, Bebe Daniels, Pauline Frederick, Norma Talmadge, Marguerite Clark, Katherine MacDonald, Ethel Clayton, Elsie Ferguson, Wanda Hawley, Gloria Swanson, Lila Lee, and others.

"And among all those lovely women, wasn't there even one who tempted you the least tiny bit—made your heart go pit-a-pat or anything like that?"

"Don't remember," Tommy temporized with a grin.

Oh, well, that wasn't fair, anyhow. Tommy is only human.

"But, anyway, Frances has never been a bit jealous!" Tommy spoke up triumphantly. How very like a man!

And so many women must have hankered to run their fingers through his curly hair, too! That hair alone must have been an awful strain on some of his leading women's principles.

"How have you two managed or happened, whichever it is, to be



"Good Bye, Boys"

"Today I dropped in for a last word with the boys at the office. And as I saw Tom and Dave there at the same old desk it came to me suddenly that they had been there just so the day I came with the firm four years ago.

"When I started here I was put at a desk and given certain routine things to do. It was my first job and I took it as a matter of course. But after a few months I began to realize that I was nothing but a human machine—doing things that anyone could do and that I couldn't expect to advance that way.

"So I had a talk with the manager and I'll never forget what he said. 'If you want to get ahead, put in some of your spare time getting special training along the line of your work. We want men who care enough about their future not only to do their work well but to devote part of their spare time to preparation for advancement.'

"That very night I wrote to Scranton and a few days later had started studying evenings at home. Why, do you know, it gave me a whole new interest in our business? In a few months I was given more important work and more money. Since then I've had three increases, six months ago I was put in charge of my department, and now my big chance has come—I'm to be manager of our Western branch at \$5,000 a year!

"Tom and Dave could never see any sense in my studying nights—they said eight hours a day was enough for any man to be bothered with business. They had the same chance I had—they could have been big men in the firm today. But they stood still while I went up to one of the best jobs in our business. It just shows what spare time training will do."

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happy, when you've been married so long?" I demanded pertly.

"Ah, my wife has a very big sense of humor!"

"That means she laughs at your jokes?"

Tommy scratched his head.

"Well, I guess she does," he admitted, "but then I mean a lot more than that. I mean she laughs at my imaginary troubles."

"And when you go off into hot-headed Irish tempers?"

"I don't," answered Tommy promptly. "She always sees those moods coming and laughs me out of those, too."

"But what happens when she gets cross at you?"

"She doesn't very often. But one time, I remember, she walked out of our room in a quiet little dignified huff. It was at a hotel. I put a hundred-dollar bill into an envelope, wrote a note saying, 'For Heaven's sake, smile!' got a boy to page her with it, and then watched her, down in the waiting room, as she read it. She didn't mean to laugh, but she just couldn't help it; then she caught sight of me. I went over to her, and we laughed about it together!"

So maybe that's a part of the secret of their happiness together—that mutual sense of humor without which George Eliot once said no two persons should ever marry.

"And does she nurse you when you're ill and all that?"

"Oh, yes, of course. But I don't believe I think so much of that as I do of the fact that if I want a midnight supper I can have one, or want suddenly to take a wild auto dash up into the hills I can do it, and there's never any fuss about it. She's the greatest little pal in the world. Then there's something more. She reads all my stories before I put them on the screen. We talk them over, and if she doesn't like one that's suggested for me, I nearly always find out she's right. I've got so I won't do one she doesn't approve if I can help it. She's a wiz that way. She never spoils me with too much petting or praise, and yet somehow she manages to let me know when she approves what I do. On the other hand, she never finds fault."

I happen to know how generous Tommy Meighan is on his side. For instance, though Tommy infinitely prefers California to New York, he often gives up his own preferences in favor of his wife's desire to go to the metropolis, which she likes much better than California. But if Tommy is working and cannot get away from the West, even though he hates living alone in the big house,

he doesn't say a word if she wants to take a trip to New York. Only last summer she took a long yachting trip with friends up and down the Atlantic coast. Husband Tommy found no fault, but when things got quite unbearably lonely he brought his father West, and Cyril Ring, his brother-in-law, also visited him.

There's been one great big sorrow in Tommy's life, and that was the death of his mother, who lived in Philadelphia, and who died last winter. Tommy quite worshiped his mother, and he had always wanted her to see his home when he got one. But just as he was building it she was taken ill. He threw up his work, even left his starring negotiations in the air, and went back to her when she was ill. He was by her side when she passed away.

"But Frances and I are always like two kids when we get together again," Tommy recovered himself presently.

"What, then," I asked, "is your recipe for a happy married life?"

"Get away from each other once in a while, but not for too long a time; don't both get peeved at the same time; and laugh together about everything. Laugh with your wife, though, not at her."

Mr. and Mrs. Meighan have similar tastes. Both like reading, and Mrs. Meighan often reads aloud to her husband in the evenings. They love the theater and dancing. They don't care much for motoring, and Tommy hasn't any car. I'm sure he has the distinction of being the only picture star who doesn't own one.

And both of them love children. I know that, because, even as we were talking, Tommy suddenly glanced up and exclaimed, "Oh, here comes my sweetheart!" I looked, too, just as Mrs. Meighan, leading little Peaches Jackson by the hand, stooped over to kiss her. Tommy made a dash for the child, who threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. In that instant I remembered all the tales of his kindness to the children at the orphans' home at Christmas time—he dressed a tree and played Santa Claus last Christmas—and how he often visits them with presents at other times.

"You love children," I said.

Tommy tossed Peaches to his shoulder. "Certainly, I do!"

"And now that you and Frances have a home of your own——"

"And now that Frances and I have a home of our own, maybe——" Tommy exclaimed, looking over at his wife with a certain bright wistfulness, and then dropping Peaches down so as to bury his curly head on her shoulder.

Where Do They Come From?

Continued from page 47

Fort Sheridan when Charlotte was born; both those girls hail from Chicago. And Ohio has furnished us a good many beauties when it was the off season for presidential candidates."

I began to feel like a walking geography.

"Ever find a girl who was pretty and didn't want to go into pictures?" I asked.

"Say, that very thing happened to me the other day—first time, too. My mother came home from some tea house downtown one afternoon and said she saw the prettiest girl she had ever laid eyes on, serving there, and that my brother or I ought to go down right away and give her a job lending atmosphere to the pictures. I rushed off to the tea room, and felt more foolish than I ever did before in my life, trying to maneuver around in a tea room full of a lot of women so the ravishing beauty would wait on me. She did. And she got twelve dollars every week for serving tea and French pastry to a lot of fussy women, unless she broke a dish, when she was fined. Would she care to work in pictures? She would have to show up every day and would be guaranteed twenty-five dollars a week until she could be given little parts, et cetera. No, she wouldn't. She didn't think her mother wanted her to work in pictures, and she didn't think she'd like it, anyway. And that was all there was to it, and here was my check.

"I went home and told my mother that she'd given me a bum steer, and I was through making a fool of myself in tea rooms, and I'd just wait at the studio till another girl just as pretty showed up. Isn't it funny? You can't discourage some of the not-so-pretty ones, and some of the pretty ones turn up their noses and give you to understand that they won't be in your old movies, anyway!"

Starving and Stuffing for Symmetry

Continued from page 30

acts as a curative agent because the patient allows the digestive tract to rest. Anyway, Blanche is looking younger and prettier than for three years past.

One of the funniest fads is the pursuit of pink cheeks by the carrot route. Raw carrots grated in salad, creamed, or fried, or served as purée or pie—such a diet, after a twenty-four-hour fast, is guaranteed, so far as such things can be, to build you



—Whose Fault Is It?

Does it look to you as though everyone were against you? Do you feel like rebelling against everything and everybody? Are you sour on society, disgusted with men and hateful with women? If you are, you are bankrupt in health, and lacking in manly vigor and mental courage. There's something wrong—something, perhaps, you wouldn't want anyone to know. It's a gloomy place to the despondent, hopeless, wreck who finds it hard to make his way in the world—who finds himself shunned by women, sidestepped by men, who sees himself slipping, faltering, failing in everything he undertakes.

You need not go on in this way battling with the world. I can help any man who is lacking in mental strength, bodily vigor, or physical stamina. I help restore the impotent. I can give you back your dissipated manhood. I can give you new courage, increased vigor, more pep.



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up, and one of the stars who prefers to keep her beauty-making methods to herself tried it once a week with the best of results.

Mary Miles Minter and her sister, Margaret Shelby, omit breakfast, which increases girth and dulls mentality, and substitute a big draft of hot lemon juice. They partake of fruit luncheons and light evening meals and assert that "the wise for cure on exercise depend" besides.

George Periolat has slipped several notches in his gold-buckled belt by cutting out breakfast, eating fruit at noon and a vegetable meal at night. The famous diet doctor here advises people to live on two meals daily and to fast one day out of seven, which isn't a difficult thing to do, after all. More people die of overfeeding than ever entered the Gates Ajar via the Starvation Limited.

And so it has come about that every last one of the screen artists is going about giving bits of advice about her or his particular "fast." After all, it's a great life—if you don't weaken!

The Furnace

Continued from page 51

"Of course, I do. Do you think I am a fool? I knew it was either Mordaunt or the count. I trailed you to-day, and you're caught. God! My best friend!"

"If you had arrived half an hour ago you would have found me with the other one, Anthony. I intended to go to Paris with him."

"What are you saying?"

"Keene saved me. Svenson had told me that you were the murderer of the man in Canada and threatened to expose you unless I went with him. Keene forced him to quit."

Anthony bowed his head. "You will never forgive me," he muttered.

"Don't talk of forgiveness. We have misunderstood each other. We have both been insanely jealous. That is why love has scorched and tortured us, instead of making us happy. I wanted to punish you when I thought you might jilt me before our marriage. You have punished me ever since and suspected me of loving every one better than I love you. Can't we begin all over again?"

"Does Keene forgive me? I must know that first."

"Oh, I say, old top," stammered Keene.

Anthony's face cleared. "My boat for Canada leaves tomorrow. Shall we have our honeymoon on the voyage west, Folly, dear?"

Do I Do That?

Continued from page 52

the whole effect, and after watching this through many heart-breaking sessions in the projection room, she began to cultivate the little rubbery artificial smile which has become characteristic of her rôles. Off the screen there is nothing funny about it; but given the setting of her humorous make-up, it is transformed by the camera into a perfect comedy grin.

To attempt to catalogue the whole list of players whose faults were corrected by the camera would be to copy the motion-picture directory from Ab to Zed. But here are a few of them with a thumb-nail sketch of their camera crimes:

Pauline Frederick closed her eyes in scenes of great emotion; Sir Herbert Tree acted with an English accent and worked his eyebrows overtime; May Allison lifted up her foot every time the leading man kissed her; Sessue Hayakawa frowned too heavily; ZaSu Pitts stared into the

camera before the finish of each scene; Clara Kimball Young couldn't remember where the camera lines were and had to retake many scenes because of being half in and half out of the picture; Lila Lee insisted on standing pigeon-toed, and Enid Bennett stuck her head forward, giving her neck an unnatural position.

I showed this story to a cynical member of the fanwriters' colony.

"Well," he said pointedly, "while you're on the job of pointing out all the mannerisms in the film game, why don't you correct a few of your own?"

I protested that I had none.

He caustically counted three hundred and fifty—more or less—"ands" in the story, about three hundred of them superfluous.

It was a regular projection-room revelation.

"Do I do that?" I demanded, and he told me to count them for myself.

I did. And I guess he's right.

The Arithmetic of Fashion

Continued from page 61

which is pictured on one of these pages. It is of very soft-brown duvetyne, which blends into the beaver collar and cuffs; brown should always be softened near the face when a blonde wears it, and the tones of the beaver do this admirably. The hat worn with this suit turns back sharply from the face, so that a few tendrils of hair come between it and the face. Its trimming is of very small ostrich feathers, matching the dark brown of the hat.

If your face is of the shape of Anna Nilsson's—a clearly defined oval—you can wear, as she does, these turned-up hats with slightly rolling brims; if you are older than she and like a hat which, while it is of this style, yet is kind to the face, you can select this model in one of the softer, more pliable materials, such as unstiffened velvet or duvetyne, which is very fashionable this year. If you are as young as

she is and so have nothing to fear from even the most uncompromising hat, you can wear the sharply defined hats which she favors.

Simplicity should be the keynote of sports costumes, of course, and nothing more effective than a white blouse, skirt, and shoes, and a dark sweater and hat can be devised. The charming Anna, like most blondes, is partial to black, and combines it or midnight-blue with white for sports wear. Stockings that match the sweater or are of white with lines of the color of the hat are most effective. In such costumes both color and the weave of the material of the sweater and scarf—and possibly of the hat's material as well—can be made to match.

Some of the costumes which Miss Nilsson wears in recent releases—the robe worn in the last part of "In the Heart of a Fool," for instance—will give you some good points, if you want to dress as she does.

Who'll Be Who in 1921?

Continued from page 86

lemen are earning much more now than they ever did before.

There is strong indication that the public is ready to accept actors of character rôles as stars. Witness the success of John Barrymore in

his dual character and Hobart Bosworth with his sturdy mariners.

Theodore Roberts will be starred, we hear, in "The Old Homestead." And Goldwyn plans to do likewise by that superb actor, Raymond Hat-

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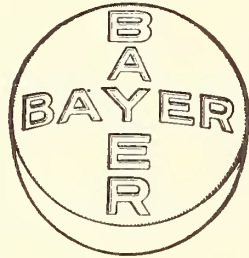
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ton, in "Septimus" and other plays. Mr. Hatton recently took off his character make-up and was discovered an amiable young man in "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

THE BEST BETS—MALE.

There seem to be more stellar possibilities among the males than among the more decorative sex. The best bets as I see them are:

Robert Gordon, an excellent young actor, particularly in character rôles, who has been mauled atrociously by the fatuous hand of Blackton. He has character, distinction, and unusual talent.

James Kirkwood's rise to stardom I predicted in the review of "The Luck of the Irish," his first picture since he returned to the screen after serving as director.

Elliott Dexter already is a star except in billing. Only his illness, from which he now is recovered, has retarded his progress.

Monte Blue is another Paramount who is due to arrive incandescently next year.

Harrison Ford has signed to appear next year as leading man alternately for Norma and Constance Talmadge. This experience ought to popularize him into lights.

Gareth Hughes will be starred by Metro.

Lloyd Hughes has a force and ring of sincerity that may justify his election.

Cullen Landis is another youth fast maturing in ability. He has a certain personal distinction.

I have reserved a special position for William Duncan, who might claim place among the first ten in popularity. He is the king of serials, wherein he reigns as premier director and star. Following him in serial order are Eddy Polo, Joe Ryan, George Seitz, Charles Hutchinson, Jack Hoxie, Elmo Lincoln, Franklyn Farnum, Francis Ford, and Warner Oland.

There's a crowd of young gentlemen scarcely out of school who will be prominent in the picture of tomorrow. Of these, George Stewart, brother of Anita, is earning legitimate laurels on his own. Ralph Bushman, seventeen-year-old son of Francis Xavier, has all the attributes that win success for a man on the screen. Lewis Sargent is a fine young actor who is fast mounting. Buster Collier is in demand. Harold Goodwin is one of the best young players I've seen. He's a Ray in the making. Grant McKay, a young man who has yet to make his appearance, is the best screen bet I have seen in a long time. He will come forth in a Lois Weber production

very soon. If he can keep from getting dizzy he'll climb high and fast.

The leading men, in addition to those mentioned as stellar possibilities of next year, who are earning a stellar wage and who have some box-office value, are Mahlon Hamilton, House Peters, Lewis Stone, Charles Richman, Edward Earle, Wyndham Standing, Wheeler Oakman, Nigel Barrie, Gareth Hughes, Jack Mullah, Charles Bryant, James Morrison, T. Roy Barnes, Conrad Nagel, Creighton Hale, Rod la Rocque, Charles Meredith, Jack Holt, Milton Sills, Kenneth Harlan, David Powell, and Walter McGrail.

Others of repute and merit are Ward Crane, Edward Sutherland, Francis MacDonald, Emory Johnson, Ralph Graves, Bertram Grassby, Casson Ferguson, Wilfred Lytell, John Bowers, David Butler, Rudolph Valentino, Gaston Glass, Webster Campbell, Niles Welch, Jay Belasco, Rockcliffe Fellows, Lloyd Whitlock, Antrim Short, Edmund Lowe, Edward Burns, Forrest Stanley, Ashton Dearholt, Albert Rary, Harry Northrup, George Cheseboro, Neal Hart, Percy Marmont, Vincent Coleman, Jack Donovan, Edward Langford, Truman van Dyke, Craufurd Kent, Tom Carrigan, Norman Kerry, Wallace MacDonald, J. Frank Glendon, Ralph Kellard, Jack Perrin.

Charlie Chaplin, of course, heads the shillalah comedians, with Harold Lloyd coming second. Buster Keaton is going to make a quick flop into favor next year. Larry Semon, an adroit gagpicker, is booming. The Carter de Havens have gone into five-reel comedy-dramas with considerable success. Lyons and Moran are likewise brewing long ones. Ben Turpin will be the chief comedian of the Sennett lot. Clyde Cook is a late entrant, whose first offering left me dismal, but who probably will tumble along profitably. No one seems to be able to give us the human comedies of the type in which the Sidney Drews excelled. There is a place for such offerings, and King Vidor promises to fill it with two-reelers made under his creed.

The character actors to whom we customarily refer as "sterling," in contrast, I suppose, to the gilded leading men, continue untarnished through the seasons. Theodore Roberts and Raymond Hatton, as aforementioned, are being considered as star attractions. Frank Keenan is deserting for the stage, but he doubtless will make sporadic appearances in film. So, too, will George Beban. Hobart Bosworth already is a proved attraction. Others in the

group are Tully Marshall, Lon Chaney, Marc MacDermott, Noah Beery, Wallace Beery, Walter Hiers, Frank Currier, Arthur Donaldson, Bertram Grassby, Maurice Costello, Dore Davidson, Joseph J. Dowling, Edwin Stevens, George Hernandez, Thomas Guise, J. Barney Sherry, Lionel Belmore, George Fawcett, Charles K. French, Cesare Gravina, Ralph Lewis, Melbourne MacDowell, Philo McCullough, Eric von Stroheim, George Nichols, Bert Woodruff, Anders Randolph, Fred Turner, Alec B. Francis, Stuart Holmes, Charles Clary, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Santschi, Warren Chandler, Riley Hatch, Charles Clary, and Robert McKim.

THE FOREIGN INFLUENCE.

The most propitious sign of the times is the importation of foreign-made films to counteract the atrophy of American monotone. "Passion" heads the procession across the Atlantic. Here is a magnificent creation from the German studios, with a magnificent actress, Pola Negri. I believe it will prove a great success, this continental piece of art, and that it will be followed by an influx of European-made pictures. This breeze from Europe will be salvatory. The screen needs new viewpoints, new methods, new personalities, new backgrounds. American "standardization" is stagnancy in the pool of provincialism. The world picture of to-morrow will help to refreshen it. Paramount, always far-sighted, has established studios in Europe and the Orient. The German, Swedish, and Italian film companies are rapidly recovering from their war casualties, and a number of excellent pictures may be expected from them early next year. Pola Negri, designated as "the Nazimova of Europe," should become a favorite here if she makes the trip often enough. Francesca Bertini, an Italian actress, is another potential favorite.

SCREEN VS. STAGE

Advocates of the stage have declared that the screen is a restricted medium because voiceless. After seeing the Broadway successes of this year, I'm glad it is restricted. I prefer dumb drama that's silent to dumb drama that talks. It's less offensive. If the current screen has anything worse than "The Mirage," "Welcome Stranger," and "The Poor Little Ritz Girl"—may Heaven forgive it, for I cannot. Of all the Broadway theatrical entertainments that I've patronized, "Way Down East" was the most realistic; and there is not an actress on the New



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York stage who can reach your emotions with her tremolos, sobs, and screeches half so effectively as does Miss Lillian Gish with a silence as golden as the voice of Bernhardt.

I do not believe the opportunity for screen progress lies so much in the path of drama as in that of pictorial art. It offers the canvas for the Raphaels, Rembrandts, and Corots of the future. It has no restrictions in the presentation of beauty.

When you see "The Queen of Sheba" and Holubar's "Man, Woman, and Marriage," you'll agree that the man who painted "September Morn" was restricted. We

thought Mack Sennett went the limit when he presented beauty in a one-piece bathing suit. Next year the bathing suit will be as old-fashioned as tights. What better proof of the artistic advance? Put a chemise on the Venus de Milo, and she'd fail to be an artistic attraction.

It is going to be a nude new year. But the fatidic vapors grow too rich of mixture, and my typewriter far too warm. Besides, Miss Grace Kingsley is deemed by the editor of this magazine a more fit chaperon of the nude. She will undrape the new year in the next issue. Of this phophecy, at least, I can assure fulfillment.

Crooks That Follow the Movies

Continued from page 55

flanked by the trusty Mr. B and Mr. C. Near by were the president of the body and a select group of citizens whose very presence lent weight to every word uttered by Mr. A, who held in his hand an open letter.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have received a communication from our board of directors containing suggestions in which I thought you might be interested. We propose, as you know, to invest a large sum of money in a motion-picture plant here, and to spend much more in the production of one film, 'The Hope of a Nation.' The question naturally has arisen, what is to become of our studio after our film is completed? What is to become of the buildings we erect? Of what use will they be except for the continued production of films?"

"The board of directors, with whom I agree, wishes to learn if this investment cannot be protected; if the plant cannot be turned to further account. They asked me about the future prospects of Rosemont. I very frankly told them that I saw in Rosemont an ideal location for a permanent motion-picture plant. I assume that there is no objection in the city to the establishment of a permanent and prosperous industry.

"If that is the case, I am prepared to open to the citizens of Rosemont, and to the county and State, so far as that goes, an opportunity to come in with us—to invest in a business of which we ourselves think so much that we are investing an enormous sum. The production of high-class motion pictures on a permanent basis requires a vast outlay of money. Of course, you are aware that the returns are much more than commensurate. You have been reading for years of these things, and being busi-

ness men, you know that such returns can only be induced by an outlay of money sufficient to produce the best.

"To be perfectly frank, the Gardenia Film Company wishes to make all the money it can, and to that end we have prepared plans which, while permitting the company to profit, also will permit the community in which we operate to profit. We came because we wanted to come, but can remain only if you want us to remain. It is the desire to promote a cooperative spirit which led us to open our proposition.

"The Gardenia Film Company proposes to reorganize under the name of the Rosemont Motion Picture Corporation. The officers of the Gardenia company are experienced motion-picture men, and naturally will stipulate that they remain at the head of the company. In order to make money on a big scale, we propose to invest on a big scale—with a reorganized capitalization of one million dollars. I am authorized by the board of directors to lay this proposition before this body, and, if it is accepted, to offer to the public the stock of the reorganized company."

Of course, the business men of Rosemont had been hoping for just such a turn of events. They simply jumped at the chance. With the business men as an example, other citizens followed—tradesmen, shop-girls, mechanics, farmers, laborers, for the cost was made attractive to every stray dollar.

The stock was issued at a par value of \$10 a share. A corps of energetic, peppery salesmen was imported and scattered out over the county and State. The full reorganized capitalization—which was nothing more than the issuance of a few

dollars' worth of engraved paper bearing figures which totaled \$1,000,000—was sold.

The stockholders relied absolutely upon the wisdom of Messrs. A, B, and C. These men invested \$10,000, all they had. They emphasized the fact that they did not want stock control of the company, but they took care to incorporate into the company's by-laws a clause which automatically appointed them president, secretary, and treasurer respectively for a period of two years. The implicit faith which the stockholders had in their moving-picture experience secured control for Messrs. A, B, and C. Had the promoters expressed a desire to withdraw, undoubtedly they would have met with bodily harm.

With hundreds of thousands of dollars subscribed and in the treasury, the work on the studio began. Why did not some one inquire then, "Where is the money you were going to invest in 'The Hope of a Nation?'" They had put in only \$10,000, and yet the real financiers of the enterprise, the people themselves, were so envisioned by the dream of riches that they asked no questions—thought of no questions.

In time the studio was completed—and all the while it was under construction, Messrs. A, B, and C drew salaries respectively of \$1,000, \$750, and \$500 weekly. So they had their \$10,000 legally back and had dipped into the stockholders' money almost before Rosemont recovered from its first elation. By some the salaries were regarded as stiff, but they recalled what they had read of motion-picture salaries and profits—and raised no serious protest.

With the studio completed, actual work on the filming began. Day by day and week by week, "The Hope of a Nation" was transferred to celluloid. A whole mob of camera men, actors, directors, and subdirectors was brought in. The townspeople were utilized as much as possible, and Mount Jackson, and the prairie, and the wandering river, and the quaint little city of Rosemont, and Miss Mary Cornell, got so they could look a camera in the face without blushing. The film was actually produced. There was no doubt about that.

Then there came a time when Messrs. A, B, and C started for New York with the filmed version of "The Hope of a Nation"—which only too soon was to have as a subtitle, "The Despair of Rosemont."

No distributor could be found to market the film. It was a very ordinary production, not worth extensive advertising as a special feature, and



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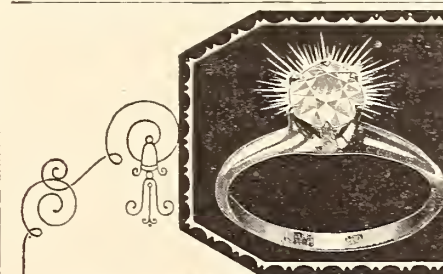


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too long and complicated for anything else. It was as dead as a mackerel—a hopeless, complete failure, without a chance of earning back any of the \$1,000,000 which had been invested. The promoters did their best to market the film, for that would have been so much more for them.

As matters stood, Messrs. A, B, and C, with an original investment of \$10,000, had drawn in salaries during the eighteen months of construction and filming, approximately \$200,000—outside the amount they undoubtedly stole and covered up by false bookkeeping.

The people of Rosemont principally, and of the county and State in lesser amounts with an original investment of \$900,000, drew an abandoned studio and a few items of equipment, and a few thousand feet of celluloid. The film was shown to large audiences in both the motion-picture houses of Rosemont.

An audit of the books of the Rosemont Motion Picture Corporation showed that \$1,000,000 had been spent. There was no crookedness visible, and mismanagement and incompetency is not a crime.

Thus we have what might be called a case of legalized fraud. The people of Rosemont, and the others, invested their money without inquiring as to the previous experience of the so-called producers. They entrusted almost \$1,000,000 to three men who never had produced a picture and who never claimed to have produced a picture. The transaction in every way was legal. It was a losing speculation, and yet undoubtedly it was a clear and premeditated fraud.

It was clear because the three men never expected "The Hope of a Nation" to succeed. Had they had faith in the picture, and a record behind them of efficiency and honesty, they would have gone to legitimate and successful producers, always eager to finance promising pictures. With a sound venture, they could get money at low interest in any financial center in the country. They never intended to produce "The Hope of a Nation" themselves, and undoubtedly the manuscript had previously been rejected by responsible producers.

The motion-picture business is a technical, devious industry into which only experienced feet can progress. It is not a snap. It is a field for genius, like any other extensive industry. In fact, it is doubtful if there is another business so full of pitfalls and slippery places. Great successes have been made, and failures are legion. Great successes have been made in the automobile industry, but people do not knowingly buy stock in a concern headed by men who never produced an automobile.

There are many well-meaning men and groups of men who, without previous experience, attempt to produce motion pictures. They are compelled to go to the public for finances because of their inexperience. Capital will not take a chance. Something is wrong with their enterprise, though they may honestly believe it perfectly sound. These men do not intend to defraud. But this much is certain: For every dollar of stock sold in such an enterprise, fifty cents is spent in the selling of it. Thus a company which disposes of \$1,000,000 worth of stock has spent \$500,000, half its resources, before it moves a hand toward production. If investors know these facts, loss is upon themselves.

Producers who have more than a slim chance to succeed seldom go to the public for finance. They do not, unless they have to, resort to a system which eats up fifty per cent of income in stock selling commissions, advertising, postage, and overhead. Sound ventures can get money cheaper than that.

But watch out for the deliberate fraud. It may come in a little different form than in Rosemont. It may appear in your mail and you may be bombarded with glowing follow-up letters, telling of twenty-five per cent cash dividends or some such figure. You will notice that these letters never state the lump sum paid out as dividends. Perhaps a dividend was declared—and perhaps it did not aggregate more than \$100. Watch for the frauds that hide facts and paint only one side of the fence. If you go over the fence, you may find it very rough and ugly.

Walter Long, Expert in Villainy

Continued from page 84

he scowls—as he did to illustrate a point in his conversation—the whole expression of his face changes. It becomes crafty, sensual, belligerent. You would not want to meet a physiognomy like that on a dark night,

without a gun in your hip pocket. But his face is Walter Long's fortune, and there is no man in the business whose services are required more constantly for heavies, and villainous characterizations.

I begged for a summary of his nefarious screen career.

"I always liked the stage," he said in response. "And even when I was a salesman many years ago I made up my mind that some time I would make a try for the footlights. I did, and worked up from small parts to having a stock company of my own. No, I wasn't a villain then," he answered in response to my murmured question. "That is, not exclusively. I played character parts, leads once in a while, I was stage manager, head carpenter, and scene shifter.

"Then the company went on the rocks, and some one advised me to try motion pictures. That was in 1907, and the movies weren't as well thought of then as they are now, so I hesitated. I was down to my last nickel when I started out one morning to land some kind of a job. I didn't care what. At the intersection of two streets, I flipped the coin to see whether I should tackle a theatrical manager or go down to the Griffith studio, where some one had told me I might get work. The Griffith studio won, and I walked down there two and a half miles in the broiling sun. I was waiting to see the casting director, meanwhile smoking a cigarette in defiance of the sign which plainly said, 'No Smoking.' As I was taking a hearty puff, D. W. Griffith himself walked out of the doorway with the casting director, looked at me, and stopped dead in his tracks.

"Who's this man?" he said in a sharp tone. And I thought: 'Good night! Here's where I get mine for smoking!' But there was nothing to do, so I stared back at him with as much courage as I could.

"I came down here to get work," I said, and Mr. Griffith looked me up and down for almost two minutes, then he turned to the casting director. 'Put him on the pay roll; I don't know what I'm going to use him for, but I want him. He'd make a good cutthroat.'

"How terrible!" I murmured.

Mr. Long raised his eyebrows. "No, how fortunate," he contradicted. "A handsome face wouldn't

have got me work that day, and I surely needed it.

"Mr. Griffith kept me on after that, playing choice little bits like burglars, gangsters, and rough-necks, and when he made 'The Clansman' he gave me a try-out in competition with three other men as Gus, the nigger. I got the part, and it was the first big thing that I did in pictures. I have played a hundred or more villainous rôles since then, but the people always seem to remember that one. Even when I was in the army, I would be introduced as 'Captain Long—you know, Gus, the nigger.' Lots of men thought my name was Gus."

"You *did* reform during war times, then?" I asked, and Mr. Long owned up that for two whole years his worst crime consisted in sending a man to the guardhouse and playing poker with other officers on the sly.

"And do you always intend to be a villain?" I asked in conclusion.

Mr. Long nodded. "Absolutely," he said. "I have specialized in that kind of work, and I guess I'm about as highly paid as any heavy in the business."

"No, I don't really like it," he answered an interpolated query. "I hate scaring kids the way I have to in some of the parts I play. I'm crazy about children, and it kind of hurts to see the youngsters run from me when I'm in make-up. I don't like to chase women around, either," he said emphatically. "I get sick and tired of smashing down doors and attacking helpless females. My idea of a real part is where I can have an honest-to-God fight with no favors shown."

"But you always get the worst of it," I demurred.

"Sure," he agreed. "It's in the script, but then I don't get hurt as badly as you'd imagine. After seven years of continuous rough-and-tumble work you learn how to take knocks and how to fall so as to save yourself from injury."

"And will nothing change your wicked career?" I asked anxiously.

"Nothing, but a beauty doctor," he answered with a grin. "And she'd have to be *some* expert!"

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 59

The story is clever, and the photography is still more clever. The plot has some new twists on an old theme and, with the aid of some new variations on an old trick, makes itself more than just casually interesting. "Always Audacious" is heartily recommended to those who

just cannot see too much of Wallace Reid.

"THE NORTH WIND'S MALICE."

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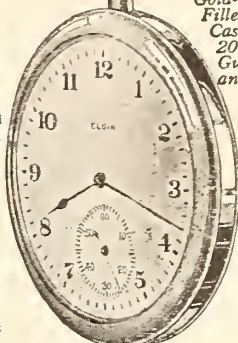
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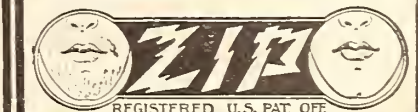
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plot away from Rex Beach and, in company with an actor named William H. Strauss, has the field pretty much to herself. Mr. Beach evidently wrote "The North Wind's Malice" as another epic about the virile Alaskan he-man. But the introduction of two Jewish characters just ruined everything.

"PEACEFUL VALLEY."

Charles Ray quickly atones for his "out-of-line" performance in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" by his second First National picture, "Peaceful Valley." A critical young person whom I know says that Ray is too much the eternal ingénue. You cannot please some people.

"Peaceful Valley" hasn't the charm of the Julien Josephson stories. It is an old-fashioned stage play, originally acted by Sol Smith Russell, and much of it rings false after the rich and entirely modern "hick" humor of the earlier Ray successes. Ray has been so severely judged by his first efforts that I shouldn't blame him for sending poisoned candy to the next reviewer who recalls the good old days of Thomas H. Ince.

CONCERNING THE COMEDIES.

Patterning after the theater managers who run the funny stuff at the end of the program, we turn our attention to the comics. Mack Sennett seems to be lying low.

Charlie Chaplin is in hiding. Harold Lloyd's newest isn't out yet.

But the Sunshines we have always with us. And Fox has a new star named Clyde Cook, an Australian who came to America via the New York Hippodrome. Mr. Cook makes his first appearance on any celluloid in "Kiss Me Quick."

"Kiss Me Quick" is an electric. It doesn't originate a genre. It borrows freely from two schools, it combines the technique of two masters. Harry Lehrman, you know, always manages to get an airplane into the action somewhere and somehow. Mack Sennett dearly loves the merry old chase. William Fox's Sunshine school uses both, thereby making things just twice as lively, according to the figuring of film mathematicians.

Mr. Cook is a good clown. Moreover, he has boneless legs which give his work a lot of abandon. But in his pantomime there is no hint of the brooding tragedy that haunts Chaplin's work nor the pristine innocence that lurks behind the tortoise-shell glasses of Harold Lloyd. Therefore he is good, but not great.

Buster Keaton, Metro's new comedy star, is a real acquisition, and his first comedy, "One Week," is merry and bright and clean. Nor is it outrageously slapstick. In fact, it has an excellent comedy idea. Mr. Keaton reminds us of William Collier. We mean, of course, the Collier of the stage, not of the screen.

Right Off the Grill

Continued from page 64

incense about them and usually with pansies in the buttonhole. She came to New York for a three months' rest at her estate on Long Island. The second week home and she commenced scenarioing "Aphrodite." A month later, she packed her working clothes, bid her husband and sister *au revoir*, and returned to California. Her husband, Charles Bryant, has rejoined her to play the rôle of *Demetrios* in the picture, which is being adapted by Nazimova from Pierre Louys' novel. Following "Aphrodite" she will do "Camille." Which should be easy. *Camille* compared to *Chrysis*, was a rookie. When these two productions have been completed for Metro, madame will inaugurate a new régime with her own company.

New Year's Resolutions.

For the sake of its own salvation and that of a long-suffering people, we beseech the motion picture to

make the following New Year's resolutions:

To quit having wives in name only.

To stop being faith cured by quack producers.

To quit putting commas in subtitles with a sprinkling can.

To deport all male vampires to the cannibal isles.

To can the bow-armed butler with the sawdust stuffing.

To dispose of incompetent leading women by some other process than starring them.

To quit doing business with bankers who wear frock coats, top hats, and spats to work.

To create human interest in some other way than by dragging out the zoo.

To cease pretending naughtiness by putting "sex" in the title and throwing paper all over the place at "wild bohemian revelries."

To abandon the policy of showing

the public what it *wants* and, instead to show it what it *is*.

Are You Fit to Vote?

Don't be discouraged if you don't know what the League of Nations is all about or what the original fourteen points were. Very few people do. But if you can't answer the following fourteen questions of the day, you are too illiterate to have the vote and should have, instead, the constant attention of PICTURE-PLAY during the next twelve months.

1. Who said, "I want to be so bad I'll be remembered always?"
2. What star refuses to release a picture until it has been O. K.'d by the studio bootblack?
3. What star was born in three States?
4. For what is Ohio famous?
5. Who discovered Mary Pickford?

6. What two animals are most feared and hated by movie actors?
7. What is the most famous product of Kentucky?
8. Who has done the most toward promoting cleanliness in motion pictures? How?
9. What two things has Charlie Chaplin made famous. Persons?
10. What two stars' names are most often mispronounced? What are the correct pronunciations?

Answers to above: 1. Theda Bara. 2. Will Rogers. 3. Corinne Griffith, in, Texarkana. 4. Producing the Gish sisters. 5. Charlotte Pickford. 6. The camera hog and lens louse. 7. D. W. Griffith. 8. Cecil B. De Mille, by making bathing attractive. 9. The derby and the cane; Mildred Harris and Billy West. 10. Alla Nazimova and Richard Barthelmess; Na-ze-moo-va and Bar-tel-mess.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 88

SISTER.—Betty Compson was born in Salt Lake City and was in vaudeville before she went into pictures. She was in comedies on the screen for a while and then made thrilling Westerns, riding horses and shooting and doing all sorts of stunts. Then she made "The Miracle Man" and a name for herself at the same time, and now is a star, with "Prisoners of Love" as her first big picture made in a stellar capacity.

NANCY.—It was Harold Goodwin who was the gawky boy who drove the laundry wagon in "Suds." Yes, Mary Pickford is really a wonderful business woman; she has to be! Bebe isn't married, and neither is Mary Miles Minter; somebody was just kidding you. Theda Bara is married, though—that's the only one of the reports about her that is true. She isn't dead and she hasn't gone to Egypt to live in the shadow of the Sphinx. Her name really is Leatrice Joy—not Beatrice; I guess she spells it that way because that's what she was named. Alice Brady will be seen on the screen again before long. Those are her own clothes that she wears, and she couldn't possibly give them away at the end of a picture, because she needs to wear them again. Her husband is appearing on the stage now, but not with her.

CALIFORNIAN.—It was Matt Moore who played with Marion Davies in "The Dark Star" and "Getting Mary Married." Yes, Norman Kerry married—and she was a widow—you were right and you win the bet. Of course I'd like some of the fudge—it's always welcome. Yes, I can remember the days when a screen star wouldn't acknowledge that he was married, but fortunately times have changed, and now they're proud of it; being married doesn't affect their popularity at all.

FROM DIXIE.—Elsie Ferguson went to Japan for a vacation and hasn't returned yet; she is going to make pictures again when she gets back, so you needn't lament her as one lost forever. "Lady Rose's Daughter" was the last picture she made before she left. Peggy Pearce was born at Long Beach, California, in 1896, and has blond hair and blue eyes. You're wrong about Louise Glaum; she was born

in this country—Baltimore, to be exact. She has brown hair and hazel eyes. Maybe some day she'll make the country-maiden type of picture, but I doubt it; the sort of thing she does now is too popular. Her latest is "The Leopard Woman."

DANCER.—Ruth St. Denis' school is near Los Angeles, and you could probably get in even though you aren't a good dancer; you see, if all the people who came to her were good dancers there wouldn't be any need of her teaching them. Many of her pupils go into vaudeville and many of them go into the movies; Margaret Loomis and Carol Dempster are two of them who have made good.

J. E. R.—Dorothy de Vore served quite an apprenticeship in Christie comedies, but now has made her way out of them and into straight drama by playing opposite Charles Ray in "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway." Lots of girls have broken into stardom in that way, and some have been quite content to work up into being leading ladies. Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Alice Lake, Betty Compson, and Mary Thurman are a few of them—is that encouragement enough?

MAUDE.—Helen Jerome Eddy played in "Miss Hobbs" with Wanda Hawley and was very funny indeed. Yes, ZaSu Pitts really got married, just after she was given a starring contract by the Smith Syndicate. I don't know when she'll go to work. Ann May lives at the Studio Club, but she has a car; of course, they don't mind her keeping it. Roscoe Arbuckle is married to Minta Durfee, an actress. Tommy Meighan's wife was an actress, too. Viola Dana is not married. Shirley Mason is—to Bernard Durning.

C. C. C.—Florence Vidor is King Vidor's wife, not his sister, and she was born in Texas. So was he. He is now directing a picture for the Cathrine Curtis Corporation, but he has his own studio. Miriam Cooper was in "Intolerance," in the episode called "The Mother and the Law." She has recently appeared in the productions directed by her husband, Raoul Walsh.

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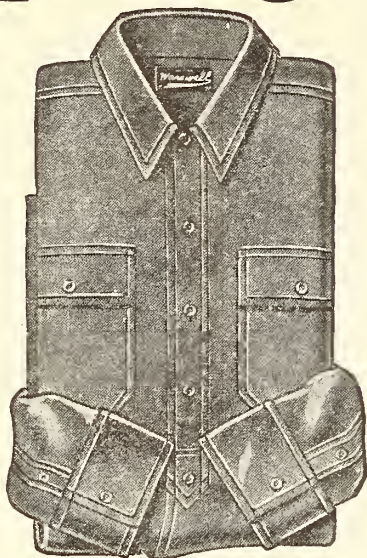
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V. X. W.—Yes, actresses frequently make just one picture for the screen and then go back to the stage. The Ina Claire who just finished "Polly With a Past" for Metro is the same one who did just one picture years ago. This is a recent stage success of hers that she has recently filmed. Mae Busch was born in Australia and educated in New Jersey. She has tried both the stage and the screen and seems to like them both, particularly the parts Von Stroheim gives her. He cast her for the rôle of *Odera* in "The Devil's Pass Key," and it suited her perfectly.

MAY.—Yes, Carter de Haven and Mrs. de Haven belong to the same family; in fact, their pictures are sometimes regular family affairs, as the two De Haven children participate, too. The heads of the family were in vaudeville formerly.

PHYLLIS.—Clara Kimball Young lives in Los Angeles now, but formerly lived in New York. Her latest release is "Midchannel," in which she wears many beautiful gowns—that ought to suit you. She has black hair and brown eyes and she is married. You're welcome.

S. O. S.—This is the very first number of the magazine that I could get a reply to your letter into, so don't blame me for the delay, please. Her address is at the end of *The Oracle*, and if you explain that you want her picture for a birthday present I'm sure that she'll send it to you right away. Marjorie Daw was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, in 1902. She has light brown hair and hazel eyes. She played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in several pictures, "His Majesty the American" being the last one in which she played with him; now she is in Marshall Neilan productions.

EDDY.—Grace Davison was born at Oceanside, Long Island, and educated in New York. She wanted to go into pictures, so she organized her own company and made "Wives of Men," starring Florence Reed and playing the second lead herself; later she starred in "Atonement," with Conway Tearle, and "A Convert of Revenge," with Montague Love. She also appeared in several Selznick productions.

SAVANNAH.—No, I can't give you the addresses of any young leading men who might like to write to you; this is not a correspondence club, but just a department for answering questions which *Picture-Play's* readers ask.

TAD T.—They are eight and ten. Baby Marie Osborne was born in 1911. June Caprice was born in 1899. Dorothy Gish was born a year before June. Dorothy is two years younger than her sister, Lillian. Mary Pickford is three years older than Lillian. Douglas Fairbanks is ten years Mary's senior. After you have figured this out you can capture the prize of the steam-heated ear muffs. June is not married.

CUPID.—Pearl White is five feet six inches tall. Walter McGrail stretches the height register to six feet. He has black hair and dark-blue eyes. That is his very own mustache. He was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1889.

D. F. AND M. P.—Mary Pickford is still making pictures. She is now working on a new picture which Frances Marion is directing. Her last release before going abroad was "Suds." Marguerite Clark should have a new film very shortly. She took a too-long vacation in New Orleans after completing her last contract. Marjorie Daw is being featured in Marshall Neilan productions.

CHUBBY AND SIMP.—Yes, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are married. They have already taken their trip abroad and are back again in Los Angeles working on new stories. Don't you ever read the papers? Harold Lockwood was in New York City when he was stricken with influenza and died. You refer to L. C. Shumway opposite Bessie Barriscale in "Two-Gun Betty."

JEANNETTE J.—I can't send you a picture of Mary Pickford. You will have to write to herself for a photo. She is all you say she is—and more.

B. J. S.—We publish the names and addresses of players that our readers ask for each month. We will gladly publish the addresses of any you desire. You will find the ones you asked for in your letter at the end of this department.

SIAMESE TWINS.—Haven't heard from you in a long time. Where have you been keeping yourselves? Elmo Lincoln and Enid Markey played the leading rôles in the first and second of the "Tarzan of the Apes" series produced by the National Film Corporation. When Charles Chaplin married Mildred Harris it was his first matrimonial plunge. Your sergeant friend hasn't appeared in any pictures, although he had several offers. Helen Holmes is working on a new serial for Warner Brothers.

LOUISE S.—Harry Hilliard still plays in pictures. He is at present playing at the Morosco Theater in Los Angeles in "The Little Teacher."

HERMAN B.—You will find the addresses you asked for at the end of this department.

MISS S. M.—Herbert Bosworth is playing in J. Parker Read productions, which will be released by the Associated Producers.

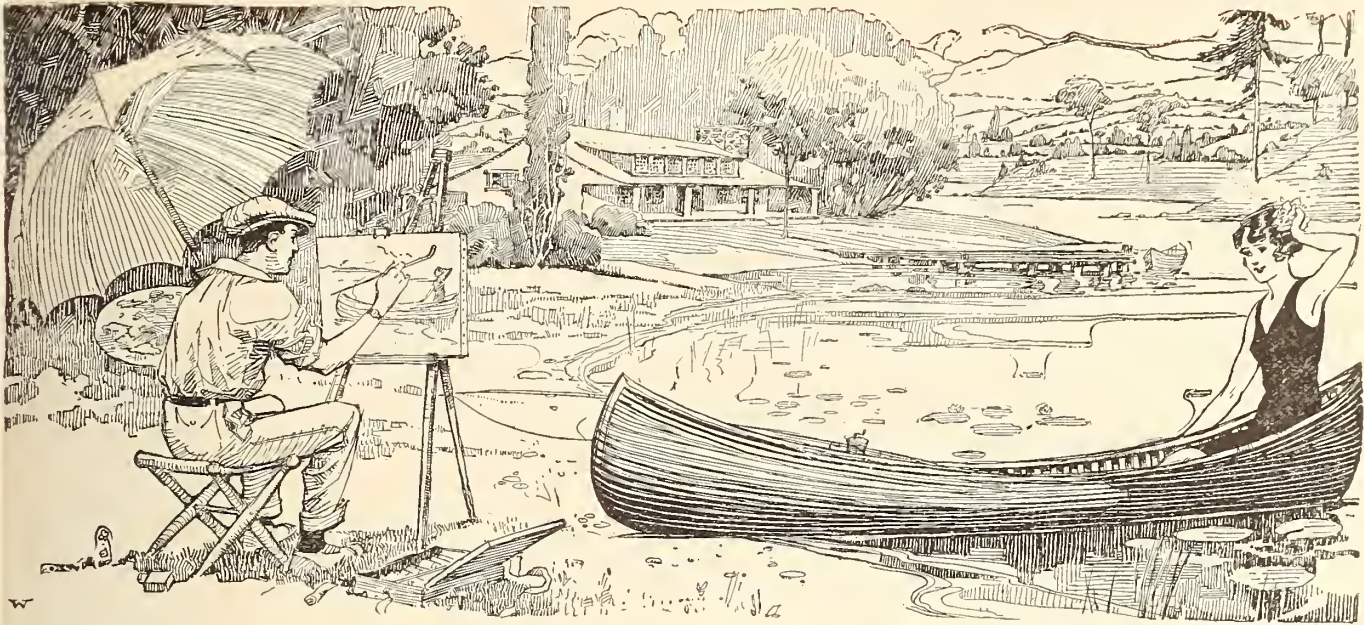
AGATHA.—Edmund Breese is not in pictures at present. Mike Donlin, the former famous outfielder of the New York Giants, has gone into pictures. He recently finished a tour with the "Turn to the Right" stage production and is now working at the William Fox west-coast studios.

GERTRUDE D.—You failed to inclose the stamp you mentioned, so I am answering you through these columns. You will find all the addresses you wrote for at the end of *The Oracle*.

TEDDY.—I haven't forgotten you, by any means. I never forget my customers. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1901. She is not married. She has been on the stage since she was a youngster. She played child parts with the Burbank and Belasco stock companies in Los Angeles and with the Valencia Stock Company in San Francisco. She is five feet four inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty-three pounds. She has black hair and eyes.

CHERRY R.—*Picture-Play Magazine* published an article that told all about Monroe Salisbury in the April, 1919, issue. He has left the Universal Film Company and is producing pictures for his own company, backed by Jack Cudahy, the famous meat packer, so naturally the title of his first picture should be "The Barbarian." They do say they feed them on raw meat, you know. Maybe Cudahy supplied the raw meat, too, as well as the "bones" for the players.

MISS B. E. K.—William Russell's brother is Albert Russell, the director. He did not appear in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."



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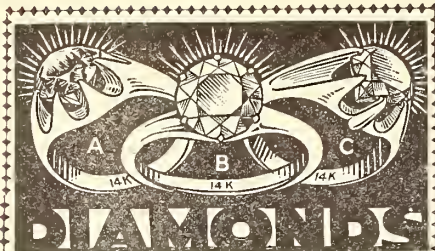
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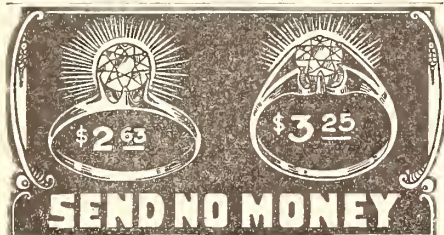
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MARY SUNSHINE.—I have no record of any. Doris Kenyon is at present on the stage in New York playing the principal rôle in "Come Seven," a stage play. She was born in Syracuse, New York, on September 5, 1897. She is, Yes, that is one type of blonde. Margarita Fisher was born in Missouri Valley, Iowa. I am sure she would. Not all of the players change their names. Some of them do because their own are hard to pronounce or because they figure another sounds better for their professional use. Mary Pickford's correct name is Gladys Smith. I suppose she liked Pickford better. There are so many Smiths in the world. Dorothy Gish wears a dark, bobbed wig in her pictures. There are several schools, but one can't learn to act. It's got to be in you. Marjorie Daw was born in 1902. It depends entirely upon the work they are called upon to do. If you mean, does he paint?—he doesn't. An artist may be an artist at most anything, not necessarily painting.

CHARLOTTE F.—You forgot to inclose the stamp. Pearl White is married to Wallace McCutcheon.

MARIAN S.—Eugene O'Brien is not married. He was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1884. Wallace Reid is six feet one inch tall. Ralph Graves is the same height as Wallie. Creighton Hale is married.

CYNTHIA DE.—Descriptions cannot make motion-picture actors or actresses. There must be something besides good looks. You refer to Alan Forrest in "The Great Air Robbery," Lieutenant Ormer Locklear's first motion picture. Yes, I suppose you would call him quite "cute." Sorry you broke your fountain pen while writing to me. Don't you think you had better stick to your present job instead of trying to become a motion-picture actress?

IRENE H.—"Lucille Love" was probably the best-known serial that Grace Cumard appeared in. Since she played opposite Elmo Lincoln in "Elmo the Mighty" she has been making two-reel pictures for the National Film Corporation. They were not taken from books. They were original stories, written especially for serial production. "The Purple Mask" was another of Grace's serials. You refer to Doris Kenyon in the Pathé serial.

MARION S.—A regular continuation. Wanda Hawley is five feet three inches tall. So is Alla Nazimova. Irene Castle is five feet seven. Dorothy Gish is just five feet. Catherine MacDonald is five feet eight. Corinne Griffith is five feet four. Mildred Harris is five feet two, and Tom Meighan is just six feet. Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland. He is very much on the screen. His latest picture is "Way Down East," which D. W. Griffith recently gave to the screen. He also had a prominent part in "The Idol Dancer." Where do you get that "Are all picture people evil?" You must be one of those people who believe everything they hear. There are just as fine folk in the motion-picture game as in any other profession.

MRS. F. MCG.—The editor is mailing you a copy of the "Market Booklet." No trouble at all.

MISS DEVONA L. R.—Mahlon Hamilton is married. He hasn't any children. He was born in Baltimore, Maryland. I think he would. Richard Barthelmess recently married Mary Hay, formerly with Ziegfeld's "Follies." She plays in the Griffith production "Way Down East." He was born in New York City in 1895. See addresses at the end of The Oracle.

MISS V. TARAS.—Jack Hoxie was born in Oklahoma. He was a cowboy before he decided upon a motion-picture career for a living. He was also a cowboy in motion pictures when he first started in the game. He is married. William Russell is an American. Yes, Tom Moore is divorced.

BLUE EYES.—Alice Lake is not married and never has been. She was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1897. Carlyle Blackwell has not died again—not even yet. He seems to be reported dead by the gossip mongers every month or so. Don't believe everything you hear. Wait until you read it in PICTURE-PLAY—then you can be sure it's right. Clara Kimball Young was born in Chicago, Illinois. She is not married. Anita Stewart has a home on Long Island. Her husband is Rudolph Cameron. Jack Mulhall was born in New York. Casson Ferguson was born in Alexandria, Louisiana, in 1891. His latest picture is "Madame X," in which he plays Pauline Frederick's son. He plays with different companies. His whole time is devoted to pictures.

M. E. W.—Alla Nazimova is the wife of Charles Bryant, her leading man and scenario writer. He played opposite her in "The Brat" and "An Eye For an Eye." She was born in Yalta, Crimea, Russia. She received her education at Zurich, Odessa, and a dramatic school at Moscow. She made her first stage appearance in New York City in 1906, presenting "Hedda Gabler," "A Doll's House," and "The Master Builder." Her first picture for the screen was "War Brides," in which she had previously scored a sensational success on the stage. William Farnum played in "Wolves of the Night." He is married.

THE RED BIRD.—Mary Pickford was featured in "Heart of the Hills." June Elvidge is not dead. There are several firms who sell portraits of the late Harold Lockwood. You will find your other questions already answered. Look at the end of this department for the addresses you want.

FRECKLES.—Perhaps he likes that type of story best. He has his own company. Wallace Reid has the magazine story "Always Audacious" for his latest picture. Wanda Hawley is married. She was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Mary Pickford has not left the screen, and doesn't intend to—for a while, at least. What do you mean by Harrison? Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture is "The Mollycoddle." You will find your other questions already answered.

MISS INQUISITIVE.—The women stars seem to be more popular than the male species, but it is a question whether they really are. The reason they may seem so is that most of the fans who write to the stars are women, and women are naturally most interested in women, in comparisons, et cetera. The box-office angle is the only way to tell for sure, and that shows that the women stars haven't anything on the men when it comes to bringing in the gold to the theater manager. Your list of favorite leading men includes mostly stars. The difference between stars and leads is that the star is the person featured, while the lead is just the head of the supporting cast and has to play second fiddle to the star. Mamaronck, New York, is where the Griffith studio is located. Lots of them take care of their own mail. He is about twenty years old. No, I don't think there is anything to that report. "Little Miss Rebellion" is the latest picture in which Ralph Graves supports Dorothy Gish.

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ELMAN C.—Antonio Moreno is not married. His full name is Antonio Garrido Montegudo Moreno. No wonder they call him "Tony" for short. You will find the answers to your other questions in the replies preceding yours.

SNORES.—All addresses at the end of this department. Marguerite Clark wore a wig in the picture "A Girl Named Mary." Jane and Katherine Lee have been appearing in a sketch in vaudeville and making a big hit. Constance Talmadge's latest picture for the First National is "Good References."

FUNNY FAN.—Roscoe Arbuckle has quit making two-reel slapsticks and is appearing in comedy dramas for Paramount. Buster Keaton, his picture protégé, is starring in comedies for Metro.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Wallace Reid, Thomas Meighan, Mabel Julienne Scott, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Davenport, Winifred Greenwood, Ethel Clayton, Gloria Swanson, Ann Little, Casson Ferguson, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Roberts, and Kathlyn Williams, at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Alla Nazimova, Alice Lake, May Allison, and Viola Dana, at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Antonio Moreno, Albert Ray, and Owen Moore at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

William S. Hart, at the W. S. Hart Studios, Hollywood, California.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Lottie Pickford, Mae Marsh, Jack Pickford, Rosemary Theby, Dustin Farnum, Niles Welch, Mahlon Hamilton, Milton Sills, Mary Thurman, Scena Owen, Bessie Barriscale, Monroe Salisbury, at the Bruntton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Edith Roberts, Priscilla Dean, Frank Mayo, Marie Watcamp, Elmo Lincoln, Eddie Polo, Eva Novak, Eileen Sedgwick, Jack Perrin, Al Russell, and Harry Carey, at Universal City, California.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Ralph Graves, Richard Barthelme, Creighton Hale, Carol Dempster, at Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, New York.

Wanda Hawley, at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Also Mary Miles Minter.

Norma, Constance, and Natalie Talmadge, Harrison Ford, Mildred Harris Chaplin, Anita Stewart, Katherine MacDonald, and Annette Kellermann, at the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, New York City.

Tom Mix, Kathleen O'Connor, William Russell, Gladys Brockwell, Shirley Mason, Mike Donlin, William Farnum, and Pearl White, at the Fox Film Corporation, New York City.

Jack Hoxie, Grace Cunard, at the National Film Corporation, Gower Street, Los Angeles, California.

Tom Moore, Mabel Normand, Cullen Landis, Helene Chadwick, at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Eugene O'Brien, Elaine Hammerstein, Conway Tearle, and Zene Keefe, at the Selznick Pictures Corporation, 728 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Dorothy Dalton, Billie Burke, Irene Castle, Mae Murray, and Elsie Ferguson, at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Doris Kenyon, care of Al Woods Theatrical Enterprises, New York City.

Charles Ray, Charles Ray Studios, Hollywood, California.

William Duane, Edith Johnson, Earle Williams, Pauline Curley, and Larry Semon, at the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California.

Alice Joyce, Corinne Griffith, and Gladys Leslie, at the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Marjorie Daw, at the Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, California.

William Desmond, Blanche Sweet, at the Jesse D. Hampton Studios, Los Angeles, California.

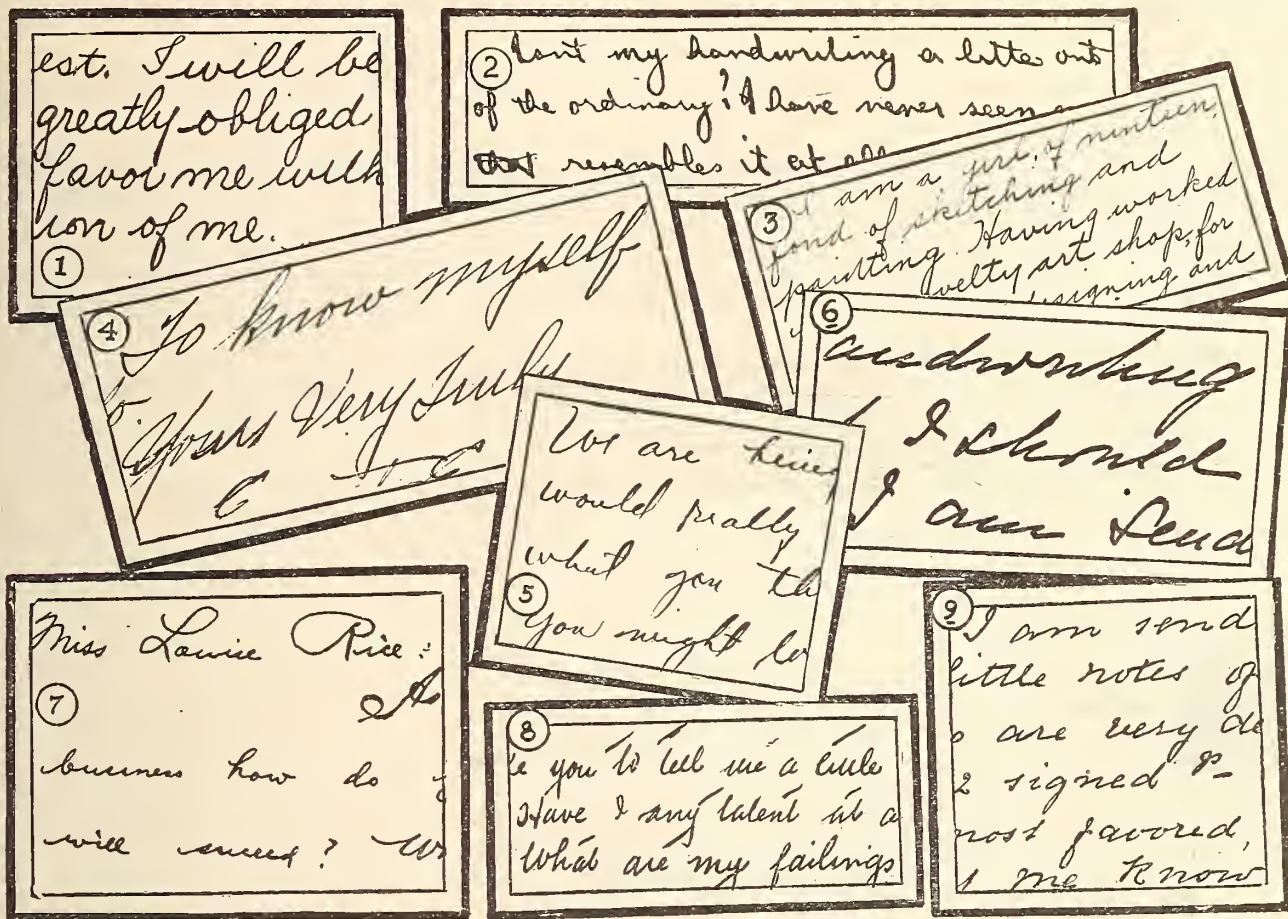
Harold Lloyd, at Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Dorothy de Vore, at the Christie Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Hobart Bosworth, Enid Bennett, and Doris May, at Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, and Harriett Hammond, at Sennett Studio, Edendale, California.

Any not listed here can be reached by sending your letter in care of the Mabel Condon Exchange, Hollywood, California, or through Willis & Inzlis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.



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Some of the many other big features you'll like in January PEOPLE'S are: "What She Had Done to Politics"—a study of the part played by women in their first presidential election; "The Fiction Burglar," an uproariously comic story by Roy W. Hinds, who is already familiar to PICTURE-PLAY readers; "Success Is Not Enough," by the famous Hugh S. Fullerton; "Body Building as a Fine Art," by H. Addington Bruce; the remarkable serial, "Ghosts," by Arthur Crabb; and an exceedingly useful scientific article on "Mastering Personal Appearance With Color," by Fred C. Kelly.

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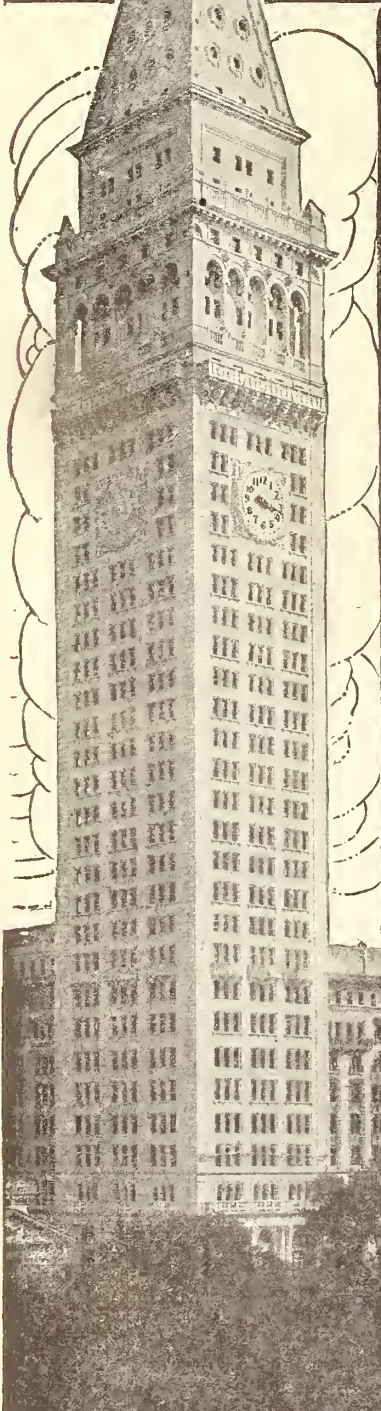
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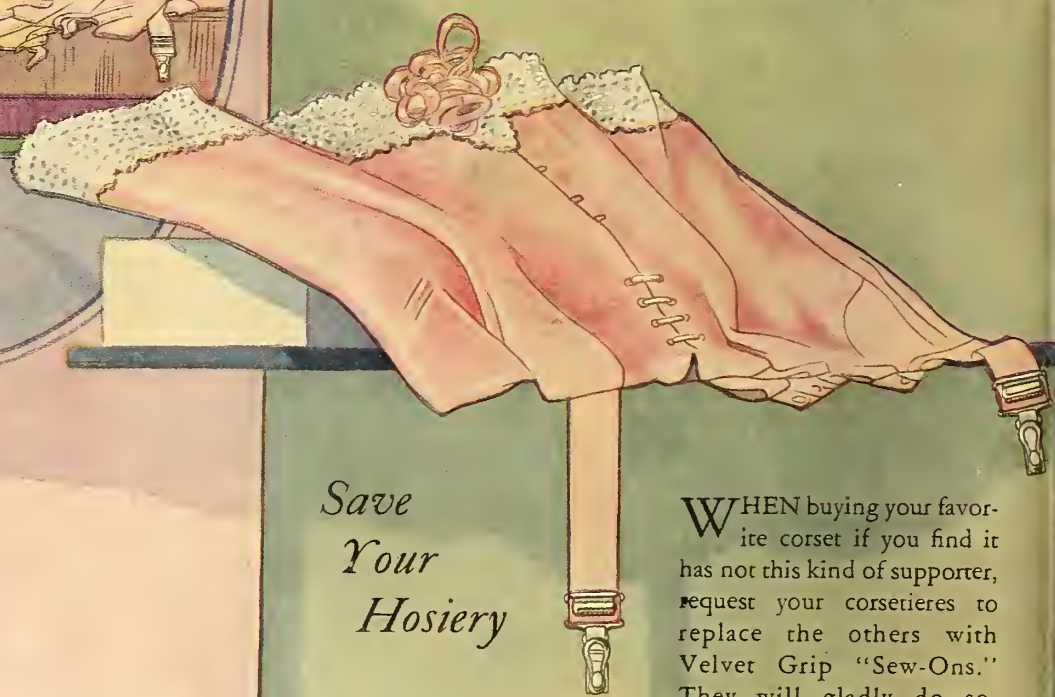
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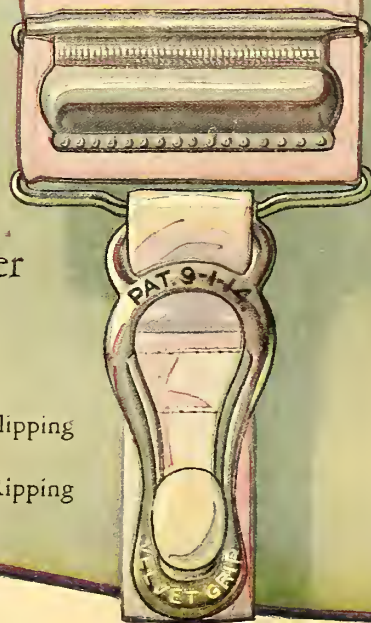
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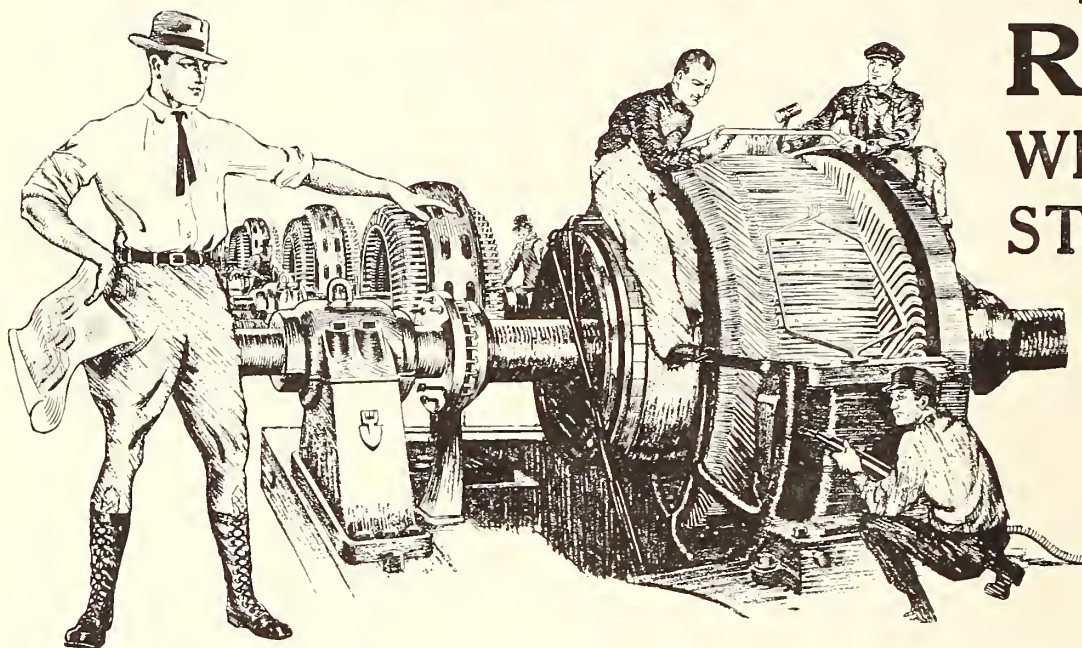
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Wallace Reid in
"Always Audacious"

*Enid Bennett in
"Her Husband's Friend"

Billie Burke in
"The Frisky Mrs. Johnson"

Bryant Washburn in
"Burglar Proof"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Idols of Clay"

Dorothy Dalton in
"A Romantic Adventuress"

Thomas Meighan in
"Conrad in Quest of His Youth"
A Wm. De Mille Production

Dorothy Gish in
"Flying Pat"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"Heliotrope"

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
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Bryant Washburn in
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Lois Weber's Production
"To Please One Woman"

Wm. S. Hart in
"The Testing Block"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

CONTINUED FROM FIRST COLUMN

*Enid Bennett in
"Silk Hosiery"

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"The Bait"
Starring Hope Hampton

Wallace Reid in
"The Charm School"

George Melford's Production
"The Jucklins"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Inside of the Cup"

Billie Burke in
"The Education of Elizabeth"

*Douglas MacLean in
"The Rookie's Return"

William De Mille's Production
"Midsummer Madness"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Paying the Piper"

Thomas Meighan in
"The Frontier of the Stars"
A Charles Maigne Production

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"Brewster's Millions"

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"The Ghost in the Garret"

Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"Forbidden Fruit"

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"Chickens"

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"The Passionate Pilgrim"

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"The Kentuckians"

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FAMOUS PLAYERS - LASKY CORPORATION

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A TRIP THROUGH EUROPE AND ITS FILM COLONIES

Conducted by Herbert Howe

This personally conducted tour will be taken by way of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, in our next issue, and every one of our readers is invited to attend.

DOUG AND MARY, YOU KNOW, are going abroad soon to do "The Three Musketeers" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and here is your chance to learn about what they will see in Europe, where the film industry is going ahead with great leaps and bounds.

IN THE SAME NUMBER

Ethel Sands will continue her "Adventures in Movieland," taking you with her through the Vitagraph studios, where she was the guest of Corinne Griffith, and where she saw and talked with other Vitagraph players.

H. C. WITWER

will tell you, in his own inimitable way, of what happened when he met Sessue Hayakawa.

Don't Fail to Get the March Issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William

Lord Wright

Keep Abreast of the Times

"Writing a story is one task, selling it is another, and neither is an easy matter; hence scenario writers of to-day have one of the most difficult jobs connected with the production of motion pictures," remarked Maurice Tourneur to Guy Price, an interviewer.

"That is putting it only mildly," the director continued. "A successful scenarioist, one who commands a high salary, and whose work is sought by big producers, must be cognizant of every new angle in production. To-day his script is timely, to-morrow it may be out of date. Changes are incessant. In its more than twenty-five years of existence, the photo play has raced for development, and advancement to-day is going ahead like a great snowball, gathering size and weight with every revolution. It is indeed a struggle to keep pace with it.

"Each department at every studio is endeavoring to give the world new and startling effects. Hence the writer who aspires to fame must keep track of what is being made, or his story will be outclassed by more observing writers.

"In order to reap the golden harvest in the scenario field the ambitious writer must keep his eye on every division of the industry. He must first know what is the popular type of picture, when such matter is wanted, and everything relative thereto. He must keep abreast of the times as regards current releases—good pictures as well as bad ones—and his study of the screen must embrace many and varied subjects.

"Never fear that your story will be stolen," he concluded. "Legitimate producers are not thieves. Misunderstandings occur occasionally. Almost identical thoughts are known to occur simultaneously in the minds of two persons in widely separated communities, with the result that plagiarism is charged, suits sometimes follow, and then embarrassments."

And the tyro may wonder just how he is going to keep abreast of the times so that his stories will not be outclassed by the more observing. He will do so by attending the picture theaters, not only for entertainment, but to study the types of stories, and the methods of presenting them; following, whenever he can, the motion-picture trade journals and magazines, in which will be found much beneficial material; by reading the daily newspapers; by a well-grounded knowledge of general literature. Mr. Tourneur's comments on the difficulty of selling are virtual repetitions

of what has been stated in this department. After the story has been written—no matter how good it is—there yet remains the selling problem. There are a few good brokers—not many—and there are several discerning scenario editors—this gender is not universal, either. If the editor *knows* a screen story when he sees one, not judging entirely from the story in hand, but being enabled to read with the *picture eye*, your sales troubles are greatly lessened. There are one or two producers, and editors, who seem to believe that no story ever written can be good unless it bears the name of some popular author, or unless it has appeared in a magazine or book. These people "pass the literary buck," forgetting that one day these popular authors were unknown authors. But there isn't enough material to go around, and, more and more, the studios are learning to rely on their own judgments. A majority of the leading directors have always relied on their own judgments. That is why they are leading directors.

QUESTIONS concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, when accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Beginners, however, are advised first to procure our "Guides for Scenario Writers," a booklet covering all the points on which beginners usually wish to be informed, which will be sent for ten cents. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with statements of the kinds of stories they want, may procure our Market Booklet for six cents. *Please note that we cannot read or criticize scripts.*

The Photo Play- wrights' League

The Photo
Playwrights'
League of
America, which
is described as a

protective and coöperative national association of scenario writers, has been incorporated for the following purpose:

"To protect its members from having story material stolen by unscrupulous producers or writers—to prosecute any such infringements and recover damages for its members; to market story material for a standard price; to demand recognition and proper screen and advertising credit for members whose stories are marketed through the league; to keep its members advised of all new markets and any changes in the existing ones; and to furnish any necessary information or guidance concerning the proper form in which to submit story material."

The headquarters of the organization is in Los Angeles. The "national organization" will take under its wing literary clubs and drama leagues located all over the country. Six years ago the Photo Play Authors' League was organized, and it died an untimely death. All members were furnished with large, gilt seals, which they pasted to their manuscripts when submitting said scripts to the editors. These seals were for "protection" and, it was also believed, for "prestige." Nearly all the writers of consequence belonged to it, but the league never accomplished much. Personally, I am inclined to doubt that there is really any occasion for an organization of that sort in this day and age. The market is reliable *if one sticks to the well-known con-*

Continued on page 10



Mae Murray and David Powell in "Idols of Clay," a Paramount Picture
A GEORGE FITZMAURICE PRODUCTION

The thrill that the movie millions love!

THE fascination of the photoplay has reached into every nook and corner of human life throughout the Universe! It enthralled one and all—children from seven to seventy! Men and women in all walks of life, the high and the humble, the poor, the middle class, the rich—the toiler and the man of ease, the woman of fashion and the shop girl, the lady of leisure and the woman who works—the clerk, the conductor, the lawyer, the doctor, the broker, the banker—all intermingle and sit side by side at the Movies! All are swayed by the same feelings as they watch the film's rapid picturizations of the Moving Finger of Fate—as they even see things pictured that have happened in their own lives, or the lives of their friends—so the movie screen is The World's Looking Glass, wherein it sees reflected all its own emotions!

Yes, all the world goes to the Movies! All humanity wants its thrill! Thousands of Movie shows in thousands of cities daily, nightly, are packed with throngs of eager people with a keen appetite for realism, romance, tragedy, pathos, humor—they want to see and feel every human emotion it is possible to portray!

AND all this Movie madness sweeping the world has revealed startling things! Do you know one strange thing the Movies have done? THEY HAVE PRODUCED THOUSANDS OF PROMISING NEW PLAYWRIGHTS—men and women photoplay writers who get their ideas merely from seeing photoplays night after night!

These people not only produce wonderful scenarios, construct vivid plots, weave romantic, tragic, serio-comic or humorous situations, but they also write many of the wonderful little magazine stories you read. For to learn the one thing automatically teaches you to do the other. And now the big rush is on! So many men and women are beginning to write photoplays successfully! IT REALLY ISN'T HARD TO LEARN TO WRITE A PHOTOPLAY—IT REALLY ISN'T HARD TO LEARN TO WRITE A STORY! It's

no longer a mystery. *The secret's out! And hosts of bright people are eagerly taking advantage of it and learning how!* With the right instruction, they become thrilled and fascinated by the lure of scenario writing, and eagerly concentrate all energies on it at every opportunity—for the scenario and magazine editors are ever calling for more plays and stories—more and more are needed daily, weekly, as more photoplay houses are built, and more film companies organized—and wider grows the fascination of the photoplay.

SO right here is your big, vital, gripping, romantic opportunity—in an irresistible profession that carries with it a world of surprising new possibilities, that lifts you up to new honors, new environment, fine friends, exalted purpose, and the admiration of all your family and fellowmen. YOU may learn to write photoplays and stories—yes, you! YOU who have always doubted you could—YOU who thought it was some mythical, mysterious magic that only geniuses dare attempt.

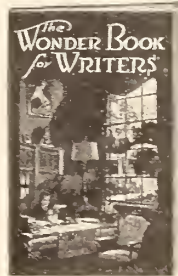
All the ideas, all the material, all the suggestions, the spur to your imagination, you can get at the Movies, by a method described in a wonderful New Easy System of Story and Play Writing published at Auburn, New York. It is called THE IRVING SYSTEM and is for the millions who go to the Movies and want to learn how to write photoplays and stories. In a word, THE IRVING SYSTEM is for you.

It teaches you: How to attend the Movies and adapt scenes, incidents, motives, titles, characters to your own purposes and plans for photoplays; it shows you how easily you may get ideas for photoplays every time you go to a picture play; how to switch around any play and make it a realistic story totally unlike the one from which you adapted it; how to take characters you see in any picture and reconstruct them for your own photoplay; how you can easily rebuild any plot you see; how simple it is to revise and rebuild

dialogue; how to begin writing photoplays in the easiest, simplest, surest way; how to demonstrate to yourself it doesn't take genius to write them, but plain common sense and earnest effort.

The wonderful Irving System also shows you how to make an interesting test of your own ability after the next photoplay you see; how to familiarize yourself quickly with every rule of writing photoplays; how to learn all of the interesting terms used in photoplay production, such as close-up, semi-close-up, iris and dissolve, masks, visions, the lap-dissolve, double exposure, the flash, reverse-action, and many others; how to quicken your own imagination; how to spur your ability to adapt ideas from plays you see; how to lift yourself out of the rut of life and do something fascinating as well as profitable; how to develop all the finest and best there is in you—how to win your way to public recognition; how to thrill and enthuse thousands; how to take the short cut to success!

SO to get you started on the Road to Realization, The Authors' Press, originators of the Irving System, are going to present to you absolutely free the most enchanting illustrated book you ever read, called "THE WONDER BOOK FOR WRITERS," and filled with many things that will be good news to you—revelations, information, ideas, helps, hints, and pictures—pictures of Movie stars, scenario writers, authors, photoplay studio scenes—that will thrill you with all the possibilities that play writing holds for you.



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cerns; authors, thanks mainly to the hard battle waged in pioneer days by Epes Sargent, Arthur Leeds, Giles R. Warren, "Pop" Hoadley, Frank E. Woods, and "Bill" Wing, have poster and screen credit, and prices these days are very satisfactory.

Everything in a Name

One of our readers sold a story for the screen. The story was picturized and appeared under an entirely different title from the one original with the author. In his letter the author complains that the name was changed to "one no better;" that he nearly missed seeing his beloved plot on the screen because it was exploited under a different main title, et cetera.

Be glad to sell your story and complain not if the main title is changed. There is everything in naming a photo play. To the minds of many shrewd showmen the main title is almost as important as the plot itself. By the name many judge a photo play. They run down the amusement columns of the newspapers trying to reach a decision as to what theater to attend. To many the name is the deciding factor. The name on posters, in theater lobby display, and elsewhere, is important. It is a fact that a main title with sex appeal will bring in business; notwithstanding the fact that there is nothing at all improper or offensive in the picture inside. "Play-things of Passion" reaped a harvest for the picture producers who put out an average picture under a startling title. With the original title, which had been an ordinary one, the picture would have enjoyed doubtful success; under the new caption it cashed in. Of course, the rule of changing titles does not always apply. The name of a well-known book or of a serial appearing in a magazine of wide circulation should not be changed for the reason that the story has had previous advertising value. The same rule applies to the name of a stage play that has been transplanted to the motion-picture screen. And then again, there are rare exceptions as to this latter rule. Mary Pickford changed the name of "'Op o' My Thumb" to "The Duchess of Suds," and later changed the latter title to plain "Suds." "The Duchess of Suds," in my opinion—and I have named half a hundred motion-picture plays—is a better title than just "Suds," and had "The Duchess of Suds" been coupled with "'Op o' My Thumb" in all exploitation, more so than was the case, it would have had larger foreign export value. Titles like "The Garden of Allah," "The Crisis," "The Light of Western Stars," et cetera, are names unchanged on the screen, because they were previously made famous in book and stage life. But the trite, stereotyped titles must go into the discard. No matter what the author or the editor or the director thinks, the sales force and the exhibitor comprise the court of last resort, for they have to sell and exhibit the production, and they should rightly know what the public will "fall" for. And then another exception comes to mind: Pathé made over the old stage play, "The Lyons Mail," into a Western with Frank Keenan as the star. Jack Cunningham, the scenario writer, called the new story, "The Sierras of the Sixties." It was a tale of California in 1866. The sales force objected to the title, claiming it too fanciful. The name was changed to "The Midnight Stage." The writer believes yet that it was a mistake, and that the new name, smacking somewhat of the penny dreadful, did not do full justice to one of the finest photo plays of Western life ever screened, and, undoubtedly, the best screen characterization that Mr. Frank Keenan ever attempted.

And so, you authors who object to having the titles of your photo-play stories changed, will perceive, I

hope, that it is a great question, and that the writer who has the name of his story retained just as he thought of it, is indeed a lucky individual!

Too Much of It

From the letters the editor of this department received, many writers, particularly those of college education, are prone to look with disdain upon the art of writing for the motion pictures, despite the fact that they are always ready to accept the money of the picture producer. It is to certain well-known authors that we must attribute the mistaken ideas so prevalent regarding the business and artistic ideas of the motion-picture magnate. Four or five years ago certain well-known writers of fiction were ridiculing the motion-picture producer on the one hand and writing him begging letters on the other hand. Many stories were related with great gusto and high glee in "literary circles" at the expense of most of the movie manufacturers, most of these jokes hinging on their lack of literary education.

There was the story of the movie magnate who accepted the story called "Venus," and when told that the characters included a lot of stars, demanded why a lot of stars were to be utilized in one picture, when one star could play the lead in each of half a dozen productions.

There was the story about the movie manufacturer, who after being told by his scenario editor that they were considering one of Charles Dickens' best stories for a feature, proudly informed every one that Charles Dickens was now on his staff.

Then there was the story of the head of a movie concern who, proud of the fact that he had made early pictures on the Pacific Coast, denied the fact that Balboa discovered the Pacific, stating that "That Balboa bunch did nothing of the kind; I discovered the Pacific Coast myself."

The good old standbys can be remembered at length, but from the inside knowledge of the editor of this department the movies were a godsend to many of the "six best sellers," giving them exploitation, adding value to the fiction workers' output, and virtually making fame and fortune for a galaxy of second-rate novelists.

Even at the time certain authors were ridiculing the movie makers they were writing letters to these same movie people offering their wares for sale at five hundred dollars. Then later, when prices soared, several came out in articles claiming that they had been "victimized" when they sold their offerings so cheaply. It was the movie manufacturer who took a chance when he bought the authors' works five or six years ago, not the author who offered his output at any old price.

And to-day those authors so ready to pose as disdainful of the movie market, never write a story without one eye on its motion-picture capabilities. Most of the fiction of to-day is so written that it can be easily converted into a picture play. This is beneficial to the reader, too, for the reader is getting action in his fiction as well as on the screen.

There was a well-known poet who condescended to write titles for a feature film which Director George Fitzmaurice made. The poet was world famous, and Fitzmaurice naturally concluded that the poet's name would add class, and that certain word paintings needed would be exceptionally excellent coming from a talented pen. The poet took the original titles, went into seclusion, finally emerged with nothing at all. The titling department and "Fitz" did the work. This just goes to show that every man to his trade and that the movie art is as difficult as other arts.

Continued on page 12

He Made the World Blush for Shame!

Upon the stage of a complacent world stepped Brann the Iconoclast. He looked about him at the tragi-comedy of life. He beheld the monstrous idols of Sham and Hypocrisy enthroned in the temple, where a gullible people bent their knees in worship. He saw Fraud elevated to a high place while none dared raise a voice in protest. He gazed upon the great god Greed whose slightest bidding sent a million slaves scurrying on his nefarious errands. He viewed the gilded effigy of Virtue erected by the guilty in token of their innocence. He peered behind the painted scenes and saw the squalid misery of the helpless—looked into the hearts of men and saw a nest of lies . . . then he drew aside the curtain of convention and revealed an ory of sin And the heart of Brann grew bitter, and into his eye crept the red fires of wrath then, as the blinding flash of lightning, as the rending crash of thunder, Brann struck—struck with the pent-up fury of a demon, struck with the ruthless purpose of an avenging angel. The structures of society shook, the towers of hypocrisy tottered, the castles of convention crumbled. The white heat of his passion consumed like fire—devoured the tawdry trappings of tinsel, and the false draperies of Virtue fell in ashes. . . . Above the fiery ruins, above the blackened wreckage, the resplendent figure of Truth stood revealed in blinding nakedness—shining with a radiance too bright for human eyes and the world blushed for shame.



NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME The Complete Writings of BRANN, the ICONOCLAST

A Hint of Brann

Brief Extracts From
Brann's Writings

The Breach of Promise Fraud

"The Woman who inveigles some poor old fool—perhaps old enough to be her father—into calling her his tootsie-wootsie over his own signature, then brings suit for breach of promise—or the seventh commandment; who exhibits her broken heart to the judge and jury and demands that it be patched up with Uncle Sam's illuminated anguish plasters; who plays the adventress, then poses in the public prints as an injured innocent—sends a good reputation to join a bad character in hope of momentary reward—well, she too may be legally honest; but it's just as well to watch her; for no woman worth powder to blow her to perdition ever did or ever will carry such a case into court. When a woman's heart is really hurting her money is not going to help it; when she's truly sorry for her sin she tells her troubles to the Lord instead of to policeman and reporters."

ON PROHIBITION

"There is not a single plea put forth by the Prohibits that will stand analysis—not one. Some men go crazy because of 'red-eye,' and more because of religion. Shall we, therefore, knock in the heads of our barrels and burn our Bibles? If there were no liquor there would be no drunkards, and if there were no wealth there would be no robbers. If there were no food there would be no gourmands, and if there were no offices there'd be no Jim Crow politicians. If there were no gold there'd be no 'reserve fund' and if there were no women there'd be no rape-fiends. If there were no water nobody would be drowned, so I move that we abolish that favorite drink of donkey. The crying need of this country is a gold-cure for the Prohibition craze."

Those who knew Brann, the Iconoclast—those tens of thousands who read his writings in the dim past—will hail this announcement with unbounded enthusiasm. For to them Brann needs no introduction. No one who has ever read a single paragraph of Brann's will ever forget his wizardry of words, his unflinching courage, his magic of expression. Heretofore only two small volumes of Brann's writings were available. Thousands clamored for them—and then wrote the publishers for more. Alas, the balance of Brann's writings seemed lost. But recently the entire recorded writings of Brann, the Iconoclast, were uncovered in his old home at Waco, Texas. And now they have been placed in 12 handsome volumes—3800 pages. Brann lives again. His flaming spirit will again startle the world.

All the Fire and Magic From the Pen of the Wizard of Words

When Brann struck, the world gasped in amazement. The guilty discovered in their crime, struggled hopelessly to escape—the wicked, exposed in their shame, hung their heads with dishonor. Society was startled, shocked, astounded. They tried to stop him—the press, the pulpit, the rich, the powerful attempted to check his tempestuous course. But nothing could quench the fierce flame of independence that burned within his breast—nothing could daunt the spirit that knew no fear, no compromise, no retreat. In Brann's hand a pen became an instrument of destruction that wrought the crashing havoc of a cyclone—again it became as a scourge of scorpions that flayed to the raw—or again it was a gleaming rapier that pierced swiftly, cleanly, fatally. Sometimes it was a harpoon with a hundred prongs of wit and satire and humor—sometimes it became a pliant brush that painted pictures of pure beauty. It could be rough as a wild beast's claw, or gentle as a mother's caress, portentous as the voice of doom, or light as the play of love, solemn as the pronouncement of judgment, or sparkling as the soul of wit. And now you may have all that Brann wrote—without sending a penny in advance.

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- Speaking of Gall
- A Sacred Leg Show
- Satan Loosed for a Season
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- A Voice from the Grave
- The Mouth of Hell
- The American Middle Man
- A Disgrace to Civilization
- Some Cheerful Liars
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- The Typical American Town
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- Coining Blood into Boodie
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- Hunting for a Husband
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- English As She is Spoke
- Favorite Falschoods
- Garters and Amen Grains
- The Gold Brick Game
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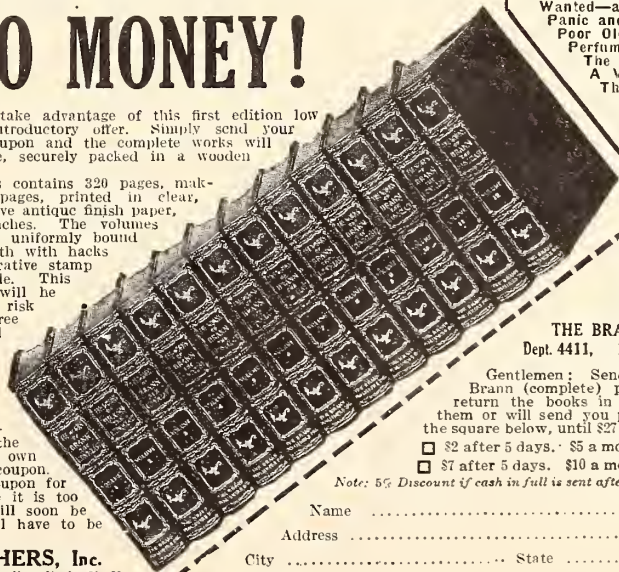
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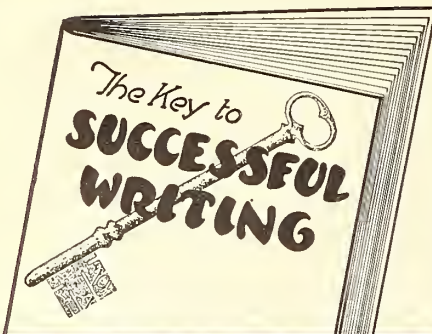
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Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 10

Not all literary workers have disdained motion pictures. The majority of the writers have cooperated. But to the few even to this day that ridicule motion pictures and their makers, and yet cater to the movie market, well—the less said the soonest mended.

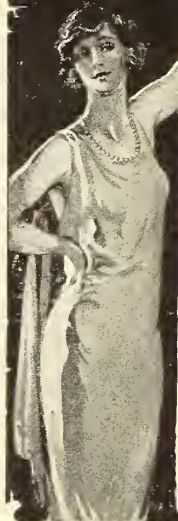
Don't "Borrow"

When you run across an old magazine in the attic, which carries a story you have never seen on the screen, whose copyright you think is long since expired, and you think the plot, worked over, will make you a good offering for the pictures—well, don't borrow it. Stick to your own originality and do not lean on some one else's imagination. Readers now employed in the scenario departments are widely read, and through long practice usually can detect borrowings. And if you are once detected or suspected of taking the ideas of others and reworking them, you might as well forget the art of picture-play writing. You are blacklisted. And even if you should sell a "borrowed" story, and it were produced, some one would be *sure* to recognize where it came from, and to tell the editor who bought it. One of the most talented of continuity writers has gotten nowhere because of his propensity for filching the work of others. No matter how good this author's work may be, a subtitle or a scene or an action is sure to develop that has appeared in old film releases, or in some novel or short story. As a consequence this author suffers. I have referred to this writer before as a man who submitted a story to me once which I liked and would have purchased had he had a good reputation. But, after a consultation with the producer with whom I was associated, we decided that it was not worth taking a chance on.

As to Westerns

Recently we told you that Western stories, about the gunmen, the wagon trains, the gold seekers, et cetera, were drugs on the foreign market. Yet editorial friends inform me that the Western plot is preponderate in the mails. *Don't write them.* They are not good for export. The exportation of American movies is a big and lucrative business, and stuff not good for export will not be purchased.

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What the Fans Think

On different subjects concerning the screen, as revealed by letters selected from our mail pouch.

A Word in Behalf of Holland.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I want to say a word for my own country, that I never see reproduced on the screen in the States—Holland.

Pardon my egotism, but where can more beautiful scenery be found? Where more beautiful, more picturesque, and more colorful people?

Der Nederlanden is noted for its landscape, but never do you a picture see wherein its beauties are enfolded. Why?

Why does not some producer tell a story of us? It does not have to be of the wooden-shoe Dutch fisher. The Hague is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world. We have stores that rival Fifth Avenue and the Champs Elysées; our *Klanerstraat*, with its bright restaurants and goodly crowds thronging in from Germany, France, and the British Isles. Go into North Holland and see the children with hair like the sun playing by the canals.

The Dutch have romance, too. You should see the Minas and the Haans by the side of the mill, a-skating on the Grand Canal.

Please, Mr. American Producer, do not forget the Hollander.

WILHELMINA BOK—Rotterdam, Holland.

What the Small Town Thinks About It.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE:

I have just discovered something about myself. I am intellectually inferior. My power of appreciation is nil. Why? Because I live in a small town.

Griffith and Fox have just made the announcement that two of their latest and biggest productions will be shown in none but the largest theaters in the largest cities until 1923. When that time comes, the insignificant population of the smaller cities will be allowed to view the holy works.

Press-agentism it may be. It may also be the truth. It is quite possible that it may be either, both, or neither. In any event, there can be only two effects which such an announcement can have on a small-town resident.

One effect was voiced by a young lady who said the other day, after reading the disconcerting announcement. "Oh, I'm just crazy to see 'Way Down East!'" And many fans will think similarly; then the press agents will smile. The other portion of the fans will be somewhat adverse to paying a high price to see a photoplay two years old when there is something else in town much newer, cheaper, and perhaps just as enjoyable. That class of persons will say: "Go to that old thing? Why, everybody has forgotten all about that long ago! I'm going to see Dick Barthelmess in a new one." And who can blame them?

The motive behind this plan is evident: the producers want to create an intense desire to see the photoplay on the part of the people who are now deprived of it, so that when it comes to town they will tear down the theater getting in. But it is not an easy matter to dictate to the American people what they can see and what they cannot. I say the American people because America isn't confined to New York alone; it is spread

out all over the country. The masters of the world of films will find it a hard task to become masters of the world of fans. And there is one thing they should never forget: that public favor, like love, is a proud beggar. It will not plead for long.

The action taken by these two film magnates is absurdity itself. It is nothing more or less than "the public be damned"—and the "damned" made public. The great majority of film fans do not live in New York or San Francisco or Chicago or all of them together. They live in the hundreds of Higginsvilles and the scores of Elwoods. It is plainly a case of trying to play to the grand stand, but in their excitement of having done something good these producers are performing to the bleachers.

It may be that they are working on the old saying that New York makes or breaks a production. It was this fear of making or breaking that kept Galli-Curci from the great metropolis. The difference between "Way Down East" and Galli-Curci is that there is but one of the latter, but scores of the former. It would be as absurd for the phonograph people to say, "Galli-Curci's records will be sold in none but the very largest stores in the very greatest cities until several years have passed."

Isn't it rather ungrateful, Mr. Griffith, after the use of your method of "trying it out on the dog?" If you followed your regular tactics, you went to some out-of-the-way hamlet with your masterpiece, you stationed note takers here and there in the audience, you had them jot down comments heard during the showing of the pictures, and you revised your product according to the comments. *According to the comments of small-town people.* Then you carried your great work to New York, placed a price of ten dollars a seat on the premier performance, and denied it to the people who *helped* you make the picture. You deny them the pleasure of seeing the old stars they like to see and the new ones they want to see. You decide to show your *helpers* the pictures after the old stars are forgotten and the new stars are old. It isn't fair!

And if the dog wasn't given the opportunity to yelp at "Way Down East," you have the memory of the great successes of "The Birth of a Nation" and "Hearts of the World" to keep you awake at nights. That is, if—

But the small-town folk are glad. They are glad that some one has produced something which is so magnificent and splendid that it is past their stunted minds to comprehend. Glad because those persons who by chance live in a larger city have the brain power and appreciation for qualification to view the master work; yea, even the chimney sweeps and the sewer diggers in those large cities are their betters! Glad because, after the picture has cooled and been forgotten, they will be allowed to view, at a prohibitive price, a picture made once upon a time by somebody they have forgotten about.

When the small town at last has the opportunity to see "Way Down East" it will look upon it as it looks upon the aged Chaplins—it will go see a new one.

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Because she was perfectly happy and healthy in mind and body, she was never melancholy, never over-tired. Always she radiated that magnetic force the world calls charm. From the many suitors who surrounded her, she chose the man she loved. The care of children and a household, that came with the years, never dimmed her radiant charm.

She filled her place in the world joyfully and efficiently, and kept her youthful spirits and vigor all her life.

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The secret is not a rigorous course of treatment or of tiresome exercise. It is a simple, easy and delightful way to *live* which works wonders in a short time. It develops the full force of your personality, mental and physical. By following a few simple directions, you will find yourself becoming serene, well-poised, alert, as well as healthier, happier and more charming every day.

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So he tore up the note and swore he would never reform again. He would steal Jim out of slavery, he would—and if he could think up anything worse, he'd do that too. As long as he was going to hell anyway, he might as well make it worth while.

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For who would suppose that Griffith would remain idle for two years—and who would suppose he would use the same tactics with every picture that he is using with his latest?

Well, if there is a new Griffith in town at the same time that "Way Down East" plays, I'll go to see the new one. I have no taste for ancient history.

FREDERICK C. DAVIS—St. Joseph, Missouri.

From a Friend in the Philippines.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Nothing rave over my mind now a days as to write an appreciation of Elsie Ferguson. Perhaps no other star please me so well as she. She is my dearest star, my always beloved Elsie. When I see her name in electric lights, it means gaiety for me. We are always, sophisticated, gasping for more Ferguson productions. "Eyes of the Soul" is her latest picture we have seen here.

As to Elsie Ferguson, she is what the poets termed the "Uncrowned Queen." She is slender with all her human charms. She is dainty, delicate, and elusive. The sweet waves of her beautiful hair reminds me of the sweet charms of music, her distinguished beauty reminds me of beautiful women as Mary Stuart and Heloise, whom the poets have dedicated so many of their long love poems. And her smiles reminds me of "love" with all its caresses. I do not exaggerate when I say she is the most accomplished emotional actress of the screen, neither do I, when I say she is the most beautiful, not only beautiful, but charmingly beautiful. Surely, it is Elsie Ferguson who made the movies worth while to me.

CARLOS BERNABE—Manila, P. I.

The Stars Should Send Their Photos!

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

In last month's issue of your magazine I read with interest the article entitled "Letter-Writing Lunacy." I would like the star to know what the fans think in regard to this matter. I do not think it unreasonable to ask a star to send a photograph, in view of the fact that we support the stars' popularity by going to see them regularly. If it were not for the following that the stars have, they would not receive the enormous salaries that they are reported to receive, and in view of the fan's interest in the star, I think that they should be willing and glad to send the fan a picture. Of course, it would be unreasonable to expect a large, autographed photo without sending a remittance to cover this expense, but a small photo, not necessarily autographed, should, I think, be sent free of charge to a fan who has sent in a sensible letter to a star.

G. R. O.—Evansville, Indiana.

Concerning Our Screen Heroes.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

You seem to receive a good many letters about the handsome heroes who appear each month in a picture just like last month's and who, although they are good to look at, have comparatively little acting ability. Now I want to say something about the men whom I consider the best actors on the screen. They are, first, John Barrymore; second, Bert Lytell; and, third, Richard Barthelmess. They are all three good-looking, but they are also fine actors. John Barrymore, in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," set a standard in acting for the screen which has never been reached before or since. Bert Lytell was good in "Boston Blackie" and "Alias

Jimmy Valentine," but in "The Right of Way" and "The Price of Redemption" his acting was second only to Mr. Barrymore's. And any one who has seen Richard Barthelmess in "Broken Blossoms," "Scarlet Days," or "The Idol Dancer," agrees that he, too, is one of our best screen actors. Let us hope he will keep up the good work after he has left Mr. Griffith and continue playing character parts instead of the usual juvenile leads.

Of course, they are not the only motion-picture actors I like—I always enjoy seeing Thomas Meighan, Douglas McLean, Gaston Glass, and lots of others—but I think that those three have given something real to the screen. John Barrymore, especially, is absolutely wonderful. JOAN HARCOURT—Chicago, Illinois.

Aunt Betsy Speaks Her Mind.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I wish the producers would begin featuring the names of all of the important members of their casts instead of just the name of the star, for oftentimes there are several in the cast who can put the star out of sight. In "Other Men's Wives" Holmes E. Herbert put the leading man, Forrest Stanley, entirely in the shade. In "The Round Up," Edward Sutherland scored heavily, though he was not mentioned when the picture was advertised. In "Humoresque," Vera Gordon carried off the honors. In "Soldiers of Fortune," Philo McCullough stood out strongly, though not mentioned in the cast, and so on. I am tired of these everlasting stars.

AUNT BETSY—New Haven, Connecticut.

High Praise for Norma Talmadge.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I noticed a very interesting letter in the September number of your magazine from "A Nazimovite."

The writer evidently is a sincere worshiper of Nazimova, and shows good taste by being one.

However, I beg to differ with the writer in one regard. I confess that the late Olive Thomas would have been quite lost in the rôle of "The Brat" and Mary Pickford would certainly be quite at sea as Eve. Norma Talmadge, however, would most assuredly not be lost in the rôle of Joline in "Revelation."

I do not mean to say that I don't appreciate Nazimova's artistic ability, but I do mean to say that I consider Norma Talmadge the very finest and most capable actress on the screen to-day, with absolutely no exceptions.

CHARLOTTE NAS—Richmond, Virginia

In Defense of Dorothy Gish.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

After reading the "fan" letters to you for many months in your magazine, I have decided to voice my opinion regarding Dorothy Gish. There are so many people everlastingly making fun of her, and I am writing in protest. One evening while viewing my idol at the movies, I overheard two girls remark about Dot being a "nut," also a few other unkind remarks. I should not have permitted myself to take heed of such shallow views, yet it hurt me deeply to hear my favorite silversheet queen being slandered and accused of being insane. That is only one instance of quite a few I hear. Clever little Dot has just as much right to exercise her talent as any other actress, and I defy any of the "ingénue" types to attempt even the rôles peppy Dot takes. Some people must be ardent pessimists when they can't get a laugh out of Dot's

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antics. I would like to see more letters on this subject.
A GIRL from Homestead, Pennsylvania.

From a Serial Fair.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I saw two letters to the editor in the December PICTURE-PLAY which I do not agree with. The one says Mary Pickford can play "kid" parts better than any one else. I think that Lillian Gish plays them better than Mary does.

The other letter, which I object to much more, says that Edith Johnson can never be good in serials because she is too timid. Any one who sees her act on the screen doesn't know what he is talking about when he says that. She does lots of things that timid people would not do. I am a serial fan, too, and have a great many favorites among the serial stars; but, next to Pearl White, I think Edith Johnson is the best.

ANOTHER SERIAL FAN—Tiffin, Ohio.

Straight from the Heart.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I often read "What the Fans Think," and now I want to write about what I think.

I think Theda Bara is the darlings, sweetest, and best "vamp" in the whole wide world. I just idolize her. But I wish she wouldn't play those vampire roles. To me she seems far too pure and good. Maybe it is silly of me to think so, as I don't know much about her, yet there is something about her that makes me think so.
THEDA'S WORSHIPER.

More Movie Myths

By Agnes Smith

That all tears shed on the screen are really glycerine.

That all emotional actresses have black hair.

That blond hair and blue eyes are a sign of innocence.

That a woman under five feet six inches in height never grows up, emotionally or mentally.

That all men with noble hearts and high ideals are handsome.

That all fine ethical points may be settled by a fist fight.

That no good ever comes of a city girl moving to the city.

That all actresses live in cute little bungalows and go horseback riding every morning.

That all directors have mean dispositions.

That all vampires are nice girls off the screen and good to their mothers.

That all villains are happily married.

That no star is as young as she says she is.

That all men and women starring teams are secretly married.

That Constance Talmadge is engaged.

That all press agents are liars.

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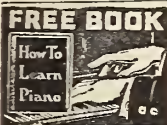
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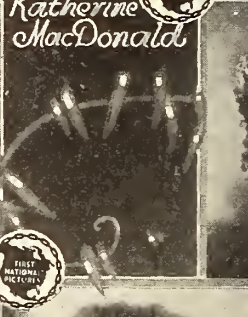
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Mrs Carter De Haven



Pola Negri

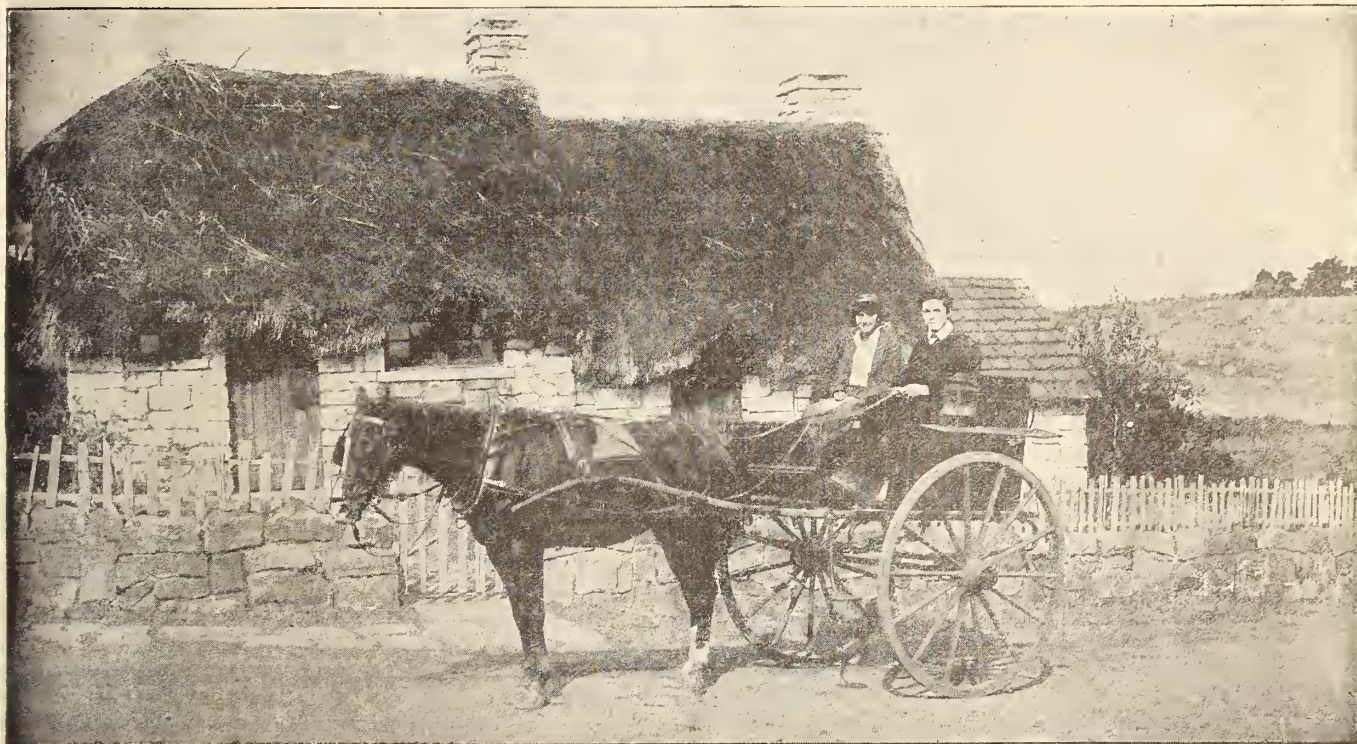


Charles Chaplin



Carter De Haven

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FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES



A Girl's Adventures in Movieland

The first installment of a real fan's experiences in discovering the world behind the screen.

By Ethel Sands

IT'S funny how things will be just going on in a drab sort of fashion, and then all of a sudden something wonderful will happen, that simply changes your whole life. That was the way with me; I'd been going to school and reading library books and spending my allowance on tickets to the movies—and then right out of a clear sky came a letter from the editor of PICTURE-PLAY, saying that he'd been interested in the letters I'd written to the magazine, and that he'd decided that I was a typical fan. And he went on to say that he'd like to have me come to New York and go to the different studios, meeting the stars, seeing how pictures are made—all that sort of thing—and then write down my impressions of what I saw for PICTURE-PLAY.

Well, you can imagine how excited I was. Think of it—I'd been going to pictures all my life, and had read everything I could get about them; in fact, I'd done everything that a fan can do, but as for really *seeing* the stars, why, that was beyond my wildest dreams. It was like having somebody offer

me a million dollars, or give me three wishes, or any of the things they do in fairy stories. I just almost burned up with excitement. And when I went down to the post office to mail my letter to the editor I

couldn't help being sort of surprised to find the stores all open and everybody going along just the way they always do. It seemed as if the whole town should have been changed.

My adventures began a few days later. The first thing the editor had arranged for me after my arrival was a trip to see the village that had been built down on Long Island for "Sentimental Tommy." Louise Williams, who writes for PICTURE-PLAY, and who went with me on all my trips, took me up to the Famous Players-Lasky offices in New York—and

really, a fan has no idea how much there is to the movie business. Those big offices, with the rows of desks, and men and women all so busy, some cutting clippings out of newspapers, some writing, others telephoning or looking over pictures from the different

Would You Have Felt This Way?

"Didn't I get an attack of stage fright! I felt the way Charlie Ray acts in his pictures. It was terrible. I'd always wished for an opportunity to tell some player how much I enjoyed his screen work, and here I was, sitting in a little rig they used in the pictures, with a perfectly handsome leading man to talk to, and it seemed so unreal that I acted like a dummy. I just couldn't talk."

That's how one fan felt at first meeting a star. And if you read all of her story you'll find that her impressions and feelings—which might have been yours—were quite different from those of other writers in many ways.

Next to a personal trip through the studios, we know of no more vivid way of peeping behind the screen than by following this series.

productions—it all seemed so businesslike, making you realize that motion pictures are a large industry as well as an entertainment.

I was introduced to several press agents, who really were good-looking enough to make you wonder why they weren't taking leading parts in pictures themselves. I'd heard of press agents, of course, and had always wondered what they did; now I've decided that they do just about everything. They write stories about their stars, give out all sorts of information, send pictures to the papers and magazines, act as guides around their studios—in fact, it always seemed to be the press agent that did things for us, I found.

Pretty soon a young man they said was the studio press agent, who was to take charge of us, arrived and led us downstairs to a spacious limousine, and we piled in and sped off. I felt like some important star myself, and I kept wondering what my fellow fans back home would say if they could see me speeding up Park Avenue—right past the apartment house where Norma Talmadge lives—in grand style. It made me just gasp when I thought of all the times I've sat out in front, ever since the days when they showed pictures to entertain

between the acts of stage plays, and of how I've gone through all the stages of imitating the stars, having crushes on my favorites, writing letters to them, and collecting photos; to think of how long I've been just a regular fan, and then to have this chance to meet the people I've raved about!

The people with me were talking about them just as if they were regular people; the press agent—Mr. McFarland, who was *very* polite and nice—was telling about a fight they'd had at the studio a few nights before, for a picture of Constance Binney's, and how they'd turned fire hose on the men who were fighting, and kept them there all night; apparently he didn't think it was anything to get excited over. Miss Williams asked who'd be working at the Famous Players studio later in the week, and he named a lot of stars—Tommy Meighan, Alice Brady, Constance Binney, Dorothy Dalton, and Billie Burke—it simply took my breath away. You'd have thought they were just ordinary people, he was so casual about it.

We crossed a bridge over to Long Island, stopping

I saw them take a scene in the interior of the Painted Lady's house.



at the big studio, where we collected a camera man with a "still" camera in a sort of canvas valise. The new Famous Players-Lasky studio is certainly a handsome affair; it's a large, white building, and when you consider that such stars as Billie Burke and Dorothy Dalton make their pictures there—well, it certainly did impress me.

From there we drove through a suburban part of the city till we came to a short country road, where we turned back into a secluded, rolling part of the country. There the car stopped on a little hill, and we went down the slope right into the midst of the most charming little village in Scotland that ever was seen out of a picture frame.

It was perfectly wonderful!

The winding road with its quaint stone walks, the charming little cottages with straw-thatched roofs, with homely little curtains at the windows and flower boxes and benches outside by the doors in neat little yards—even to clothes hanging on a line in the back yard of one of them, they were perfect, livable little cottages. The doors on some of them looked like heavy, paneled doors with iron rings, but they were so light that they swung open if you just touched them. And you couldn't help envying the actors who were playing at living in those dear little houses. Some one said that it cost thirty-five thousand dollars just to build this village, and I can well believe it.

It took us a long time to take in all these things, and by the time we had gone all over the village we were joined by a group of newspaper writers who had been brought out to see the set, and we were all given our lunch in a sort of picnic style. Each person was given a small parcel, and when you opened it there was the lunch—all complete. On a paper plate were two sandwiches, one of chicken and lettuce leaves and a slice of tomato, a boiled egg, an orange, pastry, and they brought us coffee or milk.

As soon as we finished luncheon we spied the actors coming over from a little wooded section, where they said *The Painted Lady's* house was—she's a character in the story. There was one young girl dressed as a child—May McAvoy, who is *Grizel* in the story. I was surprised to learn that she could be more than ten years old, because she looked so young. And there were two handsome-looking actors in long black coats, and Director Robertson and his wife, a very charming lady, who wrote the scenario from the book of "Sentimental Tommy." Now, I'd always had my own ideas of what a director must be like. Once out home we gave a school play, and a professional director from the city came to help put it on. From the way that man stormed at us and raved around I supposed that all directors acted that way. But Mr. Robertson proved how wrong I was—he is a very nice, kindly man, and gave orders so quietly and was so chummy with the other people that you wouldn't have dreamed he was responsible for it all.

The company had very little make-up on—standing a few feet away from them you could hardly detect it. I had supposed their faces would be all covered with bright-yellow powder, and their eyes blackened all around, but they weren't; some of them looked awfully pink, and Miss Taliaferro looked very pretty. I'm so glad to say that she is much younger and better looking off the screen than she is on. She's tiny and very slender, with such a young, pretty face, and her voice is clear and sweet. Her light-brown hair was done high on her head, and the gray-blue eyes, always dancing, and the dimple in her cheek, just seemed to suit her vivacious personality. The camera doesn't do her justice at all. She plays *The Painted Lady*.

Soon afterward the hero of the picture put in his appearance—Gareth Hughes, who plays *Tommy*. He was dressed in a very boyish costume, and his light-brown hair was rather long, but I recognized him immediately from his pictures; he looks *exactly* like them. He was to be sixteen years old in that part of the picture; he said it would require some stretch of the imagination, he supposed—but he knew better. I think this picture is going to attract a great deal of attention from the fans, especially the girls, because Mr. Hughes is the type of hero that we all like so well—young and boyish, Dick Barthelme's style—need I say more?

We were all sitting and standing around watching Miss Taliaferro rehearse a scene over and over again, when Mr. Hughes appeared and was introduced, and right near me sat two girls who evidently lived somewhere near there and had just wandered over to watch the people work; I heard them talking about Gareth Hughes, and realized that they were doing just what I would have thought I was pretty lucky to get a chance to do a while ago—just sit and watch the people work. They weren't introduced to any of the actors, though, and I heard one of them say she was just dying to meet Mr. Hughes! *And I met him!*

Not only did I do that, but Mr. McFarland came over to me and said, "Come along down the road and we'll take some pictures of you with Gareth Hughes"—oh, goodness, but didn't I get an attack of stage fright! I felt the way Charlie Ray acts in his pictures. It was *terrible*. I'd always wished for an opportunity to tell some player how much I enjoyed his screen work, and here I was sitting in a little rig they used in the picture with a perfectly handsome leading man to talk to, and it seemed so unreal that I acted like a dummy. I just couldn't talk.

But Mr. Hughes was very agreeable, and told me how much he likes it out in California, where he expects to go again after this picture is finished. All his morning had been spent being fitted for his costumes—the scenes they were taking that day were the last of the part where he appears as a boy.

Just after that they filmed the scene where Gareth Hughes goes away from the village, in a cart with his trunk—an old Scotchman drove the cart, and *Tommy* stood in the back and waved farewell until the cart disappeared over the rise of the little hill behind which the sun was setting. It was a charming scene, and a fitting fade-out for me to remember of my first day in movieland.

The next day promised to be even more exciting.

Imagine how I felt when the editor said, "Well, how would you like to go out to the new Famous Players-Lasky studio?"

My feelings seemed to be too big for the rest of me, and when we started off on the subway I wondered why the people around didn't come over and ask what was the matter. But we just rode along like ordinary people, and finally got to

the big white stone building. Mr. McFarland was our guide again, and he took us directly to the main floor, which is really a great stage. It's so big that I can't give a very definite idea of its size; it is huge like the whole high-school lot at home, with the roof four stories above your head; twenty different motion-picture companies can work there at a time, each one with their own sets, and never get in each other's way. The strange sputtering lights, people hurrying about, extras made-up, parts of sets, carpenters hammering, bells ringing for silence—then music and the click of the camera—all this is rather confusing at first glance. I felt lost in the bigness of it all—and I thought of some of those girls in country towns who dream of themselves as picture actresses, and that, if they were suddenly set down in this great, bustling studio they'd get frightened at the vastness of the movie game and be satisfied to hurry back home quick. There's so much more to it than just acting in front of a camera.

The first set where we stopped was for a Justine Johnstone picture, and it was wonderful looking; just what the girls back home like to think they'd love most to be part of if they came to New York. It was for a big dinner scene in some fashionable club, and the set alone was almost as big as an ordinary movie



The interior scene which they took, with Mabel Taliaferro and May McAvoy.



Billie Burke and I talked a lot, and she told me how she feels when she's working before the camera.

theater. A long table stretched almost the entire length of a sort of platform; the tablecloth was lavender, with heavy lace over it, and there were heaps of pink roses around a place in the center where Justine Johnstone was to come out. You could imagine a thrilling after-the-theater party in just such a place. On the sides were columns and velvet hangings, but they sort of destroyed the illusion, because the columns went only a short way up into the air and then broke off—they were high enough so that in the picture they'd look as if they went to a high ceiling, but they didn't at all. And at the back was a handsome, marblelike staircase, winding up. The press agent said it would "shoot splendidly." That's what they always seem to think of in a studio, whether they talk to you about a set or the star's clothes or hair—how it will "shoot." And for this picture there was a complete "jazz" orchestra, that furnished fascinating music when the camera was turning.

That day they were only shooting close-ups of guests in groups of two or three. I imagine it was supposed to be a pretty wild party—I'm anxious to see it on the screen and see—the men were in evening dress and the ladies in beautiful sleeveless, backless, and almost frontless gowns. They looked like such gorgeous creatures I thought they must be leading ladies, but I learned that most of them were extras. Some of them had awfully yellow hair, and others looked like vamps; they were all acting pretty gay and smoking cigarettes for the picture. It was the kind of scene that shocks and yet fascinates the fans in the small towns—high life in a wicked city. But I don't believe it would be hard to act in a scene like that; there is something about the atmosphere of the studio that thrills you, and when a picture is actually being taken, it gets into your blood, and you feel the spirit

of the scene. Only I should think the extras would hate to take off their pretty clothes and go back home when the scene is over, instead of being a part of real scenes like that in New York.

We didn't spend much time on that set, though, there was so much else to see. And I longed to stop and look at everything; there wasn't an uninteresting corner in the studio. A part of a tenement—just the fire-escape part—the altar of a church, a box from a theater, a section of a park—when you see these things on the screen you feel that all the rest of the church or the theater is there, but for close-ups they use just a little bit, only enough to fill in the picture. We stopped to look at the books in a large living room, handsomely furnished—and found they were just hollow boxes, or copies in which mistakes had been made.

On the floor below I saw them take a scene in the interior of *The Painted Lady's* house; it seemed so queer to see it here in the studio, because the day before, miles away, I had seen the outside of it, in the little Scotch village. I began to see how a picture is made—how they take all the parts that are in one location, and then take those that are in another. And I knew now why, as soon as they finish taking a scene, somebody holds up in front of the camera a little board on which is chalked the name of the production and the number of that scene, because later, when the finished picture is put together, they have to have the scenes all numbered so that they will know what order they come in. They cut the film all up and put the story together then, in the right order.

The prevalent light in the studio makes people's faces look sort of greenish yellow, and makes red lips look purple. Then there are the sunlight arcs, used outside of doors and windows for sunshine; they give a very bright, white light. Men climb up on top of the walls of the set and arrange smaller lights for dark corners; they look comical, perched high up over the players' heads.

On one set they were shooting scenes in the back room of a saloon; an actor dressed as a gangster sat at a table in one corner, and through the swinging door walked—Thomas Meighan! He is just as big and grand looking as his pictures, and even younger. He appears more serious than you'd expect him to be, however, and seems very quiet—he doesn't talk much. And it looked so funny and unnatural to see a regular man like him pick up a mirror and powder his face!

There was another thrill waiting for me there—for who but Tom Forman was directing the picture! Two

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Imagine Her Surprise!

"Suddenly the director asked me if I'd like to act a little scene with Miss Griffith before the camera!"

That was what happened to Ethel Sands on her expedition to the Vitagraph studio, which she tells about in our next number. And in her account, she tells how it seems to act with a star for the first time.



Behind the Guns with Ince

By Hunt Stromberg

I CURLED up behind a giant six-inch gun on the battleship *Minneapolis*, and listened to a heated discussion.

"We'll hit her amidships——"

"No, that's too conventional." This from Thomas H. Ince, directorially clad in an old sweater. "Captain Cook tells me that when a ship is shelled as a rule it's hit, not amidships, so that it's broken in half and sinks at once, but gets the shot in the stern or bow. Then flames sweep up over it—envelop it in fire—the doomed ship goes down slowly; gets a slow-death effect that wins your sympathy and——"

His brief sentences made me glow with anticipation. I'd seen that same doomed ship in the making, you see—for four weeks the Ince engineering staff had been constructing this important prop for "Lying Lips," which features House Peters and Florence Vidor.

Florence Vidor, "Thomas H.," and some of the crew that helped them.



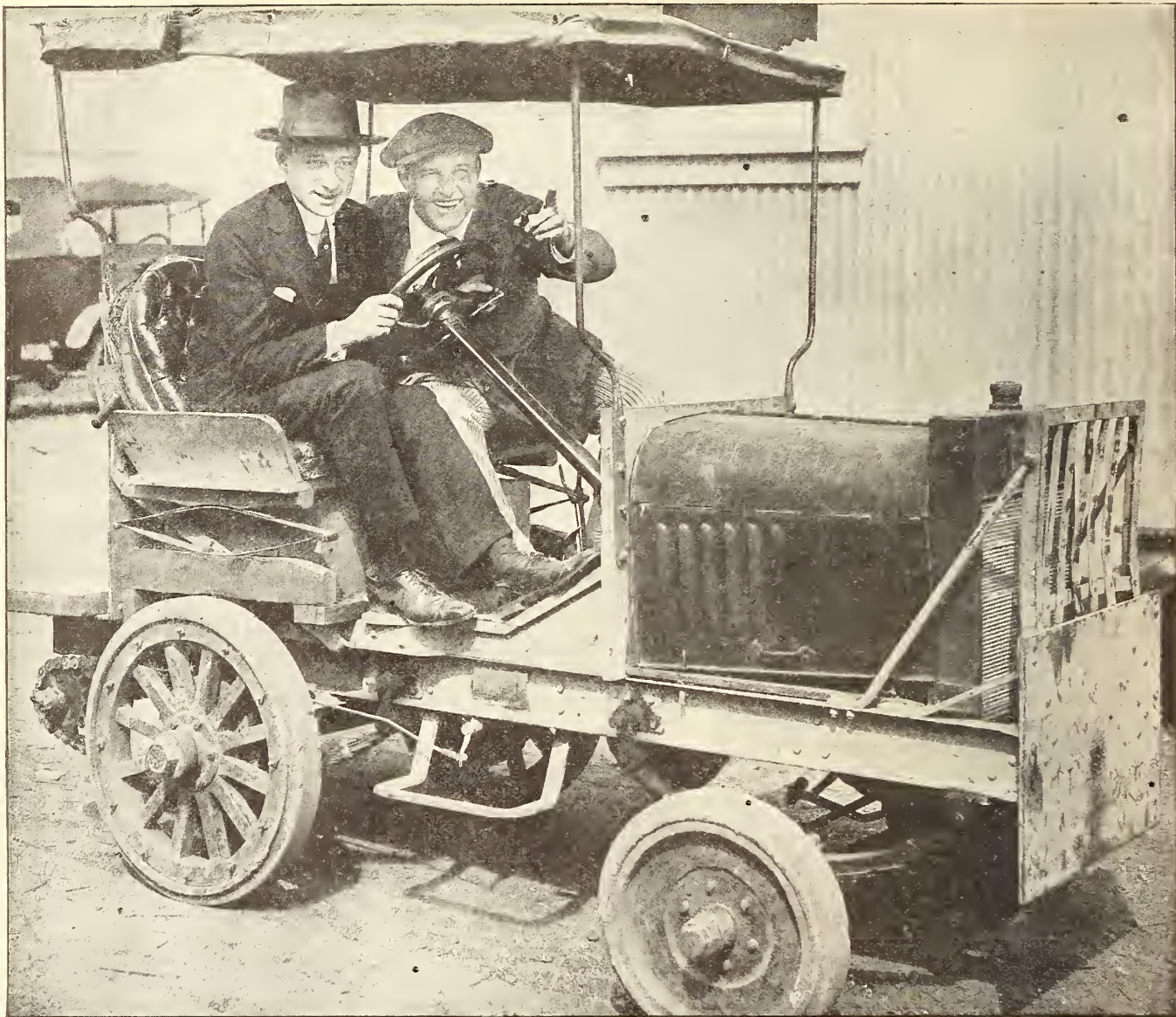
Ince in directorial costume, coaching Miss Vidor.



And now it was anchored about five hundred yards from the battleship, with trained gunners awaiting the word to blow it into atoms.

But it didn't exactly get blown, after all. True, two of the *Minneapolis'* six-inch monsters cut loose with flame and smoke, according to schedule, but with blank shells, and the wigwag sailor on the man-of-war signaled

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To the Generally Public.

Dear Madame: At the urgent request of myself I have fled out here to Los Angeles, Calipickford, with the idea of personally partakin' of interviews with the bathin' beaut—eh—that is, with the variously stars of our newest form of harmless amusement, *i. e.*, the deaf-and-dumb drama. I wouldst like to go on record right here as predictin' a great future for what I have nick-named the "movies," provided Mack Sennett and Al Christie is gave the proper encouragement in their heroic efforts to outstrip their old-fashioned rivals in layin' bare everything connected with their success. How the so ever, I am compelled to drop this fascinatin' subject for the time bein' on the account of lack of space, the magazine only runnin' to one hundred and fourteen pages and like as not they will want to save both covers at the least for the experiment of usin' a photo of a picture star on one and a advertisement on the other to see how that wouldst work out for a change.

Actin' on the principle that fools can rush in where Los Angeles fears to tread, my first informally visit was to the lair of Mons. Dustin Farnum. I found Dustin out at the Robertson-Cole studio busily engaged at the telephone, which instrument is very unique out here in the as much as you can actually get the number you ask for and the operators has much wittier comebacks than the conventionally "Busy!" Mr. Farnum, or

Fools Rush In!

By H. C. Witwer

"Dusty" as he is known to his pals, was talkin' to a admirer which had in some way got hold of his phone number and was at his wits' end how to take the best advantage of the same. Fin'ly after said admirer had feinted the good-natured Mr. Farnum into answerin' questions like, "What do you think of the League of Nations, if at all, Mister Farnum?" "Is it true that extry people get five hundred dollars a day, not countin' tips, Mister Farnum?" and "Kin I come up and read you a few of my own home-made scenarios if you ain't goin' nowhere to-night, Mister Farnum?" The next question was, "Are you any relation to William Farnum, Mister Farnum?" And the long-sufferin' Dustin says, "Yes—I am the boy's father!" and hung up.

Well, as I had been a eye witness to the above I decided that the time was rather unripe for interviewin', so I made up what passes for my mind that I wouldst simply put down here the results of my own observations of Dustin Farnum, in the other words, make this a real "close-up," to use a expression which I have just coined. In the first place, the feelin' used to be rife



Author of "From Baseball to Boches," the "Ed Harmon" stories, etc.

Photos by Woodbury

amongst the lay people that the average movie hero was in the reality as mild as skim milk off the screen and wouldst caper madly away in alarm if spoke to in a rough voice. Well all I can say with the regard to this, is that if that's true, then it's likewise a fact that Niagara Falls is composed of Bevo. I have seen some of these babies pull off fight scenes out here which could only be fully appreciated by a guy which has made a insultin' remark to Jack Dempsey. In the case of Dustin Farnum, here is a big, two-fisted, good-natured and good-lookin' he-man, which wouldst of had a followin' whether he was a movie star or a brick-layer. I'd hate to get in a jam with him, and I'd like to have him in my corner if I got in a jam with somebody else. He can flaunt a mean teacup or shake a wicked right hook with equal precision, but his favorite dish is pushin' a motor boat over the Pacific Ocean at the break your neck speed. Dustin has just bought a new one of these sea-goin' boilers which is capable of skippin' the waves at from one to two miles the minute, and he has extended me the courtesies of a

ride therein, but after my sensational adventures with him at his workshop the chances is that I will be conspicuous by my absence.

A superb limousine was placed at my disposal, as you can see by the accompanyin' photo, and with Dustin as guide we made the rounds of the studio, stoppin' at the equivalent to a tropically scene where Dustin excused himself for a brief second to glance over the prospectus of his next picture. Whilst wanderin' aimlessly about hithers and yon I come across a cactus bush, and it immediately occurred to me that as the guy who had introduced me to my host had jokin'ly referred to me as a humorist, I had better do somethin' funny, or Dustin wouldst fall a prey to doubts regardin' my-standin'. So I cut off a leaf of this cactus, and with great presence of mind I wittily placed it on Dustin's chair as he was about to sit thereon.

Well, let us draw the veil over what come to the pass followin' hard on this untoward incident, except I will say that the next hour was the liveliest I ever spent in my life since the day I was born, inclusive. I stepped carelessly to a adjoinin' window waitin' for the conventionally applause for the sample of high-class comedy I had just displayed, and the next thing I knew Dustin had grabbed me by the latter end of my coat and nonchalantly threwed me into a practical well. Followin' that bit of airy persiflage, Dustin and his merry men

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Photo by Freulleh

The Bookworm Turns

Gladys Walton gave up the study of astronomy to become a star.

By Ted Taylor

GEORGE, the word is 'been,' not 'bin.' Now class! All together say 'been.'"

"Bin!" pronounced Eleven-A English, *viva voce*.

The teacher of English literature in Jefferson High School sighed.

"Gladys, say 'been' for the class."

Dutifully Gladys stepped into the aisle, shook her yellow curls, and said:

"Bean."

A boy in a back seat snickered, and wriggled a hand in the air.

"That ain't English, that's Bostonese. That's all they think about—beans."

"Well, it doesn't rain cats and dogs there all the time, anyway," flashed Gladys with ladylike disdain. Which pointed allusion to Portland weather brought a general snickering.

That happened in 1919.

Now for a subtitle:

EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER.

Before an ivory-white dressing table in a boudoir furnished in pink a young lady brushes a cascade of yellow curls. About the room big rectangles of funny glass tubes emit violet lights and clicking sounds. A whirring three-legged machine has intruded on the privacy of milady's boudoir. Several men stand about rudely watching her.

"All right, cut!" said one of them. "Now, Miss Gladys, that was good, but it would have bin a lot better—"

"Mr. Harris! 'Been,' not 'bin.'"

"Gosh all hemlock! That's what happens when you direct a Boston girl. All right, it would have 'bean' better if you'd bin a little quicker in your action."

"Oh, men are hopeless," said Gladys Walton.

Gladys is not such an awful purist in diction as she pretends to be. She has to correct people occasionally to maintain the tradition of the Boston-born. Of course, it was seventeen years ago that she was Boston-born, and it was only seven years that she was Boston-bred, so it really doesn't matter.

When she was seven she and her mother turned nomads of the Pullman and lived in Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, Denver, and Portland.

It rained so much in Portland that Gladys came South, where the weather gave her a chance to do some reigning. But imagine a wren wandering into a comedy studio and flocking with the chickens for a lark! Imagine a Boston girl as a little ray of Sunshine comedies!

Gladys hadn't a flicker of a film fancy under her curls when she completed the junior semester at Jefferson High in Portland. No one had noticed her much

there, she says. She was a regular grind at Latin. Now she lets the camera man do her grinding.

"We might run down to Los Angeles for a few days and see your aunt and uncle," said Mrs. Walton. So they did. And Gladys' uncle put the movie idea in Gladys' head. Gladys thought it would be fun to see what a studio was like and then crow over her school-mates when she went back to school—show them that she could do something dashing and adventuresome even though they did awe her as an expert on orthoepy.

She went to Hampton Del Ruth and became a bathing girl at twenty-five dollars a week. The work was so interesting she forgot all about her plans to return to Oregon in a few days. Three weeks later Mr. Del Ruth gave her a contract as "the" leading woman.

"I guess I strutted around among the mere bathing girls some! I met Harry Harris, then Gladys Brockwell's camera man. One day he brought Rollin Sturgeon to see me. Mr. Sturgeon asked why I didn't do dramatic work. Leave Sunshine? I guess not. I didn't know there was another studio on earth. So I kept on there.

"Just about eight months after I'd started, the manager of the studio called me into his office. We'd had a lot of chummy chats together before. He was a nice, gray-haired man. He said, 'What are you doing on this lot?' Just as though he didn't know! So I told him, and he said, 'Well! Next week I have a surprise for you—it's for your own good.'

"The surprise was a release of contract, but I could stay on in stock if I wanted to.

"As Fate would have it, Mr. Sturgeon called me up that same day and said that Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran had a good part for me in 'La La Lucille!'"

After the comedy with Lyons and Moran she played the lead in "The Secret Gift," with Lee Kohlmar and Rudolphe Christians, and then starred in "Pink Tights" and in "The Flip Flapper."

"Sometimes I wonder if I hadn't better have returned to school. All my schoolmates write me. One of the teachers did, too. Now that I am in the movies she hopes I'll always be very good, and remember the precepts she taught me!

"Anyhow, if I didn't graduate from high school, I did graduate from bathing suits!"

How They See Themselves

When they go to the movies the stars line up for tickets just as the rest of us do.

By Edwin Schallert

STAND back, please. You'll have to step to the end of the line, madame."

"But that's absurd; this is my picture, and I don't want to wait to buy a ticket. Why, I—"

"Yes'm, I know, but that's the rule. All these people have been waiting some time. Now, if you'll just step back it won't be long."

Whereupon there was an argument. The young lady would *not* go to the end of the long line and wait for ages to buy a ticket to see her own picture. She'd see the manager. She'd show the doorman what a mistake he'd made. And the theater patrons who'd been waiting patiently for tickets, and then for a chance to get into this one of Los Angeles' biggest motion-picture theaters, grinned cheerfully and began laying bets on the outcome of the squabble.

"She ain't one of the old-timers—she wouldn't act

that way if she was," the doorman confided to me later, when the manager had duly appeared and backed him up. "Why, we have 'em all down here, one time or another, and say, it's a circus to see some of 'em sneak in quick, so they won't be recognized, and others pose around the lobby for half an hour till they collect a crowd."

He was right. I've seen them doing it, both ways. But however they go in, they all indulge in one little preliminary—buying a ticket, even as you and I. I wonder how many fans the country over realize that the majority of the players in the films pay a good honest admission fee. I wonder again how many will realize that the little incident cited, while unusual, is in no detail imaginary. In fact, it is based on an actual happening at one of the theaters. And the young lady in question is at this date one of our biggest stars.



How would you like to stand in line with Charles Ray, Raymond Hatton, Gloria Swanson, and Wallace Reid?

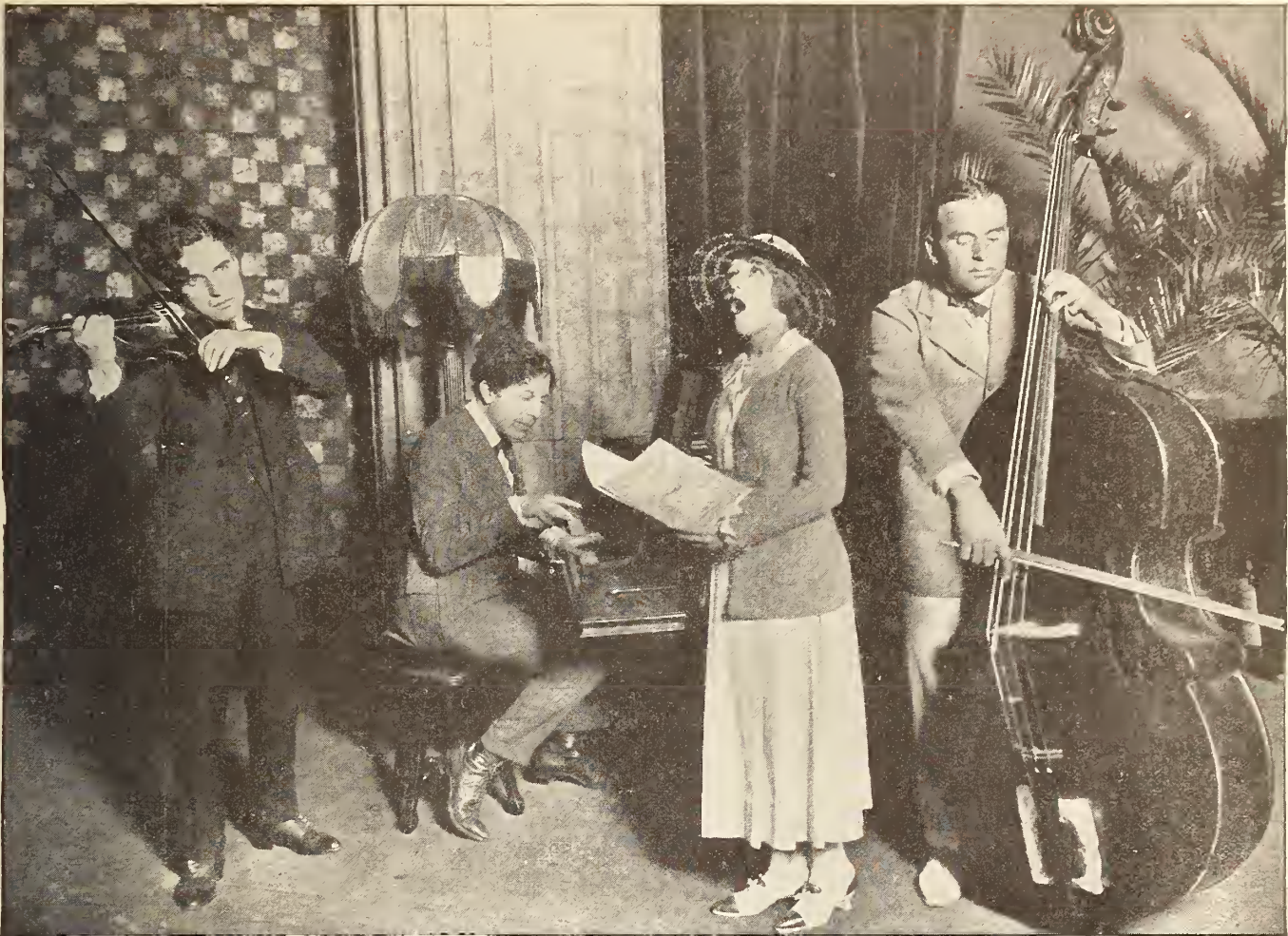
However, her knowledge may have grown with her fame. Perhaps by this time she knows that that sort of thing isn't done by the real old-timers. Take Bill Hart, for instance. I remember one rainy evening when the line of ticket buyers stretched from the box office of one Los Angeles theater well down the street, and Bill was standing just about at the end. The theater's press agent came out and invited him to walk right in, but Bill democratically declined; he said he preferred to take his chance with the crowd. And I venture to say that a good ninety per cent of the screen celebrities ordinarily prefer to buy tickets, if possible, rather than seek admission at the expense of the house. And they are on the most friendly terms with the management all the while. What, anyhow, does a fifty-cent admission fee amount to in the case of a player who is making from five hundred to twenty thousand dollars a week? And the lesser lights would probably never have a shadow of a show of getting in on a free list because there are too many of them.

On certain nights of the week, generally Monday or Tuesday at the larger theaters, it is an interesting sight for the newcomer in Los Angeles to look about him in the feature theater. Perhaps he will catch a glimpse of Louise Glaum or Enid Bennett right in the middle of a group of everyday people. In another part of the house will be Wallie Reid with one of his men friends. Roscoe Arbuckle may have been sighted in front of the theater holding a conversation from his machine with some picture exhibitor or exchange manager. Dozens of other stars and near stars are scattered through the audience in the theater, making a veritable sky full of constellations.

Of course, they really needn't come to the theaters to see themselves or others. They can always have recourse to the projection room at the studio. But most of them don't care for that. It's a dismal business at best, looking at yourself in a tiny, stuffy room, through a fog of cigarette smoke, and seated on an uncomfortable, backless bench.

Nearly everybody in film land likes to view himself from a comfortable seat. He wants the musical accompaniment and all the adornments that go with modern film presentation, just as the fan does. In fact, many picture players are real out-an-out picture fans. Pauline Frederick, Enid Bennett, and Fred Niblo, Douglas MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Oakman—the latter Priscilla Dean—go to see pictures regularly. MacLean usually takes a group of his old-time stage friends with him. Katherine MacDonald goes very largely attended by friends; so does Bebe Daniels, and she goes frequently.

A good many of the stars go to see themselves in the theaters because they are anxious to get the comments of the crowds on their work. Charlie Chaplin is something of a prize comment gatherer. He has quite a habit of drifting into out-of-the-way theaters, where old pictures of his are showing, and seating himself in a dark corner, so that he can listen to what the people say. Some of the actors are regular addicts of the comment idea. For instance, Bryant Washburn used to pursue himself from theater to theater, taking notes on how the people acted when his pictures were shown. And much of the rapid development of his work was due to this one thing. Larry Semon is another comment expert. He classifies his results, and



Just an amateur concert can amount to a good deal when Charlie Chaplin, Sid Grauman, the theater owner, Our Mary, and Doug take a hand in it

has a regular staff of assistants who check up on the laughs the gags bring.

Before she was married, Mary Pickford used to dash into the First National Theater in Los Angeles, run up the stairs, and seat herself before anybody had a chance to cry "boo!" She probably didn't want to draw a crowd. Usually she went with her mother, and she generally reached her seat about ten seconds in advance of Mrs. Pickford.

Nowadays Mary sees the newest pictures at home—usually before they're released, and on an average of about one an evening. She and Doug have a projection machine in their own home, and such big successes as "Humoresque" and "The Love Flower" were shown there long before the rest of us saw them. Gloria Swanson and the Hayakawas are also among those who have machines under their own roof trees.

Nobody would expect Will Rogers to follow the general example when seeing his pictures. And Will doesn't.

"Say, Bill ain't seen a picture of his clear through yet," declared Charlie Aldrich, Rogers' right-hand man. "The way he does is to get two of us fellers to go into the projection room with him, and then he spends an hour or so roping goats."

"But how can he rope goats in the projection room?" I queried curiously.

"Dreams he's doin' it. Sure thing! When the picture gets going, he says to us, 'Now, boys, you watch the screen and wake me up before the last reel's run, because if you don't, Badger—that's Director Clarence Badger—will catch on!'

"But the game's up now. Badger caught him snoozin' the other day, and he says to him: 'Bill, what's the use of you comin' out here at all? You might as well go home and rope your old goats as to sit here and dream about it!' And now Bill, he's thinkin' up some new way to get out of seein' his pictures."

In addition to this they tell that Rogers won't let one of his pictures be released until Slickum, the Goldwyn bootblack, has looked it over. If it makes Slickum laugh, then Rogers is gleeful, and announces that it is a good picture.

There are some players who never go to see themselves at the picture theaters. Among these, I believe, is Ethel Clayton, who has gone out very little since her husband's death. Earle Williams seldom goes. Occasionally, I believe, his wife prevails on him to visit the theater, because she wants to point out to him how much better a scenario she once wrote was than the one he has just produced. Louise Fazenda hates to see her own pictures. Harry Carey rarely views himself outside the projection room, because he lives on a ranch some distance from the city. Mary Miles Minter seldom goes to see herself. She is still studying, and has a tutor four or five nights a week. She is such a busy lady that it is only between pictures that she finds time for viewing any plays or films. When I asked Mildred Harris Chaplin whether she had ever seen herself, she answered: "No, I've tried to many times, but I never could stay past the first reel."

Hobart Bosworth doesn't care to view himself. In fact, he talks disparagingly at times of his own work

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HIGH-HO, the old year is gone, and a bumper crop of Lady Godiva photo dramas is about to be sprung on an unsuspecting public—a large part of which will be quite elated and edified, and another part, I presume, will behave like the lady down on the bottom of the opposite page.

But—take it or leave it—the undressed drama is with us. Why, even the most ordinary little program picture, it seems, must have some revelation of the human form divine. And as for the *big* productions—Lady Godiva, indeed! Why, Lady Godiva is in the discard. Riding down a (picture) street nowadays she'd hardly attract any attention at all. She has too much on. She wears a whole head of hair. Soon she'll have to bob that hair to get any notice at all.

Pictures nowadays are running to costume drama. But the principal costume dramas they are putting on are those in which no costumes are worn at all.

Our historic photo dramas, in other words, are partly epic, but mostly epidermic. Well, as Fatty Arbuckle says, a little noncens-ored drama now and then is relished by the best of men.

Now we're trying to wish on dear, naughty old Paris the credit of originating this undress drama thing, and Paris isn't saying a word back. But really all the while that Paris was at war, were we not forging quietly ahead along this line? Personally I think that Paris is now trying to catch up with Hollywood!

How it has crept up on us, to be sure, this undress drama! Do you remember how shocked we all were and how the critics raved at Lois Weber's "Hypocrites," in which Margaret Edwards as *Naked Truth* romped right down to the camera wearing a glad smile? That is, some of us noted the smile; others never got that far. And then Theda Bara further broke the ice—not to say thawed it.

And now all the directors are taking a wallop at art via the naughty nude. Why, didn't I, just the other day, view a scene in a Priscilla Dean picture, out at Universal City,

The Naughty, Nude New Year

in which a man nonchalantly posed as a statue, wearing only a simple coating of bronze and a shield, while a woman on the same set, also posing as a nude statue, wore no shield at all, not even a dress shield?

So much allegorical stuff is being used in pictures nowadays, too, and allegory always seems to call for beavies of well-formed ladies without any garments to speak of. A short time ago we seemed to be able to confine our nude ladies to the bathtub, but after that they got their freedom and began to dabble in the sea, and now the peeking concessions include every spot in the wide, wide world, from the pool in the glade to the sacred recesses of a man's club. No place is safe. At any time, according to the pictures, an unclothed dame may walk in upon you as you're eating your morning egg and toast; and in the comedies they playfully haul you and your bathtub right out into the view of the rude world. I saw a Mae Murray picture the other day in which Miss Murray, as the heroine who dwelt in a bachelor's home, innocent little thing, got all undressed, oh, so cutely, and went right into the pantry.

Every drama must have some dancing in it. Sad or gay, highbrow, lowbrow, or nobrow, we can't get any kick out of the film drama any more unless the director puts a high kick in it. And the dancers must never have much on. Sometimes a bunch of girls will dance to show how wicked the cafés are. Sometimes they put an impediment in the plot and dance at an evening lawn fête; and sometimes they dance for no reason at all, apparently, except to make the world safe for the dancing teachers. Right in the middle of a picture, somebody will discover a piano in the forest or on the seashore, and then right out of the nowhere into the here will trip a bunch of dancing girls, clad in nothing but one simple, clinging piece of cheesecloth, and prance just to show there's no hard feeling. In



Don't tell the censors, but just between ourselves, it looks like a great season for daring effects in the forthcoming production, as you will see by this most amusing bit of observation and prophecy.

By Grace Kingsley

ILLUSTRATED
BY LUI TRUGO

one picture I saw not long ago, the hero used to go up into the mountains and roam around. He got the habit after he met a bunch of barefoot dancers up there. The idea was that he was crazy. Oh, not necessarily, I should say!

Occasionally they dance to illustrate symbolically some idea the director has on his mind; and there seems to be absolutely nothing, in fact, to the mind of that individual that cannot be illustrated by dancing, especially by nude dancing. Clad in a few well-chosen beads the dancer can illustrate anything from the legend that truth, crushed to earth, will rise again, to an argument against eating pie for breakfast. With just one little dance I saw Margaret Loomis, not long ago, prove to her husband, not only that she believed he was innocent of the forgery charge, but that she'd save money on clothes and help pay for the furniture bought on the installment plan. Can you beat that?

Then take the Oriental drama, with all the little particle slaves in those harem scenes looking as if they wished their mamma had—you know what I mean. But she never, never did. These slavettes never have anything to do. You'd think the poor girls would need a little exercise. If for nothing else than to keep their figures. But they never get any. They just sit about fountains, play with pet leopards, and glance at their reflections in the water. Oh, of course, they sometimes really do get cold. I heard an assistant di-

rector say to a girl on the "Kismet" set, one cool morning.

"Looka here, kid, we can't give you no close-up; you got goose flesh! Quit shivering, can't you? This ain't no shimmy-shakin' contest, this ain't!"

Occasionally the girls in the Oriental scenes are shown going down into or coming out of one of those big ingrowing bathtubs set in the floor. But they are never actually caught bathing. Water on the brain seems to be just what all our heroines are suffering from, in fact. Show a picture heroine a pool in a mossy glade, and instantly she's all gone. The man who loves his liquor is nothing compared to her. All her early training is forgotten the minute she catches sight of a lonely stream meandering under trees, or of any sort of water hole big enough for her to wallow in. She'll get undressed and into that pool or die. She won't even wait for Saturday night. I saw a nice, sensible girl in one of Paul Scardon's pictures, the other day. She was a good girl, quiet and homely in her tastes and good to her folks. But one fatal day she went out for a walk, saw a pool; and then what witted it to her that she was going somewhere to get kidnaped, or even that she was carrying lunch to her poor old dad? Nothing to do but she must up and in. Of course, the hero happened along pretty soon. No matter how many pictures that girl sees in which the hero happens along just as she gets in the midst of her splashing, it never seems to stop her. She hops

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Photo by C. Heighston Monroe

Miss Paige from Paris

She rejoices that it's Illinois,
not France, that's home to her.

By
Emma-Lindsay Squier

"I was raised on a farm ten miles from Paris—*Illinois*," she emphasized, "and I've never been in the French capital."

The director was busy with close-ups of other members of the cast, so Miss Paige and I left the light stage and the sputtering Klieg lights and walked over to the stable which housed Black Beauty, the wonderful horse who plays the title rôle in the picturization of the famous story.

"My leading man," said Miss Paige laughingly, as Black Beauty stuck his nose through the door and suggested that a lump of sugar or a friendly pat on the nose would be gratefully received.

"We're all perfectly crazy about him," she continued, laying her cheek against his satiny neck. "He is so gentle and yet so intelligent, it will be a wonder if we don't spoil him by too much petting."

We sat down on a saw-horse and talked, and the "leading man," finding our conversation uninteresting, went back to his interrupted luncheon of oats and hay.

"You've finished with serials, then?" I asked Miss Paige.

"Yes, I think I have," she replied. "I only made one, 'Hidden Dangers,' with Joe Ryan, but I don't think I'd care to be a 'continued-in-our-next' heroine indefinitely. The work is too strenuous, and you've no idea how many terrible situations you have to go through. I've worked with bears and lions, had my hair singed by fire, and once I almost drowned in a river. No, I'm positive I'll never go back to serials—and yet I wouldn't have missed this one for the world."

She admits that she is an enthusiastic picture fan. She attends movies regularly, to make comparisons and get new ideas.

"I love Westerns," she told me. "I guess it's because I love horses so well. I have ridden ever since I can remember, and I go wild over trick riding on the screen."

Her favorite Western picture was "Lasca," with Frank Mayo. She was enthusiastic about his work in it. In fact, she had a kind word for all the picture folk. There was never a barb in her comments.

You may have noticed that I haven't spoken of Miss Paige as "Jean." Neither did the studio men who passed us occasionally. There was none of the back-slapping familiarity which is so noticeable in most

TO look at Jean Paige you'd never imagine that she was from Paris. There is nothing wicked-looking about her, not even the suggestion of a delicate naughtiness. She has demure gray eyes that look as if they always behave, a bewitching, half-shy smile in which there is no hint of coquetry, and a gentle, fluttering manner which seems somehow to belong to a bygone era. It suggests hoop skirts, lace mitts, and the fragrance of lavender.

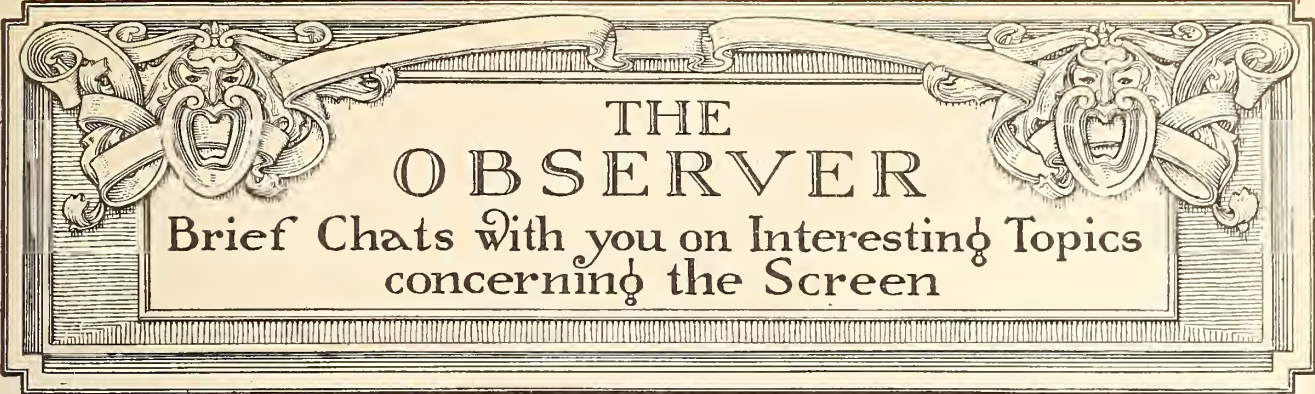
I said as much to the diminutive Miss Paige, whom I met at the Vitagraph studio, where she was making some scenes from "Black Beauty," her latest release. She was dressed in a child costume of 1860 with puffy skirts and pantalets, and her dark-brown hair was held back from her face by a ribbon which tied in a bow-knot at the top of her head. She was supposed to be thirteen years old, and she looked just that age.

She laughed when I mentioned Paris.

"Oh, but there are Parises and Parises," she said, looking at me from under long dark lashes. "I don't know how I got the reputation of having been born in France, because I wasn't at all. I was born in Paris—*Illinois*."

Ah, that was different yet again, as David Warfield would say.

And Miss Paige continued in her soft little voice, which is more reminiscent of the South than the Middle West.



THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics
concerning the Screen

Regarding that Nude New Year

In a facetious vein, one of our contributors has written an article, appearing elsewhere in this issue, concerning the tendency of producers to exploit the nude—a tendency which, it would appear, is rapidly growing.

Just how far this is true we must wait a bit to see. Looking at it from a serious point of view, we do not believe that the new year is going to be quite as nude as predictions would have it—despite the rumors that have been trickling Eastward from Hollywood about the five hundred "Lady Godivas" in the forthcoming Holubar production, and the startling scenes in Fox's "Queen of Sheba."

It probably is largely happenstance that several of these somewhat sensational pictures are being made just at this time, for pictures of this sort can succeed only by appearing at rare intervals. If they were the regular thing they would soon cease to be sensational, and the public would lose interest in them.

The average run of humanity, for the most part, wants stories of a more human appeal, stories about people as we know them. That is why "Way Down East" is playing to such capacity crowds, and why Fox has been having such an amazing and unexpected success with "Over the Hill," to name the two biggest successes of the last few months.

And so The Observer, personally, is not inclined to expect too much in the way of a nude new year.

Brains and Ideals Count

When one of the big producers does make a sensational picture he usually has something which at least partially justifies it, such as beautiful photography, the telling of a historical story, stupendousness of production, and the like. There is another type of sensational picture for which there is no possible justification. These are the openly vulgar and indecent pictures made occasionally by the cheap producer. Two things make such pictures possible; first, the fact that the small public which accepts such wares is not discriminating, and, second, that there is little competition in this field.

But the successful producer wants his pictures to show in the best theaters, and those are the theaters that want the steady patronage of clean Americans.

Indecent pictures play in dirty theaters, and the producers are few and far between who set out to make pictures for that sort of place.

Brains and ideals count in the motion-picture business just as they do in any other creative work. Success comes to the clean man who uses his brains to make clean things. The public is the judge that decides which amusements shall succeed and which shall fail, and the public never yet hung a medal on an unclean show.

Films from Germany

A German motion picture called "Passion" is being released in America. All the critics say it is a whale of a show, and that the public is going to like it.

Film men who have kept in touch with motion-picture doings in Germany say that country is the one America has to fear as a competitor in the motion-picture world. Germany is doing fine things in photography, in settings, and in acting. In story value, the reports have it, German films do not have the human appeal for us that our own films do. Stories written by foreigners always fail to make the close appeal which a first-rate story by a fellow countryman has; this fact acts as much against American films in Europe, as against European films shown here.

It is possible that many of us have about forgotten our feeling against Germany and that German films will get a hold in America. The Observer has always felt that the "Made in Germany" brand on a motion picture would render it useless in America, but some of the experts tell us we are wrong.

If the American people are going to accept "Passion" with the same enthusiasm that they would show for an American production of the same class, American producers can well fear a German invasion. Government support is being given to German producers. German theaters are ready to show German films the moment they are produced and the producer of a German film can get his money out of his production almost at once.

In England the motion-picture theaters book more than a year ahead, so that a producer has no chance to get any money out of his picture in rentals until almost eighteen months after he has paid off the last film cutter. This is a situation that is mighty discouraging to any banker who is asked to lend money for the production of pictures in those countries.

Germany has set out to carry German thought throughout the world through motion pictures. Some months ago, when Germans announced this as their purpose, we laughed at them. Perhaps, after all, we laughed too soon.

We Told You So!

The Observer has had a good deal to say in the last year about the star system and has predicted that it was on the decline. Now come Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky and say that they are going to form all their stars into a real all-star stock company, and that they will choose stars to play parts. No longer, they say, will stories be written to fit the stars. They will pick big stories and then give their actors a chance to do real acting.

To prove they mean it they're starting Cecil De Mille on "Anatol" with the first real all-star cast we

ever glimpsed in pictures. In the past the words "all-star cast" were a guarantee that there was not a star in the line-up. Now we're going to see "Anatol" produced with Wallace Reid, Theodore Roberts, Agnes Ayres, Wanda Hawley, Glorian Swanson, and Bebe Daniels—each of whom has been a star—in the cast. Elliot Dexter is in it, too, but we don't remember that he ever had his name in the lights.

Mr. Lasky predicts that soon he may cast two or three of his other stars in one picture. Our guess is that he is making no definite plans, but is first trying to learn how his stars will take this. And that is difficult to predict. If we were to make any prediction in the matter we'd chance a guess that Mr. Lasky is going to have a hard job on his hands.

It is significant, however, to note that as big a star as Wally Reid has jumped at the opportunity to play just a regular part. He has shown that he is sincere in his desire to do his best for his public.

An Example

For fear that you may not grasp the strength of a good part in a big picture, may we not ask you to let us know which is the greater rôle: Vera Gordon's in "Humoresque," or Mary Pickford's in "Suds?" And do you think the fact that Vera Gordon received practically no advertising on the billboards prevented any person from sounding her praises? If you had just arrived after twenty years spent in the heart of Africa, far from motion pictures, knew nothing of motion pictures or motion-picture reputations, and looked at "Humoresque" and then at "Suds," and were told that America's leading screen actress appeared in one of these pictures, which would you guess had the greater reputation, Vera Gordon or Mary Pickford?

Don't Misunderstand Us

In saying that the star system is on the decline we don't wish to be misunderstood. We don't believe that the star system will be done away with, by any means. So long as there is a Mary Pickford, a Charlie Chaplin, a Nazimova, a Norma Talmadge, a Charles Ray, and a few other actors and actresses of tremendous personal appeal—there will be stars.

A large proportion of picture fans—perhaps the majority—choose their pictures because of the appeal of the star.

But there is a steadily increasing number of persons who are becoming lovers of motion pictures, but who refuse to become the devotees of any particular stars. These persons are the ones who demand such pictures as "The Jackknife Man," "Milestones," and "Sentimental Tommy," pictures of a new and different sort, which draw their audiences by the type of story and by the general excellence of the production and the acting throughout. And it is to this new class of picture lovers that the new Lasky productions should make a special appeal, provided that a sincere attempt is made to produce really fine pictures, rather than the "circusing" of an aggregation of screen celebrities.

Over-casting

There is one danger in a real all-star cast. The danger is of what is known as "overcasting." That means that with a person of unusual personality taking every rôle, the perspective and balance is lost. In a play, as in life, the minor characters should be played by more or less colorless persons, in order that the more important characters may stand out better.

Perpetuating Stage Classics

Every one who knows something of the history of our stage regrets that the motion picture was developed too late to perpetuate such classics as "Rip Van Winkle" with Joseph Jefferson, "The Old Homestead" with Denman Thompson, "Beau Brummel" with Richard Mansfield, and a few other plays in which the leading character, interpreted by a great actor, became a great, living contribution to art.

So far as we can recall, this—or something approaching it—has been done for the first time in the filming of Otis Skinner's "Kismet."

Skinner, one of our finest actors, never did anything which approached "Kismet" in popular appeal, and it is to the credit of the Robertson-Cole Company that in the picture version so conscientious an attempt was made to reproduce the spirit of the original play. Just as a matter of personal taste, we enjoyed it as much as any picture we have ever seen, and if the tremendous reception which it got at the Strand Theater in New York were any criterion—which it is not—we'd predict a mighty big success for it.

We're wondering now what company will induce Frank Bacon to cooperate with them in filming his "Lightnin'."

The Money You Pay

Figures based upon income tax returns show that you motion-picture fans, and your friends, paid into the box offices of motion-picture theaters in the twelve months ending June 30, 1920, approximately seven hundred and eighty million dollars.

Let's see what we can figure out of this:

Say the average admission paid is twenty cents. Then—if our arithmetic is correct—there were three billion nine hundred thousand admissions paid for in the year.

Let's guess that there was an average of three hundred and thirty days for showing pictures in the year, accounting for theaters that are not open seven days in the week. Then, unless we figure wrong, the average daily attendance for the year was 11,818,181.

It's a thing that can be figured many ways and that is open to all kinds of arguments, for there seems to be no method of ascertaining what the average admission price really is. It is safe to guess, however, that at the lowest estimate, ten million persons go to motion pictures every day.

Of the \$780,000,000 taken in by the theaters, only \$86,000,000 went to the producers.

Conditions vary, but such figures would make The Observer guess that most of the fellows who conduct motion-picture theaters are making a good deal of money. If this is the case in your town, there are not many reasons the manager can advance for not giving you good shows.

No Cut in Taxes

Mr. Houston, secretary of the treasury, indicates that the motion picture will continue to be one of the most efficient methods for collecting taxes. There will be no reduction in the amusement tax for at least two years.

When they started taxing "the poor man's amusement" all of us were rather excited about it. It did seem a bit unfair. Of course, we'll be glad for the day when the tax will be done away with, but, in the meantime, we'll have to continue to pay it cheerfully. After all, so long as they take most of the salary away from the stars as income tax, who are we to object to paying an extra nickel?

Concerning Sentimental Tommy

How it came about this most delightful story of Barrie's was brought to the screen, together with a word about the lad who takes the title rôle.

By John Addison Elliott

BUT who'll we get to play Tommy?"

That was the question on every one's lips when John Robertson finally prevailed upon Famous Players-Lasky to screen Barrie's lovable, delightful classic, "Sentimental Tommy." For this wasn't a case where the continuity writer could throw away everything but the title and fit the story to some star. Furthermore, Robertson, who has a feeling in his heart for the story—perhaps because his own father was born and brought up in Tommy's part of the world—wouldn't have anything to do with the production unless the story was brought to the screen in a way that would satisfy the lovers of Barrie.

The search for Tommy was a long and weary one, and when it came to an end, that end was in the office of another big producing organization. Tommy was alive all right—but he happened to be Gareth Hughes. However, the difficulty was overcome—not by paying money to have the young man released from his contract long enough to appear in this picture, but by paying in terms of talent; so much acting ability for so much.

And who is Gareth Hughes, after all?

Well, he's a young Welshman—not more than twenty-one years old, from his looks—with hazel eyes, light-brown hair, five feet four of height and one hundred and twenty pounds of weight, if you want explicit details. As for his ability, look at his record. He lived in Llanely, South Wales, where he was born, until he was fourteen. Then he made his first appearance on the stage, in an amateur presentation of "Hamlet," given in Welsh, of course. Immediately afterward Llanely became too small for his dramatic aspirations, and he went to London, where he appeared in Shakespearean productions. Afterward he toured the provinces with a repertory company, playing everything from young boys to an eighty-five-year-old fisherman.

In 1914 he came to America with a Welsh company and had an important rôle in "Change," an excellent play. Since then he has appeared in a number of parts, with the Ben Greet players, as Benjamin in "Joseph and His Brethren," in a one-act play in vaudeville, and in "Moloch," in which he made a big success. A short playlet of Barrie's, "The New Word," gave him almost a star part, which he did so splendidly that the New York reviewers praised him unstintedly, but he left its cast to appear as Ariel in "Caliban," the sensational pageant



Photo by Hoover

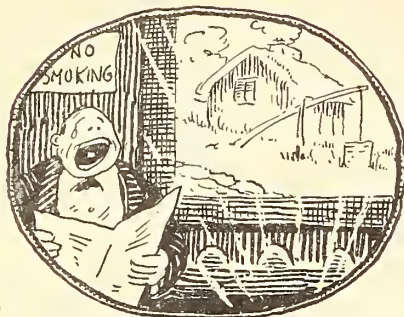
Gareth Hughes, who was considered the only boy in America really qualified to play "Sentimental Tommy," already has an acting record which many an older player might envy.

celebrating the Shakespeare Tercentenary. Since then he has appeared with Leo Ditrichstein, with the Irish Players, and the Washington Square Players.

On the screen he has been in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch;" "Eyes of Youth," with Clara Kimball Young; "Isle of Conquest," with Norma Talmadge; "The Chorus Girl's Romance," with Viola Dana, in which he made his big hit on the screen, and in "White Ashes."

Like every one else, he is sincerely enthusiastic over the screening of "Sentimental Tommy." However, it is doubtful whether any one could work on it long with John Robertson without catching that spirit from him. You will recall that he directed John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and it was he who insisted on keeping the story in the period in which Stevenson had laid it, instead of modernizing it, as some of his associates urged. He urged long and strenuously to be allowed to do "Sentimental Tommy;" even the fact that the former production manager of Famous Players-Lasky had turned it down coldly did not dampen his ardor. His wife adapted it for the screen, even though there seemed little hope that it would ever be made, and at last he induced Famous Players to let him attempt it.

Edited and Illustrated by CHARLES GATCHELL



PREDICTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Many falling stars will be observed in the celluloid heavens this month; in fact, this phenomenon will be observed more or less throughout the rest of the year. Companies created solely to exploit ex-Follies girls may look for severe frosts. Producers of costume plays, however—judging by the costumes—seem to anticipate quite a pronounced February thaw. Despite the lowering of prices in most other lines, the price of admission to the movies will not decrease.



- 1—Tu.—Fatty Arbuckle accepted a job singing illustrated songs in a California theater, 1907.
- 2—W.—“Raffles,” the first two-reel film play, was completed at the Vitagraph studio, 1900.
- 3—Th.—Constance Talmadge denies rumor of her engagement, 1918, 1919, 1920.
- 4—Fr.—Several State boards of censorship hold heated debates as to whether the title of Mary Pickford’s play, “Suds,” is too suggestive of a form of immorality recently prohibited by constitutional amendment to be allowed on bill boards, 1921.
- 5—Sa.—Doctor Sellers patented the kinetoscope, the first mechanical toy that embraced practically all of the vital principles of the motion picture of to-day, 1861.
- 6—Su.—Pearl White completed her first serial, “The Perils of Pauline,” 1914.
- 7—M.—Elsie Ferguson answers for the 1,702d time the question, “How did you like Japan?” 1921.
- 8—Tu.—Wallace Reid, at the age of four, made his stage debut in “Slaves of Gold,” 1896.
- 9—W.—Billie Burke made her first big hit in an English music hall, and was the toast of the day in London, 1899.
- 10—Th.—Reverend Doctor Hamibal Goodwin invented celluloid film, without which the motion picture would have been impossible, 1889.
- 11—Fr.—Thomas Meighan got out of Sing Sing, having completed scenes for “The Quarry,” 1921.
- 12—Sa.—D. W. Griffith encounters a Pullman porter who hasn’t a scenario to sell him, 1937.
- 13—Su.—Lois Wilson gave up her job as schoolmarm in an Alabama country school to enter pictures, 1915.
- 14—M.—D. W. Griffith arrived in Los Angeles, ready to begin work on “The Birth of a Nation,” 1914.
- 15—Tu.—John Barrymore born, 1882.
- 16—W.—Cecil De Mille began directing his first picture, “The Squaw Man,” starring Dustin Farnum, 1914.
- 17—Th.—Ruth Clifford born, 1900.
- 18—Fr.—Fatty Arbuckle, comedian, began working in Keystone comedies at three dollars a day.
- 19—Sa.—Roscoe Arbuckle, wealthy film star, placed an order for a specially constructed \$25,000-superdreadnaught motor car, 1920.
- 20—Su.—Norma Talmadge made her screen debut in Vitagraph’s “A Tale of Two Cities,” playing the part of the girl who rode in the cart with *Carton*—played by Maurice Costello—on the way to the guillotine.
- 21—M.—“The Birth of a Nation” was given its first private showing in New York City, 1915.
- 22—Tu.—Marguerite Clark born, 1887.
- 23—W.—The first motion-picture film to be given a public showing—a strip forty feet long—was projected for the first time at the Technical College, London, 1896.
- 24—Th.—“Revelation,” Nazimova’s first picture for Metro, the picture which placed her in the front rank of screen stars, released, 1918.
- 25—Fr.—Movie fans and other credulous persons were asked to believe that Theda Bara was born on the Desert of Sahara, 1917. (A surprisingly large number accepted the invitation.)
- 26—Sa.—Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Lillian Gish holds its first meeting, 1920. The society, after seeing “Way Down East,” gives up its mission as hopeless, 1921.
- 27—Su.—The Oracle, for 6,870th time, answers the inquiry, “Is it true that Pearl White wears a wig?” 1921.
- 28—M.—Earle Williams born, 1880.

*Wine, women, and deceit
Make a film plot hard to beat.*

HINTS TO FARMERS.

Never leave your car unlocked in front of the Bijou or the Little Gem, or you may have to hire a taxi to take you all the way back home.

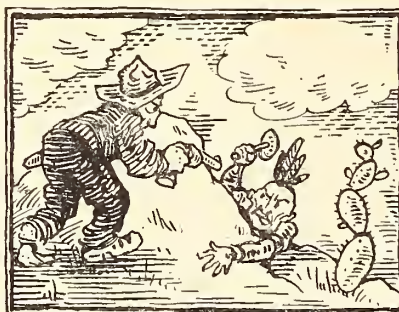
Watch the movie ads in the papers of all the near-by towns so that you can hide the mail-order-house catalogues whenever you have reason to think that your wife or daughter is taking in a De Mille picture, or one featuring Bebe Daniels.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Anxious.—No, there is no charge whatsoever for “The Movie Almanac.” It is given away free with every copy of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

A movie a day keeps the doldrums away.

THE MONTH’S RECIPE.



RED-HOT WESTERN MELODRAMA.

Take as many villains as desired. The tougher the better. Soak in iniquity. Add young country lamb and a tenderfoot. Season with desert dust, lariats, Indians, and gun play. Keep boiling furiously, and serve with garnishings of sage brush and cactus. A pinch of matrimony at the last adds greatly to this dish.

*“Where are you going, my pretty maid?”
“I’m not quite sure, kind sir,” she said.
“We’ve got some Southern scenes to do—
May strike Havana before we’re through.”*

HISTORICAL FACT.

Back in the year 1906, a young reporter-artist on the New York *World* was sent to interview Thomas A. Edison, already well known for his achievements as an inventor, about a new mechanical device that Edison was reported to be perfecting, the purpose of which was to project pictures in motion on a screen.

Returning, all enthusiasm, the reporter announced that he was going to throw up his job and go in for making these new motion pictures.

“You’ll be begging for your job back again in three months,” remarked his boss sarcastically.

But he didn’t. He became Commodore Blackton, known the world over as a producer of pictures, a man of fame and fortune.

Favorite Picture Players



Photo by Lumiere.

ALICE CALHOUN is the sort of girl about whom it's a pleasure to write, because her being starred by Vitagraph is the result of three years of hard, conscientious work, and because she has refused to use her family tree as a ladder in the climb toward fame.



CUPID outdid himself when he arranged the marriage of Mabel and Hugo Ballin, for he made them a business firm as well as man and wife. She is now starring in his pictures. Certainly there couldn't be a more successful partnership.

Photo by Hoover Art Studios.



Photo by Hoover Art Studios.

THIS is but the second picture of Claire Windsor that we've published, but doubtless in future we'll be writing captions for many a photograph of her. She's the latest discovery of Lois Weber, and has a five-year contract with that clever producer.



MENTION Louise Glaum to an interviewer, and you'll be swept off your feet by the resulting wave of enthusiastic comment on her marvelous green eyes and intriguing smile; you should see those eyes and that smile across a luncheon table!

Photo by Melbourne Spurr



Photo by Murray

WE'VE never seen little Edith Roberts look like this, but apparently the photographer knew how to inspire revenge, suspicion, or whatever emotion it was that produced the dramatic effect here portrayed. At this rate Edith will be appearing in tragedies the first thing we know!



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston.

OF course you recognize the blond and beautiful Pearl White—but we beg to introduce to you a Pearl who's shy when she meets strangers, who speaks French fluently, and who is her own pictures' severest critic—quite a different girl from the one you see on the screen.



A NAME like Louise Lovely's would be a handicap to some girls, but she lives up to hers without the slightest effort, not only in appearance, which would be quite enough to satisfy almost anybody, but in her work as a Fox star as well.



HERE'S Wallace Reid as the fans like to see him—but not as he likes to see himself. "They doll me up and shove me on the screen," he protested recently—and the interview on the opposite page will tell you why he hates it.

Photo Copyrighted by Evans

Wally and a Follies Girl

Read this story about Wallace Reid and you'll be surprised! For you'll get a new impression of the speed-car hero—a very real and convincing one.

By Herbert Howe

HAVING only twenty-four hours more to do in California before gaining liberty and New York, I didn't feel like work.

So I decided to interview Wallace Reid.

Too, I'd heard that he had a lamp with a victrola secreted in its base. I was suspicious. I couldn't see any sense in hiding a music box, even under the Volstead Act, unless it specialized in the coming through with rye.

In this mood of curiosity and celebration, I called the Reid dressing boudoir by telephone.

The last time I tried to interview a film king I had to submit the name of my person, profession, publication, and political party to a housemaid, who conferred with the janitor, who passed the application to the butler, who laid it before the secretary, who, after due deliberation, presumably laid it before the throne. The decision was "nothing doing." I understand the janitor didn't approve.

Thus I was prepared to be denied the pleasure of hearing the illuminated victrola—and Mr. Reid. But the studio operator gave me the Reid chamber all right.

"Lo," said some one.

"Same here," said I. "I wish to speak to Mr. Wallace Reid himself."

"Shoot. This is he."

"I'm coming up to interview you," I said.

"All right, come ahead. But you'll probably find me asleep."

He was as prognosticated. And he came to only after a polite, but firm, kick on the shins.

I was feeling reckless. Ordinarily I'd no more think of awakening a film king than I'd think of tickling a porcupine: I wouldn't have been at all surprised if the royal Reid had reared himself and cried imperiously:

"Who kicketh the king? Slave, throw this gink to the film cutters!"

Instead, his majesty yawned, mopped his mane back and said, "How ar' yuh?"

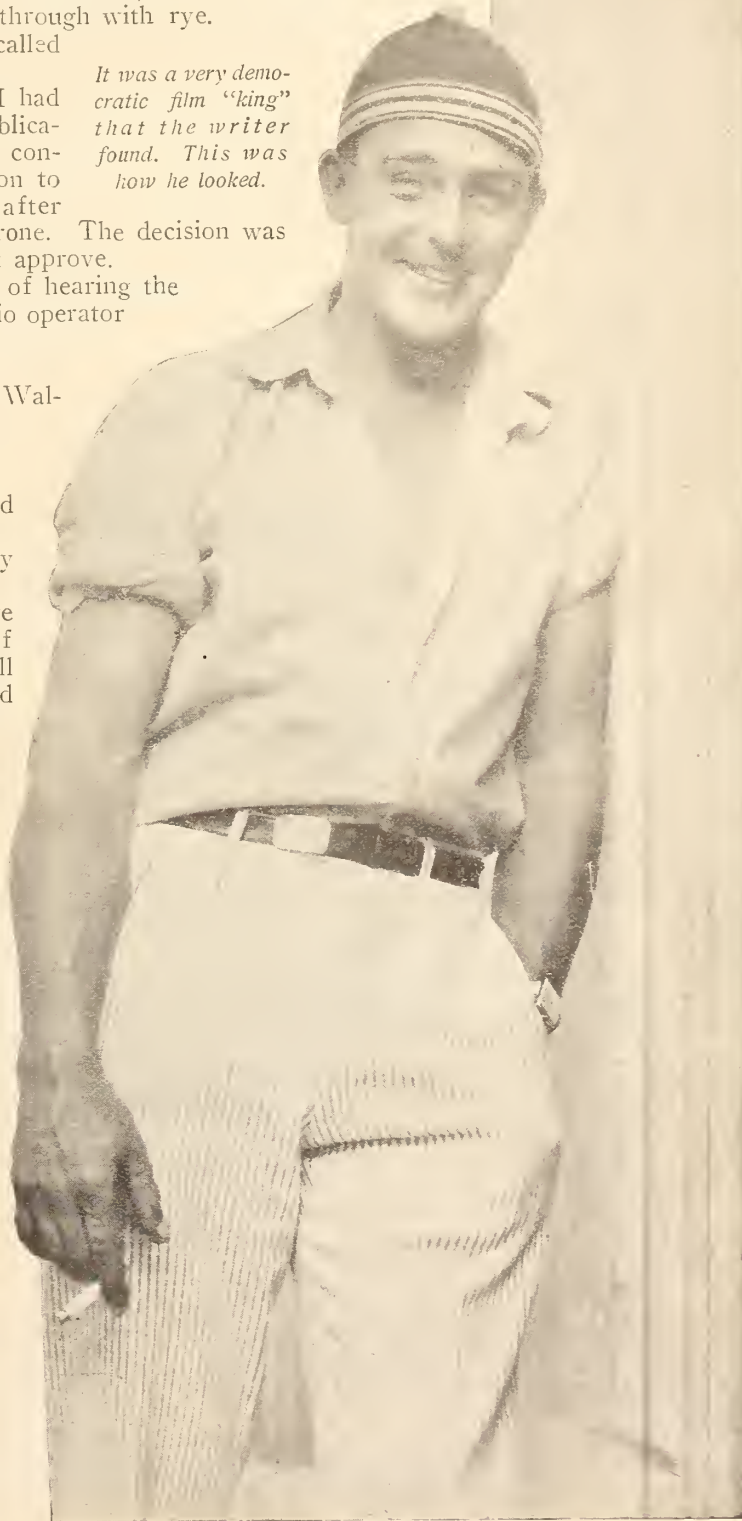
Then he rolled a cigarette. Observing his dexterity, which is greater than that of Bill Hart, I salvaged a custom-tailored from the miscellany of a near-by table.

There's that austere dignity about Wallace Reid that you may observe in any college-bred frater. After testing the cigarette with his tongue, reaching in six pockets simultaneously for a match and then bumming one, he placed his feet gracefully on the table and drew a long, rousing drag. I felt at home instantly.

"Nice dump," I observed, using my collegiate language.

The dressing room is just that. To the consternation of every one on the Lasky lot, it recently was kewpied up with all the period la-de-das of an interior decorator. The action indicated that Wally, at last, was becoming star bred. What would be the decorator's despair if he could see it now! It looks as dissipated as any room in any fraternity house. The royal blue rug was peppered with duke's mixture. A necktie was chinning itself to a wall fixture. On the dressing table there was a fraternal jamboree of collars, shoe horns, letters, and make-up.

It was a very democratic film "king" that the writer found. This was how he looked.



"Awful, eh?" grinned Wally.

He got up and found a carpet sweeper, which he propelled like an oarsman. This exhausted his domestic renovation, and he returned to the chair-and-table posture.

"Hungry?" he inquired.

"Sure," said I elegantly.

"Ike! O-o-o-o-o-h, Ike!" he bawled in tones that must have caused Jesse Lasky in the front office to fancy another earthquake had shaken the place. Ike, the valet, uniformed in skullcap and piratical outfit, appeared from below.

"Here—get some sandwiches," commanded Wally, searching his pockets and finding nothing. "Broke, Ike. Buy them yourself."

The conversation during the wait for food is not interview material. No man, except a film king, ever speaks king's English when hungry. And Wally certainly does not live up to his position. He apparently had forgotten the dignity of my mission. I don't think it ever recurred to him.

It developed that he was a Sigma Nu at college, where he took a fine arts course, specializing in football, track, and billiards. Being also a Greek intellectual, I didn't feel as lowly as I would in the presence of the potentate whose janitor didn't approve.

The sandwiches came. And went. The victrola, which really is such, was turned loose. And Wally became inspired.

"You know," said he, "I'm in the same class as a Follies Girl. When I lose my shape I'm gone."

"Hot dog!" said I, recalling the interview.

Encouraged by my erudite observation he continued.

"I don't kid myself about my standing with art. I never wanted to be an actor, anyhow. And I don't now. The Lord knows I've tried to do some real work. Do you remember when I played the lumberjack in a Peter B. Kyne story? I wore a beard, chewed cigars, and acted as a man would in that environment. The boys on the magazines and newspapers said, 'At last Wallace Reid has done some acting.' Fine! That pleased me. But you should have heard the howl from the fans and our salesmen. No more beards or cigar-chewing. From henceforth I was to appear as is. So they doll me up and shove me on the screen. If I

protest, they say, 'That's what the public wants.' And they're right. At least so far as I'm concerned. There's a class of discriminating film patrons which does appreciate real acting. That class is growing. I hope they'll like 'Always Audacious.' In that picture I have a dual rôle, so I get away with some character work—"

He paused to turn off the victrola, which was running away with "Irene."

"Of course, we all have our little old plans," he mused. "My big ambition is—and always has been—

to direct. And I hope to make the name of Wallace Reid, director, stand for a great deal more than Wallace Reid, actor. But"—he made a fatalistic gesture—"man proposes and fate disposes."

I observed consolingly that if Wally Reid, director, excelled the popularity of Wally Reid, actor, he'd have to lash D. W. to the mast.

"Heaven forbid I get egotistical," mused Wally, with that characteristic humorous uplift of the right eyebrow. "No one esteems the work of De Mille and Griffith more highly than I. Just the same, I'm willing to compete. There is nothing a fellow can't do if he's game. I've worked in the wardrobe, the cutting room, and scenario department. I've turned the camera and built sets. With the exception of printing and developing, I have worked at everything in the production of pictures. I may not have been a student at school, but I have been at the studio. Some people would laugh at you if you told them I was

ever serious. Most of us are more conscientious than the world ever knows. Seriously, I always have been ambitious to contribute something real to life, something"—he grinned as apology for his altruism—"something besides my face and figure."

At that moment Arch Reeve, publicity artist, eased his blimp figure through the doorway, followed by a camera man.

"Stand up and have your mug shot," commanded Arch respectfully of the film king.

"What for?" countered the owner of said feature.

"For the magazine."

Wally obliged instantly with a pose plastique.

Continued on page 96



Wally had a character bit in "Always Audacious." The girl is Margaret Loomis.

Romances of Famous Film Folk

Dorothy Phillips and Allen Holubar lived the charming love story that is the fourth of this delightful series.

By Grace Kingsley

MODESTY, let me introduce to you—"King Love!"

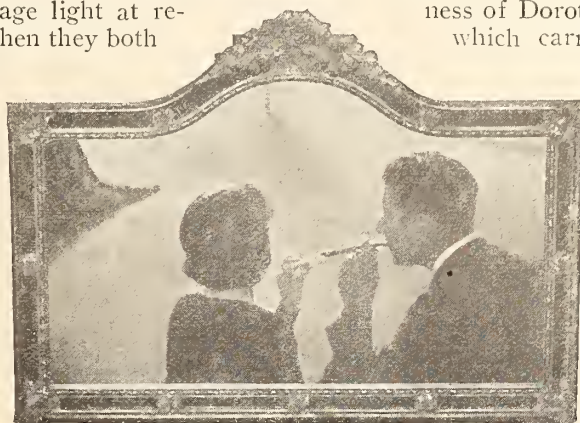
The stage director said it with a little flourish. Allen Holubar looked at Dorothy Phillips, Dorothy looked back at Allen, then Allen bowed low, in the dim, back-stage light at rehearsal of "Everywoman," and then they both smiled appreciatively at the stage manager's little joke. Come to think of it, though, that introduction did sound kind of prophetic, didn't it?

That was more than eight years ago, away back in New York, when Allen Holubar had just come out of the West to win fame for himself on the Great White Way, and Dorothy Phillips had run away from home in Baltimore to try her wings in drama.

Allen always gallantly swears that his success began at that very moment; and even if his biggest fame didn't start right then, it's quite certain that it was the sympathy and love and practical helpfulness of Dorothy Phillips, and her faith in him, which carried him over the hard months

that were to come later, when he had no work and little money, and which kept alive in him the big visions which he nurtured even then.

"I remember the first time I saw Allen," said his wife, the other day out at the Holubars' beautiful new home in Hollywood—the very first home they ever owned, by the way. She said it with the shy, sweet little smile that is characteristic of her. For



The Holubars' "happy-ever-after" has really just begun.

Photo by Milligan

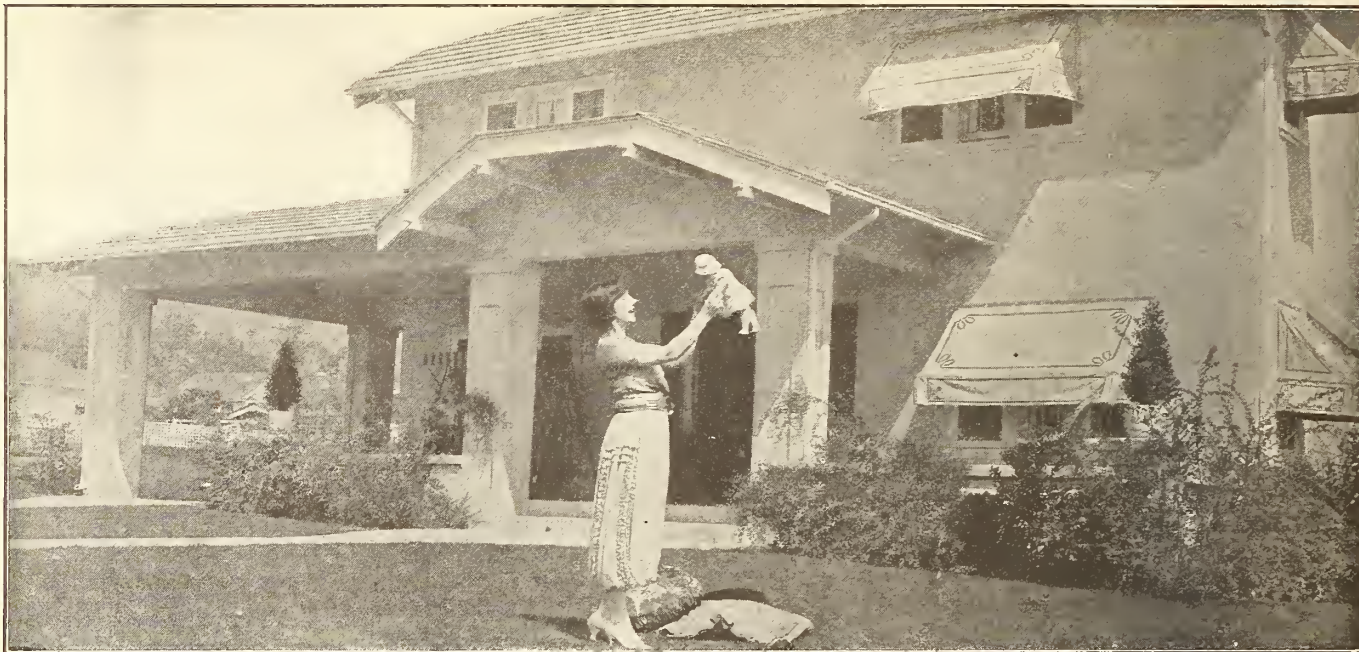


Photo by Milligan

They'd always planned for a bungalow in California—but didn't dream it would be like this one.

even though she is a star now, grown up, married, and the mother of a lovely little girl, Miss Phillips has still a certain nunlike quality of personality, a shy little way which I am sure will always be a part of her.

"I was standing backstage waiting for my cue at rehearsal," she went on, "and I looked up to see a tall, lithe, athletic-looking young man who had just come into the company that morning. He was standing with one foot on a chair, reading his script. It was August, he had just come from a vacation at the shore, and was looking so brown and strong and handsome that I just couldn't help gazing at him. The stage manager went over to him, touched his shoulder, brought him over to where I was standing, and introduced us. Allen told me afterward that he had asked for an introduction, and that he had been watching me all morning. But maybe that was just one of the things a man tells a girl when he's courting her. Anyhow, it didn't do him much good then, because I was all wrapped up in my work, and besides I was palling around with the girl who played *Youth*, and we didn't pay much attention to the boys in the company.

"By and by the show closed, but I stayed on in New York for a while. Mr. Holubar used to call me up at my boarding house and ask me to go to the theater with him. I guess it was then we became interested in each other. Allen had such big dreams, and we used to talk things over together. We used



Photo by Milligan

Holubar swears that his success began the moment he met his wife.



Photo by Greenbeaux

to take walks in Central Park and down Broadway, and then, over our dinners before the theater, we used to talk about the things Allen wanted to do. I felt sure he would be famous some day, because he had such earnestness and faith and such strong powers of concentration. He was always studying books and people and plays, and he was very keen in his observations. We used to watch people coming into the theaters and restaurants and at Central Park, and make up stories about them."

Can't you just see that sweet-faced Dorothy Phillips, with her earnest, brown eyes, with that aura of girlish shyness clinging to her like a veil, lighting up in response to her lover's daydreams?

Well, one lovely moonlight night in summer, when the two had been to see a play—probably some sort of romantic play, but Miss Phillips doesn't just remember about that—and the two had decided to walk home through the park, Allen Holubar and Dorothy Phillips decided that they just couldn't live without each other.

"What did he say?" I asked Miss Phillips. That question was hardly fair, though, was it?

But she parried adroitly. "Oh, I don't know"—and she laughed her shy little laugh—"those things come about emotionally, don't you think?"

Anyway, the next minute Allen and Dorothy stepped into the shadow of a big tree, and the park cop could just go hang, that's all! And I'm sure that no woman who has met the fascinating Mr. Holubar will be in the least surprised that she said yes, right off the bat, and that no man who knows Miss Phillips will wonder that Allen grabbed her off the very first minute which seemed propitious.

"And neither of us had ever been engaged to anybody else!" explained Mrs.

Holubar, with a shy sort of pride and one of her sudden, becoming little blushes.

Of course, as soon as she became engaged, Miss Phillips went right straight home to Baltimore and told her mother all about it.

They never had any lovers' quarrels, says Miss Phillips, and never came near to breaking their engagement, or saw anybody else that they thought even for a minute they'd prefer to be engaged to. They knew they loved each other, and there was never any doubt about it. After they were engaged, separation became unendurable, so they sensibly made up their minds to get married right away. Mr. Holubar got an engagement playing in stock at Wildwood, New Jersey, but it wasn't two months until they decided that life without each other was pretty slow. As Allen couldn't go to Dorothy, Dorothy went to him, and they were married the very day she arrived in Wildwood.

"I didn't tell my mother right out what I was going to do, but I think she guessed"—Miss Phillips was always a quiet little mouse, but proportionately determined—"but so far as the rest of my family was concerned my marriage was really an elopement. I don't know that they would have objected, but I always thought I got my way best by not talking too much about things.

Perhaps that was because there were thirteen of us altogether in the family, with four grown women, and you know that among that number there is sure to be somebody to criticize a girl when she wants to do anything at all. I had run away to go on the stage, and when I got ready to get married I just went and did it. Mother always did love Allen, anyway, and she visits us every summer.

The rest of the family adore him now, too; but when the cherished young lady of a family decides to marry a struggling young actor, even one with a good reputation like Allen—well, you know how it would be in a family of that size!

"Oh, my, no, I didn't know a thing about housekeeping! Those four women at home, along with the one maid we kept, had always done the work, and I had always been so busy with school, dancing lessons, music,



Photo by Milligan

Her beauty and intelligence have contributed largely to his success, and she has shared in his triumphs.

and afterward with the stage, that there had been no time to learn.

"So Allen taught me how to cook! Yes, he did. When he was a boy, out in California, he and a lot of other boys used to go on long camping trips every summer, and he became a wonderful cook."

The pair lived in a little cottage in Wildwood until Allen's stock engagement closed, and then the two hopeful young honeymooners went back to New York to seek their fortunes. But it wasn't so simple this time. Theatrical times were dull, and they simply couldn't find any engagements. That is, together. And they refused absolutely to be separated. Too many married couples of the stage, they decided, became lost to each other because of being parted professionally. So they continued to live in a tiny apartment,

"I look at her sometimes and say 'Is this really my baby?'"

Photo by Hoover

on their slender resources, with pretty Dorothy Phillips doing her own work and bravely facing the future with her young husband, in whom she had such unbounded faith.

Continued on page 90

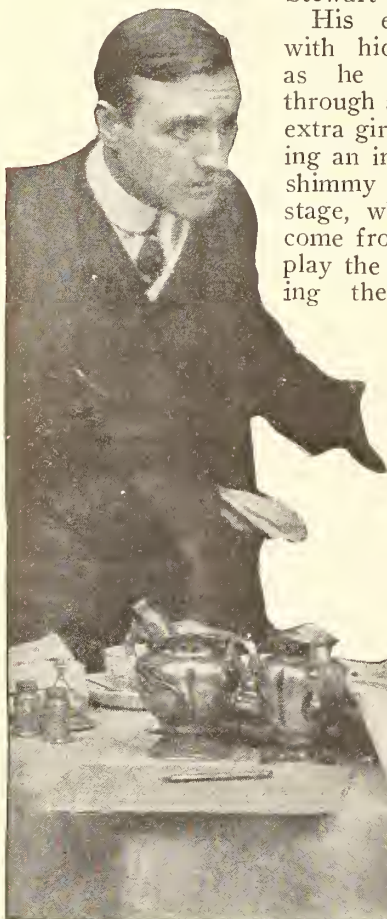
Some Family Skeletons of Filmdom

Jimmie Morrison rattles a lot of them.

By Charles Carter

YOU don't really mean—" "Yes, it's a fact," and Jimmie Morrison leaned forward as his voice assumed a confidential pianissimo. "Anita Stewart was a mother."

His eyes twinkled with hidden mischief as he looked right through and beyond an extra girl who was doing an impromptu solo shimmy on the studio stage, whither he had come from the East to play the lead in "Sowing the Wind," in



Norma Talmadge played varied rôles, ranging from bareback riders and grandmothers to that of Morrison's wife, shown here.

which Miss Stewart was starring. I, meanwhile, stared at him in open-faced amazement.

"It seems impossible," I at last rejoined to Jimmie's startling assertion.

"But it's true," he answered. "You see, lots of strange things happened ten years ago at the Vitagraph."

"But she was such a young girl then," I insisted.

"I know," he replied slowly, "but if you recall the life we led at that time, it will not puzzle you. Why, I can remember when Norma Talmadge was a bareback rider, and Maurice Costello a burglar. And you yourself probably recollect that Clara Kimball Young was a revolutionist."

"Well, not at the moment," I remarked by way of hiding my surprise.

"I particularly remember Anita Stewart as a mother because I was her son. Even to this day I can tell you just how she looked when she came into a café, and the way



Anita Stewart and Jimmie Morrison were recently reunited again on the screen after years of separation.

recognition dawned on her face as she beheld me. It was a fine piece of acting." And Jimmie turned to me with the emphatic gleam of appreciation for the work of another that only the eyes of a regular trouper can reflect.

We were talking about what the stars did some years ago, and I was finding it necessary to put a new lens in my projection lamp to get anything like an accurate idea of how they

Clara Kimball Young, Earle Williams, and Harry Morey belonged to the Vitagraph family in those days.





An interesting group—Robert Gaillard, Wallace Reid, Earle Williams, Mary Maurice, and Jimmie Morrison.

looked in their rôles. Morrison, you see, is a sort of sketchbook of picture history, for he began away back in the genesis of the game, so to speak.

"Things were very different then," he told me. "We made so many pictures—sometimes several at a time. We'd play straight parts in the morning, characters in the afternoon, and slapstick for supper. There were times when the leads were extras in one of these, and had rôles in another.

"It was perfectly logical that it should fall to the lot of Miss Stewart to be a mother once in a while. Why I've even heard it said that Norma Talmadge once appeared as a grandmother!"

Though Morrison can talk soberly and authentically about film history, he hasn't grown up any more than necessary. He admitted his present age to me quite reluctantly, endeavoring to hide behind his Harold Lloyd glasses as he made some ingenuous remark about not believing that he looked it.

Of course, the reason is that he had such an early start on his theatrical career. He declares that if he ever did anything in his life besides play in vaudeville, pictures, or the drama, he doesn't remember it.

Before he came to Vitagraph he had been in the varieties, and it was just by the merest chance that he happened to begin work in the films. A company at

the Brooklyn studios was making "The Tale of Two Cities," and the actor originally cast for a rôle in the picture accepted another offer. It so happened that Morrison visited the studio just at the crucial instant, met some of his friends, heard about the opportunity, and after being approved as an understudy, signed up.

Jimmie was a joyous young kiddo then—a sort of prize juvenile. He subsequently became the idol of many feminine stargazers. Women who now have two or three children fell in love with him then, and grass widows who are getting their interlocutory decrees are anxious to view his shining presence again on the strength of old associations.

"Speaking of costuming and make-up," he reminisced, "do you know what my principal achievement was in the old Vitagraph days, at least to my mind? It was the time I played two rôles in the same picture. One of them was an elderly character. Not recognizing me in the part a great many people asked why they didn't announce the name of the actor. That really pleased my pride because I like anything that proves versatility.

"At the time Earle Williams and Harry Morey and I were occupying the same dressing room, Williams was playing an aged blind man in the pictures, and the first day that he went out on the set even his director failed to recognize him.

"We kept the same dressing room for several months. Think of that—three leading men living on such terms of familiarity over so long a period. Finally somebody raised a howl for individual quarters, and though such things weren't done then the company finally granted the privilege.

"Perhaps you remember Earle Williams as a villain; he occasionally did that sort of thing in the old days. There was one particularly famous picture about six or seven years ago, 'His Official Wife,' where he appeared as a Russian military officer in love with a nihilist. The nihilist was Clara Kimball Young. Harry Morey was the hero. In the final scene Williams and Miss Young had to cling to a spar after their yacht had been torpedoed. It was in October, as I remember, and Miss Young got such a cold from being in the icy water that she wouldn't speak to Jimmie Young, who was directing, for a week.

"As was bound to happen some time or

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Anita Stewart was a mother—Jimmie's mother, to be exact.



Gaze upon Pola Negri—it's Fanny's greatest ambition to look just like her.

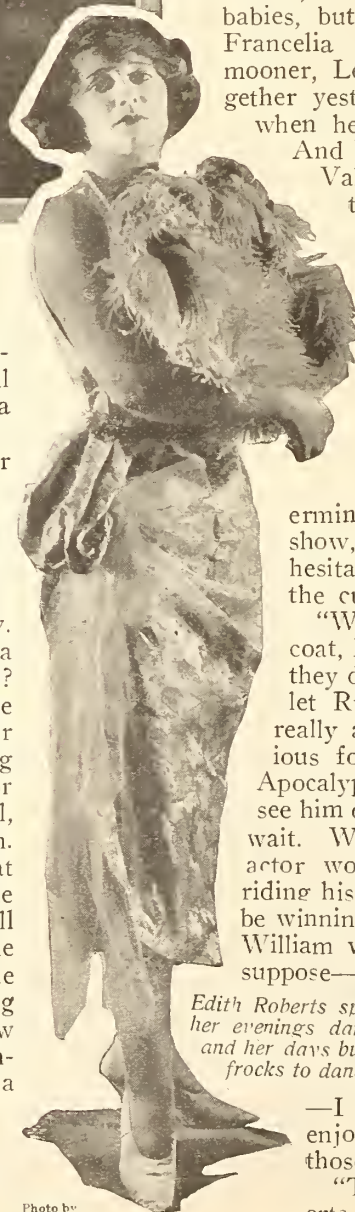
WELL, what's the latest you've heard?" demanded Fanny, furling up her harem veil and unpacking a vanity case as big as a small steamer trunk.

"I'm told that the most characteristic question ever asked by the American woman is some form of 'What's the latest gossip?'" I told her, in an attempt to be severe. "How many people have you stopped to-day with exactly that question? And do you ever think of anything else?"

"Only a few and not often," was the prompt reply. "Truly, I came straight down here from Sylvia Breamer's—and what do you think she told me? She's just back from New York, you know, and she says that lots of the girls there are matching their cigarette holders to their eyes—not exactly matching them always, but just sort of harmonizing them; for instance, a dark amber holder for a brown-eyed girl, and a blue-jade one for a blue-eyed girl, and so on. I've been worrying all the way down here about what shade I'd get; I met Tony Moreno in front of the hotel and asked him, and he suggested tortoise shell—for the perfect cat. Wasn't that cruel? But he apologized and said he didn't mean it, but that he couldn't hold it back because it struck him as being so funny, and now I'll bet he's telling it to Lew Cody. Look at them out there in the lobby, laughing. Well, Tony said he'd give me a holder as a peace offering, so I don't care if he does tell that all over town."

"But you don't smoke," I protested.

"That won't matter; I'll start a new style and use the thing as an incense burner for my button



Edith Roberts spends her evenings dancing and her days buying frocks to dance in.

Photo by Joel Feder

Over the

If Fanny the Fan doesn't

By The By

hole, which would be novel, at least," she retorted. "In these days of raging domesticity in motion-picture circles I think somebody ought to make a protest and be eccentric. Of course, it's wonderful to see these young people getting married and settling down and bringing up children, but somehow, it makes life seem rather tame."

"It's anything but tame at the Bryant Washburns'. I was there yesterday, and the children haven't yet exhausted the possibilities of the toys their parents brought home from England. I believe Bryant bought everything but Westminster Abbey for sonny. Oh, and have you seen Conrad Nagel's young daughter, Ruth Margaret? She's a darling baby, and they're simply bursting with pride in her."

"No, I'm really way behind on the new babies, but I've seen all the new brides. Francelia Billington and her cohoney-mooner, Lester Cuneo, and I had tea together yesterday—I used to know Lester when he was with Essanay years ago.

And Eric von Stroheim and his wife, Valeria Germondez, had dinner at the table next to mine last night.

She was in 'The Heart of Humanity,' you know—that's when they met. And she had parts in 'Blind Husbands' and 'Foolish Wives,' too. Certainly it's a regular screen romance. Oh, and I saw the loving cup Carmel Myers won at the live-stock show; she wore her ten-thousand-dollar

ermine coat and went into the fashion show, you know, and the judges never hesitated an instant about giving her the cup."

"Well, having seen Carmel in that coat, I don't blame them. It's too bad they didn't have a dancing exhibit and let Rudolph Valentino enter it; he's really a professional, and I'm so anxious for 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse' to be released so that I can see him dance the tango that I can hardly wait. Wouldn't it be wonderful if every actor would do a picture showing him riding his hobby? Dustin Farnum would be winning races with his speed boat, and William would go in for horse racing, I suppose—he's bought a racing stable, you

know. They might shoot Pauline Frederick buying gowns or airing that cunning Pomeranian of hers

—I don't believe there's a thing she enjoys doing more than either of those two."

"They'd have to show Edith Roberts dancing," declared Fanny.

Teacups

tell it, it isn't news.

stander

"Really, I never saw any one crazier about it than she is. When she first got back here from New York I met her and asked about her trip, and it was simply one dance after another, according to Edith. She'd lost her mother's pearls at one party and most of the sapphire settings out of a gorgeous comb of her own at another, but even that didn't damp her ardor. She'd bought a lot of stunning gowns in the East—most of them dance frocks, of course—and she tried them all on for me the other afternoon. She's just acquired a new home, incidentally—in the Hollywood foothills."

"They all seem to do that sooner or later," I sighed. "And they do it as easily as they'd take a room in a hotel. Wish I could buy a home."

"I don't wish I could." Fanny set the teapot down so emphatically that the lid bounced off. "I long for just one thing, and it's impossible, but I want it just the same. I wish I could look like Pola Negri, the actress who did 'Passion,' that foreign picture. I think she's simply marvelous, don't you? If I only—oh, there goes Bill Duncan. I hope you've heard his latest. He says that serials are a thing of the past, and that what he's making should be called 'chapter plays.' Now, fancy that!"

"I can't—and it doesn't sound like Bill, either. I believe you made it up. By the way, did you ever hear more false reports about anything than you did about the Chaplin divorce, and what the principals are going to do next? I met Mildred Harris the

"Love me, love my Pomegranian," might well be Pauline Frederick's motto.



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

Sylvia Breamer's started a new fad, according to Fanny.

other day, and she never looked prettier in her life. She has one more picture to do for Louis Mayer, and then she thinks of going on the stage. And as for Charlie—what a lot of fun he had in New York, when everybody was looking for him! A friend of mine had an engagement with him one evening, and Charlie appeared late and a bit disheveled, and explained that he'd got lost in the servants' quarters of his hotel, trying to get out without being recognized by all the people in the lobby. The evening before he'd stayed with a taxi driver who had five children, and all that day he'd been playing with those youngsters and their friends, down on the lower East Side. He was like a prince in disguise, and they say that half the children in New York refused to go to school for a while, because they were afraid Charlie would turn up in their neighborhood while they were away."

"Well, I don't blame them. Oh, look at Betty Blythe—over there at that table by the door. I heard that she'd bobbed her hair, but with that hat you can't tell much about it. Did you hear that Earle Williams is going to Mexico to make 'Diamonds Adrift?'"

"Oh, the usual winter hegira to points south and prohibitionless will soon be well under way—not meaning that the eighteenth amendment has anything to do with Earle Williams' departure, of course. I think the 'Follies' girls' leaving the New Amsterdam Roof, in New York, for the Famous Players studio, was much more interesting. You know, Mr. Ziegfeld has never let them appear anywhere else in the costumes they wear there, but when



Billie Burke exercised her privileges as his wife as demanded some of them for a scene in 'The Education of Elizabeth,' he sent the pick of the chorus and also several of the best acts. And did you hear that William Ziegfeld, the brother of the 'Follies' producer, is starring Norman Trevor in pictures? These English actors certainly make good in pictures—look at Wyndham Standing and Percy Marmont and all the others who have done it."

"Well, I'm for 'em every time!" declared Fanny, scraping up the last bit of marmalade. "Even to the English comedians that William Fox seems to have gone mad about. He has two on his list, you know—Clyde Cook, that man with the funny legs, and Lupino Lane, who's said to be the funniest actor on the English stage."

"I'm not half as concerned about the English invasion as I am about the nonstar picture with half a dozen former stars in the line-up," I declared. "Everybody's doing it; the latest I've heard is the Ralph Ince picture, 'A Man's Home,' with Harry Morey and Kathlyn Williams in it, to say nothing of Matt Moore, and possibly Virginia Pearson and Grace Valentine. And I've always had my hands quite full watching just one star, but as



for keeping track of several of—"

"That reminds me that Jackie Saunders is supporting Viola Dana in her newest picture, and a friend of mine wrote me that Gladys Leslie is in the cast of Lionel Barrymore's next picture. Oh, and aren't you thrilled over having Lady Diana Manners—only that isn't her married name, of course—signed up to be in Commodore Blackton's next picture? I was so excited when they announced that she had signed with Griffith, a year or two ago—think of having a titled English beauty take to the movies.

Rudolph Valentino is to do a tango in "The Four Horsemen."

I'm going to be English myself, I think—they all wear bangs, don't they?"

I promptly nipped that project in the bud by telling her that I was sure bangs would be unbecoming to her; Fanny's tried being so many types—slim and lissome like Elsie Ferguson, frank and outspoken like Pearl White—even tempestuous as Constance Talmadge—that I dreaded the English invasion.

"Better wait till you see the Lady Diana on the screen, anyway," I advised her. "Why don't you try resem-

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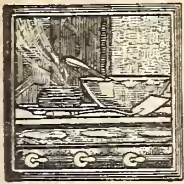
"The Gish"

By Vara Macbeth Jones

A merry girl, an airy girl,
A you-can-bet-I'm-wary girl,
A bob-haired little hoyden, with mischief in her eye,
A laughing girl, a chaffing girl,
An old-dame-worry baffling girl
Who never troubles trouble, and doesn't want to try.

A happy girl, a snappy girl,
An I-don't-want-no-chappy girl,
A quit-your-nonsense balker who laughs at lover's sighing,
A daring girl, a caring girl,
A luck-o'-Irish-faring girl
Who dared declare, "I'll get him yet," or surely die a-trying.

A pretty girl, a witty girl,
A don't you dare to pity girl,
A Peppy Polly flapper, not heard, but often seen,
A dashing girl, a flashing girl,
An old-idea-smashing girl,
The little jazz disturber, Evatanguaying the screen!



Right Off the Grill

A mixed assortment of opinions, anecdotes, criticism, and bits of news about the film world, flavored with frankness and seasoned with wit.

By Herbert Howe



WHAT is a "star?"
A star: a person of brilliant and attractive qualities.

Such is the simplicity of Webster.

The stage as it holds the mirror up to life occasionally reflects a being of such radiant quality that the world exclaims: "a star!" And straightway the individual is elected to heavenly glory. That is what Charles Frohman meant when he said that wherever democracy exists there will be stars.

The stage would not be a reflection of life if it had no stars, for life has them.

Oscar Wilde defines them best in "The Portrait of Dorian Grey":

"But now and then a complex personality took the place and assumed the office of art; was indeed, in its way, a real work of art, life having its elaborate masterpieces, just as poetry has, or sculpture, or painting."

This "personality" is the pigment with which a player works. Whatever the character he creates, it is colored by his own. That is why, on the screen particularly, a player convinces most when the character is closest to himself, at least to his sympathies and understanding.

These masterpieces of life have magnetism. They draw about them vast circles of spectating satellites. Wilde himself was such a star in London drawing-rooms. These stars appear irrespective of occupation. We find them in politics, in college, in trade unions, in literature, in the fine arts of crime. There is within them such a power that we are attracted without knowing the reason. "Personality" is an inept expression for this effulgence.

How many of these masterpieces of life are reflected by the screen?

The question naturally arouses division. But the majority will agree that the term "star" has been perverted to the uses of flappers, gamins, cow-punchers, acrobats, animals, and manikins, the spawn of carnival and circus, witless, and without the faintest imprint of distinction. If these be stars, then so are Elmo, the human fish, and La Bella Fatima, queen of the

danse Orientale. If their gyrations be art, then so is the turning of flapjacks by the gink in the white-front restaurant window.

There may be twenty screen performers, inclusive of both genders, who have distinction that is clearly recognized. Lillian Gish is a star. In her is that alchemy which sensitizes a mute screen and renders it articulate. Nazimova has the *élan* that transmutes a drab shadow

to a thing of glittering animacy. The intricate and flame-hued nuances of her being thread the worst of her chromos with a gold enchantment. Charlie Chaplin has projected such motive into the contortions of elemental humor that he achieves the Esperanto of comic art. Mary Pickford's benignant charm has melted into the hearts of millions. These four loom from out the mediocrity of poseurs and flaneurs. There may be others with sufficient flash of the divine fire that they pass for a time as stars. They are only meteors—or duds.

I doubt whether there are ten among the potentates of stardom who have a loyal constituency. Not more than fifteen, surely, have sufficient pull to increase the attendance at a theater to any appreciable percentage. For the dozen people who go to the theater because it blazes the name of Mary Marvel there is likely to be two dozen staying away for the same reason.

Jesse Lasky has commenced pooling his stars, for business reasons. No doubt he has found that some of his stellar attractions were proving detractions. Too, there has

been overproduction of pictures, the money market is tight, and it is necessary to make fewer pictures in order to recoup. Thus the pool. My fellows of the press strummed their psalters in praise to the Deity and Jesse. The stars, for the most part, uttered glad cries. What else could they do? They might have found reason to break their contracts, but where would they have found another company desiring their services? Possibly a few, but no company with the financial solidarity and future of Paramount. So we are to have groups of stars in Paramountings. Elsie Ferguson,



Juanita Hansen is laughing because so far she has escaped the biting pen of the author of this page.

Ethel Clayton, Thomas Meighan, Wallace Reid, and others may appear in chorus.

The prospect delighteth me not. Thus far I have been able to elude some of them; now I'll be tricked into seeing them all.

I appreciate Mr. Lasky's temerity in placing all the pets in one cage. But verily, I say, the director who entereth it is another Daniel.

I suggest that Jack Pershing or Jack Dempsey direct.

If Cecil B. De Mille succeeds we'll not blame the amiable Mr. Wilkie, his press centurion, for hailing him the Napoleon of the photo play. Let us prepare the medal militaire, yet not forget the gates ajar.

After all, Wallace Reid is the only possible star claimant in the caboodle drafted for "Anatol." And Wally always did wear his halo carelessly. His very indifference to his glory renders him ingratiating.

I second Frederick James Smith's motion; now let the directors be pooled.

Some wag announces the costarring of Elsie Ferguson and Olga Petrova. Referee not named.

Newspaper notice: Ingenious trap invented to kill bugs infesting arc-lighted studios. Just another trick for eliminating stars, I suppose.

We now have superstars. Every super has his day.

Angels Become Devils.

Henry Arthur Jones, English playwright, has joined Paramount's literary set in California. Some time ago the Equity Company produced Mr. Jones' famous play, "Michael and His Lost Angel," with Conway Tearle. When canned in gelatine it was labeled "Whispering Devils." The Playwright seemed embarrassed when asked if he had seen it. He said he hardly expected to.

Equity for Actors.

A great deal is said about the temperamental injustice of actors, but very little of the unfairness dealt out by directors and producers. A certain company recently blacklisted a young actress because its star didn't like her attitude while she was serving as his leading woman. A report was spread among the studios which I happen to know was false, at least in some respects. The girl has found it difficult to secure employment. Naturally the word of a company head is better than that of a player. Another young actress suffered because she held out for her wardrobe expenses, which had been assured her in writing by the director. The director—a man—telephoned other studios warning them that the girl was dishonest. She was able to disprove this only by reference to other

directors who strongly indorsed her. Evidently the Actors' Equity is needed in the film zone as a protection against this genre of employer.

Scenario Qualification.

A company boasts that it has secured a scenario writer famous for being the authoress of children's stories. She should qualify.

Food for "Reds."

Facts like these are guaranteed to make radicals out of the most contented persons.

Hope Hampton has a thirty-five-thousand-dollar gold bed, we're informed, in which a queen once accouched.

Harrison Ford is earning a living by making love to the Talmadge sisters, in film alternate.

Charles Ray has a dentist office and personal dentist installed in his studio. We may expect another volume of molar memoirs such as written by the ex-kaiser's bicuspid plumber, who, by the way, is now available.

Screen actors who successfully evaded war service are now appearing in "Americanization" films. But why Americanize them at our expense.

Customary Denials.

Charles Chaplin to direct Mildred Harris in a supercomedy. Denied.

William Duncan and Edith Johnson married. Denied.

Constance Talmadge to wed Philadelphia person. Denied.

Mildred Davis engaged to navy officer. Denied.

Are Stars Conceited?

The first question invariably launched by the avid fan concerning a star is: "Is she very conceited and upstage?" I don't know the reason for it. Most stars aren't, although most performers are. There's the difference between the great and the little. The smaller they are the bigger they feel. This holds in other professions. So there's no reason for so much mooted of the question. Often players are unjustly accused.

At a recent party in Hollywood, a charming young actress sat rigidly upright in her chair all evening, refusing to talk. Every one thought her upstage, whereas she had merely imbibed too much.

To all lovers of the clean and beautiful: Don't miss Corinne Griffith at her bath in "The Broadway Bubble."

Three Ghosts of Hamilton.

We are about to behold three ghosts of Hamlet. John Barrymore is to do the dyspeptic Dane for Paramount, 'tis said. A German company has filmed it with Asta Nielsen, a feminine star, in the title rôle. And an Italian company is sending over a third edition. That ought to be enough to make the bard do a back-flop under the daisies.

Interviewing Monsieur X.

There are two ways of gaining audience with Monsieur X, famous film star:

1. Call at the studio and submit to an examination by the office girl in the outer of outers. You sit on a



You don't believe this is Harold Lloyd? Wait till you see "Number, Please." The matchless comedian is doing tricks with a curved mirror.

hard bench before her desk, where the light will fall directly upon you. She looks you straight in the eye and inquires the name of your person, profession, publication, and political party. After the oath is given, she will study you carefully for two or three hours. If you haven't broken down completely at the end of that time, she may send your name to the inner of inners.

I recently tried this method. I proved my identity by letters, discharge papers, and birth mark. Not a tremor or sob escaped me. Finally I humbly inquired the decision. The lady shook her head. My case was hopeless.

"Why?" I bawled.

"Because," said she with a touch of commiseration, "even I am not permitted on the holy lot."

2. The other way to gain access is by bribing a servitor for the star's home phone number. You call the Buckingham, and if you're fortunate some one will answer. Thereupon you give the name of your person, profession, publication, and political party to the butler. He, in turn, after due deliberation presents it to the secretary, who may lay it before the throne. The master heaves ultimatum, which is hoisted from the secretary to the butler to the housemaid to you. Thus, if favored, you may get your reply within a week, providing central doesn't cut you off.

After spending all my enormous salary in nickels, I was told to call again, as the master had retired. I thought it was time he should. But I have still another plan. He will doubtlessly go to England one of these days to receive the king. I'll follow and interview the king, thus getting a democratic impression of our American favorite.

We thought Thomas Burke, author of "Limehouse Nights," was really in earnest when he roasted the motion picture because it didn't reproduce his stories as they were written. Then we heard he had signed to do scenarios for Fox

We're Eagerly Awaiting:

Anatol in the person of Wally Reid, embraced by Gloria, Bebe, Agnes, and Wanda.

Antonio Moreno in his first feature.

More European pictures with the fire of "Passion." The Nazimovization of "Aphrodite" by Pierre Louys.

John Barrymore's picture of *Dorian Grey*.

Pola Negri's revisitiation.

Betty Blythe, *Queen of Sheba*, when she draws her dagger that lets fall the royal chemise.

Lillian Gish's first star picture directed by Jerome Storm.

The answer to "What is a Wife Worth?" made by Cabanne.

Marguerite Clark's return in "Scrambled Wives."

King Vidor's "The Sky Pilot."

Elinor Glyn's first screen outburst with Gloria Swanson as subject.

Never Pass Up a Loane.

When George Loane Tucker went to California to produce "The Miracle Man" his name was not as spectacular as it is now. While dining in the Alexandria he saw a girl who was exactly the type to play *Rose*. He learned that she was playing in slapstick comedies, but that did not discourage him. He called her residence that evening. She was not at home, so he left his name with the request that she call him the next day.

"And who's this gink, George Loane Tucker?" queried the water lily upon being given the message. "Well, I'll take a chance. If his middle name's Loan, mine is Borrow." She called and was offered the part. It didn't meet with her approval. She continues to

illustrate the comedies in a bathing suit while Betty Compson stars in state.

Moral: Never turn down a Loane.

Ten Best Films of 1920.

For entertainment value and artistic standard, the following is our Grill list of the ten best pictures of the year:

"Way Down East."

"Humoresque."

"Passion."

"The Jackknife Man."

"Paris Green."

"On With the Dance."

"The Devil's Pass Key."

"Why Change Your Wife?"

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

"Pollyanna."

Writer Wanted?

A great deal is being said about the need for writers of screen literature. "The Sign on the Door" would indicate executives wanted. Channing Pollock sold the original scenario of this play to Metro for a few hundred dollars. It was shelved. Being in need of material for a stage play, Mr. Pollock purchased his story back from Metro for fifteen hundred dollars. As a stage play it has earned big royalties, and Joseph Schenck recently paid seventy-five thousand dollars for the screen rights. It is now being put through the lenses by Herbert Brenon with Norma Talmadge as the star.

Newsboys and Cutthroats.

The dime novel is dead. Long live the dime novel! Nick Carter and Horatio Alger in collaboration couldn't have produced such as "Dinty"—pearls, opium, Chinese cutthroats, Irish Americans, tubercular mother, swinging knife, trick door, subterannean passages, noble newsboys.

Marshall Neilan deserves credit for openly crediting himself with the story. We might have blamed Wes Berry—or one of the chinks.



And here is Fatty Arbuckle. No, this was not taken when he was really five years old; but only recent, when he played being five, in "Brewster's Millions."



Photo by Freulich

Carmel Myers' coloring makes seal and squirrel an excellent combination for her.

SOMEbody ought to compile an alphabet of furs," declared the Young Matron, as we started for our afternoon walk up Fifth Avenue. "Something like 'B is for beaver and blondes,' and 'S stands for squirrel and sloe-eyed brunettes.' Or it might take the form of a creed, 'Thou shalt not wear seal if thou art neither very young nor very old,' and 'Wear ermine if thou art a blue-eyed blonde, and thy popularity will be great—likewise thy bills at the cleaner's.' Something on that order, you know—just to save women who don't know what kinds of fur to wear from going out and spending a lot of money, and then looking about as stunning or fashionable as if they'd skinned the family cat and made her hide into a neckpiece."

Well, I don't wholly agree with the Young Matron's flippancy; having had two fur coats in her trousseau and having been given a sable scarf for her birthday she's not exactly qualified to dole out advice to the rest of us. But in a way she's right; wear furs that aren't really suited to your looks, and, though, of course, they'll keep you warm, they won't serve a double purpose and add to your appearance as well.

Even the screen star who has many a fur wrap and neckpiece must make selections carefully, and you can profit by their experience and choose furs to suit your type just as they do.

Try Your Fur

If you're her type, it's wise to make your
By Louise

For example, there's Carmel Myers. Carmel is a decided brunette, with ivory-tinted skin and very dark eyes and hair and very red lips—almost Spanish coloring. Furthermore, she's young—and age must always be a deciding factor in buying furs; the wrong kind can add ten years to your age in the twinkling of an eye.

Carmel Myers has several very beautiful fur wraps, but her favorite, and perhaps the most becoming one, is of seal, with cuffs and collar of very dark-gray squirrel, with brown markings. The fur coat's collar must always be carefully considered, since only a slender girl can afford to wear the big, rather bulky, collars. Squirrel is well suited to this treatment, as it is soft enough to drape well. The collar of Miss Myers' coat is very deep, and can be worn turned well up about the head, or lying flat down over the shoulders. The combination of seal and squirrel for any one of

her coloring is particularly good, since, though the black of the seal would be becoming to her, it is also rather old, and needs to be counteracted by a lighter fur near the face.

While we are on the subject of gray squirrel we might pause for a word of advice to the light-haired girls who are partial to it. As a rule, gray is most

decidedly not for blondes, despite the fact that many of them seem to believe that it was made for them. Few yellow-haired girls have enough color in their skins—I refer not to pink cheeks,

but to the underlying tone of the skin—to wear gray without losing by it. The brunette with vivid coloring, such as Miss Myers', can wear gray admirably. So can the bronze-haired girl with gray eyes, and the gray-haired or white-haired woman—to them it is especially becoming.

Edith Roberts is another dark-haired girl who likes to wear black, but she selects a different combination of furs, and a most effective one. She is shown here in a very beautiful imported coat of broadtail, made on loose, much draped lines which are well suited to her youthful slimness. The back of the coat is very full—in fact, the coat is made in popular dolman style. And the big, soft collar and wide cuffs are of imported kolinsky, of a deep brown that is most becoming to Miss Roberts. Here again, you see, we have black fur counteracted by lighter collars and cuffs.



Broadtail and kolinsky and Edith Roberts—you couldn't find anything prettier in fur coats.

Photo by Joel Feder

Coat on a Star

selections according to what she wears.
Williams

Incidentally, the problem of what sort of hat to wear with a fur coat is an interesting one, and is solved by Miss Roberts most pleasingly. She loves color—and with a fur coat she has free range. Therefore this hat was selected. Its brim is of autumn leaves in their natural shades, made of velvet, and the crown is of brown velvet which just matches the kolinsky on her coat. It is rarely advisable to wear a large hat with a fur coat, as the thickness of a fur collar, combined with a wide-brimmed hat, achieves a bunched effect which is anything but effective. It is best to obtain width, if a wide hat is more becoming to you than a small one, by the use of feathers, as does Hope Hampton in the hat pictured here. Her features are very fine, consequently it is better for her to get the effect of width in a hat by something less heavy than the velvet or satin brim of a hat. The placing of the feather on this hat gives her the desirable result of contrasting its color with her eyes, and, also, because of the manner in which the end of the feather is turned, the desired breadth is obtained.

Ermine is admirably suited to a blonde of Justine Johnstone's type.

Photo by Geisler and Andrews



Photo by Apeda

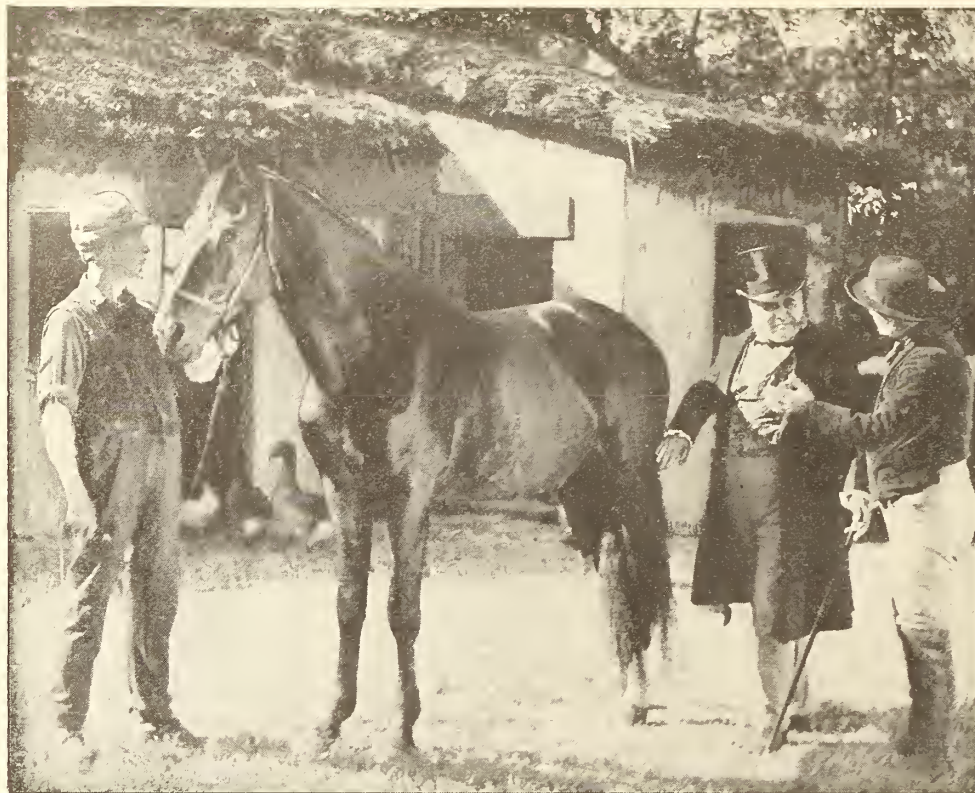
Hope Hampton is fine-featured enough to wear the harsher furs.

Miss Hampton has very blue eyes and dull-gold hair, with a suggestion of red. Because of this, and also because her face is small, she can wear the harsher furs, such as skunk, wolf, black marten, and racoon. It is a great mistake for the woman with rather large features to wear such furs as these; they emphasize this characteristic, and so are not really becoming. But coloring and features like Miss Hampton's are made to seem more delicate by contrast with the coarseness of these furs.

Quite a different type of blonde is Justine Johnstone, whose hair is very golden, and whose eyes are not so deep a blue as Miss Hampton's. She is one of those who can wear unrelieved black—there is a softness about her beauty which the velvety black of seal makes more pronounced. Pure white ermine is also very becoming to her, though in most instances blondes do well to avoid this fur unless the black-tipped tails are used, since they need the emphasis of the bits of black to relieve the monotony of the white.

Ermine is a very popular fur among the actresses of the screen: Anita Stewart and the Talmadges all have pure white ermine coats, which are equally becoming to Norma's dark eyes and hair, to Anita's reddish-brown ones, and to the gay Constance's brown eyes and light hair. Norma

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Horse Cents

The screen's first équine star talks for publication.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

BLACK BEAUTY glanced up from the manger where he was having lunch as I appeared at the door of his stable.

"Come right in and sit down," he said cordially, cocking his ear at me and waving a friendly tail in greeting.

"Will you have a bite of bran mash or a barley-water cocktail?"

I said that I had had my lunch and seated myself on a convenient bale of hay to wait until he had finished.

"I suppose this is the first time you've interviewed an equine star, isn't it?" he asked, turning a velvety brown eye upon me. I admitted that it was.

"Yes," he went on, trying to be modest about it. "I believe I'm the first of my kind to be featured in a five-reel picture—and you notice that I have the title rôle, too.

"Of course," he continued, flicking his long tail at an audacious fly who was using his satiny flank for a skating rink, "Jean Paige and Jimmy Morrison are in the picture, too—but they really amount to very little. I am the featured player."

He munched his oats daintily and nibbled at a wisp of hay as if it were an asparagus salad.

"Then your name is Black Beauty?" I asked him, and he shook his head.

"No, in private life my name is King, but since taking the part of *Black Beauty* here at Vitagraph, every one has commenced to call me by that name, and I rather think I shall retain it indefinitely."

He shifted around so that I could get a clear view of his black velvet body and his one white hind foot.

"Do you notice how closely I resemble *Black Beauty*

of the novel?" he asked. I said I did.

"I assure you the Vitagraph people trotted around quite a bit before they found me. They not only had to have a horse who answered the description of the one in the book, but who was also gentle, talented, intelligent, and wouldn't set the director too hard a pace. I answered the description," he finished complacently.

I was properly impressed and asked him next how he happened to break into pictures. It is the customary question to ask of a star, and I knew he would expect it.

"Well, when I was a colt," he answered, "I never could seem to reconcile myself to the prospect of the domestic life of double harness or even the single blessedness of a bachelor stable. So I ran away from my home pasture and went on the race track. Far be it from me to praise myself unduly—I have too much horse sense for that—but I did make rather a record, doing a mile in 2.16. It was then that I attracted the eye of 'Chick' Morrison, who was trying to find an equine star for this story, and he at

once engaged me for the picture."

"Speaking of horse cents," I interrupted, "I suppose you get quite a salary."

"Oh, to be sure," he said with studied nonchalance. "You can well believe that when I tell you that I'm insured for fifty thousand dollars until this picture is completed. But if I told you how many buckets of oats my contract calls for you'd hardly believe me, however far be it from me to get on my high horse about it. Neigh! Neigh! Why this minute I'd love to go back to the livery stable where I was born and swap tales with horses I knew when I was a colt. Ask any one on the lot, and they'll tell you I'm not the least bit temperamental. I haven't demanded publicity, I haven't whinnied for close-ups, and I haven't kicked about a thing; and if there's any other star about whom you can say the same thing, I'll eat my blanket."

I inquired about Black Beauty's likes and dislikes. He pawed the ground and wrinkled his nose as if thinking deeply.

"Well, in the main," he said, and I looked to see what was in his mane, but that wasn't what he was talking about, "I like loaf sugar, carrots, currycombs, and pretty women, and I dislike whips, Klieg lights, and iron bits."

I jotted that down, and he glanced over my shoulder to see if I was forgetting anything.

"Be sure and put down that I have four doubles in this picture," he told me, and I looked up in surprise. Most stars are lucky if they only have one.

"Four doubles," he repeated proudly, "and they all had to be black with a white hind foot. They had to

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The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on current releases.

By Agnes Smith

FOR more than a year the prospect of Otis Skinner in a screen version of "Kismet" has been a mere fascinating promise. The screen rights were purchased, Mr. Skinner was duly persuaded to sign on the dotted line, and plans were made for the production. Because there were several hitches in the proceedings, certain wise men in the motion-picture business declared that there would never be no such fillum.

But behold! Here is "Kismet," produced by Louis J. Gasnier for Robertson-Cole. Presented with more than Oriental splendor, it comes along to brighten screens that have been colored drab by too many hit-and-run melodramas, too many dull problem plays, and too many sleek comedies of enterprising young success experts. Along comes "Kismet" to give a jog to your imagination, to take you to far-off brilliant and impossible lands, and to tell you a fascinating story of the country of the "Arabian Nights."

On the stage "Kismet" was a bird of fine feathers that roosted long on Broadway. With due apologies to Mr. Morris Gest, it was far more enchanting than all the "Chu Chin Chows" and "Meccas" that have followed it. When Mr. Skinner announced that he was going to wind it into reels, we had our doubts. Nothing is more depressing than a spectacular play gone wrong. We feared that "Kismet" would be stripped of its Oriental flavor, and that it would turn out to be one grand circus, with nothing but plenty of real camels and Oriental dancing girls to recommend it. As for Mr. Skinner, there was the fear that it would be hard to teach an old dog new tricks.

But Mr. Skinner is a canny gentleman. I suspect him of studying studio tricks and film technique. Most of these "distinguished recruits from the legitimate" do not. At least, they don't until they have learned a few hard lessons in the bitter school of experience. If Mr. Skinner never appears in another picture, he goes into the screen Hall of Fame. Even if you don't care especially for "Kismet" you will be repaid for having seen Otis Skinner.

His performance of *Hajj*, the beggar, who crams the adventures of a lifetime into one day, is a marvel of virtuosity. *Hajj* is a liar, a villain, a thief, and a murderer. He is a typical Oriental hero. The Western world admires the upright man; the East reverences the subtle old scoundrel.

The action of Edward Knoblock's play is literally a moving picture. To write like an Irishman, it was a moving picture even when presented on the stage. Elemental and melodramatic, it has elements of real poetry and greatness. The knock of fate gives the picture rhythm, and this rhythm has been retained in the scenario prepared by Charles Whittaker.

"Kismet" is, then, a jewel of a picture. Its success ought to prove to producers that a little imagination is worth a ton of rehashed plots.

Mr. Skinner and Mr. Gasnier have succeeded where many have failed. This business of adapting stage plays to the screen is a risky one. For a time, pro-



"Bunty Pulls the Strings" will appeal to those who find the ordinary movie too boisterous and crude.

ducers were bent on corralling all the cash-register successes and the market, and canning them like peas. The object was to line up as many well-known names as possible and let the public take the consequences. Immortalizing famous actors in famous rôles has been a popular business. Some of this immortalizing didn't take; the immortals emerged with more notoriety than reputation. Do you remember Mary Garden in "Thais," and Mrs. Fiske in "Vanity Fair?"

Bunty Pulls the Strings

From Goldwyn comes a creditable adaptation of a stage success. "Bunty Pulls the Strings," being fragile, has been handled with care. It isn't just one wild roar of a laugh after another, but it is a comfortable sort of comedy. It is so pretty, genteel, and refined that it could be shown at any church on a Sunday night.

Bunty, you may remember, was the winsome Scotch lass who pulled the strings so effectively that she patched up a family quarrel and smoothed over a family scandal. An outrageously bossy little person, but lovable and feminine. *Bunty* and her relatives care no more for money than does the average film producer. Graham Moffat pokes fun at the Scotch, mild, good-humored fun. This gentle satire, set in idyllic settings, gives the picture a demure charm. I think that it will appeal especially to those persons who find the ordinary movie much too boisterous and crude.

Leatrice Joy, as *Bunty*, is all smiles and dimples. Miss Joy is headed straight for electric lights. Raymond Hatton plays *Weelum*, *Bunty's* unromantic suitor. Mr. Hatton can be so funny without trying that we wonder why other comedians have to try so hard. Cullen Landis gives another excellent youthful characterization as *Bunty's* brother. The picture was directed by Reginald Barker.



Despite the splendid settings and the fine work of Mr. Fitzmaurice, "Idols of Clay" is mediocre on account of the tawdriness of its story

Life

If you have twenty-five cents to toss away, go to see William A. Brady's production, "Life," and spend a perfectly wild evening. It is another adaptation of a stage play, but it is done without regard to law or order. As I only saw the picture once, I cannot tell what it is all about. The plot, by Thompson Buchanan and Mr. Brady himself, is so strong that it couldn't be killed with a club. It is one of those active affairs that goes on and on and on. A beautiful mélange of society and the underworld, it is hard to tell the social lights from the crooks. It specializes in murder and sudden death, in vampires and thieves.

Undoubtedly Mr. Brady produced it for what it was worth. And it is worth about ten, twenty, and thirty. It is hard-hitting entertainment, but it has so much dash and nonchalance that you cannot help having a faint sort of liking for it. A large cast, composed mostly of villains, works hard. The conspicuous figure in the picture is Nita Naldi, erstwhile show girl, and now an emotional actress of the stage and screen. Miss Naldi is a contestant for the beautiful tiger-skin rug to be awarded to the best vampire of the year.

Heliotrope

I wish I could say that Cosmopolitan had produced another "Humoresque" in "Heliotrope." For sheer artistry of plot, it is better than "Humoresque," and its appeal is almost as great. Fannie Hurst's story was an epic of mother love. Richard Washburn Child's plot is an epic of father love.

A convict, "lifer" in a penitentiary, learns that his daughter is engaged to the son of a rich man. And he also learns that his wife, mother of the girl, is going to blackmail her daughter. The girl has been brought up in a convent, and believes that her father and mother are dead.

The father tells his story to the governor, and obtains a parole. He gives his word of honor that he will not harm his wife. His plan of attack is much more subtle. Before the law had removed him beyond the reach of such luxuries, *Harry Hasdock* had loved the perfume of heliotrope. Perfume is the weapon he uses against his wife. At the first whiff of heliotrope, she knows that he is on her trail. The idea of driving a woman to insanity by the smell of perfume is an interesting one. The director, however, fails to make the scenes effective.

But the climax atones for much that is mediocre in the picture. By goading her to madness, *Heliotrope* Harry forces her into murder. To save his daughter he gives his life, deliberately and willingly. The campaign of persecution had been elaborated and craftily devised.

Throughout the picture the daughter is unaware of the drama that is being enacted about her. She is never conscious of the existence of her parents. Her story is merely an everyday boy-and-girl romance. The construction of the story and its dramatic dénouement give the picture claims to artistic distinction. The best acting is done by Fred Burton, who plays the rôle of *Heliotrope* Harry.

Dinty

Unless we are very much mistaken "Dinty" is going to be one of the most popular pictures of the year. And much of its popularity will be attributed to the fatal beauty of Wesley Barry. How wise of Marshall Neilan to make him a star! Few distinguished actors find recognition so quickly. Like John Barrymore, Mr. Parry reaches the zenith of his powers while comparatively young. He brings to his art the fire of youth and the experience that comes from excellent training.

As a San Francisco newsboy who organizes a news-



"Kismet" is a jewel of a picture, and its success should prove to producers that a little imagination is worth a ton of rehashed plots.

boys' trust, thwarts the aims of a band of desperate opium smugglers, and rescues a beautiful young woman from the clutches of villains, Mr. Barry acts with finesse and emotional power. Handicapped by a map that is almost entirely covered with freckles, he turns an affliction into a triumph. Humor, pathos, and melodrama are in the picture, and Mr. Barry runs the well-known gamut of emotions.

Marshall Neilan may be several years older than Wesley Barry, but he has the heart of a child. His pictures are fairly sunlit. "Dinty" is a joyous affair. Marjorie Daw, who is one of the nicest girls on the screen, Colleen Moore, and Noah Beery are among those present in the cast.

Idols of Clay

Just one more picture like "Idols of Clay," and we will put George Fitzmaurice among those directors who might have been. The sad part of it is that it is not Mr. Fitzmaurice's fault. He is an artist and a gentleman. He is one of the few born artists now directing pictures.

"Idols of Clay" has one of those pesky stories that keeps you wondering where you have seen it before. It starts out like Somerset Maugham's book, "The Moon and Sixpence," it borrows a bit from the diary of Paul Gauguin, it leaps along into the plot of "The Man Who Came Back," it jumps into Limehouse, which is the exclusive property of D. W. Griffith, and then swings into something suggestive of "The Miracle Man." It tells the most impossible, improbable, fantastic story that has spun before us in a long time.

The story has not even the merit of abiding by law and decency. Mae Murray does a dance that ought to make an awful hit with college freshmen. It is so daring. But I do not like to see Miss Murray play the rôle of a girl who takes drugs. Much as I dis-

like to appear like a State board of censors, I believe that all "dope" scenes should be eliminated from pictures. David Powell, a capable actor, has a rôle that makes him nothing but an utter fool.

The clew to "Idols of Clay" may possibly be found in a speech that Miss Murray recently made before a gathering of authors. The authors were engaged in a serious discussion of the screen, its faults, and its possibilities. Miss Murray warned the writers not to take the motion picture too seriously. "You must remember," she said, "you are writing for a five-and-ten-store public." "Idols of Clay," in spite of its fine settings, its beautiful photography, and the imaginative touches of Mr. Fitzmaurice—and these it has in great abundance—is five-and-ten-cent-store entertainment.

The Great Lover

"The Great Lover," most charming of all philanderers, loses some of his accent and some of his zest when he works his wiles upon the screen. The play, by Fanny and Frederic Hatton and Leo Ditrichstein, is so sophisticated that we think that it will puzzle many a movie fan.

On the screen, a professional heartbreaker is a villain. *Jean Paurel*, the great lover, is much too polished and polite to be a popular film hero. A popular opera singer and a man of a thousand conquests, he falls in love with a young American singer and, in a quarrel about her, strains his vocal muscles and loses his voice. The girl feels in honor bound to marry him, but the great lover discovers her attachment for another man and gallantly gives her up. The ending is most adroit. The great lover, broken-hearted, resigns himself to a melancholy old age. The telephone rings. It is another siren! After all, there is more than one woman in the world.

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She was not much bigger than her favorite copper pan.

Cinderella's Twin

To be whirled from the kitchen to a ball as brilliant as that of any fairy tale was what befell this little scullery-maid heroine. And the adventures that followed were no less remarkable.

By Jane McNaughton Baxter

SHE was such a little thing—not much bigger than her favorite copper pan which she polished till its burnished surface shone. And as she rubbed it she chattered away to her reflection in its gleaming surface, pausing once or twice to lay her soft little cheek against one of its great handles.

"He doesn't even know I'm on earth, of course," she confided to this inanimate friend. "Probably he never thinks about there being anybody in the Valentine's house except Mrs. V. and the girls and their father; certainly he'd never waste a thought on a scullery maid. But just you wait"—and she stood off and cocked her head to one side, the better to admire her handiwork—"some day Prentice Blue and I will meet—and when we do he'll remember me. You see if he doesn't!"

Just a wild prophecy, of course, when you consider that Connie McGill was only the scullery maid in the Valentine home, and that Prentice Blue was one of the city's biggest catches, and the target for many of the Valentine girls' skillful shots in the game of matrimony. Yet not half an hour later Connie's prophecy came true, and filled her, not with joy, but with humiliation.

It happened naturally enough. Cook and her assistant had prepared dinner and then had gone to a wedding, leaving Connie with explicit instructions to watch the roast and put it on the dumb-waiter when Boggs, the butler, phoned down for it. But Boggs, unex-

pectedly hurried, changed the order of things, and sent word that Connie was to bring the roast up and serve it herself.

Anxiously she scrouged down before the big copper pan and fluffed up her yellow hair, longing for just a few more moments in which to make herself presentable. But Boggs had urged her to hurry, so she scrambled out of her big apron and into a little white one, slipped the roast on to a platter, and made her way up to the dining room.

She had never seen a dinner party before, and for a moment paused in the doorway; the brilliant lights, the flowers, the lilting music that caught at her like fairy hands, all made a wonderful new world. Her blue eyes widened and grew starry with happiness, and her cheeks grew as pink as the rosebuds on the table.

And then her eyes met those of the man sitting at the hostess' right—a tall, dark chap, whose whimsical little smile made him seem aloof from the chattering women who babbled at each other across him. His eyes met little Connie McGill, and a sickening crash announced to the Fates that the first part of that young person's prophecy had come true. For at sight of Prentice Blue her hands had flown to the locket at her throat, in which a picture of him, clipped from a newspaper, reposed. And the roast, incapable of remaining suspended in the air unsupported, had fallen to the floor.

There was a scene, of course. Mrs. Valentine was icily severe; Boggs, who had rushed in a second too late, was purple with suppressed vituperation. And trembling with fear, Connie raised tear-filled eyes to Prentice Blue, who had rushed to the rescue.

She couldn't have told exactly what he said, but she did know that he scabbled the remains of the roast back onto the platter, turned Mrs. Valentine's anger into amusement, and quelled Boggs with a glance. She tried to thank him, but the words stuck in her throat, and she could only look at him. And he, patting her on the shoulder as she turned to go back down to her lonely kitchen, got a vivid impression of a little face as touchingly sweet as a wild rose that has been out in a June shower.

Connie had plans for that evening, plans which she had made some weeks before. For it was the night of Helen Flint's birthday ball, and the mere fact that Helen Flint's father was a millionaire wasn't going to keep Connie away from the party. To be sure, she could go only as far as the awning that reached from the curb to the ornate front door of the Flint mansion, but that would be far enough for her. She could see the guests hurry up the walk, could catch the faint suggestion of perfume and hear the light, amused laughter of those other young people as they drifted past her into the enchanted world just beyond.

She hurried up Fifth Avenue, with the gleam of lights reflected in the wet pavements, and the shouts of chauffeurs and hoarse commands of the extra policemen adding to the confusion at the entrance of the Flint home. But the crowd meant nothing to Connie; she wormed her way through it and up to the very edge of the red carpet that stretched from curb to stairs, her eyes glued to the throng of favored ones. There was one girl, no prettier than she, whose silver frock peeped from beneath a rose-colored coat that would move through Connie's dreams for weeks to come. There was a girl in orchid tulle, with a great wrap of soft, white fur swathed about her—

"Want to go to the ball?"

Connie whirled around, trembling at the hand on her shoulder and the gruff voice that had awakened her from her dreams. She'd so often imagined just such an occurrence; now, if the voice had belonged to a funny little witch, and pumpkin coach had stood just beyond, the situation would not have seemed more unreal.

"If you'll just come this way," went on the burly man who had spoken to her. "That's it—right over to this machine. You see, I'm playing a trick on my friend Martin, who's giving the party—and I want you to help me."

Preposterous, of course. But when you're lonely, and you have filled your heart with dreams, and longed for them to come true, it doesn't seem strange to have them suddenly work out. At least, it didn't to Connie; it just seemed natural.

So when she found a very pretty and very much excited young woman in the car, and was driven to an apartment where the young woman slipped out of her own filmy pink dress and adjusted it so that it fitted Connie's slim little body, that young person took it all as a matter of course. She didn't even ask for an explanation. Even if she had, the truth would not have been forthcoming—for Dugeen, expert crook that he was, would never have told her that he had planned

to get away with the birthday gifts that old Mr. Flint's daughter Helen had placed on display in her little sitting room. Nor would he have told Connie that "The Lady," the girl who was helping her dress, was to have gone to the ball and arranged for him to enter the house, but had been frightened out of her wits when she saw "Busy" Kelly lounging about near the entrance. Kelly had met her before; in fact, the last time she went to jail he had acted as her escort. Under such circumstances she felt, quite naturally, that it might be embarrassing to meet him again, especially when she was pretending to be one of the guests at a function where she had no right to be.

And so Connie went to the ball—a transformed Connie, in dainty little silver slippers which The Lady had hunted out of a bottom drawer when she found that her own were too big for the little Cinderella. One of them wasn't quite comfortable, but Connie would have worn them if they'd been filled with needles that stuck straight into her. She was so happy that she would hardly have noticed it.

She hadn't stopped to remember that she didn't even know her hostess by sight, but Fate stepped in and took care of her there. A shortsighted dowager who entered the dressing room just as she did hailed Connie as the daughter of an old school friend who lived in Baltimore and performed introductions right and left, and Connie, ecstatically happy, took this development as just one more gift provided by the gods of chance and played her part. Winsome, lovely, radiantly happy, she split her dances between a dozen partners, and even when Prentice Blue claimed her and then refused to give her up she just took it as part of the wonderful dream.

By the time they had sat out three dances together they were old friends; when they had sat out two more Connie wondered if there had ever been a time when they hadn't known each other. As for Blue, he hadn't yet discovered what it was about the girl that seemed so familiar; he was sure that he had seen her before, somewhere, but he couldn't tell where.

And then, as suddenly as in that fairly tale of old, a clock struck twelve. Memories of Dugeen and his instructions crowded into Connie's mind, and she turned panic-stricken eyes on Blue. His watch confirmed the clock's tragic announcement. Midnight had come, and Connie McGill's wee bit of happiness was over.

Stammering confused excuses to Blue, she turned and ran for the dressing room where she had left her cloak. To throw it around her and slip into the adjoining room took but a second; there she opened the window that was just above

the roof of the porch, and scuttled out of the room and down to the front door.

Blue was waiting for her there, and followed her as she flew down the red carpeted walk to the car that waited for her.

"Good-by, Prince Charming," she faltered, as she stepped on the running-board and then turned to give him her hand.

"Oh, but you're not going to leave me this way, Cinderella," he protested. "Surely you—"

"I'm not Cinderella—I'm just her twin," she told him, her voice shaky with sobs. The chauffeur started the car just then, and she scrambled into it; not until the door had slammed behind her did she realize that

"Cinderella's Twin"

Written from the Metro production based on the story by Luther Reed, and played by the following cast:

Connie McGill.....Viola Dana
Prentice Blue.....Wallace McDonald
Boggs.....Calvert Carter
Dugeen.....Edward Connelly
The Lady.....Ruth Stonehouse

one of her slippers had fallen off into the street. And peeping through the window in the back of the car, she saw Prentice Blue pick it up and kiss it.

Only The Lady was at the apartment when she arrived, and Connie, hastily donning her own clothes and rushing home, had no time to wonder where Dugeen was or why he hadn't been there to demand an account of her evening. As it happened, she missed him by but a short time, however, and thus escaped much vitriolic comment which was directed toward her and The Lady equally. For Dugeen had hidden the key of the Flint safe in the very slipper which Connie had lost, and, while the birthday presents would sell for a pretty sum, it was the safe to which he had expected to devote himself most particularly.

Connie, reading of the robbery in the morning papers, was aghast. It did not occur to her that Dugeen was responsible; she blamed herself wholly for what had happened. Dugeen had just wanted to play a trick on an old friend, and somebody else had most certainly slipped in through the open window and committed the robbery. That was the way it looked to her, and the first moment she could slip away she ran to the Dugeen apartment, to make atonement if possible.

But two minutes' conversation with Dugeen convinced her that she had been wrong; in his rage he made it plain that the robbery had been no accident, but, indeed, had been the point of the "trick" he had planned to play. Furthermore, he demanded that she produce the slipper she had lost the night before if she wanted to stay out of jail—that last threat being a delicate touch of irony on Dugeen's part!

She sped away to Blue's apartment then—after reading about him in the papers for months she knew his address almost as well as she did the Valentines'. The fact that a man followed her, the same man who had been lounging about near the Flints' door the night before, she didn't even notice, so eager was she to reach Blue and get the slipper from him.

"And I have to have it—quick!" she told him when she had stumbled through an explanation. Her hands fluttered out to him appealingly. "You mustn't get

into this mess; if they find you've got the slipper they'll send you to jail sure. Give it to me, quick!"

"You seem to care whether I get into trouble or not," he said thoughtfully.

"Oh—oh, of course, I care!" The words tumbled out with a rush; then, suddenly realizing the warmth of her own voice, she grew pink with embarrassment.

"Well, let's take a walk and talk it over; I promise you I won't get into trouble," he told her, catching up his hat. And so they did take a walk, just a little one, but it was quite long enough to give Dugeen time to slip into Blue's apartment and leave there the jewels he had taken from the Flint home the night before; the scent was growing too hot for him, wily old fox that he was.

Connie finally went back to the Valentine home without the slipper; Blue had promised to give it to her if she would meet him in the park late that afternoon. Boggs was raging when she got back to the house, and she scrambled into her cap and apron and prepared to serve luncheon with her mind in a tumult. She must get the slipper and then vanish somehow; it would never do for her to stay here at the Valentines', where she might have to serve at table some day when Prentice Blue was there. For now he'd recognize her—she was sure of that. And even the most uncomfortable death would have been far preferable to having him know that she was just a maid in his friends' home. For during their walk she and he had discovered that their fathers had been friends in boyhood; he thought of her now as his equal.

Her mind whirling like a caged squirrel, she picked up a tray and started for the dining

room. And, repeating the events of the night before, she stopped as she entered the room. For once again Prentice Blue sat at his hostess' right hand.

But there was time for only one swift glance of recognition before tumult entered on the heels of Busy Kelly.

"Game's up, young man!" he told Blue. "We've found the stuff in your rooms, and you might as well confess. Come along!"

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Even when Prentice Blue claimed her she took it as part of a wonderful dream.

News Notes from the Studios

Bits of information about new productions and items of interest about the stars.

CHARLES RAY is to direct himself in "Scrap Iron," with the assistance of Al Ray, his cousin.

JACK PICKFORD is to direct sister Mary in her production following "The Flame in the Dark," which Frances Marion directed. Miss Marion returns to Cosmopolitan to fulfill her contract.

GLADYS GEORGE will soon be Mrs. Robert Russell, wife of a Los Angeles business man.

C. GARDNER SULLIVAN, our favorite screen author, has come into his own with C. Gardner Sullivan Productions. The same will be released with the products of Associated Producers. Lambert Hillyer, director and scenario guide for William S. Hart, will direct for Mr. Sullivan.

MABEL BALLIN is to appear in "East Lynne," also Edward Earle.

FROM henceforth D. W. Griffith Productions will present Dorothy Gish, the favorite laugh promoter of the Grill department, having completed her Paramount contract.

"THE HEART OF MARYLAND," by David Belasco, is being done again by Vitagraph with Catherine Calvert swinging on the bell. Mrs. Leslie Carter performed it originally in celluloid.

RECENTLY there was published in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE a brief interview with Charles Ray's dog, Whiskers. In this chat he appealed to his fan friends to write him a letter or two, pointing out that he did not see why the mere fact of his being a dog and in the supporting cast of the Ray photo plays prevented him from carrying on the friendly correspondence of other screen actors. Moreover, he felt sure that if he got a lot of fan letters which he could show around to his master and the studio manager that he could force an increase in salary.

His appeal has been answered, for quite a number of children have written amusing letters to Whiskers; one of the most interesting follows:

"October 16, 1920.

"Dear Distressed Whiskers:

"I read your sad tale in November's PICTURE-PLAY. Poor little Whiskers, don't you worry, you've got somebody who thinks about you.

"So here is what you wanted a fan letter from somebody who knew you when you were but a tiny puppy, who has your picture and watches you with interest.

"Your admirer, DOROTHY MACDOUGALL."

Accompanying this letter was the portrait of little Miss Dorothy, together with three puppies, one of whom is said to have screen aspirations of its own.

Whiskers, by the way, is now making personal appearances. His debut was made at the Kinema in Los Angeles for the showing of "Peaceful Valley," in which he starred. There was a big turn out from the fashionable kennels. Boxes were occupied by Whiskers' friends—Bobby Moreno, Luke Arbuckle, Teddy Sennett, Napoleon Russell, and Casey Stewart. The policy of trying it out on the dogs was a howling success.

NORMA AND CONSTANCE TALMADGE have agreed to remain on the First National circuit for the next three years.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN issues a sworn statement that he is not going to play traitor to the screen. He has returned to California to commence another production.

WILL ROGERS is to do "Rip Van Winkle." Problem: If it took Charlie Chaplin a year to do "The Kid," how long will it take Will to do "Rip?"

LOUISE GLAUM has left the J. Parker Read organization for new fields to vamp. She may go where all good vampires go sooner or later—to the stage. And she's a most enchanting siren when she speaks. May she never reform!

BETTY BLYTHE has been engaged by Thomas H. Ince to appear in a C. Gardner Sullivan picture directed by Fred Niblo.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE recently discovered that he had lost twenty pounds, and weighed a paltry three hundred. Consequently he hied him to Europe for a rest and a chance to regain the lost twenty; being five pictures ahead of his schedule, he could afford to lay off for a month or so—but not for a pound or two.

AGNES JOHNSTONE has just finished Douglas MacLean's next story, "Just Passing Through."

MONROE SALISBURY is now shooting his second independent production, "Practice What You Preach."

TOM FORMAN staged a thrilling escape from Sing Sing for "The Quarry," but unfortunately, from the convicts' point of view, only Tom Meighan was allowed to escape.

FOUR different parts of the interior of Westminster Abbey were reproduced for the filming of Lionel Barrymore's next picture, "The Great Adventure."

WORK on "Pearls and Pain," Hobart Bosworth's picture, was held up for some time, pending the capture of a man-eating shark; at least, that's what the Ince studio news sheet says.

FLORENCE LAWRENCE, the original "Biograph Girl," is considering conducting an academy of dramatic art in San Francisco.

HOUSE PETERS did a hard week's work on water scenes for "Lying Lips," and then went home to rest for the week-end, only to discover, when it rained, that the roof leaked. He's looking up rates to the Sahara Desert, we hear.

WILL ROGERS had a vacation recently. He spent it helping a friend brand three thousand calves at Sierra Blanca, Texas—worked ten hours a day, and had a good rest.

"PRINCESS JONES" is Alice Calhoun's first starring picture for Vitagraph.

EDITH JOHNSON was recently promoted, being made William Duncan's costar in their next serial, "Fighting Fate." Incidentally, Bill is holding the directorial megaphone on this production.

If you like wild riding, put Joe Ryan's next serial, "The Purple Raiders," on your list.



Crooks That Follow the Movies

Part Three. How the fake instructors of motion-picture acting are swindling thousands of persons, young and old, throughout the country.

By Roy W. Hinds

A NEW YORK evening newspaper carried on its first page a few weeks ago the following story:

An investigation looking to action by the Kings County grand jury has been started by District Attorney Lewis into a number of "motion-picture instruction schools" which are advertising for pupils, making sweeping representations as to the need for new actors and the high salaries paid. Mr. Lewis has found that scrubwomen and mothers of large families have been accepted as pupils and permitted to pay the two dollars "classification test" fee and to subscribe for twenty-five lessons at three dollars each. One woman who is utterly without attractiveness of feature or manner was told that while "she couldn't expect to become a Mary Pickford, there was nothing in the way of her becoming a famous film actress." No effort is being made to get employment for graduates, beyond giving them a list of moving-picture producing agencies and a certificate which means nothing to the firms which hire actors.

About the same time from Detroit came the following item:

Word has been received in New York that a man posing as the father of Wesley Barry is traveling through Michigan endeavoring to sign exhibitors for personal appearance of "Wesley Barry." The Marshall Neilan offices have taken measures to warn exhibitors of the fraud. Wesley Barry's father is dead.

And now we ask in dismay: "What *will* they do next?"

It is hard to tell. If we knew, it might lie within our power to keep many a two-dollar bill where it belongs. We might compel certain smooth and unscrupulous gentlemen to turn to other ventures. But we have no hope of exposing the contemplated crookedness of the future. The ingenuity of fraud is beyond us. All we can do is to illustrate the swindling devices which are now being employed in the name of motion pictures, and the particular phase that interests us for the moment is the campaign conducted among the vast array of men and women, especially young men and women, who gaze so wistfully at the movies as the means to fame and fortune.

One morning several months ago there appeared simultaneously in various newspapers throughout the country the following advertisement:

BECOME A MOVING-PICTURE STAR—Moving-picture producers are clamoring for men and women, young and old, to take part in the millions of feet of films being planned for the future. Every human being is a type suited in some way to depict a screen character. Development of expression, fundamental technical knowledge of acting before the camera, knowledge of proper makeup—in short, the key to success as a moving-picture actor, lies within your reach. Capitalize your beauty, or your grace, or your gifts for tragedy or comedy, or your physical adaptability to character delineation. We make you a moving-picture actor, place you in touch with the biggest producers, and open the way and instruct you fully in the attainment of fame and lucrative income: Write—

Among the hundreds who read that advertisement with more or less interest there were three who concern us particularly.

First, we find the débutante in her luxurious home. This girl, comely and bright, but lacking what might be described as bewitching beauty, had visions of an artistic career. She knew that she could not paint, and she knew that her vocal and musical talents were not extraordinary. This charming young woman had an idea that she could write, that perhaps she would be successful in literature, but she wasn't positive. However, there was one thing of which she was positive—that she would be a success as a motion-picture actress. She studied the advertisement thoughtfully, and made a decision.

Second, we find the shopgirl, squeezed into a subway seat and having a hard time to read the morning paper on her way to work. This girl was of a rare type of beauty, and steady and thrifty. Her education had been limited, but she was bright and observing. Her ambitions were clean and wholesome, and she, too, had visions of an artistic career. She knew little about music and less about art. However, there was one thing of which she was positive—that she would be a success as a motion-picture actress. She managed to turn the pages of the paper, and her glance fell casually upon the advertisement. She studied it thoughtfully, and made a decision.

Third, we have the young-man clerk. Business was dull in the haberdashery store, and he scanned the morning paper. This young man's features were clean-cut and regular; he was good looking. He dressed neatly and kept himself well groomed. He was bright and ambitious. He had studied the world in his youthful way, but hadn't decided to just what field of commerce he was best suited. But there was one thing of which he was positive—that he would be a success as a motion-picture actor. His eyes fell upon the advertisement. He studied it thoughtfully, and made a decision.

Thus our three friends, Miss Débutante, Miss Shopgirl, and Mr. Clerk embark, from three separate points of the compass, upon a thrilling enterprise.

The experiences of the three were similar. Each, upon submitting a photograph, was told that the picture revealed an unusually good "screen face." This perhaps was true, but that isn't the point.

Miss Débutante, surreptitiously, engaged to take the course of study. She had a bank account, replenished from time to time by a rich father, and the money in her case didn't make so much difference.

She received at intervals printed "lessons" in motion-picture acting. These remarkable "lessons" acquainted her with such astounding facts as, to look pleasant one should smile agreeably and permit the eyes to fill with mirth; to look sad, one should permit the corners of the mouth to droop and strive for a woebegone expression, and to be dreadfully sad, induce a casual tear to roll down a harassed cheek; or, to register anger, one should flash the eyes, clench the hands, and tremble a little bit. Miss Débutante, who in her short life had

Look Out

for the man who promises to make you a great movie star by means of a course of lessons, or who offers you a part in a "great feature picture" if you'll pay a deposit to show your own good faith. These tempting promises are only baits to draw money from your pocket into his, as you will see by this article.

given remarkable exhibitions of all these emotions, nevertheless practiced them before her mirror. When she read the lessons a frown gathered on her brow, for they revealed nothing that she didn't already know, or nothing that any one of common sense didn't know, but she plucked up her faith and painstakingly went through all the silly routine.

At intervals she appeared at a so-called studio and with others, including Miss Shopgirl and Mr. Clerk, demonstrated her abilities. She registered every emotion except contempt for the "director," which had not materialized as yet. One day she was handed a handsome certificate containing a record of the fact that she had taken the required course of study in the Umpty-Ump Motion Picture Conservatory, and that the conservatory believed her a finished actress, competent to assume difficult rôles. They told Miss Débutante to go home, and wait until she heard further from them. She went home and waited a few days, in breathless eagerness.

At the same time Miss Shopgirl and Mr. Clerk were handed certificates attesting the same facts, and told to await further developments. Miss Débutante and Miss Shopgirl, with scores of others, had gone through the same course of vamping and emoting. Mr. Clerk, with scores of other young men, had posed and cavorted in the habiliments of a gentleman of fashion, a cowboy, a policeman, a lumberjack, a convict, a gambler, and a young preacher.

Within a few days the three heard further from the conservatory. Each received a letter, written in a friendly, personal tone, suggesting that they permit the conservatory's photographers to film them to the extent of about a hundred feet in various rôles, as well as to make various "stills," so that the whole would amount to a photographic record of their accomplishments. These films and still would be turned over to the subjects at a trifling consideration of one hundred dollars each. They had already invested nearly one hundred dollars each in lessons.

Miss Shopgirl and Mr. Clerk deliberated for perhaps an hour on this latest suggestion. Miss Débutante didn't deliberate at all. All accepted. Each of the letters had contained vague hints of surprising developments in their work.

Within a few days the films and stills were made. Then, one by one, the subjects were taken before the president of the conservatory. He said substantially:

"Your work has been excellent—surprisingly so. I would suggest that you lose no time in getting to Los Angeles. You have a film and stills of yourself in various rôles, and our certificate. We shall provide you with information as to how to get in touch with directors out there, as well as a letter to our own

representative. We cannot, of course, make any guarantees—but you are entitled to know just what we think of your abilities. Yes, you had better go to Los Angeles at once."

Of course, after that, nothing short of physical disability could keep Miss Débutante, Miss Shopgirl, and Mr. Clerk away from Los Angeles. Miss Débutante got away from home by a plausible subterfuge. She reconciled her conscience to this device by reflecting upon the agreeable surprise she soon would have for

her father and mother. Unhampered by money considerations, she felt perfectly safe. Nothing could happen. *If* there should be a slip in Los Angeles, she could return home. She left explanations for the future.

Miss Shopgirl and Mr. Clerk did not have to resort to subterfuges. They had no parents. They merely left their boarding houses and their jobs, drew their money out of the bank, counted it closely to see just how much they would have after they arrived in Los

Angeles, bid good-by mysteriously to their friends, and departed.

Thus our three friends, as yet but casually acquainted with each other, set out on different trains for Los Angeles. Not one of them knew that the other also had been secretly advised by the president to make the trip. And not one of them knew that scores of other pupils in their "class" had received the same advice.

Such was the manner of working upon students who were close enough to the "home office" to receive personal attention. Throughout the country scores of men and women took the "course" by mail. Those who were able came to New York for the "personal conference," and paid for the one hundred feet of film and the stills.

All were advised to go to Los Angeles. The method of putting them in touch with directors consisted merely of handing them printed lists of various studios, their addresses, and the names of directors and employing agents. Except for the casual attention they would receive in Los Angeles from the conservatory's representative there, that institution was through with them.

The blame for failure, now, would lie with the individual students and various studio directors—and not with the "conservatory."

Los Angeles! The city of dreams—and awakenings. The experiences of Mr. Clerk can be quickly disposed of. He went first to the agent of his histrionic Alma Mater. This obliging gentleman gave him such valuable information as to what car lines to take to the various studios, where reasonable board could be obtained unreasonably, the best form in which to address employment agents, and where various make-up prep-



For a few days they are taken out on location where a "director" pretends to be putting through some thrilling scenes.

Elinor Fair, Flapper

She's a very young person indeed, and we doubt that she'll ever grow up.

By Barbara Little



CAN you swear?" I looked at the brown-eyed, brown-haired young person who thus confronted me and confessed that my vocabulary was sadly limited.

"I had a Swedish nurse when I was young who taught me some villainous-sounding phrases, however," I went on. "They aren't really profane, but they sound like it. If you want me to—"

In "Kismet" she says that, as usual, she was just a nice girl.



"Say 'em!" she commanded, leading me into the living room. "I need to hear some vituperation quick. Look at this!"

I did. It was a sweater, of the kind that a few girls possess and all the other girls hate them for owning. The brown-eyed young person confessed that it had been worn by a boy chum of hers who had played on Harvard's 1919 football team, and during the summer months had got into it, and now—well, no more would it be worn on motor trips in the cool of the evening. Never again would it keep the brown-eyed young person warm when she went tobogganing on snowy winter afternoons. It was as full of holes as a hair net.

"That's a shame," I told her sympathetically. "I wish I could do something about it—but since I can't I wonder if you'd tell Miss Fair that I'm here. I had an appointment to see her—"

The brown eyes began to dance, and dimples chased away the sadness that had made the pretty mouth droop.

"I'm Elinor Fair," she told me, chuckling.

I'd never have believed it, and neither would you. She looks so much younger, and so much more unlike an actress than you expect her to, somehow. Not even being convinced dozens of times that motion-picture actresses, most of them, are just regular people, had prepared me for finding her as she is.

"You've been in pictures so long that I'd supposed you'd acquired some temperament somewhere," I told her reproachfully, when she laughed at me. "Why, I can remember you ages back, before you costarred with Al Ray in those comedies for Fox, and before you were the lame sister in 'The Miracle Man,' and before—"

"Oh, I know—there's lots even before that, but I have a present, too, as well as a past—and maybe there's a future that's even more exciting. I mean that maybe I'll have a chance to do something more varied pretty soon, not just go on playing nice girls, you know. Even in 'Kismet' I didn't have an opportunity to do much more than that. But it was lots of fun. And, of course, I liked playing with Eugene O'Brien—I've just finished a picture with him."

"And how about Lew Cody?"

"Oh, that was fun, too—being a leading lady always is, I suppose." (After that don't tell me that Elinor isn't ingenious!) "But I want to do—well, big things, you know; things where I'll have real emotional opportunities."

"The thought of that moth-eaten sweater will inspire plenty of grief for any situation," I reminded her. "But you'll have to grow old enough to look like something more than your own kid sister would if you had one, if you want to do things like that."

Continued on page 95

Elsie—Unitalicized

Miss Ferguson, seen without even mental make-up, presents many surprises.

By Louise Williams

IT was the sort of day that makes your very soul feel damp about the ankles. The rains descended and the floods came, and all New York trudged along under its umbrella and yearned for luxury—for limousines in which to be transported along the gray, wet streets; for money with which to buy foolish nonessentials, and time in which to enjoy them; for beauty and ease and all the makings of a grand, good time. It was a day that would make any self-respecting ant yearn to be a grasshopper.

"Well, at least I'm going to see one person who's doing what the rest of us want to," I had reflected, as the Fifth Avenue bus joggled along past shop windows full of feather fans, amber necklaces, evening gowns with unbelievable trains, and bodices like gleaming jewels. "Elsie Ferguson's a lily of the field if there ever was one—what a relief to see her this afternoon."

She came into her little, white-paneled living room with the quick, eager step of a girl—seeming not at all the nonchalant, diffident person one might expect a famous beauty to be. That was a surprise. But her appearance was an even greater one; as she settled down in a big chair, one slim foot tucked under her, I sorted out my impressions, tried to fit them to my expectations, and gave up the struggle.

She is little and slim—not tall and stately, as you might think from her pictures. And that afternoon I'd caught her just in between times. It was only a day or two after her return from abroad—some of her trunks, plastered with foreign hotel labels, still stood in the hall. And she hadn't quite got into the stride of things at home. Her radiant, golden hair wasn't arranged in the deeply

She sometimes takes as unflattering a kodak picture as the rest of us do.



She is not at all the lily of the field one might expect her to be.



waved coiffure that you and I know as hers; instead, it looked a bit tousled, as if she might have been lying down. It lay close about her face, in thick waves, and then sprayed out into little, flying tendrils. Her blue eyes looked rather tired, and her face, which is slender and very fine cut, was quite guiltless even of powder. In fact, it was an Elsie Ferguson without the italics of the actress' exclamatory existence who sat there talking with me.

She was wearing a thin, black dress, very short sleeved, and draped so that the short skirt fell into soft folds about her. And her jewels were very beautiful—the great sapphire ring that she wears with her wedding ring, and a string of perfectly matched pearls.

"I'm just beginning to feel warm again," she told me, shivering a little at the sound of the rain beating against the windows. "In Paris I nearly froze; finally I borrowed a fur coat from a friend of mine, and wore it all the time I was there."

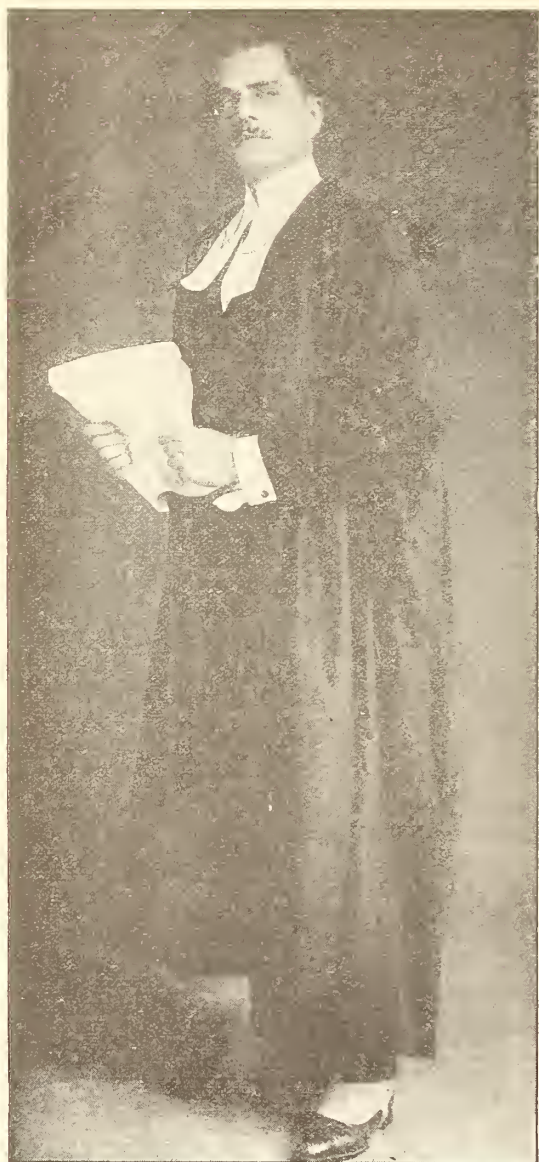
I asked about the new plays that she had seen there—whether there was any-

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Which Do You Prefer—Straight

Bert Lytell is betting that, for himself at least, character

By Louise



He donned an English lawyer's garb for "The Right of Way."

THEY walked up Broadway one morning early in the autumn—a man whom everybody seemed to know and a girl who—well, who was just background. The man had very black hair and brows and a tanned complexion, in odd contrast to his eyes, which were a clear hazel. He was good looking, rather than handsome, and to the constant cry of "Hello, Bert!" he responded with the sort of smile that you want to see again. He was Bert Lytell. I was the girl.

He had just come back East after a two years' sojourn in California, and he felt like the prodigal son. And every one he knew was playing up some variety of fatted calf for his delectation.

Mine was orangeade.

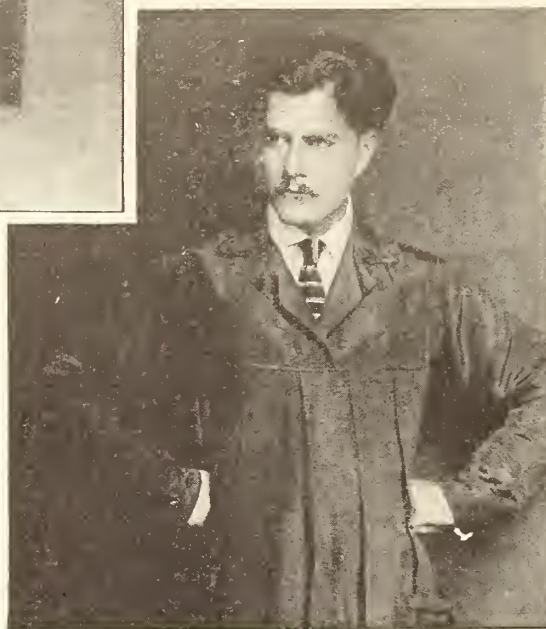
We sauntered into the Claridge Hotel, the actors' Mecca, where we had the dining room all to ourselves; there, sitting on a wide, cretonne-covered couch that ran along beside the windows, we looked out over Broadway and talked about things that would interest you.

"How do you happen to play so many character parts?" I asked him, fishing for a cherry—why do they always bury themselves beneath the ice! "Nearly all male stars seem to be themselves more or less, but you go in for all sorts of make-up and characterizations; everything from your Italian dressmaker in 'Lombardi, Ltd.' to the monocle and mustache outfit you used in 'The Right of Way.' Now, why?"

"Because, save for a few exceptions, a man can't last if he just sticks to himself—that's one reason," he told me. "After a while people get tired of actors who just do one sort of thing over and over, I believe. It's too limiting—too narrow. If you can do character stuff, too, you have just that much more to offer the public. Then, too, I hated to throw away what I'd slaved so to get. You see, I was just about born backstage; I was brought up in the theater, almost, and was a leading man at fifteen. I played in stock for years—all kinds of rôles. It's wonderful training, and I enjoyed it—I like the theater better than anything else in the world. So, of course, I wanted to go on and use what I learned. Some people said the public would never stand for me in disguising make-up; that they liked their stars straight. But—well, those pictures of mine have gone pretty well, I believe," he concluded, modestly enough.

"And are you going to stick to character rôles?"

"Yes—intermittently. I recently did a picture, 'The Price of Redemption,' in which I had a corking part; some of the time I was a drug fiend, and then finally I 'came back' and was redeemed. I had an interesting experience in connection with that; I went to a specialist in Los Angeles and asked him if he had any patients who were addicted to both morphine and drink.



As the Italian dressmaker in "Lombardi, Ltd."



"The Price of Redemption" gives him opportunities to do what he likes best.

Rôles or Character Parts?

parts are best—and he gives his reasons.

Williams

That's the sort of rôle I had to play, you see. And he said he had, just one—a man he was pulling through all right, and took me to see him. Well, I stole that man, figuratively speaking. His mouth was all drawn out of shape, his hair was white, he was bent over—wonderful stuff! I don't know how it's going to get by on the screen, but it's the real thing—as real as I could make it."

He spoke jubilantly. That's a characteristic of his—genuine enthusiasm about the things he likes. I asked him to enumerate them for me, and he did. The theater came first, of course, and then—

"Well, I like dancing—crazy about it! And I like the things all men do—riding, hunting, fishing, all kinds of sports, farming—oh, yes, I do. I used to have a ranch out in California, just north of San Francisco, where I pitched in and worked as hard as anybody—harder than a lot of them; I couldn't get help. I had a wonderful vineyard, raised strictly according to Hoyle; I'd taken a short course at the University of California, and if everything wasn't done to those grapes that should have been done it certainly wasn't my fault. And then—prohibition! Some day I'm going to buy another ranch—I sold that one—but I don't know what I'll raise. Blooded cattle are a hobby of mine, but perhaps the country will turn vegetarian just as I get my stock all in, ready to sell. And if I raise tobacco it'll be doomed sure as shooting."

"Bread's always in style," I offered hopefully.

"Yes, but—well, you just plant wheat and it grows up and you cut

He feels that rôles like this keep people from tiring of him.



He has very black hair and brows and hazel eyes; is good-looking, rather than handsome.



"I stole that man."

it, and that's all. It isn't like fruit or animals—not interesting like they are. And since the last time I put in a field of wheat myself I haven't been very enthusiastic. It certainly is regular man's work."

So we talked about farming a while. And he unburdened his soul and related what he swears is one of the most pathetic events of his life.

"It was while I was still ranching," he told me, "and I had hired a man from a neighboring farm to come over and help me plow. We began early, and it was a cold, drizzly day, so along toward noon I began to wonder what the Jap cook had put in my lunch basket, and to be rather eager to get at it.

"Finally lunch time came, and we sat down under a tree. The hired man opened his basket. He had two quail, four sandwiches, a thermos bottle of hot coffee, and a couple of pieces of apple pie. I had two roast-beef sandwiches!

"Hungry? I'd never been so hungry before in my life. I ate my sandwiches as slowly as I could, hoping the man would offer me some of his lunch. But he didn't. He ate and ate and ate, and finally gave half of the last piece of pie to the dog. I've never liked him so well since—and from that time on I packed my own lunch baskets."

We drifted into a discussion of current plays, brought about by seeing a well-known actor pass our window. Lytell was doing the theaters—one every evening and two on matinee

Continued on page 91



Hugo Ballin was one of the pioneers among the artists of real distinction who have been claimed by the screen.

IN the preceding issue of this magazine there appeared a rather comprehensive forecast, embracing practically every element calculated to become a factor in the art of the screen within the coming year.

It was, I presume, through some oversight that the author failed to touch upon the significance and influence of the *decor* of the silversheet; for I, at least, believe that the identification of the artist, as opposed to the former "art director," so called, may be reck-

through a motion-picture studio, at the marvelous and costly decorations, the care with which furnishings are selected, the correctness of the architectural bits which comprise the different sets.

All of this is made possible nowadays through the recruiting of the most capable artists—artists of international training and reputation, who are replacing the art director of yesterday.

The latter, well-meaning, and able to construct a "rich" drawing-room

or a miner's cabin with equal facility, too often was a stage carpenter elevated by the opulence of the movies. He flung his bearskin rugs and placed his palms and pedestals neither wisely nor too well; and the result has been largely an offense. For richness is recognized by the sensitive eye in unbroken lines, economy of decoration and depth and warmth of lighting. This condition never can emerge from the consciousness that seizes upon the treasures of

A set designed by Ballin. Notice its exquisite simplicity and beauty, and contrast it with the jumbled and unpleasant effect on the opposite page.



Which refers, not to the beauty of the feminine stars, but to the beauty of the screen settings which are being made for them.

By Norbert Lusk

a studio property room—usually the legacy of a former tenant—as his medium of expression. The man who has acquired his knowledge through years of study in the world's art centers and has applied it with distinction to painting, sculpture, architecture, interior decoration, or the illustration of books, obviously is ready to give more to the screen than the alumnus of the carpenter shop.

Take for example Hugo Ballin, pioneer in the present-day movement. Four years ago he was the first artist of rank to enlist in screencraft, the then newly formed Goldwyn organization inducing him to forsake his painting and mural decorating for the larger canvas of the silversheet.

With the widest training in Europe, during which, by the way, he enjoyed the uncommon privilege of painting in the Vatican garden, Hugo Ballin returned to his native land to win many prizes and awards. Among these may be mentioned the Thomas B. Clarke prize for the best figure composition painted by an American, without limitation of age, and two successive Architectural League medals for figure composition.

His most important murals are found in the executive chamber of the Wisconsin capital at Madison, in the homes of Oliver Gould Jennings, New York, and E. D. Brandegee in Boston. Ballin paintings hang in the National Museum at Washington, the Montclair Museum, and in many private collections.

This may seem a far cry from creating settings for motion pictures, but, as the artist discovered when he began, it stands for an invaluable equipment—exactly as a thorough knowledge of technique brings inspiration and expressiveness to the writer, the singer, the actor. It brought to Hugo Ballin the opportunity to achieve something new to the screen in Madge Kennedy's "Baby Mine" and "Nearly Married," in Maxine Elliott's

A typical set of a few years ago, when the art director's only idea of representing wealth was to crowd the picture with all the ornate decorations possible.



Joseph Urban, in his workshop. Urban, a man of wide experience, is best known by his decorations for the Zeigfeld "Follies."

"Fighting Odds," and eighty-three other plays he mounted for Goldwyn. He employed, for the first time in pictures, large spaces of clear wall with restrained detail, beginning in those productions the elimination of useless objects—an influence felt in almost every picture seen to-day.

Three questions, he says, the artist should ask himself about every setting he designs. Does it help to carry on the story? Does it merely provide so many



scenes in which the story—and the people living before the eye of the camera—struggle on as best they may? Or, as is not infrequently the case, do the settings positively hinder the progress of the story and the message it conveys?

Now every one who is familiar with the conflicting minds and ideas concerned in the production of a picture knows all too well—if he has listened to the woes of the master minds—that a star may have one idea, the director another, and the man responsible for the settings a different conception of things as they should be. If the truth must be told, it is the director and the star who pound tables and employ staccato tones in insisting on more and still more grandeur, gorgeousness, and gold leaf in the settings. For doesn't one's art become greater with the gradiloquence of the settings?

It is the artist who begs and struggles and, finally, fights for simplicity; and, if possessed of the courage of his convictions, determines to make pictures as he likes them.

Hugo Ballin now is doing this, with his own company, and is trying to make his work stand for more than pictures directed by himself, merely. He labors in a triple capacity: that of scenario writer, director, and, of course, designer of the settings. Achmed Abdullah's story, "The Honorable Gentleman," screened under the name "Pagan Love," is his first undertaking of this sort. So much for the artist who has been graduated into a producer, weary but hopeful.

And Joseph Urban, perhaps the most widely recognized scenic artist, after nearly a year of quiet study and experimentation at the International studios, has been discovered, a truant from Broadway and the theater. Meantime he created the radiant sun room in "Humoresque," the splendid Hall of the Gods in "The Restless Sex," and the patio for "The World and His Wife," choosing these episodes as offering scope for his imagination and interpretive powers rather than giving his talents to an entire production. For Urban's pencil is a costly asset, not to be wasted on routine work. The man responsible for the Ziegfeld Follies settings for six consecutive seasons, a dozen musical comedies such as "The Rose of China" and "The Riviera Girl," for "Parsifal" and other operas in this country; the czar's bridge over the Neva in Petrograd; castles for nobles in Hungary, and decorating the Abdin Palace in Cairo—no, Urban forgoes the building of movie barrooms and dance halls.

His work is part of the great movement toward a new sort of imaginative, vital, and expressive type of production. Its first tenet, he will tell you, is the expression, in scenery and lights, of the atmosphere

of the story. Yet the settings must not try to win applause for themselves; they must exist solely to make the mood of the play—the scene—clearer to the audience. A second point, as has been emphasized before, is simplicity. Urban advocates and fights for freedom from artificial ornament and absolute fidelity to the spirit of the scene. Nor is he alone in this. It is truth as the artist sees and feels it.

More, perhaps, than any other artist working in the same medium, does Urban rely upon light to "get over" his thought. Unmistakably, his understanding of the supreme place of light on the screen comes from his

early work as an architect. The infinite shadows of daylight and the depths of the moon play their part in the decoration of wall and gate, column and tower since man first built. It is small wonder, then, that Urban says: "Paint not so much with colors, surfaces, and artificial perspectives as with the actual glories of light itself."

His sun room in "Humoresque," where the boy recuperates, speaks for Urban's advocacy of simplicity—and light.*

That the artist in the movies has come to stay, even to the extent of giving a year or more to study the new medium, is proved by the engagement of Penrhyn Stanlaws, the illustrator, by Famous Players. The creator of the Stanlaws girl, who happens also to be a playwright, will ultimately direct pictures and doubtless design settings for them, while Paul Chalfin, best known for his work as an interior decorator—the home of James Deering at Miami being a

conspicuous example—will enhance pictures of the same company with his knowledge of landscape arrangement and the authenticity of antiques.

Quite another note has been struck by Famous in acquiring Paul Iribe, said to be the foremost French designer of gowns, jewelry, and furniture, an associate of Poiret.

The California production base, too, is welcoming the artist. Much is expected of Ferdinand Pinney Earle, the painter, who promises us "The Rubaiyat" and the "Niebelungen Ring," done according to his own pattern. The latter involves a simplicity as startling as it is revolutionary.

This sets at variance all preconceived notions of photographic limitations and should, if successful, advance the artistic forces of the cinema another league toward perfection.

Yet ten years ago the one-reel Western—admission five cents, untaxed—occupied the screen at your favorite, hourly fumigated nickelodeon.

*A picture of this room, together with other examples of the work of Ballin and Urban, will be found on the three succeeding pages.



All of the elaborate details of this pirate ship used in the Cosmopolitan production of "Buried Treasure" were designed by Joseph Urban.



Framed and lighted by Hugo Ballin. Madge Kennedy presented an exquisite example of what the artist may contribute to the screen.



For the first time Urban contributed a built setting combined with a natural landscape. Beyond this sun-flecked loggia was revealed the beauty of California's hills.



Within the four walls of a New York studio, Urban achieved the mellow replica of a Spanish noon in this patio for "The World and His Wife."



Grace, simplicity, and light—by combining these three elements Urban achieved the radiant sun room which was one of the most effective settings seen in "Humoresque."



In Urban's chapel for "Inside the Cup" the artist illustrated his manner of illuminating a setting without subduing the action to follow.

Without Bene

The masculine stars who escape the bonds of
Here are the best-known of



Photo copyrighted by Strauss Peyton



Photo by Witzel

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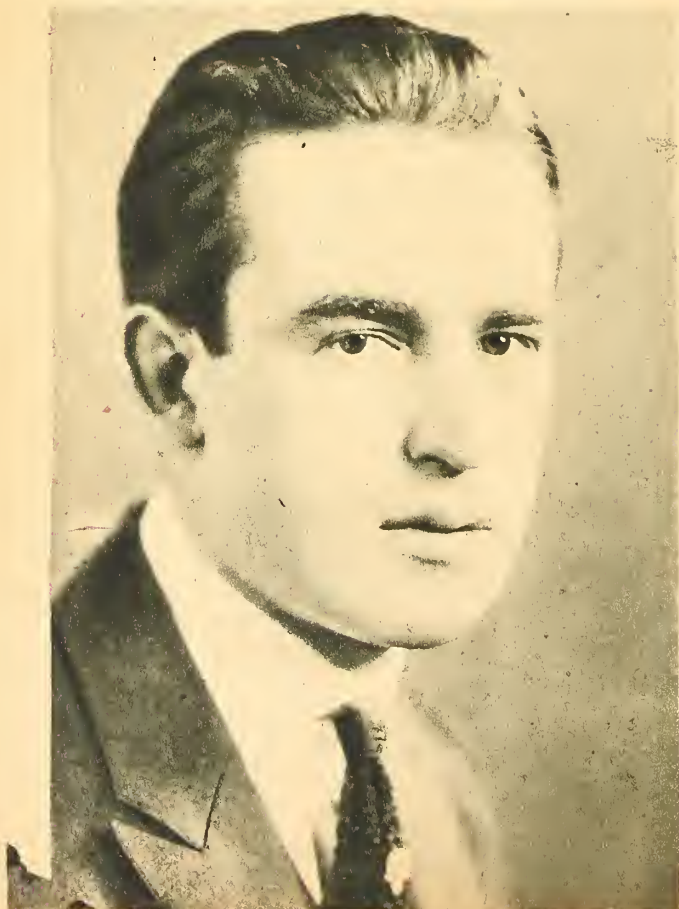


Photo by

Gaze upon these brave men—they and only a few others deserve citations for weathering not only the late leap year, but also other drives for matrimony. Such heroes are few, indeed; until you've tried to round up the well-known screen actors who neither are nor have been a party to matrimony or alimony, you don't realize how few they are.

Mr. Eugene O'Brien, at the upper left, was elected unanimously to stardom under the suffrage amendment because he is the perfect lover. And he has kept the faith with his feminine constituency by remaining heroically single.

Mr. Harold Lloyd, behind the spectacles to the left, was a figure, you'll recall, in the romantic reminiscences of Miss Bebe Daniels which Miss Grace Kingsley divulged in a recent issue; hence we do not feel secure as to him.

Mr. William S. Hart, to the right, is the veteran bachelor. His devotion concentrates itself upon his sister, Mary, and his pony, Pinto. Once the romance spinners wove his name with Norma Talmadge, and later with a Montana girl. But Bill stuck to his guns.

fit of Cupid

matrimony are surprisingly few in number the now remaining eligibles.



Photo by Apeda



Photo by C. Heighon Monroe



Photo by Witzel

Mr. Antonio Moreno, upper right corner, is the Don Adonis of the Venus chase. Perhaps the clerical studies of his youth reconciled him to celibacy. To be sure, he figures as a veritable *Anatol* in the romance spinners' web—they've matched him with Edith, Alice, Viola, and Rosemary—to no avail.

Mr. Harrison Ford, just above, prefers his loaf of bread, his jug of wine, and his book of verse sans interruption. His bachelor state is by no means cheerless, and he accounts for it by maintaining that he just hasn't met the right girl.

Mr. Lloyd Hughes, at the right, is an imminent benedict. His engagement was recently announced without denials. He deserves no credit for having remained a bachelor—he had to, or ask his parents' consent.

Among the others we might mention is Mr. Jack Warren Kerrigan, who is known for his loyalty to one love—his mother. He says he's going to retire because of the onerous income tax—but many a maid would be willing to gain the two-thousand-dollar exemption for him.



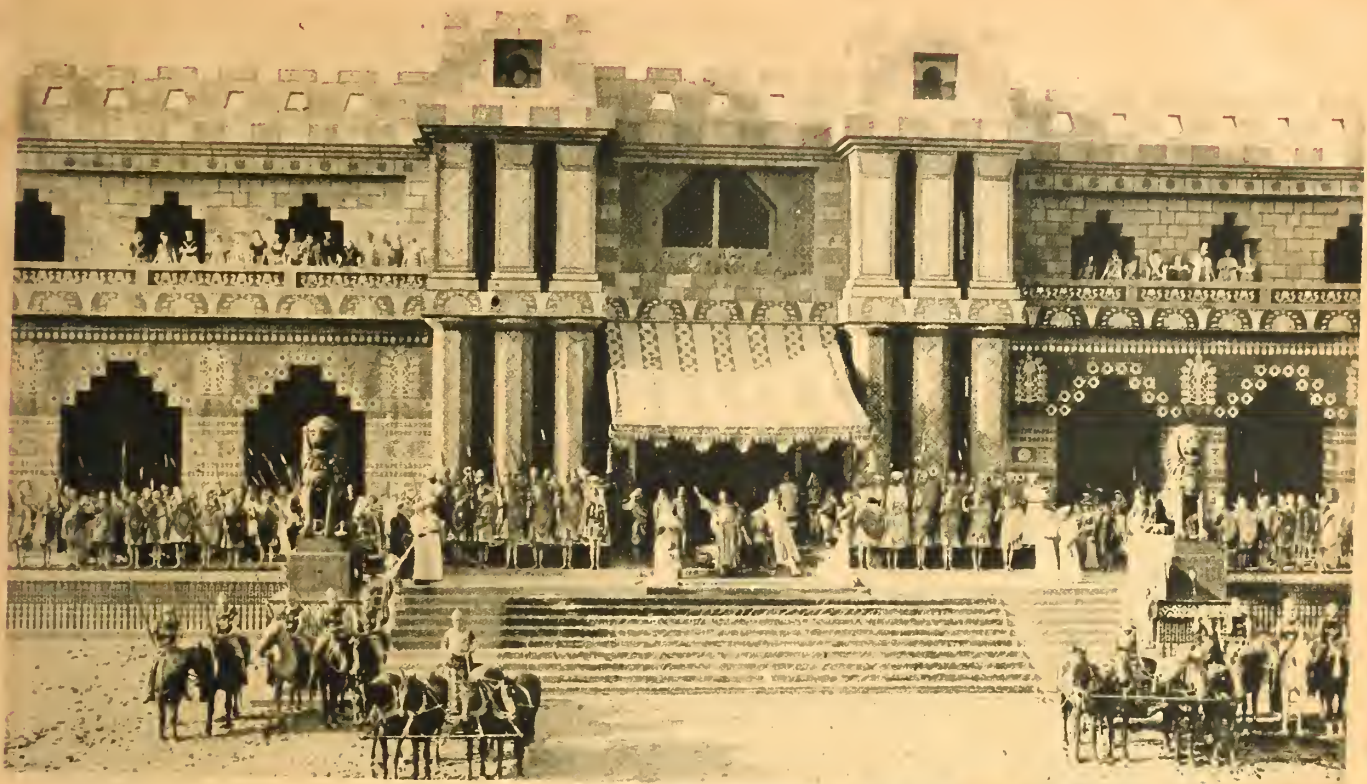
Photo by Greenbeaux



Photo by Greenbeaux

Taking the Cos Costume

You've probably read, in this issue, what Miss Kingsley had to say about what's going to be worn—or, rather, what isn't going to be worn—on the screen this year. Probably you will also recall the prediction that the costume play, in new guise, is with us again. Well, it's returned with a fanfare of trumpets, a lavishness of expenditure that's going to keep you and me and the neighbors standing in line for hours to get into the local movie theater, and sitting on the edge of our seats when we do get in. The screen has never seen anything like it—and we're inclined to think that we never have, either.



tume Off the Play

"Man, Woman, Marriage" is among the first of the modified costume plays to reach the screen. Its star, Miss Dorothy Phillips, and one of the lavishly staged scenes, are pictured on the opposite page. Allen Holubar is the producer, and has embellished a modern story with scenes of ancient Rome in a manner that should popularize ancient history from the box-office point of view. On this page you can see what the Fox production of "The Queen of Sheba" holds in store for you, and what Miss Betty Blythe, who plays the title rôle, got from the costumer in the way of a little house gown.





Among the recent bits of interesting gossip from the Western production center have been the stories of the race between Allen Holubar and Eric von Stroheim as to who could spend the greatest amount of money in the shortest time on their respective screen spectacles, "Man, Woman, Marriage" and "Foolish Wives," from the latter of which the accompanying pictures are taken.

Probably no one, at this writing, knows just what either production will total in the way of cost, but each is said to have required an outlay of upward of half a million dollars.

Von Stroheim's picture is expected to outdo any of this daring adventurer's previous attempts in the way of making daring pictures. It is, we understand, the very culmination of Von Stroheim's sinister and sinful career as an arch-villain, despoiler of feminine virtue, and wrecker of homes



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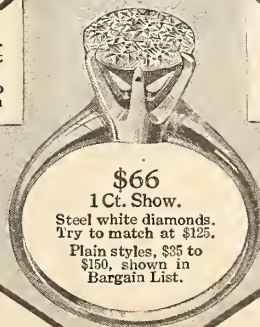
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The Naughty Nude New Year

Continued from page 29

out and partially covers herself with a bough, but it isn't the limbs of the tree the audience is looking at, not by a jugful. And that bough is always so carefully arranged! Really, if you didn't know beforehand what kind of a girl she was, you'd suspect her of rehearsing with it! Left off all the most becoming places, the way it is. Yes, sir. Just take the purest little pink gingham heroine in the world and let her walk down the country road and spy a pool by the dam site, and can she resist that pool? Not—

And then, take Annette Kellermann. Of course, she's the worst, or the best, water hound there is. In "What Women Love," you remember, there's a scene where the two men are fighting over her on shipboard, and she gets chivvied up into the top-masts—well, when she takes that leap into the sea, she could just as easily as not swim to shore—you can see the shore not half a mile away—and all the rumpus would be over. But does she do it? No. She can't tear herself away from the water. Instead she sticks around and almost loses her life in an underwater fight with the villain. He and a lot of sailors get killed; but what does she care for human life just so she can hang around in the water?

Concerning our ancient dramas, you will note that warm countries are always selected by our directors to stage them in. The beginnings of the Norsemen, say, have no interest for our picture makers. I remember only one such scene staged in the North. That was in Maurice Tourneur's "Woman." In one episode he had a bunch of girls that he had turned into seals. They danced about in the moonlight till they got warm, and then threw aside their fur wraps. One of the maidens got stolen by a mortal. But she pined away. She pretended she longed for the sea, but personally I think she was mourning the loss of her sealskin coat.

The director yearns especially, in these uplift moments of his, to show how the ancients reveled at their banquets. After he's done that he can die happy. Sometimes he lets on this scene is staged to point a moral. I learned from one historical picture I saw the other day, for instance—I think it was a scene in an Edwards picture that taught the lesson—that if you are a man giving to lolling on a divan with a girl, drinking flagons of ginger ale, playing patty-cake, patty-cake, baker-man, and all that wild stuff, and if after a while, get-

ting very devilish, you eat grapes out of her hand, why, next day, when you have to meet the Roman gladiator from Ajaxtown, forty mile down the pike, you won't be able to cope with him at all, but he will have at thee and fix thee proper. You'd almost think the girl had doped those grapes so as to get away with that guy's Elks' pin or something.

Oh, those grapes! Whoever knew them absent from the feasts of the ancients? If anybody is going to eat anything—which isn't often, because the motto of the ancients seems to have been, "More to drink and less to eat"—it's always a grape. Nobody ever seems to touch an orange, for instance. Maybe that's because you can never tell when an orange is going to squirt. And for the hero, just as he is all swelled up and orating about defending the town all alone with his own good sword—blooey!—to get an orange squirted in his eye, would certainly muss up the scene something awful.

There's one thing I can't figure out, and that is why camera men are always so shy. Often and often you see a whole bunch of dames in the distance with practically nothing at all on, and you'll say to yourself, "Now is the camera man's chance!" But does he take it? He doesn't. He modestly sticks half a mile away. I've known a lot of people in the audience, principally men, to curse these shy camera men and wish they had a chance to change places with them. They'd show the world what art is, they would. Or if the ladies in the altogether do get taken at close range, it's always in profile. Just as the dear girls are about to turn around and face the camera, the camera man cuts and runs. But some time there's going to be a regular devil of a camera man—oh, well, here's to the day, as Lew Cody would say.

Getting down to real cases about the dances, most of them are in reality as mild as a malted-milk calendar girl's poses. It's the lack of clothing which makes 'em seem wild. Aside from that I haven't seen anything nearly so wild in most of them as one sees in any seaside café, where people are stepping and where the authorities haven't put the ban on abandon. The dances are all worked out scientifically, and by the time the girls get through counting one-two-three-kick, I guess, like Bill Nye and his waltzing, the dancing hasn't hurt them nor anybody else very much. That girl over there who is supposed

to be the sultan's most pampered vamp slave probably belongs to one of our best families, never goes to a party without a chaperon, and knows about as much about the wicked lure as a tame kitten. She's been studying dancing with Theodore Kosloff or somebody, and has learned her lurid luring out of a book. And, anyhow, by the time she's said one-two-three-kick all day for several days, she longs to lure nothing but a chaste kiss from her mother and ten hours' sleep in her own little white bed at home.

No little Totty Two-shoes fresh from a cabaret is permitted to shake a guilty gaiter in these dances until she has been specially trained. For experts are employed in staging the big dancing scenes. The famous Theodore Kosloff himself always sees to it that the Cecil De Mille dances are right; Marion Morgan, who is a cultured and scholarly woman, staged the great Amazon and Roman court dances in Holubar's "Man, Woman, Marriage," while Ruth St. Denis' pupils often appear under her guidance in picture productions.

The dances are becoming, as a result, something far more than mere hoof-shakings. Frequently they are spectacular ballets. For instance the Amazon dances and riding scenes in the Holubar picture showed the husky women of tradition choosing their mates from among the conquered men. Doraldina is staging a real Hawaiian legend in her dances for her Metro production, "But Yet a Woman," and the Fox superproduction of "The Queen of Sheba," being directed by J. Gordon Edwards, the dances are strictly in accordance with biblical and historical tradition of the period.

It's not only the dancers and extras who are obligingly taking off their clothes. It used to be only Theda Bara who did that; but nowadays even stars like Nazimova, May Allison, and Betty Blythe are not exempt. Nazimova, it is expected in picturizing "Aphrodite," will wear little more than did the queen of love herself when she arose from the foam, that day the artist happened to be strolling along the shore and got the snapshot of her. May Allison is being very wicked these days in that she not only appears in "The Marriage of William Ashe," clad only in a long, blond wig, but in a new comedy just made, she wears a one-piece bathing suit, with close-ups shown of that close-up article

Continued on page 94



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A Girl's Adventure in Movieland

Continued from page 20

handsome leading men for me to stare at at the same time! He came over and greeted us—he's an awfully nice, jolly fellow, stouter than his pictures, but with the same pleasant smile we used to see on the screen. They took the part of the picture where Tom Meighan comes in and shows his tools to another man—I think the picture is going to be called "The Quarry," but they said it might be changed.

Then I was introduced to Thomas Meighan, and sat down at the little table and talked a while with him and Tom Forman. I felt as if Gloria Swanson had little on me, for there I was with two of her leading men sitting with me—the heroes of "For Better, for Worse" and "Why Change Your Wife?" I do hope Tom Forman won't devote all his time to directing—he has too attractive a personality just to act as the power behind the camera.

Just as we arose from the table there was a great commotion on the next set, but when I got there it was all over. However, the director called, "Now we'll do it over again," so I know I hadn't really missed anything. I should think that if, in real life, anything important went wrong, an actor would feel that it wasn't really serious because it would be taken over again anyway!

It was in a set that looked like part of a hotel. There was a girl behind the desk, chewing gum, and near by a row of telephone booths, with people in them that looked exactly like the ones you'd really see in a place like that—not all pretty girls and good-looking men, I mean; for instance, a woman with a little girl stood in one, and a big, stout man in another. It was the stout man that made the commotion—he came rushing out of the booth, pounded on the desk, and roared at the girl, who waved him aside disdainfully with, "Aw—go chase yourself!"

There was a young man in one booth, and beside him stood a small, slight girl, in a dark suit, high, black satin shoes, and a big purple hat turned up in front.

"There's Alice Brady," Mr. MacFarland said to me.

"Where?" said I, looking right past the girl on the set. My, but I was astonished when I found out that she was the one he meant. Could that little girl actually be the tall, willowy Alice Brady of the films? Her face is the same as it looks on the screen, but the fans certainly are misled as to her size.

They took the scene all over again, then, and after the fat man had rushed out of the booth the young man came out of his, Miss Brady smiled, the man picked up the suitcase that stood beside her, and they walked off the set, talking. That was all. It took just a few seconds when they finally shot it, but I'd been watching them for quite a bit longer than that, and they had been adjusting lights and rehearsing—all the time we were watching Tommy Meighan. Even the very short scenes that are hardly more than a flash on the screen take ever so long to make.

After that we went to luncheon; the studio lunchroom isn't done yet, so we went to a drug store near by—where we saw Tom Forman and Tom Meighan sitting at the counter, eating—and into the back part, which was an apartment turned into a restaurant. It seemed queer to see people in make-up sitting around; some of the extras from the Justine John-

She Didn't Know

that she was acting! "The day we made those ether and absinthe scenes in 'Madame X' I came on the set in a kind of daze. I sat down at the table, and to this day I can't remember what I did."

That is what Pauline Frederick told Emma-Lindsay Squier in a recent interview which will appear in our next issue. It is called "Adventures in Emotion" and it reveals wonderfully the attitude of our greatest emotional screen star toward her work.

stone picture were there—I imagined that the girls liked going around in their evening gowns, with their faces all made up, so that people would know that they were acting in a picture.

We had an awfully good luncheon, with three girls who were in the research department—they do things like getting pictures of just what a Scotch railway train looks like, for instance, for "Sentimental Tommy," and getting permission to shoot some scenes at Sing Sing, and things like that—and then we went back to the studio and had a real treat.

We went into a room whose walls were all painted black, with a big white screen at one end, and a projection machine at the other. The press agent got a roll of film and had it run off for us, to show us just how the film comes from the camera. And imagine how pleased I was when I found that it was the first shots of "Sentimental Tommy," the first pic-

ture I'd seen being made, that we were to see.

It was awfully interesting; there were a lot of different views of the little village; some with smoke coming out of the chimneys and some without it, and a lot of close-ups of the different characters, and the scenes where Gareth Hughes and May McAvoy come down the road and climb into the little buggy—the very one I'd had a ride in with Gareth Hughes!—with George Fawcett. I could remember how the director, Mr. Robertson, had called, "Now come down the road, May, running—that's it; all right, Gareth—hurry—now stop and look back—now see the buggy—" I just felt as if I'd been part of it all, and I wondered if I could ever sit in a theater where that picture was being shown and not jump right up and tell the audience how Gareth Hughes had told me that he hated those heavy shoes he has to wear, and Mabel Taliaferro had laughed about her make-up and called it her "mayonnaise face." There's a queer feeling about seeing on the screen what you've watched being made; I can't exactly describe it, but you feel sort of breathless and hot and cold and shivery inside.

At the end of each scene you'd see the little board being held up with the number of that scene on it, just for a moment. "Scene 1—Take 1;" "Scene 1—Take 2," it would be marked. Then, when the director finally put the picture together, he'd select whichever "take" was best.

After that we went to the laboratory, which was across the street from the studio. I can't even begin to describe that—all the various rooms, one where the film is printed—something like the way you make prints from a kodak film, only on long, very narrow strips to be sent out to the various theaters, another where it's cut, others where it is developed, tinted, dried on great wheels made of little wooden slats, inspected—no fan would ever dream of how many processes a picture has to go through after it has been taken.

But there were two rooms that I found more interesting than any of the others. One was the place where they run off old films to find places that need fixing up when the film is scratched or worn. The room is very dark, and the projection machines stand side by side, so that the pictures show on tiny screens all in a row, very small and clear. You

Continued on page 96

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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

PORK AND BEANS.—When you don't send your name or address there isn't any possible way to send you a personal reply. Wanda Hawley played opposite Wallace Reid in "The Lottery Man." Caroline (Spike) Rankin played the part of *Lizzie* in that picture. She is five feet seven and weighs ninety-two pounds. Vivian Martin is Mrs. Jefferson in private life. Pauline did not play in that picture. It all depends on the age you want. I can name a star for nearly every year you want one up to—well, far enough.

TRIXIE R.—Theodosia Goodman was Theda Bara's correct name, but it isn't any more, because Theda recently had it legally changed by the courts to Theda Bara. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1890. She seems to have deserted the screen for good following her success in her stage play, "The Blue Flame." Tom Moore used to be Mr. Alice Joyce. Alice Joyce recently became Mrs. James Regan, Jr. Mary Pickford has no children. Ruth Reneck was born in Galveston, Texas. That is her name. Your other questions will be found answered in the replies following yours.

MILTON SILLS ADMIRER.—Each to his or her own taste. It's fortunate that we all don't like the same things. Variety is the spice of life, you know. Katherine MacDonald is not married. The only way to find out is to write to them.

CATHERINE J.—It can't be done. What's in a name, anyway? If I told you my name, you wouldn't know me any better. Mabel Normand was born in Boston, Massachusetts. Peggy Hyland was born near Worcestershire, England. Maybe that's why she appears so "saucy" in her pictures. Theda Bara is a trifle near-sighted. Most of us are either near or farsighted, anyway. Roscoe Arbuckle was born in Kansas in 1887. Yes, she is divorced. No, they are not. Mildred Harris was born in Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1901. Frankie Lee is no relation. The "Market Booklet" gives a complete list of all the motion-picture companies and their addresses, also the type of stories they are in the market for. Your other question has been answered. Addresses at end of *The Oracle*.

BABY BLUE.—This is *PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE* and has nothing to do with the other one you mentioned. Pearl White recently returned from Europe. She was born in 1889. She is starring in features for the Fox Film Corporation. That is a matter of opinion. Your other questions have been answered.

LASCA.—You sent the envelope but no stamp on it. Uncle Sam's postman wouldn't take it very far in that condi-

tion. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis in 1892. Norma Talmadge was born in Niagara Falls, New York, five years later. Constance was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1900. Mrs. Jack Mulhall uses her married name on the screen. Buck Jones is not the only actor who was a cowboy in his early days. Tom Mix, Art Acord, "Hoot" Gibson, Will Rogers,

sition to have films in the home, the same as books. It is quite different from a book in the library, you know, and decidedly so in expense, when you consider that it would cost you about one hundred and seventy-five dollars per week to rent a film for one week in the size of town you name, and it would be a copy that had been worked to death at that. It would be all right to run in a home for a night, but to keep them as you would books would take old John D. himself.

S. M. M.—What do you mean, "Why doesn't she wear tights?" She's a motion-picture actress—not a circus queen. She was born in Chicago, Illinois. Wallace MacDonald, Antonio Moreno, and Eugene O'Brien are all still single.

HAROLD W. W.—Bobby Vernon was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1897. He has been in Christie comedies for the last three years. Addresses at the end of *The Oracle*.

A ROARING SHE-DEVIL.—Wallace MacDonald was born in Mulgrave, Nova Scotia, Canada. No, Roy and Anita Stewart are not related. Yes, very. Blanche Sweet was born in Chicago, Illinois, so she is not an Indiana Hoosier, as you thought. At present Harrison is appearing in the Norma and Constance Talmadge productions for First National.

REIDE.—It is in fifteen episodes. "The Devil's Needle" is one of her latest.

I THANK U.—Pauline Frederick is not dead. Her latest achievement for the screen is "Madame X," and what a picture it is! She has left the Goldwyn company and is with Robertson-Cole. "Iris" is the title of her first picture with this concern. Alice Brady is her correct name. She is Mrs. James L. Crane in private life. She has been married a little over two years. Lucy Cotton in "The Miracle of Love." You named them in rotation as they were produced. "Excuse My Dust" is the latest of the three. Douglas MacLean and Doris May were costarring for Ince, but now MacLean is going it alone. The Oracle has been oracling for five years now.

ELAHA.—That's the question—which? You know, if I should tell you, you wouldn't have the fun of guessing, would you? You know, as long as people are guessing they are interested, and I want every one to be interested in *The Oracle* department. See the point? Elaine Hammerstein is the granddaughter of the late Oscar Hammerstein. She is not wedded. She was born in 1897 and was educated at Armitage College, Pennsylvania. Yes, a letter will reach her there.

Continued on page 104

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.

and Jack Hoxie all had plenty of experience in that line before joining the movies. Your other questions have already been answered.

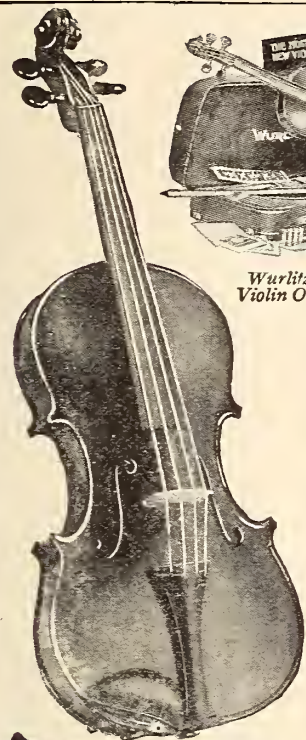
J. B. P.—You will have to write to the editor about that. I run only *The Oracle* department and have nothing to do with the publishing of photographs.

EDITH WINN S.—I am sorry, but I can't supply you with a list of all the stories made into screen plays. There isn't room in ten issues of *PICTURE-PLAY* to cram it into.

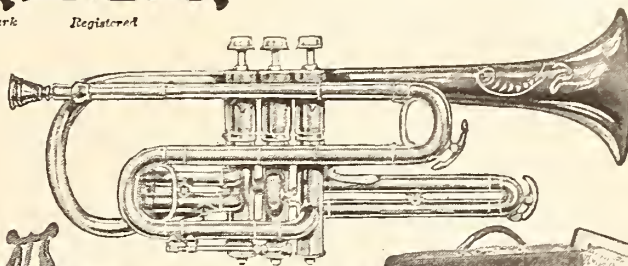
MISS EVELYN B.—It is pronounced just as it looks. You can't go wrong. All of them have been in pictures for four or five years. David Butler is with the D. N. Schwab Productions. His latest pictures are "Girls Don't Gamble" and "Fickle Women." He is now playing in King Vidor's newest film, "The Sky Pilot." It would be too expensive a propo-

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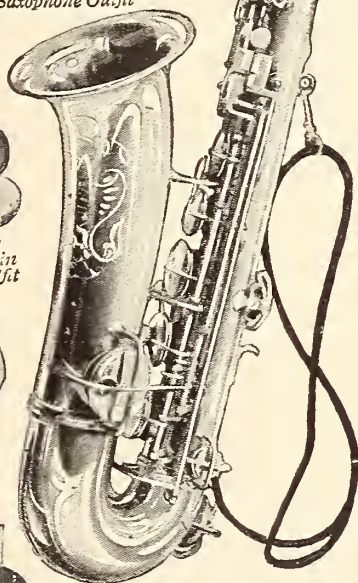
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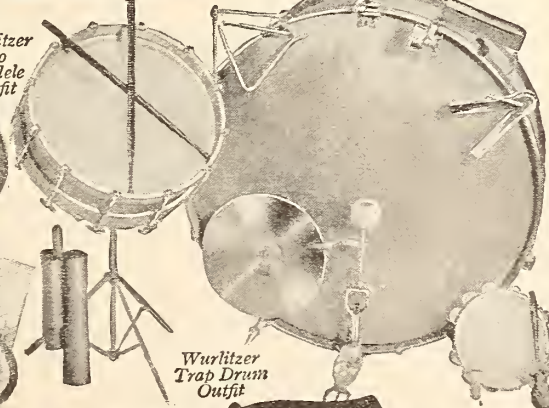
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Romances of Famous Film Folk

Continued from page 47

"We'll get along somehow, dear," she used to say to him when his volatile spirits fell. But that wasn't often, for the boy who used to go on long, hard camping trips and hikes in the California Sierras had learned grit as well as patience.

One night they were sitting in their tiny living room, talking things over with as much cheer and hopefulness as they could. They had come to New York in September, and now it was December, and still there was no double engagement in sight, though both had received offers to go on the road singly. Miss Phillips had even given up her contract with "Everywoman," under old reliable Henry W. Savage's management, because she did not wish to go on the road and leave Allen behind. And Allen had refused three fine offers to go out with companies. Christmas was coming along pretty soon, and they were wondering what on earth they should do. Just then, exactly like a motion-picture plot, there came a knock at the door and a message from Essanay, asking them to come to Chicago and work together in pictures.

"We just clasped hands, danced around the room, and then sat down to write a telegram of acceptance, which we went out together to send off. And on the strength of our new engagement, we went shopping the very next morning for Christmas presents, spending every last cent we had. Of course, motion pictures weren't so much in those days, but at least we could be together, and that was just everything to us.

"I always knew," Dorothy went on, with a little reminiscent smile, "that Allen had it in him to succeed. He was always so eager to study and to learn. He always had a dreamy streak in him, to be sure, but he was far too practical and energetic to let his dreams master him."

The happy young pair went over to Essanay and worked about six months. And then, one night, as the subtitles say, Dorothy told Allen a secret. Both of them were very happy. There was a little money laid by, enough to see them through. Mrs. Holubar went home to Baltimore, and there little Marie Gwendolyn was born.

"I guess every woman wants to be near her mother at such a time," said Dorothy, "and mother and I had always been very close to each other. By the way, that was a wonderful touch in 'Way Down East,' where

the girl, in the throes of childbirth, cries out, 'Mother! Mother!' And do you know, I think a girl feels even closer to her mother after she herself has given birth to a child?"

Like the true mother she is, Mrs. Holubar herself cared for her baby for a whole year, not intrusting it to anybody, even a nurse. Then she and Allen got a chance to go with Universal, in New York, and for a little while she left the baby to her mother's care. Mr. Holubar played in Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and when Miss Phillips joined the company she at once began to play star parts and leads.

"Allen used to say, even in those days, 'We'll go out to Los Angeles and buy a little white bungalow.'"

Pretty soon they did come West with Universal, but they never did buy a bungalow. Instead they rented a large house out on Cahuenga Avenue. Those were the days when they were merely acting in pictures. Then one glad day Allen went home and told Dorothy that he was to be given the chance to direct. He made a number of pictures, and all were successful. Then came the great idea—the story of "Hearts of Humanity."

From that day, Allen Holubar's name was made. And his wife, the lovely young Dorothy Phillips, who, through her beauty, intelligence, and artistic powers, had contributed so largely to his success, shared in his triumph. Miss Phillips has never worked for another director so well as she works for her husband, and he in turn has never had a star who responded so brilliantly to his direction.

Success made it possible for him to give his wife and little daughter all the comfort and even luxuries they need, and soon after "The Heart of Humanity" made its big hit, the two went over to Hollywood and bought a lot on which they built a beautiful home, on Laurel Avenue. But it wasn't three weeks after they had moved in until they had begun work on "Man, Woman, Marriage," and so Mrs. Holubar hasn't had a chance to give the homy touches she wants to, to the place. One feature of the house of which the Holubars are very fond is the big library, which contains many priceless old volumes now out of print. The two are fond of reading here together of an evening. Neither cares for cafés or the night life.

In short, I don't know a pair more delightful than these two. They are cultured in the true sense, loving the serenity of home and the companionship of their books, and being

Romances of Famous Film Folk

wrapped up in their work. Theirs is a real companionship. She always reads all his stories before Holubar reads them himself, and then the two talk them over together.

Baby Marie is six years old now. And already she takes to acting like a duck to water. She isn't allowed to play in pictures, but she is studying dancing, and she has a game she thought out all by herself in which she plays all the fairies and giants and dwarfs in turn that she reads of in her fairy stories.

"I look at her sometimes, and say to myself, 'Is this really my baby?'" declared Mrs. Holubar.

"We have one big dream, Allen and I and baby, and that is to take a trip around the world, leisurely, making a series of pictures as we go."

So it would seem that the Holubars' "happy-ever-after" has really only just begun!

Which Do You Prefer—Straight Roles or Character Parts?

Continued from page 71

days. He spoke of one of the big successes of the season as being unusually well balanced; equally good for all the principal characters, and said that in this respect it was a little like "The Misleading Lady," a successful stage play in which he appeared in stock some years ago, and which he recently did for the screen.

"But just because it is so well balanced there isn't a particularly good part for a male star; the leading lady's is almost as good." I commented.

"That doesn't make any difference if it makes a good picture," he answered promptly. "That's what I'm after—not just a story in which I'll have the biggest part."

He was also in search of a good play in which to return to the stage, it developed, but no such play seemed to be forthcoming.

"Last night I had an engagement on Long Island, didn't know their time wasn't like that used in New York, and arrived an hour too late. The night before I went up the Sound to Stamford and got there an hour too early. Between that and getting accustomed to seeing this town under prohibition rule and finding that the prices of things have gone so high that money doesn't mean anything any more—well, me for a ranch in California!" he concluded.

And as we went out into Broadway's roar and clangor again I agreed with him.

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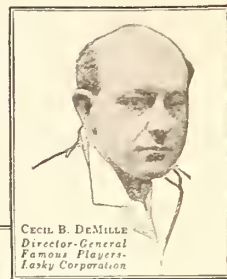
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story for \$3,000; Martha Lord of Salt Lake, now staff writer for Clara Kimball Young; Idyl Shepard Way of Boston, author of "Keep Him Guessing" (Selznick); Elizabeth Thacher of Montana, author of "Reforming Betty" (Ince); James Kendrick of Texas, creator of six stories since his enrollment; Francis W. Elijah, author of "Wagered Love," purchased by D. W. Griffith.

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How They See Themselves

Continued from page 27



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on the screen, although, curiously enough, he takes a pride in his achievements on the stage. He is not averse to making personal appearances, and when "Behind the Door" was shown in Los Angeles, staged the scene where the flaying of the submarine commander takes place. Bosworth says, however, that he can't see why anybody wants to see that bum actor, meaning himself, on the screen.

Mme. Nazimova sees every foot of her pictures, but rarely in the theater. She says she is so familiar with the picture from looking at it in the cutting room that by the time she gets around to titling, which she handles herself, it is unnecessary for her constantly to take pieces into the projection room for reference. A glance at the film is all that is necessary. While Nazimova rarely beholds one of her own pictures she often goes to the theater to look at the crowds, as she is interested in people. I do not believe that she has ever made a personal appearance except at the benefit preview that she gave for the widow and children of her camera man, Gene Gaudio, in Hollywood.

Bert Lytell enjoys making personal appearances. Many of the stage people do, as a matter of fact. Bert even went to the Arizona State Prison with his "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and he made a hit with the prisoners, because he never touched on the subject of morals in his talk. Lytell also addressed the convicts at Sing Sing, where a preview of the same picture was given.

Viola Dana shuns personal appearances, but attends her own pictures

occasionally. However, she's much more likely to go to the first showings of other stars' releases, and is always on hand to see one of her sister's, Shirley Mason's. Dustin and Bill Farnum have the same sort of family feeling, and pass up their own pictures except for a glimpse of them in the "torture room."

Mabel Normand has a curious custom of seeing her pictures from the projection room of the theater.

"I can get a better idea of just how the audience is taking things," she told me, "and I can tell better how a bit of business goes from up there than from down on the floor."

As for the youngsters, they quite openly enjoy their own work. Lewis Sargent went nearly every day to see "Huckleberry Finn," in which he was starred, and nearly always took some young friend along to be impressed. While Marshall Neilan's company was in San Francisco they frequently had to page Wesley Berry at the theaters, because he liked to slip out and see "Go and Get It," the melodrama in which he had an important part.

Little Bennie Alexander laughs and giggles at his own appearances on the screen, taking particular delight in scenes where he is shown tumbling about with a dog or playing soldier.

So you see, this going to pictures is likely to be a more serious business for the stars than it is for the rest of us. And, to paraphrase Kipling:

"The films that they do two by two They shall buy tickets for one by one."

And even as you and I, they shall pay war tax.

Some Family Skeletons of Filmdom

Continued from page 49

other Tony Moreno appeared as an Italian musician.

"Anita Stewart played historical rôles, too. I was just recalling to her the other day how she looked as *Ann Rutledge*, Abe Lincoln's sweetheart, in the picture, 'Lincoln, the Lover,' directed by Ralph Ince. You, perhaps, remember her as a primitive nature child, when she used to gambol about the forest.

"It's a coincidence how much the plot of Miss Stewart's new picture is like the one in which she played the mother. That was 'He Never Knew.' Both of them have something to do with a family scandal.

"Really this picture and the fact

that there are so many old-time friends of mine out here has awakened all the memories of my old experience at Vitagraph.

"We all got so well acquainted with one another at that time," said Jimmie, "especially in the slapstick comedies."

"Yes, I imagine, custard pies do stimulate familiarity, don't they?" I remarked.

"Well, anyhow, you can't get sore if you're hit by one."

"Have you ever been?" I queried.

"Well, you know," said Jimmie, smiling, "Vitagraph was a great school."

And I certainly believe it was.

Fools Rush In!

Continued from page 23

dragged me over to a scene representin' either fast life in a early Mexican village or early life in a fast Mexican village and vied with each other in makin' my visit to the lot a memorial one. To mention the variously things which was done to your correspondent wouldst sound like a summary of the Olympic games, with the exception that they was only a scant one contestant. I fin'ly wound up in a jail where the entertainment committee left me 'til I was rescued by Dustin which had got tired laughin'. Maybe you saw a picture they took of me there in the precedin' issue.

My next interview will be with no less than Sessue Hayakawa, the celebrated Irish-American star, and I am already doin' road and gym work for the event. The sport writers out here gimme a outside chance on my showin' with Farnum, and the advance sale points to a jammed house.

Yours and the like,
H. C. WITWER.

Miss Paige from Paris

Continued from page 30

studios. They spoke to her respectfully, even affectionately, but always as "Miss Paige"—and it was not because she is the least bit snobbish or upstage, for she is gentleness personified. It must be that 1860 manner of hers, a sort of shy reserve which fits her as perfectly as the old-fashioned frock she was wearing.

"Would you believe it," she smiled at me, "I'm the only one of the family who has ever done anything professionally? When I first thought of the screen, father and mother were shocked, and if it hadn't been for an aunt who lived in New York and who knew some of the Vitagraph people they never would have permitted me to try my luck in the films."

I asked for more details.

"Well," said Miss Paige, "I had a private teacher in Terre Haute, Indiana, who instructed me in various subjects, among which was dramatic expression. I wanted to be a dramatic reader—an 'elocutionist' was what they called them there; but one day I saw 'The Clansman,' and I came out of the theater absolutely in a trance. I saw then what motion pictures could do, and what they were going to be, and I asked my teacher whether or not she thought I would be foolish in trying to get into them. Somewhat to my surprise, she encouraged me enthusias-



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Miss Page from Paris

tically, and acting upon her suggestion, I wrote to my aunt in New York—all this without saying a word to my parents. She replied in such glowing terms that finally they let me go to the 'big city' to see what I could do. My aunt introduced me to one of the powers-that-be at Vitagraph, and he gave me a camera test. Would you believe it, almost the first thing I did was a lead in one of the O. Henry stories! Then I played in 'Tangled Lives' and 'Darling Hearts' and made 'The Fortune Hunter,' playing opposite Earle Williams.

"I have never been starred," she said suddenly. "Please don't say that I have been; maybe some time—but just now I'm very happy in being the leading lady for Jimmy Morrison and"—and she smiled in at the stable door—"Black Beauty."

Miss Paige has never played with

any other company and will continue with Vitagraph indefinitely. She loves the company, the studio, and the personnel of the workers. It was like a big family, she told me enthusiastically, and if they ever lent her to another company she knew she'd die of homesickness.

She pulled a letter from her gir-dle and gave it to me to read. It was from one of the "home folks" from Paris—Illinois—and it addressed her as "Dear Jeanie." It said that the first installment of "Hidden Dangers" was billed at the local theater for the next week, and that it was going to be in the nature of a celebration in "little Jeanie's" honor.

"Isn't it wonderful to have a home town that's proud of you?" she sighed happily. "That's one reason I'm glad that my Paris is in Illinois and not in France."

Cinderella's Twin

Continued from page 64

"Oh, no!" Connie darted across the room as Kelly caught Blue by the arm. "He didn't do it, but I know who did. When I went to the ball at the Flints' last night—"

"When you went to the ball!" Even Boggs so far forgot himself as to join Mrs. Valentine and her daughters in that amazed chorus.

"Yes, she did—here's the proof, one of the slippers she wore last night." And as she sat down in the nearest chair he fitted to her foot the slipper that had been a bit uncomfortable the night before.

"That's the one Dugeen wanted," Connie explained, slipping it off again. "He said he'd got to have it right away; there was something about a key." At which auspicious moment the key in question fell to the floor.

There were explanations then, and Connie made them bravely, her eyes seeking Blue's for aid. She didn't

tell everything, of course; various little things, that would have meant nothing at all to a man like Busy Kelly, and that meant all the world to her and the man who smiled at her so encouragingly, were omitted.

Kelly went away at last, satisfied, with the little slipper tucked away in his pocket. And Connie turned back to her tray, her shoulders drooping under a dead weight of despair. It was all over now!

Some one else, too, felt that it was all over.

"Just a moment, Mrs. Valentine," Blue said to that impressive dowager as she returned to the luncheon table. "I want to ask a favor of you. Will you discharge your maid, please?"

"Why—I don't quite understand—if there's some reason—"

"Yes, there is." His arm was about Connie now, and her happy little face was pressed against his shoulder. "I want to marry her."

The Naughty Nude New Year

Continued from page 84

of apparel clinging lovingly to the fair May's form. Annette Kellermann has parked her professional tail, and romps around almost in the altogether in "What Women Love." And, by the way, she's planning an even more daring picture. Betty Blythe as the *Queen of Sheba* in the Fox production tries hard to hide her slender form behind three beads and a veil; Yvonne Gardell, famous

model, poses entirely nude in "Kismet."

But, sh! Most thrilling of all. In the throne scene of "Man, Woman, Marriage," Kink Jim Kirkwood appears on a golden dais surrounded by a harem of perfectly lovely, perfectly nude young ladies.

And they do say the director didn't once have to call Kirkwood down for looking at the camera!

Elinor Fair, Flapper

Continued from page 68

"Growing up is the easiest thing to do," she assured me cheerfully. "I can be sedate and dignified enough for anybody when I have to; in fact, that's the way I'd have been this afternoon if you hadn't come just when you did, when I was unprepared. I was going to have such a nice interview ready for you; all sorts of details about what I like best——"

"What do you?" I demanded.

"Making salad dressing and baking cakes—oh, you scared that out of me! I'd intended to say literature—I do love to read, you know—especially Southern stories, because I was born and brought up down South. Some day I hope I can play 'Barbara Frietchie'—even the gray-haired part. I'd hang out of the window, this way—and hold the flag——" The arm of a davenport served for the window sill, and the moth-eaten sweater for the flag, in the thrilling scene that followed. If any producer wants information as to Elinor Fair's fitness to play this charming heroine he can get full and glowing details from me.

"I like shopping, too," she went on naively, when our venture into history was over. "That's what I'm trying to do now, shop. But I never can get anything made, because just about the time they're ready for the last fitting I have to go somewhere to make a picture, and the dress goes along with the sleeves just half in and the skirt not hung yet. I sewed on the train all the way from Los Angeles to New York, when I came East this time, and a woman across the aisle said somebody'd told her I was a motion-picture actress, but she didn't believe it because I seemed to be such a little home body!"

She doubled up with mirth at that, but she was alone in it. Quite unwittingly she had given me the key to her own character. And I told her so, much to her surprise.

"You may have a record for good work behind you and a splendid career coming," I announced sternly, as I rose to leave. "And you may love working in pictures better than anything else, almost—but even so what that woman said about you was perfectly right."

"Why, I don't see why you say that," she protested.

"Because you forgot to take off your cunning apron, with a dab of cinnamon on the pocket, when you came to the door!"

And she hadn't a thing to say in reply.

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Wally and a Follies Girl

Continued from page 44

"Ain't you going to comb your hair, you big stiff?" demanded Arch obsequiously.

"There you are," sighed Wally. "Have to doll up. Some day I'm going to let the public in on me as I am. Then they'll quit starring me, and I can go to directing."

He dragged a comb through his thick tresses.

"I'll bet I'll get that bird in San Francisco that wrote me up and called me, 'Wallace Reid with the bandolined bangs.' The"—deleted by censor—"I never used bandoline in my life."

After the grooming and picturing of the unbandolined bangs, a physical trainer called to put Wally through his daily physical torture.

"It's for the figure," explained Wally. "For a thousand dollars' worth of agony I get an inch added

to biceps, chest, legs, and shoulders. Thus they thwart my career. I look forward to the day when I'm fat, forty, and directing."

When I informed Sir Wallace that I'd obtained the best interview I ever had from a film king—at least the best according to my own lowbrow tastes, he implored me not to say so. He assured me if he had said anything clever it was unintentional.

"I'm noted among interviewers for knowing nothing," he cautioned. "I've got four years yet to go on my starring contract, so don't make it any longer."

I trust I haven't. Yet after knowing this extraordinary film king, I, for one, will be more inclined to patronize his products. I can even stand to hear my lady friend rave of his physical perfection, knowing how he feels about it.

A Girl's Adventures in Movieland

Continued from page 86

can see half a dozen pictures at once. It was like watching a circus. I recognized several of them—Bobby Harron and Lillian Gish in "The Greatest Thing in Life," "Louisiana," with Vivian Martin, and George M. Cohan's "Broadway Jones."

"Well, shall we go down to the floor"—that's what they call the part of the studio where they take the pictures—"and meet Billie Burke?" Mr. McFarland asked when we came back from the laboratory. I wanted to sit down and just gasp—they kept piling on one thing after another, and it seemed as if wonders would never cease. But, of course, I was eager for each new sight. So we did go to where such a pretty set was built, two or three rooms of a beautiful, old-fashioned house. It had been built for "The Education of Elizabeth," Miss Burke's story, and I began to look around for her. And then some one said, "Here she is now," and there was a little, awfully young-looking girl—she looked about seventeen—with very yellow hair, and she was Billie Burke!

"This is a wig I'm wearing," she told me, right away, and I felt so relieved. "I play a chorus girl in this picture, and the director, Mr. Dillon, thought a short blond wig would screen better than my own hair—mine is so red that it looks dark on the screen, you know."

I was sort of disappointed; I had always wanted to see Billie Burke's famous red-gold hair. But even that

couldn't make much difference in my feelings; you see, I'd known lots of girls who had seen Miss Burke on the stage, and one girl had even seen her in a shop in New York, right up close, and I couldn't help feeling a little bit envious. But now here I was actually *talking* with her. Before you meet a star you think it must feel awfully strange to talk with one, and you sort of plan what you'll say and do—but when you really meet the famous person you just forget everything but what they're talking about and how nice they are. At least, that's been my experience so far. They aren't so awfully different from just everybody else.

Billie Burke and I talked a lot, and she told me just how she feels when she's working before the camera.

"You never get used to the lights," she told me. "And even to this day I get nervous when they move the camera up for the big close-ups."

I should think she would. She and I posed for a picture together; it's harder than you'd think to hold a steady pose with those blinding lights turned right on you and a lot of people watching. Still, Billie Burke is so pretty and charming that I shouldn't think she'd ever mind being photographed; she is very sweet and not at all affected, and has the same sweet expression she has on the screen. And she looks as small on the screen as she does off. She is lovely.

After each new thing I'd think to

A Girl's Adventures in Movieland

myself, "Well, there certainly can't be anything else as wonderful as this." Yet each time there would be. So after talking with Billie Burke there was one thing more before the day was over. We went up to the very top of the studio—three or four whole flights of stairs up; I lost count on the way, so I can't tell you exactly how far it was. And then we walked out on the iron trellis-work meant for the men who work the lights that are let down from the ceiling. It was like a sidewalk of narrow slats, and we could look straight down on the floor of the great studio. It gave me a thrill I can never forget, to look down on all those different companies way below us, each working away as if the others didn't exist. The jazz band was playing away, and everything was light and activity and excitement—it didn't seem like work at all. It was a magic world to me, and my heart ached at the thought of leaving it all. I don't blame any girl for wanting to go into the movies!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Behind the Guns with Ince

Continued from page 21

to those on the derelict, so that just three seconds later, when the real shells would have struck the doomed hulk, magnesium powder pots were ignited, while six or seven cameras on the *Minneapolis* recorded as perfect a "hit" as you could ask to see.

Then the wreckage was hauled in to the naval depot at San Pedro, and a storm arranged; that is, the largest fire patrol boat in the government's Pacific Coast fleet steamed into service and took its place alongside the dock, the wreck being stationed about two hundred yards out. The fire boat's hose was trained on the derelict, three wind machines—aeroplane propellers attached to Ford motors—were turned loose, and one of the most savage little storms ever beheld by San Pedro's citizens took place.

Realistic? Well—see the picture!

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 52

bling Lillian Gish in the meantime? My cousin wrote me—oh, dear, hear that clock striking six! And I'm going to have dinner with Anita Stewart—her brother George stayed East to act in a Selznick picture, you know, and she said she'd tell me all about it, and also a lot more news. Better phone me soon—I'll probably have something exciting to pass along."

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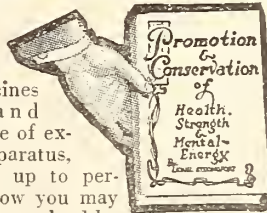
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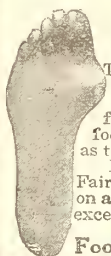
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Try Your Fur Coat on a Star

Continued from page 57

also wears a short gray squirrel coat, which comes just to her hips, on informal occasions.

Gray is a favorite color of Elsie Ferguson's, to whose dull-gold hair and blue eyes it is well suited. On winter evenings she is frequently seen arriving at the theater or opera in a gorgeous wrap of gray chinchilla; the exquisite softness of this fur makes it particularly well adapted to the delicacy of her beauty.

Dorothy Dalton, with her gray eyes and dark-brown hair, favors the rich golden-brown tints of Eastern mink; if you saw her in "Half an Hour," you will easily recall the mink coat which she wore, with a small, draped turban trimmed only with two great sprays of paradise.

Youth, coloring—everything combines to make just one type of coat suitable for little Shirley Mason, and for every girl of schoolgirl age. Hudson seal, with collar and cuffs of beaver or nutria, is ideal for wear in all sorts of weather and on just about all sorts of occasions. Furthermore, the dull brown of beaver is becoming to nearly every type of coloring; opossum may be substituted for it, if gray is considered preferable to brown.

Mary Miles Minter is a youthful blonde who can wear gray, and she selects chinchilla as trimming for a velvet frock. Bebe Daniels favors the black silkiness of monkey fur, its effect being well suited to her dark eyes and hair.

Alice Brady, like Elsie Ferguson, favors chinchilla, and has a very beautiful wrap of this fur. Incidentally, Miss Brady has the linings of her fur coats made very tight, thus overcoming the bulky effect which results from the loose draping of thick-fibered pelts.

The softer brown furs—sable and stone marten—are well suited to the darker blondes and the lighter brunettes—those who have a certain brown tint in their skins, with which the fur harmonizes so subtly that one hardly knows at first why the effect is so good. It is well to experiment with any fur, however, before absolutely committing oneself to it; that is, before buying a fur coat, it is wise to wear a neckpiece of it for one season, thus discovering for oneself whether that particular fur is becoming on all occasions or merely when the wearer is looking her best. To buy a fur coat offhand is as precarious as purchasing a house without looking at the cellar—and usually, almost as unsatisfactory.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 61

It is a sophisticated little comedy, well staged by Goldwyn, and delightfully acted by John Sainpolis and Claire Adams.

The Life of the Party

To me Roscoe Arbuckle's first feature comedy, "The Round-up," was a disappointment. His second, "The Life of the Party," is the best thing he has done, and one of the most entertaining pictures of the month. The story is by Irvin Cobb, who writes most sympathetically of fat men. Cobb and Arbuckle are a great team.

Twin Beds and Officer 666

More laughs are to be found in "Twin Beds" and "Officer 666." Continuity writers are learning how to put farces on the screen. "Twin Beds" is a harmless, naughty-naughty story that has the speed of one of Mr. Sennett's best. Carter de Haven is amusing as the Italian opera singer who not only gets into the wrong apartment but sleeps in the wrong twin bed. "Officer 666" is

a clever mystery farce, helped along to popularity by the genial personality of Tom Moore.

As for the Rest

Among the other pictures of the month, most of the productions present old friends in new rôles. Louise Lovely is an addition to the starring ranks. She is pretty, pallid, and piquant. Her first starring vehicle, "The Little Gray Mouse," is entirely conventional. David Butler, another new star, has a good picture in "Smiling All the Way." It is worth seeing, and so is "Girls, Don't Gamble," his first feature. Hobart Bosworth does some fine acting in "The Brute Master," which is another one of those red-blooded stories, and Roy Stewart, Kathlyn Williams, and Marguerite de la Motte are an excellent trio in "The U. P. Trail," one of Zane Grey's entertaining Western stories. Metro's picture, "The Star Rover," is a refined study in torture and takes the prize as being the most all-around unpleasant picture that has come out in a long time.

Elsie—Unitalicized

Continued from page 69

thing that she would care to do over here.

"Well, the truth of the matter is that I did very little theatergoing. The first thing in the morning I'd go to the shops of the big modistes, and there I'd stay till they closed at night, selecting clothes, having them fitted—all that sort of thing. Then I'd come home and go to bed."

My lily-of-the field illusion suffered a distinct shock.

Our conversation meandered from topic to topic as idly as a leaf floats down a summer stream. Half a dozen good reasons why the average French play isn't well adapted to presentation over here, the advantages of making pictures in New York instead of in California, the possibility of her doing a new stage play this season—we drifted from one subject to another, and finally reached the most interesting one of all—her trip to the Orient.

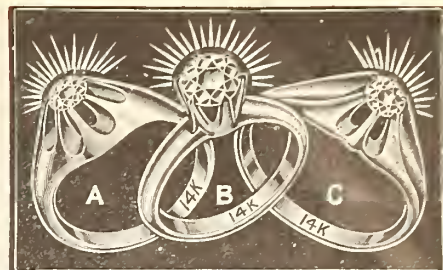
"I was so completely worn out when I left here that I couldn't even think. And I was gripped so by fear—fear of doing things, of meeting people, of everything. So I went away, not to see a new country, but to get new impressions, new sensations," she said. She has a contralto voice of so definite a character that it gives you a new impression of her.

You know how it is with voices: nearly all of them are just what people talk with; you don't remember them particularly. But hers suggests things that you don't get from what she says or from her appearance; it makes you feel that there are things which Elsie Ferguson keeps locked up safely inside her, that would be far more interesting than what she lets the world see, if you could only uncover them.

"At first I thought I was going to be disappointed," she went on. "Of course, we saw very little of Japan, and after we had gone on to China I seemed to be still in the atmosphere I had left at home.

"Then one evening when we were in Peking we went to a dinner dance. It was just what I might have done at home, and as we started back to the hotel I thought to myself that my trip had failed. There we were driving along just as if we'd been going through Central Park; wearing evening clothes, with a perfectly conventional evening behind us.

"And then, all at once, a queer sound floated through the night air; an eerie sort of wail, that made little chills creep over me. It swept higher and higher, and it seemed to be made not just on some musical instrument, by people's hands, but



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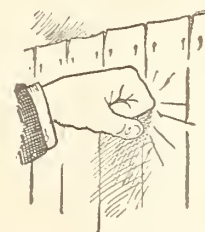
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Elsie—Unitalicized

with something more than that. It was the kind of music that makes you realize things about yourself, that calls to something primitive in you. Even when I knew that it came from the Chinese village in the valley below I felt the same about it; it was still eerie and shivery to me. And when we drove past the village, with its queer little houses, and the naked babies running around, and the flickering lights making it all look so spooky I said to myself, 'Now I have found what I came for.' Not the weird quality of it all, but the sensation that was so remote from anything I'd ever known that it lifted me out of myself."

Later she analyzed it further.

"Traveling to me didn't mean learning a lot about the countries I visited, or doing a lot of sight seeing; it meant getting new pictures that would be with me always. You know how it is with us here: life in New York is like a live wire; you can't let go and relax, because it won't let you; the rush of things hangs on to you, and you are swept along with it. But if you have something within you that you can turn to, even for an instant; some mental picture that takes you far away—well, that's what traveling gives to me."

A camera man phoned from the studio just then; quite unexpectedly he was going to be free, and would Miss Ferguson like him to handle the camera on her first picture—which, incidentally is a screen version of her stage success of last year, "Sacred and Profane Love." She was as pleased over his wanting to do it as if some one had conferred a great honor on her, with so sincere an appreciation that I wished all stars were as free from that dread characteristic, upstagniness.

She showed me some kodak pictures taken on her trip abroad, and I made another discovery. Like most of the rest of us, Miss Ferguson sometimes takes wretched snapshots. They don't look much like her, and if they are at all good likenesses they aren't flattering. She

was rather distressed about it, especially when I took one showing her boating on a river in China and begged for permission to print it.

"But this is so different from being shot at the studio—there we have make-up on, and—well, everything's different," she protested. "And besides, neither my secretary nor I was very good at handling a kodak, and after a while we lost ours, and had to depend on just anybody who had one for pictures." But I clung to the picture, nevertheless, if only to encourage those who, though less beautiful than Miss Ferguson, also suffer from the kodak's merciless revelations.

I was due for another shock that afternoon—the discovery that she was not much more a lily of the field than the rest of us. For all her description of her journey through the Far East and on to Europe was strung on a single thread, "I'd have liked to go there—but, of course, I didn't have time." It seemed odd that she had had to hurry back and go to work again; that she couldn't just stay lazily on in Manila—where, incidentally, her pictures are very popular—or travel through Burma, or see more of Japan, because she had a picture-making contract on her hands and must come home and fulfill it.

"But some day I'll go back," she declared, just as all travelers do.

I hope that she will, but I'm not sure of it. When I talked with her she hadn't yet caught hold of the live wire of life in New York again, though within a day or so she would once more be gripping it tightly. I wondered if she would ever be able to let go, with demands for her pictures and urgent requests that she go on with her stage work pouring in on her. However, of one thing I am sure—sometimes when you and I see her on the screen this year, at moments when she is in repose, we may be sure that she has summoned up one of those mental pictures of hers—the Chinese village perhaps—that make oases for her in the midst of her work.

Horse Cents

Continued from page 58

have one for me as a tiny colt, then as a yearling, then as a two-year old, and then as the poor old hack horse which I become at one time in my career."

"I have some very emotional scenes in this picture," he continued. "I am supposed to be very ill, and

I get a close-up on the way I roll my eyes."

From afar there came a raucous braying, and Black Beauty pricked his ears attentively. "My friend, the little extra mule," he said in explanation. "I told you I was very democratic, and you'll believe it when I

Horse Cents

tell you that I'm helping this mule, whose name is Murphy, to break into pictures. He hoofed it over here to see me the other day and told me he was tired of being called a desert canary, so we put our noses together, and I gave him some good, sound advice as to what to do and what not to do. But temperamental! Would you believe it, I told him he'd make a good Bray cartoon—and he hauled off with his hind feet and let me have it—right in the stable!"

I was horrified, but Black Beauty snorted tolerantly. "Oh, you can't expect too much of a mule," he said, "and besides, I got quite a kick out of it."

Crooks That Follow the Movies

Continued from page 67

arrangements could be obtained, if he succeeded in getting work.

Mr. Clerk went to one of the studios, and found himself involved in a mob. It seems that some thousands of other ambitious young men and women, to say nothing of the hundreds of old men and women, were imbued with the same idea as Mr. Clerk. Many of them had paid money for the same thing he had, but not one of these stood any more chance than the others. He never actually saw a director of the first class. For several days he clung to the mob, and finally got a chance in a rabble scene. It was very hard work. Painfully he realized that his certificate and his training in the "conservatory" didn't do him a particle of good. Somehow they didn't want him for any of the big parts he felt so competent to handle. He did his best, and was bawled out just as loudly as though he did his worst. Finally he realized that the business of acting is an art, not to be acquired by a few antics in a so-called studio under a "director" with a red nose and a habit of borrowing quarters. He realized that the "conservatory" was a fake, that he had been stung, and he got back to New York after learning many things, one of which was that freight trains move much more uncertainly than passenger trains. He turned out none the worse for his experience, and the wonderful tales he had to tell of life in the movie camps perhaps compensated for his expenditures. He is just as good looking as ever, and a very good salesman in haberdashery.

But things ran differently for Miss Débutante and poor little Miss Shop-girl. The girl of wealth established herself in a comfortable hotel and be-



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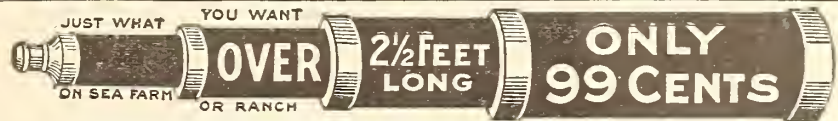
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Crooks That Follow the Movies

gan her search leisurely. She didn't visit the agent of the "conservatory." She prized the certificate very highly and at once laid siege to the studios. They didn't care to see her certificate. They didn't give a rap for her stills and the one hundred feet of characterization film. If she wished, she could take her chances in the mob, but she would have to show something besides that certificate.

Miss Débutante took her chances in the mob. She was buffeted around in the scramble to get work and, after she got it, she was buffeted worse than ever, and never was asked, or permitted, to make a gesture or do a thing apart from the rabble. Her fine characterizations of distraught womanhood, of joyful girlhood, and designing vampires never got into action outside her hotel room. Slowly she was awakening, but decided to stick it out a few days longer.

Miss Shopgirl had much the same experiences, though she worked always under the terrible dread of her money giving out. She had called upon the agent of the "conservatory," but hadn't learned much that would help her in her ambitions.

One day Miss Débutante and Miss Shopgirl met near a studio in which each had picked up a few scattering days of work.

"Haven't we met before?" inquired Miss Débutante.

"I think so." Miss Shopgirl smiled. "I think we are 'graduates' of the same 'conservatory.'"

And then Miss Débutante smiled. She recalled their casual acquaintance during the days of great hope in New York. They studied each other silently, earnestly, and wondered just how to put into words their identical thoughts.

"I'm afraid it was a fake," Miss Débutante ventured finally.

"I thought so, too," said Miss Shopgirl, "until this morning. I had given up hope. I had decided that I couldn't become an actress, but—but this morning I received encouragement from the agent of the 'conservatory.'"

"I'm so glad to hear that! I haven't received any encouragement at all. Why, I forgot to call upon that agent! What did he say to you—if you don't mind telling?"

"Well, you see," Miss Shopgirl confided, "I didn't have so very much money when I came out here, and I've been dreadfully worried. At first the agent didn't help me much. He just told me how to get to the studios, and things like that. My money has been getting lower all the

time. I haven't been able to get enough work to pay my expenses, and have been going into my savings. So yesterday afternoon I went to the agent and told him just how I was situated—and that maybe the conservatory would advance me money enough to get back to my friends in New York. He told me to come back this morning—and what do you think?"

"He has arranged for me to meet Mr. ——. He's the principal director of the — Company, you know. I am to meet him this evening, and we are to have dinner together. Isn't that splendid?"

Miss Débutante studied the quiet beauty of Miss Shopgirl. She, for all her previous seclusion from the harsh things of the world, had a keener insight than the other girl.

"I think," said Miss Débutante, "that you and I are victims of a fraud. For my part, I don't care much. I've had an awfully good time, even if it has been a little hard sometimes. But"—and she spoke earnestly—"this is no place for you and me. We are not gifted actresses. Perhaps we could learn much more than we know now, but I think we would have been discovered before this if we had genius. This is no place for us. We had better go back home."

"But—but the director; he—"

"You're not going to meet a director. That agent has arranged for you to meet a man—but he isn't a director. Don't you understand?"

Miss Shopgirl understood, and upon the ample purse of Miss Débutante, they went back to New York—to home and friends. Both eventually found their rôles in life, and take in the movies with their husbands.

These fake schools are scattered throughout the country. Scores of them have sprung up, flourished for a time and then faded away from Los Angeles itself. Thousands of men and women, young and old, have been drawn to that city by the advertisements and promises of these schools. Cases are pending in the criminal courts there against many of them. But hardly a day passes that a new fake school doesn't spring up, either in Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, or elsewhere.

One of the commonest forms of this type of swindle is for a set of crooks to advertise for young people to come and get jobs in a "new feature film that is about to be produced," on an "earn-while-you-learn" basis. All applicants are accepted, provided they will pay a deposit of



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Crooks That Follow the Movies

from twenty-five to fifty dollars as a guarantee of good faith that they will remain in the employ of the company until the picture is completed. For a few days they are taken out on locations, where a "director" pretends to be putting them through some thrilling scenes, and while a camera man cranks away on a camera that may or may not contain any film. When as many victims have been attracted as seem to be likely to come in, or by the time they began to make urgent demands for the salaries promised them, the crooks simply vanish, taking with them the deposits collected from their "cast."

The idea that beauty alone fits one for the screen is prevalent even among highly intelligent people. The business of acting for the camera is an art the lack of which the most stunning beauty cannot make up for. Genius, and genius alone, in one form or another is the only quality that achieves enduring fame in the movies. And schools of instruction, legitimate or otherwise, cannot implant genius.

Of course, one needn't be a genius to be successful. There are thousands of men and women who, under proper guidance and instruction, could achieve various degrees of success. There are legitimate and trustworthy schools of instruction in dramatic art which surely can be of service. But these establishments make no rash promises. Every pretty face, or every ludicrous face, does not mean to them that its possessor can soar to heights of fame and fortune in the movies. There are many pairs of feet in the country actually as large as Charlie Chaplin's screen feet, but there is only one Charlie Chaplin.

Ability can be developed and made to pay by instruction in responsible schools, but we advise extreme care in the selection of such a school. Intelligent inquiry will weed out the grafters.

Beware of the schools that profess to detect genius in the profile of a face. Beware of the schools that promise to turn you into a second Mary Pickford because of your bewitching manner of lifting an eyebrow, or causing a dimple to twinkle. Trustworthy schools make no decision upon your abilities until they have patiently studied your possibilities.

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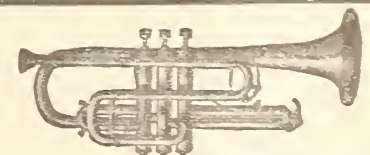
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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 88



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ALVIN S. S.—Olga Petrova was born in Warsaw, Poland. She is the only one that I know of.

KATHLEEN W.—You have to write to them to find out. You will find the addresses you want at the end of this department.

BERNICE AND SUSIE.—You failed to inclose the envelope you wished forwarded to Madge Kennedy. See end of The Oracle for addresses.

SQUR THIRTY-TWO.—William S. Hart and Neal Hart are not related to each other.

S. S., U. S. A. HOSPITAL No. 41.—Look at the end of this department for the addresses. I am sure that any one of them will be more than glad to grant your request.

BLONDIE FROM NEWBURYPORT.—Monte Blue is married to a nonprofessional. He was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1890. Some of the pictures that Wesley Barry has appeared in are "Daddy Long-Legs," "The Unpardonable Sin," "Don't Ever Marry," "Go and Get It," and "Dinty." David is married. His latest picture for Paramount is "The Right to Love," with Mae Murray. Lew Cody's latest picture is called "Occasionally Yours," with Betty Blythe opposite him. Thanks for those kind words. I assure you I don't deserve them.

AUDREY.—Yes, Niles Welch is married. Dell Boone is his fair Mrs., and she is a very well-known little lady in pictures herself. Marguerite Clark is living in New Orleans at the present time at her husband's palatial home there. No, they do not all know each other. A large majority of them meet at different times. Write him and inquire. Your other questions have already been answered in this issue.

H. S.—Grace Cunard is not dead.

WEDDING BELLS.—It just happens so, Charlotte Pickford is Mary's very own mother. Jack and Lottie are her brother and sister. They were born in Canada, but have become American citizens. They all began their screen careers at the Biograph Company. Lots of people think so. Certainly they really cry. Viola Dana is not married. Of course he is a good shot. Whom do you mean by George? There's lots of Georges. You certainly are a gossipy miss. I don't know who has been filling your head with so many foolish stories, but they are certainly *some stories!* Mary Fuller is not dead. She has merely retired from the screen. Theda Bara is married. Valeska Suratt is back in vaudeville.

JULIA.—Hazel is on the stage in New York. Your Helen Holmes questions have already been answered.

MISS ELEANOR MCE.—You will find all addresses at the bottom of The Oracle. You forgot all about inclosing a stamp for a personal reply. Your Harold Lockwood questions have been answered.

E. H.—Both Bert Lytell and Faire Binney were born in New York City. Faire is nineteen. Constance Binney was also born there. Ralph is twenty and still single. You will have to ask the editor about that. It is out of my line. I think he'll do it for you. Fannie Ward was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1875. No sisters. Your other questions have been answered.

ROY L.—Yes, I know where Atlanta is. Been there several times. The "Market Booklet" has been mailed to you.

PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS.—Cleo Madison had the leading rôle in the Universal serial "The Trey o' Hearts," and not Helen Holmes.

BELLE W.—Write to the circulation manager of PICTURE-PLAY regarding your subscription. You will find every question you asked about Mary Pickford already answered.

AN ELK.—John Barrymore appeared in the Paramount version of "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," while Sheldon Lewis was featured in the Pioneer production of the same name. The former production was much the finer of the two.

KURIOUS KATE.—There's no such animal. We are lucky to have one such actor in the films. He played both parts in that picture and not a twin brother of his.

CLIFFORD M. C.—Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are sisters. Leonie Flugrath is Shirley's correct name. Edna Flugrath, who is working in pictures in England, is also a sister. Shirley is married to Bernard Durning. She was born in 1901. Marguerite Clayton and Ethel Clayton are not related. The salaries of camera men vary the same as those of the actors. They are paid according to their ability. The average salary of a camera man is about one hundred and fifty dollars per week. Some of them get a great deal more and some less.

L. M. T.—Eileen Sedgwick was born in Galveston, Texas. Josephine Hill made her debut on this earth at San Francisco, California. That must be a nickname. She was his wife.

MAUDE PIGEONNE.—There aren't any twin actors or actresses in pictures with the exception of children. Ruth Roland lives in sunny California. Mack Sennett has several different companies making comedies for him. Mary Pickford started her career with the Biograph Company in 1908. Your other questions have been answered.

JUST KAY.—Wallace Reid has only one youngster, a little son. He played his father's son in the Paramount picture "Excuse My Dust." Should have been easy for him, eh? Thomas Meighan has no children. His wife is Frances Ring, sister of Blanche Ring. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Dorothy Davenport played in Universal pictures with her husband before he went with Griffith.

MISS MARIE X. B.—Virginia Pearson is not making pictures at present, but is expected to return to the screen again very shortly. She's just enjoying a well-earned vacation. Mae Murray is the wife of Robert Z. Leonard. He is directing her in pictures again. Lottie Pickford is twenty-five. She is forming her own company and will have her first release ready for the screen very soon. Pete is not married.

FIBBERERDEGIBBETS.—How did you come to think of that one? Harold Lloyd has managed to keep away from the marriage-license clerk outside of the films. William Duncan is married. He has no children. Mary Pickford was born in 1893. Ruth Roland is still making serials for Pathé. Her latest is "Ruth of the Rockies." Norma is the eldest. Dorothy has no brothers or sisters.

PEG OF MY HEART.—Eric was born in Austria, not Germany. Your other questions have all been answered.

TORONTOAN.—Harrison Ford was born in Kansas City, Missouri. Your other questions have already been answered.

PERCY DOVERING.—Roscoe Arbuckle tips the beam over three hundred pounds, but he is not just fat. He is a very muscular young man and not soft and flabby, as some picture him to be. Marie Prevost, Myrtle Lind, Phyllis Haver, June Day, and Harriet Hammond are the principal Mack Sennett bathing beauties.

MISS M. P.—Once more we meet! William C. Dowlan is a director and not an actor, although he used to be one. He directed both Viola Dana and Peggy Hyland. He made "The Chorus Girl's Romance," with the former, for Metro, and "Cowardice Court" for Fox, with Peggy in the principal rôle. He is still with Metro.

JUST TROUBLE.—The American Film Company is not producing at present, but they expect to resume operations again very shortly. They have several pictures ahead, which enables them to suspend operations for a time. They have rented their Santa Barbara studios to the Cosmopolitan Film Company, where Frank Borzage, director of "Humoresque," is working. Annette Kellermann in private life is Mrs. Sullivan. Her husband is her business manager. Edward Coxen and Winifred Greenwood are still playing in pictures for different companies. Marie Doro was born in Duncannon, Pennsylvania. She is the wife of Elliott Dexter, the Lasky star. Ethel Clayton was born in 1890. Clarine Seymour died following an operation. She had started work in "Way Down East" when she was taken sick. All the scenes she was in had to be retaken, with Mary Hay, wife of Richard Barthelmess, replacing her.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.—Pauline Curley was born in Holyoke, Massachusetts. She has blond hair and hazel eyes. Her latest picture is "The Veiled Mystery," a serial with Antonio Moreno, produced by Vitagraph. She is not married. You will have to write to them yourself. I don't see why they won't. You will find the answers to your other questions in the replies above.

BROWN EYES.—Wanda Hawley was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania. She received her education in Seattle, Washington, and New York City. She used to use the name of Wanda Petit before she signed a contract with the Lasky company. Doris May was born in Seattle, Washington, and received her education there in a French convent. Helen Garrett is her real name. She broke into pictures with the Lasky company, doubling Mary Pickford in a jump off a boat into a tank of water below for "The Little American." Directly after this Thomas H. Ince saw her, and seeing possibilities in her, signed her up. Your other questions have already been answered.

MIS PLAYER.—You must have overlooked your last answers. Elmo Lincoln is busy making serials for Universal, so I doubt if there is a chance of him making any more of the Tarzan stories. His last was "The Romance of Tarzan." He did not play in "The Return of Tarzan" and is not playing in "The Son of Tarzan," which is being produced as a serial by the National Film Corporation, with Gordon Griffith in the title rôle. Yes, "Tillie's Punctured Romance" is an old picture. It was made in 1913. Write again, any old time.

PHERE SNOW.—There is absolutely no truth in the report. As soon as a player becomes famous, then a lot of foolish and untrue rumors are circulated about him or her, as the case may be, by people who want to make people believe they are on the "inside" of things and know all the gossip and scandal that's worth knowing. "Scandal mongers" is too nice a word to use in describing people of this sort. When you pass anything along such as this you are only encouraging these people and making yourself absurd, because sooner or later, when it comes to light that it is all a lot of malicious and untrue gossip, you will be called upon to do a lot of explaining, and it won't make you feel very comfortable.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG ADMIRER.—Theda Bara has dark-brown eyes and black hair. Your favorite's eyes are also dark brown. So have Bebe Daniels and Alice Brady. I have nothing to do with the publishing of photographs in the magazine. That is entirely up to the editor. "That's Good" was a Metro production featuring Hale Hamilton. Write to him for his photograph and not to me. I don't send out photographs of the various film favorites. You must write to them direct for their pictures. Better inclose a quarter with your request to cover cost of photo and mailing. You will find the addresses at the end of The Oracle.

DOLORES B.—I'm sorry, but I can't write you about all the actors and actresses on the screen and tell you something about them. I don't expect to live that long, and wouldn't want to die with the job half finished. We do not publish a book that tells all about them. The only books published by PICTURE-PLAY are the "Market Booklet" and the "Guideposts for Scenario Writers."

FRANCES BETTY.—Ann Little was born in Sisson, California. Katherine MacDonald hails from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. That is Wallace Reid's correct name. He is the son of Hal Reid, the well-known playwright, who died recently. Dorothy Davenport was born in Boston, Massachusetts. She has been with Biograph, Nestor, Selig, Reliance, and Lasky. Wallace is six feet one inch tall. Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck in private life. They have no children. She is five feet two inches tall. Jack Pickford was born in 1896. He is younger than Mary. Theodore Roberts was born in San Francisco, California, in 1861. He has been on the stage since 1880. He has been in pictures since the Lasky company first started operations. He isn't married. Nazimova hasn't any children. She lives in California. "Cep-tion Shoals" is the latest. She is five feet three inches tall. Viola Dana has light-green eyes. Wally's latest picture is "Always Audacious." Niles Welch was born in Hartford, Connecticut. He is just six feet tall. His wife is Dell Boone. She also plays in photoplays. Constance Talmadge has brown eyes and golden-brown hair. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, Illinois. She is five feet three inches tall. She presented her husband, Herbert K. Somborn, with a nine-and-a-half-pound baby daughter on October 8th. She expects to return to the screen in about five or six months. That is her correct name. She lives in California. Your other questions have already been answered.

IMA PRUNE.—The S. stands for Shakespeare. William Hart was born in Newburgh, New York. Colleen Moore is not related to the Moore brothers. That is Frank Mayo's correct name. You will find your other questions already answered.



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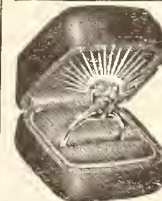


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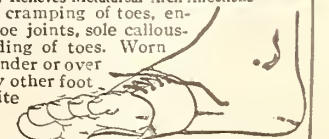
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S. BRAM, Dept. 97, 209 W. 48th St., N. Y.

DILLY DISH WRINGER AND SUSIE MOP HANDLE.—You must be some relation to the Gold Dust Twins. No wonder you "clean up" in everything you tackle. Henry Walthall has retired from the screen for a while and will devote his time for a while to the stage, starring in Ibsen's "Ghosts." He recently left the screen to support Maude Fulton in her latest stage play, "The Humming Bird," in which he scored quite a success. Wad-d'ye mean—wild? You must think they feed up on raw meat.

CLEO.—I thought for a time you weren't even going to get in this month, but just as I was nearing the monthly batch of letters your color scheme in envelopes loomed up. You haven't missed more than two issues in four years, which is a pretty good average, I should say. Your questions get fewer all the time. Well, it is no wonder. You should know about all there is to know after asking questions for four years. So you haven't even seen a picture this week? You must have been locked up somewhere then. It is certainly too bad to lose Bobby Harron. Bobby was one of the finest characters that it has been my good fortune to come in contact with. He never impressed any one as being anything but a good, wholesome boy, and that he was. He had a good word for all, but never anything about himself. In the passing of Robert Harron the screen has suffered and the profession has lost one of its finest examples of American boyhood.

COMMON SENSE.—House Peters is still making pictures. His latest release is "The Great Redeemer" for Maurice Tourneur and released by Metro. He is at present doing a picture with Louise Glaum, which will be shown shortly. He was a well-known stage favorite before he went into pictures. Clara Kimball Young has no understudy and neither has any other film star. It isn't like the stage, where an understudy can go on any old night that the star doesn't show up. In pictures, when the star fails to put in an appearance, there is no understudy to take her place. They just wait until she gets there.

JAMES R.—George Chesebro is married. He seems to be devoting all his time to serializing lately. He started with Ruth Roland in "Hands Up," until he joined the army. When he returned he went with Texas Guinan in the two-reel Westerns she made. Then he went with Juanita Hansen in the wild-animal serial, "The Lost City." His latest release is the serial "The Hope Diamond Mystery."

ROBERT F.—I can't help you get into the movies. I'd become a booking agent instead of The Oracle if I could. The only way you can get cut-outs from the films is from some cutter at the various studios. If you don't know of any, I'm afraid you're out of luck. That picture was made in California, so the scenes couldn't have been taken in New Jersey. The "Market Booklet" gives the names and addresses of all the motion-picture companies. Send six cents in stamps to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY to cover cost and mailing. Universal City is the largest motion-picture producing unit in the world. Eugene O'Brien is not married, but Tom Mix and Frank Mayo are. Harry Carey is still making pictures for Universal. His latest release is called "Sundown Slim."

MRS. GERTRUDE L.—William S. Hart is not married. Richard Barthelmess is the hubby of Mary Hay. Mae Marsh is back on the screen once more. Marguerite Clark is living in New Orleans at present. Jack Perrin and Josephine Hill were recently married.

ETELKA H.—Write to the editor about the pictures you would like to see published in the magazine. I haven't anything to do with that end of it. Larry Semon is not dead. He is still making comedies for Vitagraph, although he has a lawsuit up against that company for damages at present. Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, New York, and was educated there. She went to Erasmus High School in Brooklyn at the time she worked in her first picture at Vitagraph, where her brother-in-law, Ralph Ince, was working at the time. She is not a Texas girl, no matter who tries to tell you that she is. Constance Talmadge is not engaged. Dorothy de Vore, a Christie comedy girl, was loaned to Charles Ray to play *Mary* in his "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway." Addresses at the end of this department.

STELLA H.—Constance Talmadge is not wearing a wig. It's bobbed, that's all. There are Norma and Natalie. She has no other sisters. Olive Thomas' hair was light brown. Her latest release is called "Everybody's Sweetheart." She died in Paris from accidental poisoning on September 10th. Anita Stewart has no married daughter and is only twenty-four years old. There must be some heavy gossip in San Antonio. This is the second letter this month from there with foolish assertions about Anita. You will find the other answer just ahead of your own. 1896 was the year of her birth, and Brooklyn, New York, was the place. Cullen Landis played with Mabel Normand in "Pinto." Louise Glaum was born near Baltimore, Maryland. You refer to Howard Ralston. Yes, he is just as young as he looks. Mary Pickford has hazel eyes. Eugene O'Brien has brown hair. He is not a blond. Jack Holt had the leading male rôle opposite Clara Kimball Young in "Cheating Cheaters."

MISS DOT.—You'll find the addresses at the end of this department. Gaston Glass is working right now, but Mary MacLaren is not. I believe that she has retired from the screen for the time being. Jack Mulhall has been playing opposite Viola Dana lately.

JACK AND BILL.—That's a good plan for seeing the world—traveling with a company that makes travel pictures. It's rather hard for me to advise as to what chance you'd have of getting a job, as I haven't the faintest idea what you can do, and nobody is taken along on a trip like that who can't earn his way, you may be sure. The only way for you to find out what your chances are would be to apply in person at the offices of the companies that make travel pictures.

D. D.—So you're to give a talk on "Chaplin, the Comedian," are you? Well, I don't know of any better source of information than the article by Herbert Howe that appears in the December number of PICTURE-PLAY; I presume you have already read it; it gives the most authoritative and up-to-date information that I've seen recently about Charlie.

M. M.—No, Art Acord isn't dead. Where did that rumor start? These reports seem to be like storm centers, and move at an even gait. At present the one of Dorothy Gish's marriage is coming from Ohio, the announcement that Theda Bara is dead has reached Kentucky, and from Texas come dozens of letters declaring that Constance Talmadge is engaged—and every last rumor is wrong! I'm sorry to say that the reports of Bobby Harron's and Olive Thomas' deaths were not false, however. Would that they had been!

ALTHAEA.—Thanks for the bouquets—they are always welcome. No, Tommy Meighan seems to be permanently attached to the screen for some time, at least—and he was not with David Warfield in "The Auctioneer," but in "The Return of Peter Grimm." I'll admit that I have a good memory—fortunate, isn't it, since I'm an Oracle? And I assure you that if I had known you when you were little and you wished it, I'd drop five years off your age with the greatest of pleasure. So you have a vaudeville soul and a grand-opera husband, have you? Usually it's the other way around in matrimonial partnerships. If you've just had three stories rejected, cheer up! Think of the people who have three hundred or more turned down, and still keep on. Yes, I believe that every other woman is writing a scenario—and likewise every other man!

JOHNNIE.—Now, how can I tell whether Jack Dempsey can box Eddie Leonard any more than you can? Judging by the fact that one's a heavyweight and the other is just the opposite, it would hardly seem likely, would it? And Eddy Polo is not the champion fighter of the world. Dempsey holds the American championship in his class, and Carpentier has it for the rest of the world. You make me feel like a sporting editor!

SOUTHERNER.—Yes, Sylvia Breamer is working now—she has the leading female rôle in Pathé's production of "The Devil." Her last picture before that is "Parrot and Company." Sylvia was born in Australia, and was on the stage there and in the United States for several years before she went into pictures. She has dark-brown hair and eyes, is five feet seven inches tall, and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

V. R. INQUISITIVE.—What did you expect me to do, answer every thirteenth question you asked? You must have been saving up things you wanted to know for the last few years. Well, I'll do what I can for you—but forgive me if I don't tell you everything you want to know. Belle is now on the stage, and is no relation to Enid and Whitman. Violet Heming, like many another star, doesn't think it any one's affair but her own when she was born. Of course, I remember Mabel Taliaferro—and I can tell you what's become of her, too—she's working now in "Sentimental Tommy" for Famous Players-Lasky. You may see Jewel Carmen again before long. Yes, I've often dined with stars; it feels just like dining with any one else.

JUNE R.—Conway Tearle says that he was born in 1880. He doesn't look it, does he? Richard Barthelmess is married to Mary Hay. Fat girls usually appear in comedies when they appear on the screen.

SALLY.—Your Sylvia Breamer questions have been answered in the reply to Southerner. I think you'll see her often in future. Yes, she left Commodore Blackton's productions some time ago.

THE VIRTUOUS VAMP.—You say you feel inquisitive, so you're going to write to me. Does that always follow? No, Eugene O'Brien isn't married, and it is not because he is not good looking. Henry Walthall is not Wallie Reid's father. Where did you get that wild idea? Pearl White left serials when she signed up with Fox. She is making melodramas now. Katherine MacDonald played in that picture. "The Guile of Women" is Will Rogers' latest picture.

HAROLD C.—I can't make my reply to your letter too emphatic, and I'm glad that you wrote me on this subject. I have never heard of the man you mention, who says that he is a director; his name is not on the list of directors which I have, and I have never met him personally. Neither have I heard of his company; it certainly is not one of the well-known producing units, and if it has ever made a picture I do not know of the fact. It looks to me as if this whole thing was a fake of the worst kind—exactly the sort of fraudulent concern that is now being investigated and exposed by Mr. Roy Hinds in his series of articles, "Crooks That Follow the Movies," which we are publishing. The real producing companies do not advertise for actors; they are so swamped with applicants that they'd be glad not to have so many. As for getting your start with a company where you are not known, it ought to be easy enough to find such a company. And what would be the advantage of doing so, anyway? If you know some one who is connected with a reputable producing organization, take advantage of the fact, if you want to get into pictures; breaking in is so difficult that such a chance would be worth a good deal.

THE BRUNETTE DANCER.—So you feel inquisitive, too, do you? Judging from the fact that you began your letter just as The Virtuous Vamp did hers, and that your letters came from the same town, it looks to me as if there'd been some co-operation between you. Well, here's hoping you both feel inquisitive often. Wallace Reid is married to Dorothy Davenport, and has one child. So you've heard that Pearl White had only one ear. Wait till Pearl hears that! Even though she has two very pretty ears, she won't be able to believe them. Jack Kerrigan is not married, and Pauline Curley hasn't any children. Think up some more wild rumors and come again!

PINK ROSES.—I think you can get a picture of Olive Thomas by writing to the Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

OPAL.—Sorry, but you lose your bet. Catherine Calvert, and not Dorothy Dalton, starred in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me."

L. W.—Yes, that was the correct address—and good luck to you. I don't believe there's much chance of your being scared to death over an acceptance—but then, you may be the great exception that proves the rule, you know. As for my answering my correspondents as if I knew them personally, you see, I feel that I do, because they write me such friendly letters—like yours, for instance. As for whether I ever wrote a scenario or not, and whether I'm a man or a woman, I'm going to leave you guessing.

CURLYHEAD.—I'm sorry, but I can't do what you ask; I'd have to explain to Bert, if I gave him your message, who you were, and everything else you wrote me, and so nothing would be gained, after all. But I think you'll hear from him; you see, he came East a while ago, and probably your letter was forwarded and arrived here when he was up in the woods on location, doing "The Misleading Lady." Try him again.

FAY.—Von Stroheim was born in Austria. The picture he is working on now is called "Foolish Wives," and the last one out is "The Devil's Pass-key."

EDRIS DAVIES.—No, Anna O. Nilsson is not married. Alice Brady's latest picture is "Out of the Chorus."

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O. C. H.—I am always serious in my answers. What could I do if a lot of the stars went and got married just after I had told some one that they were not? Complain all you want; it makes the department improve, and I'm good natured.

CLAUDIA.—Write direct to Priscilla Dean at Universal City, California, for her photograph. Constance Talmadge's hair is amber color, with sunlight dancing through it.

MARY FEWCLOTHES.—Some *nom de plume* you have! Yes, William Farnum is married. He was born in Boston in 1876. Olive Thomas worked steadily up to the time she went abroad; "Everybody's Sweetheart" was her last picture.

BEGINNER.—Yes, a good many of the screen folk are on the stage now; Madge Kennedy, Alice Brady, June Elvidge, Doris Kenyon, and Rod la Rocque are just a few of them.

ELIZABETH.—You don't have to be a subscriber; write to me often. Probably Wallace Reid and Bryant Washburn will let their sons choose their own professions when they grow up. But wouldn't you think they would want to be picture stars? In strictest confidence—I like villains, too.

CHARLOTTE.—Bessie Barriscale was born in New York, has blond hair and brown eyes, is five feet two inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty-three pounds. She was on the stage before she went into pictures, starring in "The Rose of the Rancho," "The Bird of Paradise," and "We Are Seven." She has had a long screen career, and at present heads her own company. She works at the Brunton Studios in Los Angeles, instead of having her own studio.

SANTA CLAUS.—Garth Hughes is not Lloyd Hughes' brother; Lloyd is the only one of the family in pictures now. Lloyd is with Ince, and Garth is now under contract with Metro; he made "Head and Shoulders," with Viola Dana, then did a picture for Famous Players-Lasky.

FUNNY FAN.—Roscoe Arbuckle has quit making two-reel slapsticks and is appearing in comedy dramas for Paramount. Buster Keaton, his picture protégé, is starring in comedies for Metro.

CUTIE.—Thomas Meighan has never confided his age to me. No, Eugene O'Brien is not married. You might write direct to Dick Barthelmess.

Q. R.—Yes, Mabel Taliaferro is still on the screen; the last picture she made was for the Stage Women's War Relief, and now she is working at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio on Long Island in the screen version of "Tommy and Grizel."

X. Etc.—Glad you like us. Douglas Fairbanks is thirty-seven, and William S. Hart is "over twenty-one," like some of the women voters.

N. N.—Yes, Cullen Landis has a sister—Margaret Cullen Landis, who has been on the screen for some time. She began with Balboa, and now is a leading lady. Cullen was the son in "Madame X." He is a regular Goldwyn player. Peggy Hyland went to Egypt to make pictures when she left the States, and since her return has been in England. It is rumored that she is coming back to America, but she's not here yet. Zeena Keefe was born in San Francisco in 1866 and has dark hair and brown eyes. Lillian Gish is now living in New York City. Kay Laurel hasn't made a picture for a long time; she is now abroad.

MARSHMALLOW EYES.—Don't puzzle over me when you have so many picture stars to ask questions about. May Allison lives near the Metro Studio in Hollywood.

VERA CRABAPPLE.—Geraldine Farrar is married to Lou-Tellegen. Helen is not related to Elsie Ferguson.

Q. E. D.—It might have been Virginia Pearson whom you saw; she has not been working for some time, and, of course, can travel about just as she pleases. Yes, Dorothy Dalton was in Maine last summer, making a picture; no doubt it really was she. You're lucky, aren't you, seeing all these stars, with the camera grinding and everything? Alma Rubens was in New Orleans last winter making "The World and His Wife," but now is in New York. Her contract with Cosmopolitan Pictures lasted only a year, and she played in "Humoresque" during that time.

LYDIA G.—The Lee children are in vaudeville. Creighton Hale has been with Griffith for some time. Yes, he was in "The Idol Dancer"; he is also in "Way Down East," but I don't wonder that you didn't recognize him in the make-up he wears in it. It was Clarine Seymour's part in that picture that Mary Hay took. Bessie Love is in Los Angeles; she may go to England, but is not sure. Mary MacLaren left Universal some time ago; she was on the stage before she went into pictures and was one of Lois Weber's discoveries. "Shoes" was her first picture. She is not working at present.

SPANISH PEACH.—Kitty Gordon is devoting all of her time to vaudeville just now. She was badly hurt in a battle scene in her last picture, but has recovered nicely and collected damages from the company. Ralph Bushman is in Hollywood, playing in pictures.

ELMAN C.—Antonio Moreno is not married. His full name is Antonio Garrido Montegudo Moreno. No wonder they call him "Tony" for short. You will find the answers to your other questions in the replies preceding yours.

SNORES.—All addresses at the end of this department. Marguerite Clark wore a wig in the picture "A Girl Named Mary." Jane and Katherine Lee have been appearing in a sketch in vaudeville and making a big hit. Constance Talmadge's latest picture for the First National is "Good References."

DONALD O.—Dorothy Gish is back, has made a flying visit to her old home town, Massillon, Ohio, and is now at work on a picture. The birthdays of all those stars will come by letter. Are you an astrologer or are you going to send them birthday presents?

S.—You startled me terribly, beginning your letter with, "Why don't you have your sick room and death scenes natural?" Don't hold me responsible for what you see on the screen; I had no more to do with "The Notorious Miss Lisle" than you did! However, your remarks about the nurse's costume were very pat and should be called to the attention of the producers of the picture.

DE MILLE FAN.—You will like his next one even better. It is called "Midsummer Madness," and has the most wonderful cast. Lois Wilson, Lila Lee, Jack Holt, and Conrad Nagel are all in it. Yes, he does spend a fortune on clothes, but the pictures are worth it, aren't they? I never saw any one on Broadway who dressed like Gloria Swanson, but perhaps I wasn't looking hard enough. I always go to see her in pictures.

GLADYS S.—So, you believe in self-determination for hair, do you? If you had ever seen Dick Barthelmess in real life in evening clothes, you wouldn't blame R. W. for wanting him to play society plays. You are right about his earning every bit of his success, and in old clothes, too. Wouldn't you like a play where he graduated from old clothes to good-looking ones, or must we ask him to stay in old ones just a little longer?

W. R., JR.—It isn't Wally Reid's fault that I can answer your letters sooner than he can. Just think how hard he works at the studio, and if he stayed up nights to answer all the mail that had accumulated, he would have dark circles under his eyes, and the fans wouldn't like that. His new picture is "The Charm School." Perhaps you read the book. If you did, you will be at the theater early to see the play.

HAZEL.—We will tell William Farnum right here you like his pictures. Maybe he will read it on one of his flying trips from California to New York, look out of the window at Canton, Ohio, and smile you a hearty "Thanks." He's just the sort of person who would do a nice thing like that.

K. K.—Earle Foxe was Norma Talmadge's leading man in "Panthea." Clyde Fillmore went to the University of Oregon and to Johns Hopkins. He has played in many stage successes. So far as I know he is not married.

SERIAL FAN.—Pearl White has blue eyes and light hair. Ruth Roland is five feet four.

MARGARET.—Always glad to oblige a lady, especially when she writes such a nice letter. We will print a picture of Monroe Salisbury as soon as we can get one.

BROWN EYES.—By all means come again! That's what I look forward to every night, getting my letters in the morning. Frank Mayo is thirty-four years old, has brown hair and gray eyes, and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds.

HERBERT FROM MONROE.—Cleo Madison is five feet two and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Olga Petrova is in vaudeville now, so she has a brand-new address every week.

CURLY HAIR.—Milton Sills is "just old enough." And if he doesn't want to tell more than that, you wouldn't want me to, would you? Of course not. Bert Lytell's wife is not on the screen.

ANXIOUS.—You won't have to wait long. I have just seen a stunning picture of your beloved Pauline Frederick from her new picture, "A Slave of Vanity." It is well worth saving for.

DORA.—Try again, but I don't believe that you can draw me into an argument. You wouldn't want me to lose my friends, would you? Well, then, I think that Harold Lloyd is *screamingly* funny, but I think that there are other funny people, too.

GERRY.—"The Riddle Woman" was Geraldine Farrar's last picture. It was made for the Associated Exhibitors Company and released by Pathé. You are lucky to look like her.

B. J. S.—We publish the names and addresses of players that our readers ask for each month. We will gladly publish the addresses of any you desire. You will find the ones you asked for in your letter at the end of this department.

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V. X. W.—Yes, actresses frequently make just one picture for the screen and then go back to the stage. The Ina Claire who just finished "Polly With a Past" for Metro is the same one who did just one picture years ago. This is a recent stage success of hers that she has recently filmed. Mae Busch was born in Australia and educated in New Jersey. She has tried both the stage and the screen and seems to like them both, particularly the parts Von Stroheim gives her. He cast her for the rôle of *Odera* in "The Devil's Pass Key," and it suited her perfectly.

MAY.—Yes, Carter de Haven and Mrs. de Haven belong to the same family; in fact, their pictures are sometimes regular family affairs, as the two De Haven children participate, too. The heads of the family were in vaudeville formerly.

PHYLLIS.—Clara Kimball Young lives in Los Angeles now, but formerly lived in New York. Her latest release is "Midchannel," in which she wears many beautiful gowns—that ought to suit you. She has black hair and brown eyes and she is married. You're welcome.

S. O. S.—This is the very first number of the magazine that I could get a reply to your letter into, so don't blame me for the delay, please. Her address is at the end of The Oracle, and if you explain that you want her picture for a birthday present I'm sure that she'll send it to you right away. Marjorie Daw was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, in 1902. She has light brown hair and hazel eyes. She played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in several pictures, "His Majesty the American" being the last one in which she played with him; now she is in Marshall Neilan productions.

EDDY.—Grace Davison was born at Oceanside, Long Island, and educated in New York. She wanted to go into pictures, so she organized her own company and made "Wives of Men," starring Florence Reed and playing the second lead herself; later she starred in "Atonement," with Conway Tearle, and "A Convert of Revenge," with Montague Love. She also appeared in several Selznick productions.

SAVANNAH.—No, I can't give you the addresses of any young leading men who might like to write to you; this is not a correspondence club, but just a department for answering questions which PICTURE-PLAY'S readers ask.

TAD T.—They are eight and ten. Baby Marie Osborne was born in 1911. June Caprice was born in 1899. Dorothy Gish was born a year before June. Dorothy is two years younger than her sister, Lillian. Mary Pickford is three years older than Lillian. Douglas Fairbanks is ten years Mary's senior. After you have figured this out you can capture the prize of the steam-heated ear muffs. June is not married.

CUPID.—Pearl White is five feet six inches tall. Walter McGrail stretches the height register to six feet. He has black hair and dark-blue eyes. That is his very own mustache. He was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1889.

D. F. AND M. P.—Mary Pickford is still making pictures. She is now working on a new picture which Frances Marion is directing. Her last release before going abroad was "Suds." Marguerite Clark should have a new film very shortly. She took a too-long vacation in New Orleans after completing her last contract. Marjorie Daw is being featured in Marshall Neilan productions.



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Miss INQUISITIVE.—The women stars seem to be more popular than the male species, but it is a question whether they really are. The reason they may seem so is that most of the fans who write to the stars are women, and women are naturally most interested in women, in comparisons, et cetera. The box-office angle is the only way to tell for sure, and that shows that the women stars haven't anything on the men when it comes to bringing in the gold to the theater manager. Your list of favorite leading men includes mostly stars. The difference between stars and leads is that the star is the person featured, while the lead is just the head of the supporting cast and has to play second fiddle to the star. Mamaronck, New York, is where the Griffith studio is located. Lots of them take care of their own mail. He is about twenty years old. No, I don't think there is anything to that report. "Little Miss Rebellion" is the latest picture in which Ralph Graves supports Dorothy Gish.

M. E. W.—Alla Nazimova is the wife of Charles Bryant, her leading man and scenario writer. He played opposite her in "The Brat" and "An Eye For an Eye." She was born in Yialta, Crimea, Russia. She received her education at Zurich, Odessa, and a dramatic school at Moscow. She made her first stage appearance in New York City in 1906, presenting "Hedda Gabler," "A Doll's House," and "The Master Builder." Her first picture for the screen was "War Brides," in which she had previously scored a sensational success on the stage. William Farnum played in "Wolves of the Night." He is married.

CHARLOTTE F.—You forgot to inclose the stamp. Pearl White is married to Wallace McCutcheon.

THE RED BIRD.—Mary Pickford was featured in "Heart of the Hills." June Elvidge is not dead. There are several firms who sell portraits of the late Harold Lockwood. You will find your other questions already answered. Look at the end of this department for the addresses you want.

FRECKLES.—Perhaps he likes that type of story best. He has his own company. Wallace Reid has the magazine story "Always Audacious" for his latest picture. Wanda Hawley is married. She was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Mary Pickford has not left the screen, and doesn't intend to—for a while, at least. What do you mean by Harrison? Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture is "The Mollycoddle." You will find your other questions already answered.

BLUE EYES.—Alice Lake is not married and never has been. She was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1897. Carlyle Blackwell has not died again—not even yet. He seems to be reported dead by the gossip mongers every month or so. Don't believe everything you hear. Wait until you read it in PICTURE-PLAY—then you can be sure it's right. Clara Kimball Young was born in Chicago, Illinois. She is not married. Anita Stewart has a home on Long Island. Her husband is Rudolph Cameron. Jack Mulhall was born in New York. Casson Ferguson was born in Alexandria, Louisiana, in 1891. His latest picture is "Madame X," in which he plays Pauline Frederick's son. He plays with different companies. His whole time is devoted to pictures.

CYNTHIA DE.—Descriptions cannot make motion-picture actors or actresses. There must be something besides good looks. You refer to Alan Forrest in "The Great Air Robbery," Lieutenant Ormer Locklear's first motion picture. Yes, I suppose you would call him quite "cute." Sorry you broke your fountain pen while writing to me. Don't you think you had better stick to your present job instead of trying to become a motion-picture actress?

IRENE H.—"Lucille Love" was probably the best-known serial that Grace Cunard appeared in. Since she played opposite Elmo Lincoln in "Elmo the Mighty" she has been making two-reel pictures for the National Film Corporation. They were not taken from books. They were original stories, written especially for serial production. "The Purple Mask" was another of Grace's serials. You refer to Doris Kenyon in the Pathé serial.

MARION S.—A regular continuation. Wanda Hawley is five feet three inches tall. So is Alla Nazimova. Irene Castle is five feet seven. Dorothy Gish is just five feet. Catherine MacDonald is five feet eight. Corinne Griffith is five feet four. Mildred Harris is five feet two, and Tom Meighan is just six feet. Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland. He is very much on the screen. His latest picture is "Way Down East," which D. W. Griffith recently gave to the screen. He also had a prominent part in "The Idol Dancer." Where do you get that "Are all picture people evil?" You must be one of those people who believe everything they hear. There are just as fine folk in the motion-picture game as in any other profession.

Mrs. F. McG.—The editor is mailing you a copy of the "Market Booklet." No trouble at all.

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H. C. C.—Why don't you write to Bert and ask him; I'd tell you, but I'm not sure he'd want me to. He's in New York at present, working on "The Man From Mars."

WENDELL J.—The best picture in the last four years? The one I have just seen, of course! What do you want me to do, name one and then get all the other stars and directors down on me?

AL WITH THE JAZZ SOUL.—Yes, Gloria Swanson has a baby daughter. The camera makes Pearl White, and every one else, of course, look more heavy than they really are.

ANITA O.—No, the "Market Booklet" has no pictures of stars in it. And Doris May does not lisp, but has the cutest voice imaginable. That was Norma Talmadge's own hair, all of it.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Wallace Reid, Thomas Meighan, Mabel Julienne Scott, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Davenport, Winifred Greenwood, Ethel Clayton, Gloria Swanson, Ann Little, Casson Ferguson, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Roberts, and Kathlyn Williams, at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Alla Nazimova, Alice Lake, May Allison, and Viola Dana, at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Antonio Moreno, Albert Ray, and Owen Moore at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

William S. Hart, at the W. S. Hart Studios, Hollywood, California.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Lottie Pickford, Mae Marsh, Jack Pickford, Rosemary Theby, Dustin Farnum, Niles Welch, Mahlon Hamilton, Milton Sills, Mary Thurman, Scena Owen, Bessie Barriscale, Monroe Salisbury, at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Edith Roberts, Priscilla Dean, Frank Mayo, Marie Watcamp, Elmo Lincoln, Eddie Polo, Eva Novak, Eileen Sedgwick, Jack Perrin, Al Russell, and Harry Carey, at Universal City, California.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Ralph Graves, Richard Barthelmess, Creighton Hale, Carol Dempster, at Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, New York.

Wanda Hawley, at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Also Mary Miles Minter.

Norma, Constance, and Natalie Talmadge, Harrison Ford, Mildred Harris, Chaplin, Anita Stewart, Katherine MacDonald, and Annette Kellermann, at the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, New York City.

Tom Mix, Kathleen O'Connor, William Russell, Gladys Brockwell, Shirley Mason, Mike Donlin, William Farnum, and Pearl White, at the Fox Film Corporation, New York City.

Jack Hoxie, Grace Cunard, at the National Film Corporation, Gower Street, Los Angeles, California.

Tom Moore, Mabel Normand, Cullen Landis, Helene Chadwick, at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Eugene O'Brien, Elaine Hammerstein, Conway Tearle, and Zene Keefe, at the Selznick Pictures Corporation, 728 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Dorothy Dalton, Billie Burke, Irene Castle, Mae Murray, and Elsie Ferguson, at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Doris Kenyon, care of Al Woods Theatrical Enterprises, New York City.

Charles Ray, Charles Ray Studios, Hollywood, California.

William Duncan, Edith Johnson, Earle Williams, Pauline Curley, and Larry Semon, at the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California.

Alice Joyce, Corinne Griffith, and Gladys Leslie, at the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Marjorie Daw, at the Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, California.

William Desmond, Blanche Sweet, at the Jesse D. Hampton Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, at Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Dorothy de Vore, at the Christie Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Hubert Bosworth, Enid Bennett, and Doris May, at Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, and Harriett Hammond, at Sennett Studio, Edendale, California.

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Among other things he tells:

What Type is Most in Demand in the Movies To-Day How Notable Film Stars Got Their Start

Other big features of the February PEOPLE'S are: "New York's Youngest Big-Bank President," by B. C. Forbes; "The Soo Mook Trust, Ltd.," another of the Hugh Fullerton stories of Chicago's Chinatown; a vigorous chat with Jack Dempsey, who probably will still be the world's champion fighter after the forthcoming riot with Carpentier; an article by Dr. William Brady revealing methods by which each reader can test his own health; and some of the best fiction that will be printed in the English language this month.

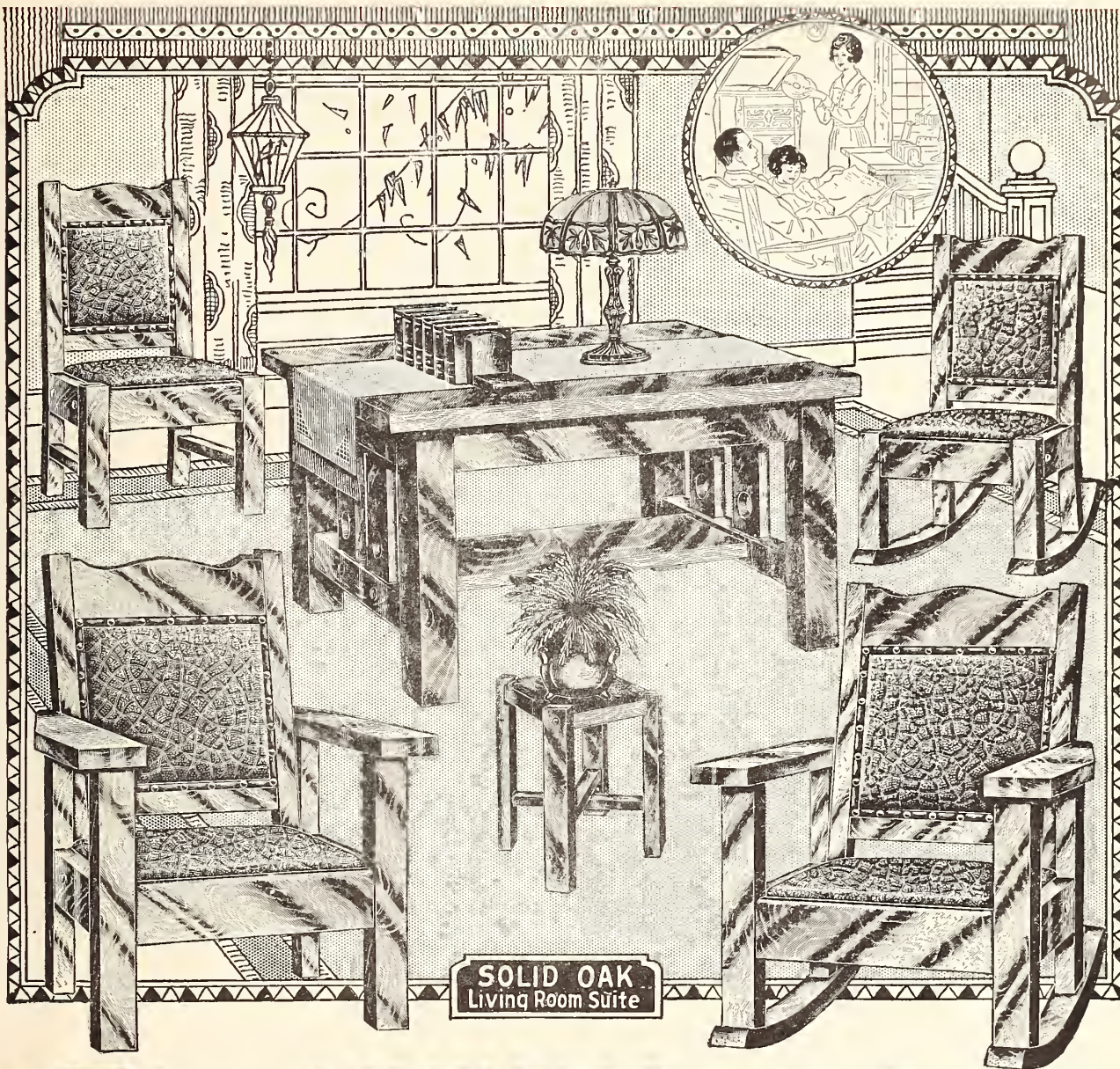
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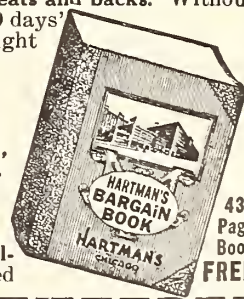
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