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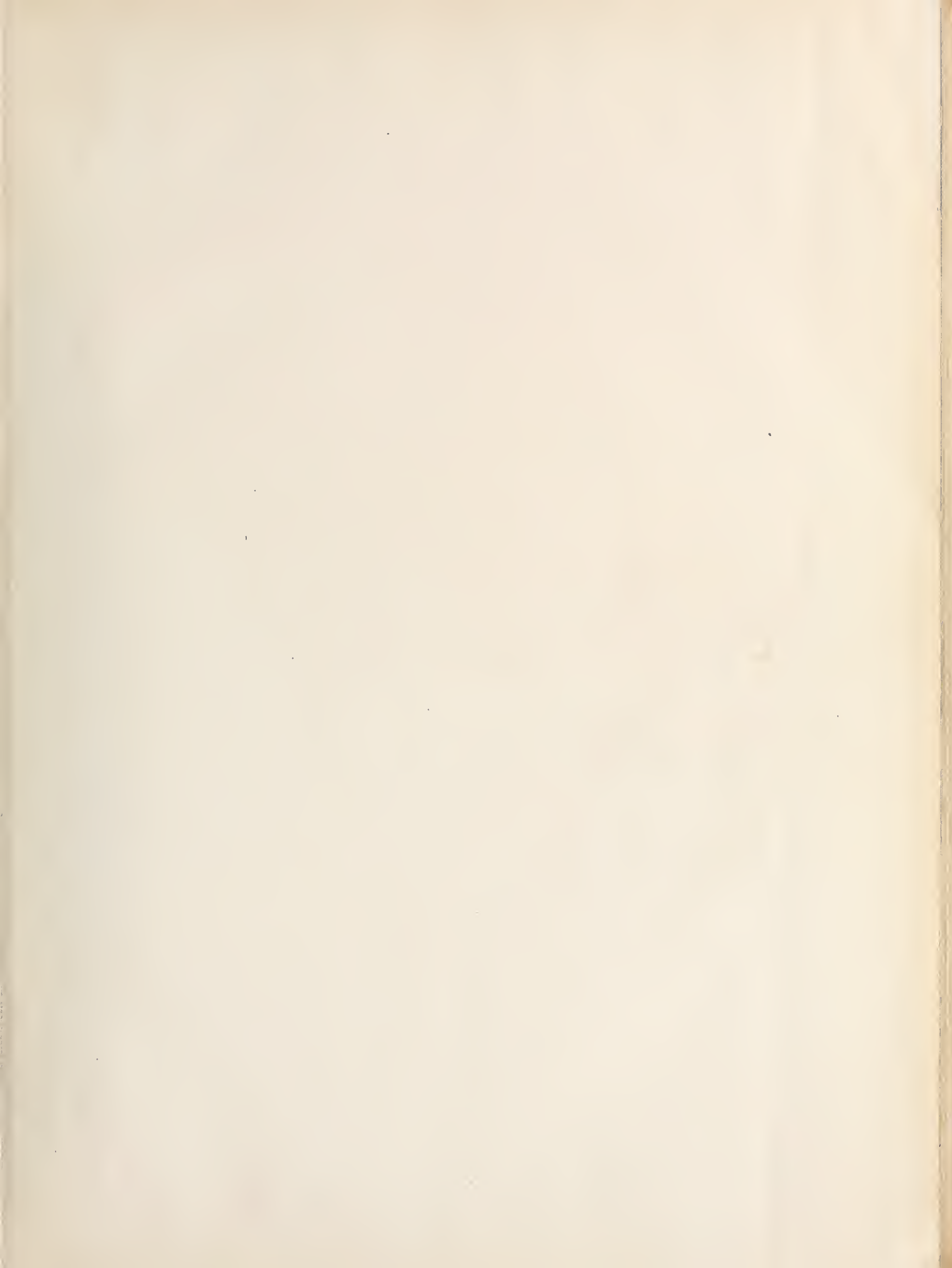


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# PICTURE-PLAY

**MAGAZINE**

**MARCH 1920 · 20 CENTS**



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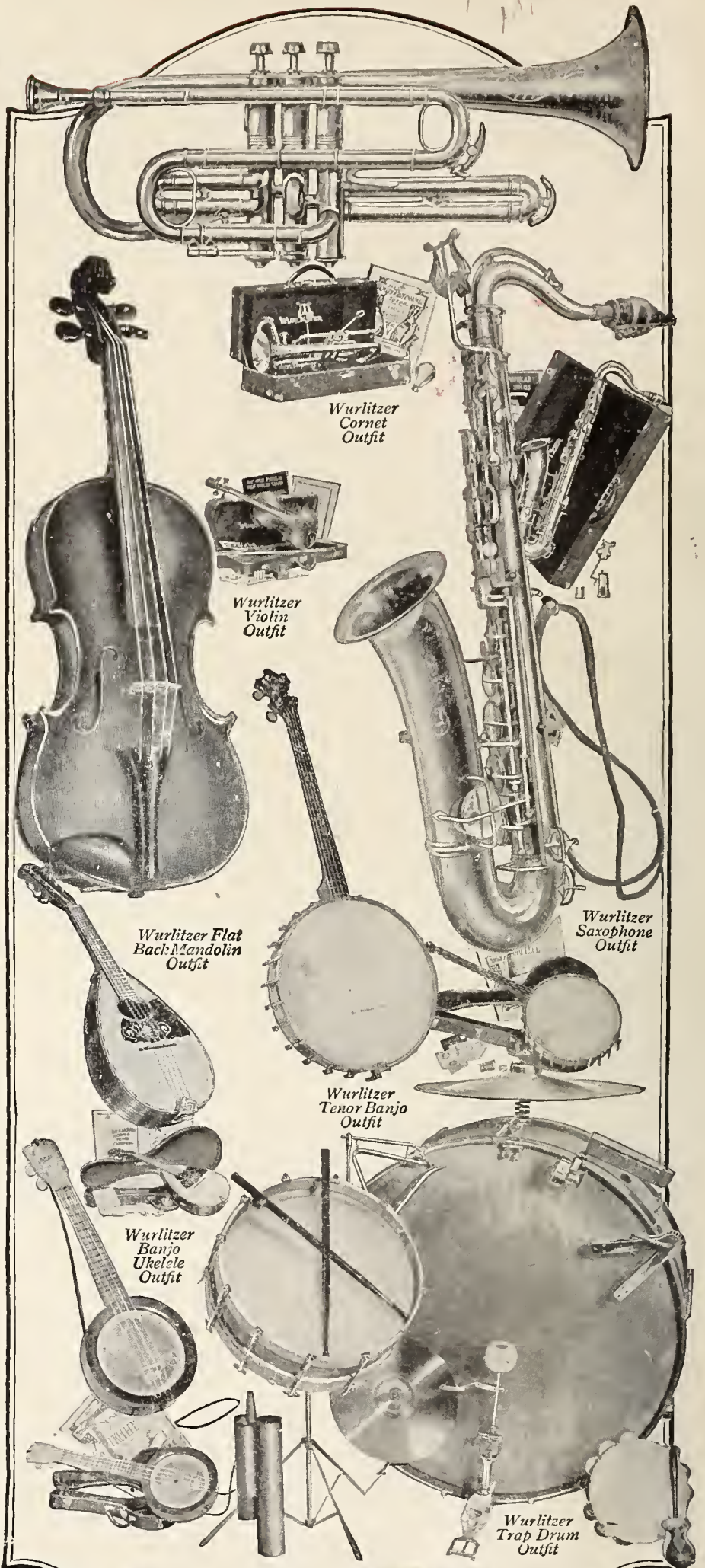
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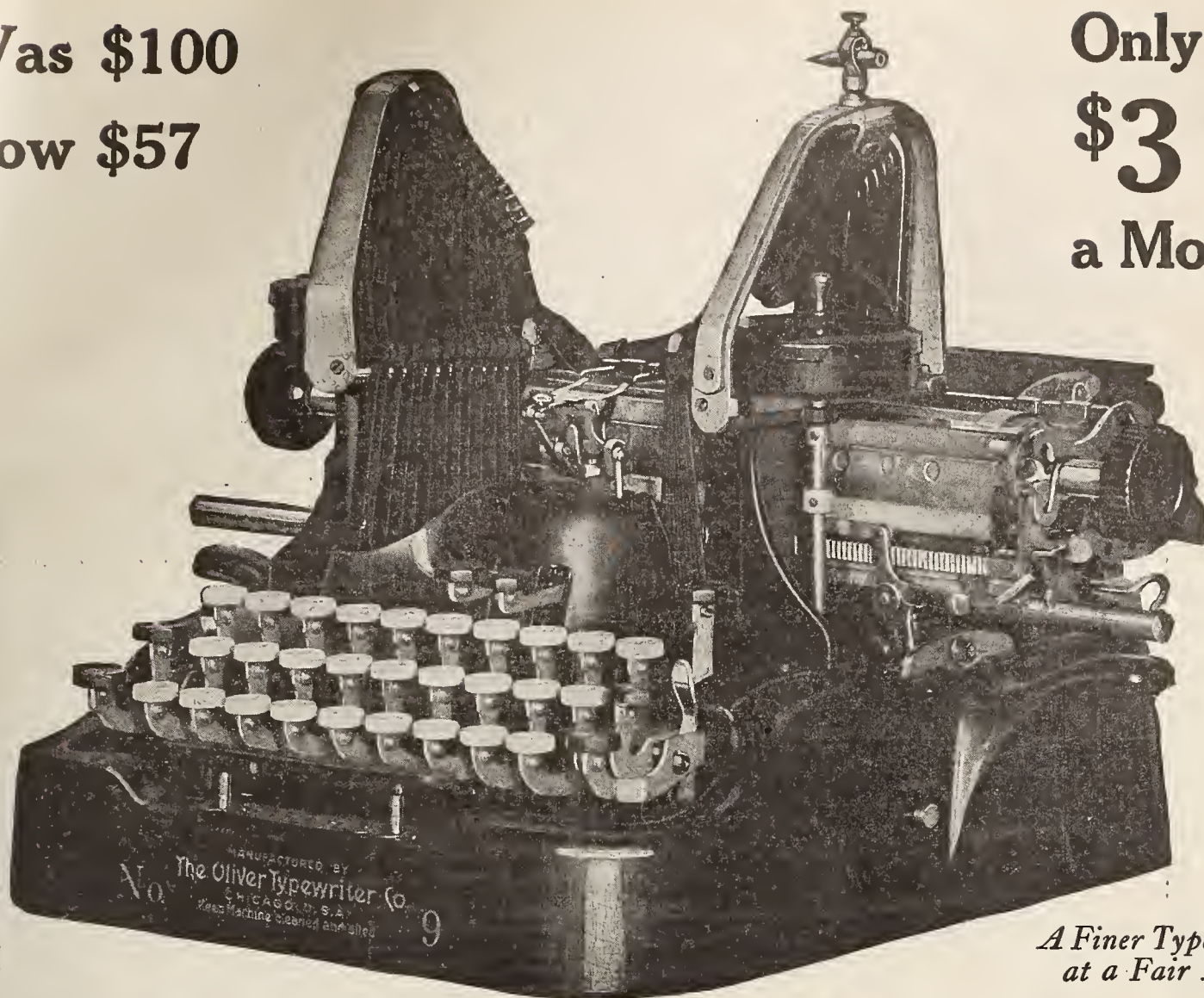
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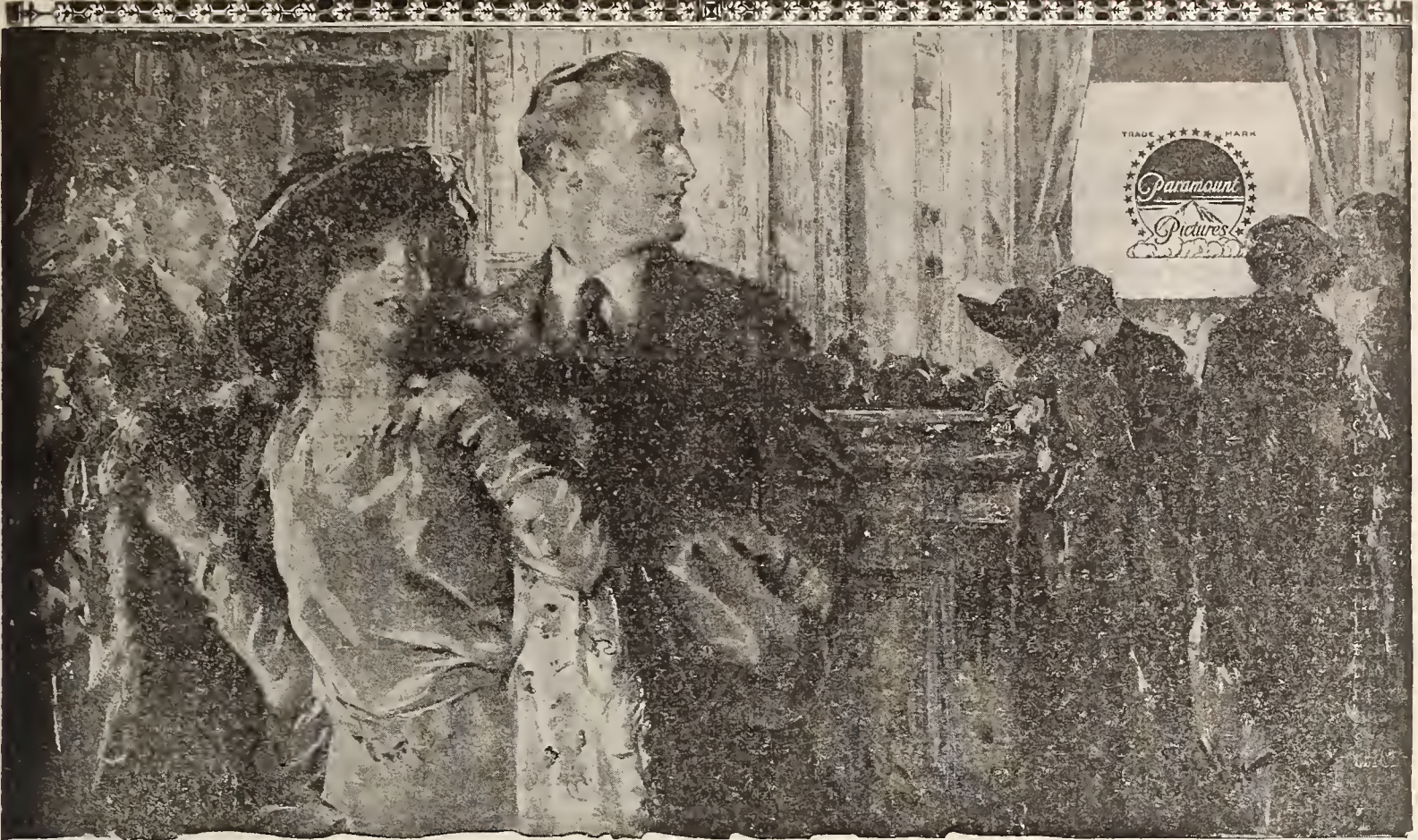
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**E**VERY week we read and answer several hundred letters from readers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, who write us either to ask for information on some subject pertaining to the screen, to tell us of something we have printed that they liked, or to call us to task for something they did *not* like.

We're always glad to get these letters. Sometimes we get so many that we can't answer them all as fully as we should like to, but we do the best we can, for we believe that this magazine should strive to gain and to maintain as close a personal touch with its readers as possible. Moreover, we learn a good deal from our friends; we learn what kind of pictures they're getting back in their home town, and what they think of this or that tendency of the picture producers. And all of that helps us to come closer toward getting out a magazine which will meet the wishes of its readers.

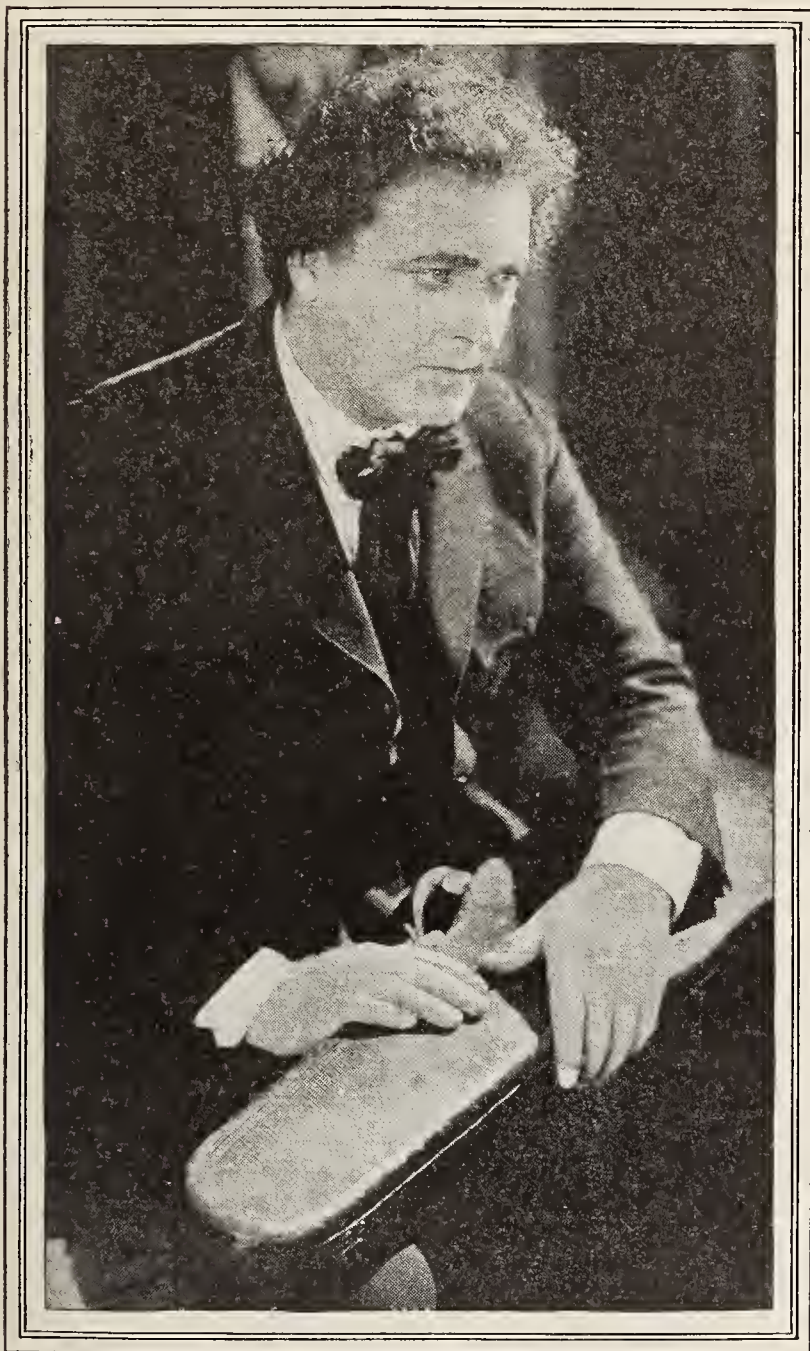
For some time we have been intending to inaugurate a department in which we would print, each month, a selected number of these letters, which will reflect the observations and points of view of some of our readers. This department is to be an open forum, a sort of "What Do You Think?" department, to which every one is invited to contribute. It should be made something of considerable interest and value. Naturally, it will start a good many controversies and arguments, which are good things, so long as they are kept free from rancor. But

the main point is that the constant changes in the picture world, the new tendencies and movements should be commented upon and interpreted by the readers of the magazine as well as by our own staff writers. If time and circumstances will permit, we expect to begin this department in our next issue.

We say that we *expect* to start this department in the next issue. We do not like to promise to do so, since we find so often that we have to change our plans at the last minute. For example—we plan and announce a certain story or article, and then, just as we're about to go to press, along comes something much more timely, and we make a quick change. Something like that happened this month and prevented us from using in this issue R. W. Baremore's history of the beginning and the development of motion pictures. That article, however, will certainly appear in our April number.

With it will be the usual number of stories about different stars, several other articles on interesting screen subjects, such as one about the great demand for blondes of late on the part of casting directors, and one about the patricians of the picture world—the girls and women who came to the screen with unusual mental or social equipments. For the rest—you will have to wait. There is no more space left in which to talk about what's to come.

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Does Your Voice Attract or Repulse People? Read Here How You Can Have a Perfect Voice—of Magnetic Force That Will Draw Friends and Success to Your Side.

**T**HINK for a moment what a big part the tone of your voice plays in your life! How many times after hearing a person's voice have you remarked, "Oh, I don't trust him," or "How tiresome she is," or "What a nerve-racking experience it is to hear his voice." And so it is with you.

People are either attracted or repulsed by your voice. If you are a man—it means a great deal to your future business and social success if people can say of you, "I like that man's voice, so strong, deep, and mel-low that it just rings sincerity." If you are a woman—it means much to you if people can say, "What a sweet, cultured voice she has—it's a real pleasure to listen to her." Every man or woman in business or social life, every singer or public speaker, every one who stutters, stammers, or lisps, can now, through a wonderful new method of voice culture, gain this splendid power—a perfect voice of success-compelling, friend-winning force.

### Make Your Voice Perfect

A perfect voice can now be yours. Eugene Feuchtinger, A. M., the famous voice culturist, has proven that any voice can be made perfect. No matter if your voice is weak or wavering, harsh and grating, droning, nasal, stammering, stuttering or lisping—Eugene Feuchtinger's amazing new system will make it perfect.

A few minutes each day in silent practice soon gives you the perfect singing voice or speaking voice that will open the door to numberless social or business opportunities.

Within an amazingly short time you will notice the difference in your voice—it will be reaching that beautiful tone and richness of volume which you have so often admired in others.

### Wonderful New Method

A poor voice is a tremendous handicap in business, professional and social life. Wherever you go, the impression you make on others depends upon your voice. If your voice is weak, indistinct, shrill, harsh or hollow, you cannot be judged at your best



**The Droning Voice.** Tiresome, sing-song, monotonous as the hum of a dynamo. Bore people, doesn't get its message across, takes the color and life out of every word and sentence uttered—disgusts, wearies, and repels; loses its listener's interest before it has even gained it.



**The Saw-tooth Voice.** Sharp, rasping, grating as a slate pencil. Gets "on people's nerves," loses friends, breeds distrust, makes a poor impression in business—antagonizes, annoys, and repulses any one within ear reach.

—you cannot realize your full measure of success and popularity. Whether you use your voice for singing or public speaking, or whether you use it only in the everyday course of your business and social life, you cannot afford the constant handicap of a voice of inferior quality and power. Yet not one person in a hundred knows how to use the voice properly! Nearly every one has one or more serious faults in his or her voice. The trouble is that scarcely any one knows how to control the vocal organs which produce the voice. Unless you know the fundamental principles of this control, no amount of practice or exercises of the ordinary kind will make your voice perfect.

But now the secret of a perfect voice can be yours. A wonderful new method enables any one to quickly develop a voice of surpassing beauty. In an amazingly short time you can have a wider range of tone, more volume, more resonance. A rich, vibrant voice that every one will admire can now be yours through the wonderful scientific discovery of Eugene Feuchtinger, the famous voice culturist. His remarkable, exclusive method has received endorsement of European operatic singers, of eminent public speakers, of men and women in every walk of life. Here are just a few of the delighted expressions of opinions he has received:

Pittsburgh, Pa.

My Dear Professor Feuchtinger—I want to write you a few lines to tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from your method of voice production after only a few lessons.

I had previously been engaged in church and light opera work but after a time was forced to discontinue because my vocal training had been inadequate. I was quite discouraged until I began to study with you. Now I am delighted with my daily improvement, for your method is precisely what you claim—infallible. No fault can escape your notice and all vocal defects are corrected by your ability.

I am preparing to take up professional work again in a very short time and feel that the strength and brilliancy which my voice is acquiring will help me to attain the goal of success for which we are all striving.

In conclusion let me say that I have studied under some of the celebrated teachers of New York, but their methods did not help materially, for unlike your method they were based upon actual science.

Believe me, your grateful pupil always,  
Samuel Harden Church, Jr.

Birmingham, Alabama.

With two days' studying of my first lesson I have accomplished wonders. I am,

W. F. Morton.

My Dear Mr. Feuchtinger—No doubt you are wondering whether I feel any gratitude for the marvelous results which you and your system have brought about in my voice.

Well, I am grateful and more than grateful—I am simply wild about it and never fail to tell my friends.

As you know, I have had vocal training before, but the results were negligible. My voice in four months under your system has blossomed out in a way that not only wholly astonished and delighted me—but has created a deep impression on all who have heard me sing. My voice has developed a "violin" style of expression and every time I sing, some one makes that comparison.

To say that I am satisfied, doesn't convey my meaning at all. I am simply wild with delight. I never miss an opportunity to recommend your course and I trust that thousands of others may take heed as I have done. You certainly have the one correct method of voice development. Believe me

ever,  
Your grateful pupil,  
Matilda A. Schmitt.

### Send for Free Booklet

Make your voice a success-magnet, a friend-winner. Don't let it misrepresent you, antagonize people against you, thwart your ambitions. If you want a good singing voice, clear, true and vibrant—if you want a good speaking voice, strong, vigorous, and confidence-inspiring—if your voice is in any way defective—let Eugene Feuchtinger show you the way to perfect voice. His methods are guaranteed. His interesting book explains fully about them and what they can mean to you.

Mail the coupon at once for this FREE book. Read how easily you can, in a few minutes at home each day, make your voice perfect—a wonderful voice that will draw people to you and impress them with your sincerity, culture, and winning personality. Send for this interesting illustrated book now—fill out the coupon at once and mail it today.

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**PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE**  
Studio 1583, 1772 Wilson Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Send me your free illustrated book, "Voice Culture," and facts about the Feuchtinger Method. I have put (X) opposite subject which interests me most. I assume absolutely no obligation whatever.

Singing  Stammering  
 Speaking  Age  Lisping

Name .....  
Address .....

**Speaking** Make your speaking voice ring with conviction and sincerity. Make it a voice that will thrill all who hear it and impress upon them that HERE is a person of culture, refinement, sincerity, character.

**Singing** Make your singing voice smooth, steady, full and strong—the kind of voice you have always longed for. Your voice can easily be made perfect, the best singing voice among all of your friends.

**Defective** No one need suffer any longer from the disadvantages of a defective voice. Stuttering, stammering, or lisping can be overcome for good and all. A defective voice is a business and social obstacle. Break down that obstacle—you can have a perfect voice.





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!

**T**HIS 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

## LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"I wouldn't take a million dollars for it."—MARY WATSON, FAIRMONT, W. VA.

"It is worth its weight in gold."—G. MOCKWITZ, NEW CASTLE, WASH.

"Every obstacle that menaces success can be mastered through this simple but thorough system."—MRS. OLIVE MICHAUX, CHARLELOT, PA.

"It contains a gold mine of valuable suggestions."—LENA BAILEY, MT. VERNON, ILL.

"I can only say that I am amazed that it is possible to set forth the principles of short story and photoplay writing in such a clear, concise manner."—GORDON MATHEWS, MONTREAL, CAN.

"I received your Irving System some time ago. It is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen. Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing amazingly simple and easy."—ALFRED HORTO, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

"Of all the compositions I have read on this subject, I find yours the most helpful to aspiring authors."—HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR, LITERARY EDITOR, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

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

"When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for \$30 a week. Always having worked with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money with my brain. So it was with much skepticism that I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived, I carefully studied it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays, one of which sold for \$500, the other for \$150. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irving System."—HELEN KINDON, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

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 today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at harbor chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over

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

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!

**B**UT 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?

**L**ISTEN! A wonderful **FREE** book 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 hook, 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

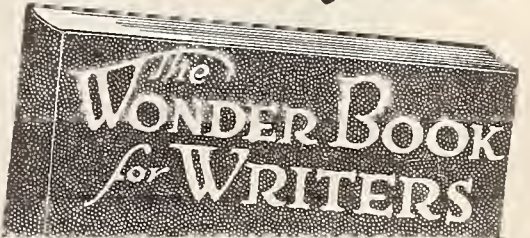
own Imagination may provide an endless goldmine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends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

This surprising book is **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. No charge. No obligation. **YOUR** copy is waiting for you. Write for it **NOW**. **GET IT. IT'S YOURS**. Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—*story and play writing*. The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular job. Who says you can't make "easy money" with your brain! Who says you can't turn your Thoughts into cash! Who says you can't make your dreams come true! Nobody knows—**BUT THE BOOK WILL TELL YOU**.

So why waste any more time wondering, dreaming, waiting? Simply fill out the coupon below—you're not **BUYING** anything, you're getting it **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. A hook that may prove the Book of Your Destiny. A Magic Book through which men and women young and old may learn to turn their spare hours into cash!

Get your letter in the mail before you sleep tonight. Who knows—it may mean for you the Dawn of a New To-morrow! Just address The Authors' Press, Dept. 4, Auburn, New York.

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Send me **ABSOLUTELY FREE** "The Wonder Book for Writers." This does not obligate me in any way.

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Have You an Idea for a  
Motion Picture Story?

# 5000 Needed This Year

Stars and producers are searching the country for new workable story-ideas. Literary genius not essential. Learn how this new art is mastered more easily than you may believe.

HOW many times in the last few years have you felt that you could write a better plot for a play than some you have seen in the motion picture theatres?

Well, perhaps you could. At least there are many people who could. And producers want you to make the attempt. For there has been a big change in motion pictures in the last few years. People don't go for the novelty any more. They want to see a story with a good plot. A scene with fat women rolling down hill no longer packs a theatre. The star is

no longer able to carry a poor story to success.

But at the present time producers cannot get enough good stories. Over 5,000 are needed each year. 95% of book material is not suited to the screen. And at present there are simply not enough men and women writing for the screen, even though incredible prices are being paid. More must be trained if the industry is to survive. So if you have a spark of creative imagination, if you have any story ideas, the opportunity is golden.

## Literary Genius not Essential

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation makes no extravagant claims. It merely points to the list of successful photoplaywrights it has developed—people from all walks of life: mothers with children to support, ministers, clerks, magazine writers who failed when they tried for the screen. In short, we have demonstrated that any one with story ideas can write photoplays, once he learns the fundamental principles.

## \$1,000 for a Story Not Uncommon

Producers now pay \$100 to \$500 for a clever comedy; \$250 to \$3,000 for a five-reel manuscript.

One of our students, formerly a minister, sold his first story for \$3,000. The recent success of Douglas Fairbanks, "His Majesty the American," and the play, "Live Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan starred, were both written by Palmer students. James Kendrick, of Texas, has sold four stories since enrolling less than a year ago.

Many of our members have taken staff positions in studios, four in one studio alone.

## Not a Tedious Course of Study

Most of our successful students begin to sell their photoplays a few months after enrolling. For you start to work on your manuscript almost immediately. We teach by direct example. We furnish you with the Palmer Handbook with cross references to scenarios that have been produced. We give you a glossary of studio terms and phrases. In short, we bring the studio to you.

Then you begin the real work with our Advisory Service Bureau. This Bureau gives you personal, constructive criticisms of your manuscripts—free and unlimited for a year. Every critic in this bureau is an experienced photoplay writer.

## Special Contributors

Included in the Palmer Course is a series of lectures by twelve leading figures in the Motion Picture industry. They cover every technical phase of motion picture production. You can judge their value from the fact that they are contributed by such notables as Frank Lloyd and Clarence Badger, Goldwyn directors; Jeanie MacPherson, noted Lasky scenario writer; Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, of Metro's scenario staff; Denison Clift, Fox scenario editor; George Beban, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, presi-

## Our Advisory Council

Our educational policy is directed by the biggest men in the industry. They are: Cecil B. De Mille, Director General of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; Thomas H. Ince, head of the Thomas H. Ince Studios; Lois Weber, America's greatest woman producer and director; Rob Wagner, well known motion picture writer for the Saturday Evening Post.

dent Christie Film Co.; Hugh McClung, expert cinematographer, etc., etc.

Our marketing bureau, headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, formerly photoplaywright for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, helps you sell your work. In constant touch with the studios, she knows their needs. When members so desire, she submits their plays to Directors and Scenario Editors in person.

## Send for the Book and Investigate

For those who are really interested in this great, new opportunity, we have prepared an elaborate book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," which lays before you the Palmer Course and Service in greater detail.

If you have any story-telling ability, you owe it to yourself to write for this book. Remember that many photoplaywrights have never written a line for periodicals. Literary ability is not what is wanted. Producers want outline plots written from a knowledge of their specific needs. A simple story with one good new thought is enough. For motion pictures are made for the masses.

There is one peculiar thing to remember about the Palmer Plan. Unlike any other course in special training, one single successful effort immediately pays you for all your work.

In this new, uncrowded field success is rapid. The need is growing greater every day. Never were rewards greater and quicker than in this new field. At least investigate. Mail the coupon.

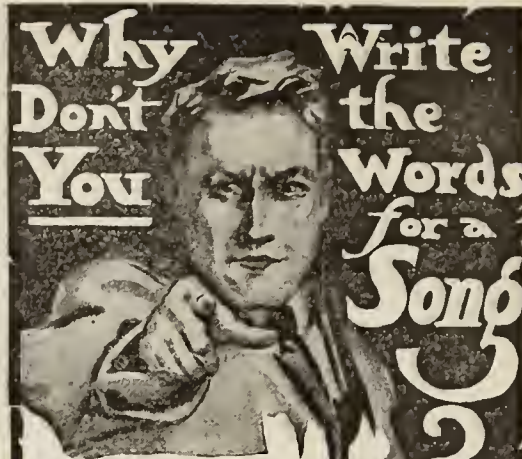
## Palmer Photoplay Corporation

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504 I. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

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Please send me, without obligation, your new book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Also "Proof Positive," containing Success Stories of many Palmer members, etc.

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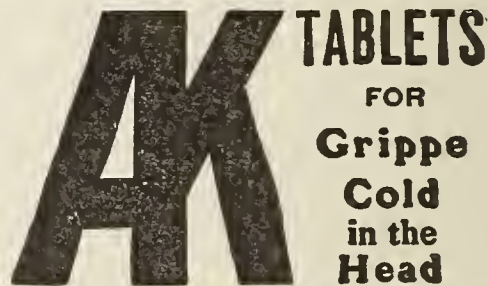
one of America's well-known musicians, the author of many song successes, such as "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "When I Dream of Old Erin," and others the sales of which ran into millions of copies. Send as many poems as you wish. Don't Delay. Get Busy—Quick. 920 S. Michigan Ave., Suite 345 Chicago, Ill.

## Write the Words For a Song

Write the words for a song. We revise song-poems, compose music for them, and guarantee to secure publication on a royalty basis by a New York music publisher. Our Lyric Editor and Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Mail your song-poem on love, peace, victory or any other subject to us today. Poems submitted are examined free.

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# Winning Personality for Women!

## Your Right to Happiness

Dear Reader:

I often wonder why there are so many unhappy, discontented women in the world. Truly my heart goes out to the young girl vainly reaching for that joy in life, for the lightness of heart enjoyed by others who seem to have everything their hearts desire. Compassion arises within me when I see women of more mature years struggling in the grasp of something that ever holds them back from the love, popularity and attention they so much crave.

How I do long to help them all, to whisper in their ears the secrets of success, the secrets of personality that have changed many a woman's life from gray obscurity to one of rosy-hued happiness.

### Study the Picture

I have had an artist draw the picture you see on this page to illustrate one particular case I have in mind.

I will call her Betty Brown because that wasn't her name. Betty lived with a girl friend in one of our great cities. She was a nice girl, really pretty, with soft brown hair and a heart of gold.

But Betty never seemed to get ahead. From her earliest school days until the time I speak of she went through her uneventful, uninteresting life unnoticed, envious of other girls whose pleasures and friends she could not share, unhappy in the simple joys she missed, despairing of ever being anybody but just the unfortunate girl she was, ignored in favor of others not near so good looking in face and form.

### You Must Have What She Lacked



Juliette Fara

admiring friends constantly, seeming to charm all whom she met.

Poor Betty! How she did long for just a little of the admiration and attention showered on her more fortunate friend. How she pined for a tithe of the pleasures with which she saw others surrounded.

Then, one day she poured out her soul to a woman who seemed sympathetic.

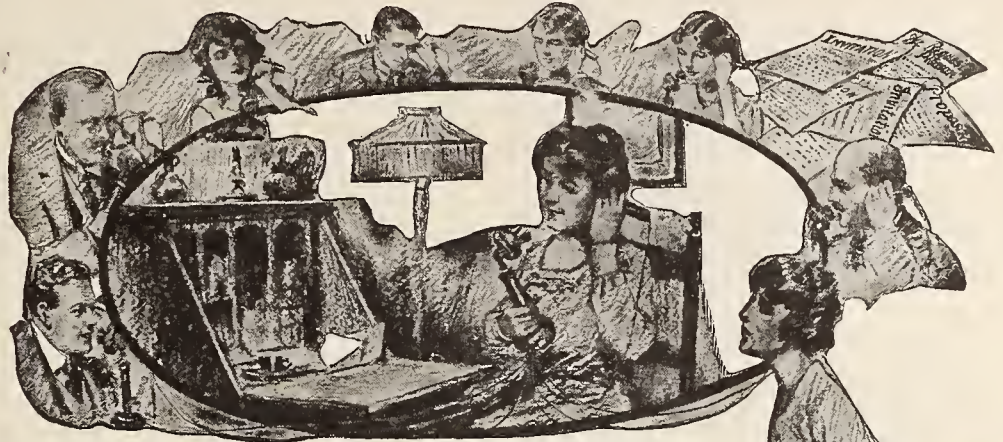
"My Dear," this new found friend told her. "You have a good education but, dear girl, you are Chained to Your Undeveloped Personality. You lack that something by which other girls make themselves sought after, attractive, charming. You must be content with your lot for you were born so."

### Charming Personalities Can Be Developed

But oh, how little this woman knew, how little she realized that she herself would have been the same as Betty Brown if accidentally or otherwise she had not learned the secrets of a charming personality.

Betty's friend had a charming personality which, combined with her goodness, made her so popular.

The unrealizing advisor of Betty also had a charming personality which had helped her husband much to achieve his success in life. And to think, neither of them could help Betty Brown.



### Love—Happiness—Success For You

But to Betty the thought was a revelation. "I need a personality," she kept repeating to herself, "one that will make me liked, one that will draw friends to me, one that will bring me the love, happiness and success I so much want." This she would murmur over and over again. It became an obsession until one day she cried, "Eureka, I have found it at last."

And what she found was an advertisement of the Gentlewoman Institute in a magazine she was reading.

Perhaps she was a little doubtful that I, Juliette Fara, could teach her the secrets I possess, that I would really be able to transform her from the nonentity she was to the lovely, popular girl she became afterwards.

### Why Don't You Learn?

But Betty Brown took a chance. She wrote the Gentlewoman Institute just as I advised in the advertisement. She absorbed the vitally important secrets such as I am ready to impart to you, she found out her faults, trivial as they were, she became mistress of herself, she commenced to share the happiness that was her God-given birth right, the joy and contentment are purposed to which you, dear reader, cannot get a great deal out of life.

All this our Betty Brown told me in a confidential letter and it is but hypothetical of many other letters of appreciation from women whose lives I have helped to change from gloomy dusk to bright sunshine.

### My Secrets

What are these wonderful secrets of personality, by what wave of magic wand can any girl or woman become fascinating, compelling and successful?

Let me tell you how I learned and why I know. I spent many years in foreign climes, I have been privileged to study the ways of successful women in this and other countries. And always have I made notes of the results of my observations, always have I pried my way beneath the veneers that disguised many a secret of charming womanhood. Always have I uncovered that little something that was destined to go down in my book of books, my life's work, so that my sisters, all women, should have the benefit of the accumulated knowledge of ages of womankind.

### Become Fascinating

And such simple things they are, not as some might think of—beautiful gowns, brilliant education, artificial beauty or the questionable charm of a libertine. But just the thousand and one little things by which any woman can make herself as charming as the best, finest and most popular woman she knows.

You may be shy, retiring, so unconfident of yourself that you positively repel instead of attracting as you should. You may be over-sensitive, bashful or without the strength and surety of perfect womanhood.

If so, I can make you forceful, adorably daring and sweet with a manner so fascinating that the world will evidence its admiration.

You may be overbold, too assertive, scaring men with unintentional but well-meant, friendly advances. You may be uncouth in little ways you may never realize until you study my secrets. If so I can change you to the sweet, lovable girl you should want to be.

You may be selfish and not know it, you may be stubborn and not realize it, you may be able to make friends and still not hold them. You may be handicapped by private sorrows and worry.

### I Can Help You

No matter what your trouble may be, no matter what is keeping you chained to the post of an Undeveloped Personality, my secrets will find it out and change it all.

You may be a household drudge, slave in a shop or factory or lead a miserable, wretched life at home. Then you have great reason to want to know what I can do to help you—how I can show you ways to change the attitude of a brutal life partner or gain the love, respect and obedience of your children.



### Win Admiration

I have not room on this page to tell you half I would like, so I wish you would send right to the Gentlewoman Institute for my Free Book "How." They will send it to you in a perfectly plain wrapper, just with your name and address. And they want me to ask you to please write your name on the coupon below plainly, so there will be no mistake. Of course, you may write me a letter if you wish, attaching coupon.

Now, I wish to say that I want to hear from you, no matter what your age is. Young girls in their teens, women over 30 and in middle age, even women over 60, have benefited by what I have to say in my book "How."

Remember—it is Free. I have seen to it personally that the Gentlewoman Institute does not charge you a single penny under any circumstances, not even postage.

I wrote "How" to help you and it cannot help but do so. If it doesn't you lose nothing. Won't you write today?

Very truly yours,

*Juliette Fara*

### Mail Coupon for Free Book "How"

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Please send me, postpaid, free of cost and without any obligation on my part, Madame Juliette Fara's little book entitled "How."

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106F, NEW YORK, N. Y.

# What Is Nerve Force?

By Paul von Boeckmann

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, Sexual Science and Nerve Culture

**N**ERVE Force is an energy created by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force: It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. **It Is Life;** for, if we knew what nerve force were, we should know the secret of life.

Nerve force is the basic force of the body and mind. The power of every muscle, every organ; in fact, every cell is governed and receives its initial impulse through the nerves. Our vitality, strength and endurance are directly governed by the degree of our nerve force.

If an elephant had the same degree of nerve force as a flea, or an ant, he could jump over mountains and push down skyscrapers. If an ordinary man had the same degree of nerve force as a cat, he could break all athletic records without half trying. This is an example of Muscular Nerve Force.

Mental Nerve Force is indicated by force of character, personal magnetism, moral courage and mental power.

Organic Nerve Force means health and long life.

It is a well balanced combination of Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force that has made Thomas Edison, General Pershing and Charles Schwab and other great men what they are. 95% of mankind are led by the other 5%. It is Nerve Force that does the leading.

In our nerves, therefore, lies our greatest strength; and there, also, our greatest weakness—for when our nerve force becomes depleted, through worry, disease, overwork, abuse, every muscle loses its strength and endurance; every organ becomes partly paralyzed, and the mind becomes befogged.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

Unfortunately few people know that they waste their nerve force, or will admit that it has been more or less exhausted. So long as their hands and knees do not tremble, they cling to the belief that their nerves are strong and sound, which is a dangerous assumption.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased.

It is "nerves" or "you are run down," the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick, and speeds them up, just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by towing him behind an automobile.

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," especially in the back and knees.

**Second Stage:** Nervousness; 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 disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and in extreme cases, insanity.

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long trail of evils that torture the mind and body. It is no wonder neurasthenics (nerve bankrupts) become melancholy and do not care to live.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

Paul von Boeckmann, the noted Nerve Culturist, who for 25 years has been the leading authority in America on Breathing, Nerve Culture and Psychophysics, has written a remarkable book (64 pages) on the Nerves; which teaches how to soothe, calm, and care for the nerves. The cost of the book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Bound in elegant cloth and gold cover, 50 cents. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 460, World's Tower Bldg., 110 West 40th St., New York City. You should order the book today. It will be a revelation to you and will teach you important facts that will give you greater Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force. If you do not agree that this book teaches you the most important lessons on Health and Mental Efficiency you have ever read, your money will be refunded by return mail, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred.

The author of Nerve Force has advertised his various books on Health and Nerve Culture in the standard magazines of America during the last twenty years, which is ample evidence of his responsibility and integrity. The following are extracts from letters written by grateful people who have read the book:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming my nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."



## Step Up to a Better Job!

That better job and the bigger pay that goes with it—the job you want—is within your reach. It's only a step to the really big jobs from where you are. That step is simply "knowing how." The practical books for self-training described below will give you that "know how." They are the steps by which you can reach the job you want.

Some of the best authorities in the world wrote these books in plain, everyday language. Anyone who can read and write English can understand them. Thousands of pictures, diagrams, etc., make difficult points as plain as day. Over 1,000,000 volumes have been sold.

### Pay-Raising Books at Greatly Reduced Prices

Automobile Engineering, 6 volumes, 2600 pages, 2000 pictures. Was \$30.00. Now \$21.80
Carpentry and Contracting, 5 volumes, 2138 pages, 1,000 pictures. Was \$25.00. Now 19.80
Civil Engineering, 9 volumes, 3900 pages, 3000 pictures. Was \$45.00. Now 29.80
Accountancy and Business Management, 7 volumes, 3000 pages, 2000 pictures. Was \$35.00. Now 24.80
Fire Prevention and Insurance, 4 volumes, 1500 pages, 600 pictures. Was \$20.00. Now 15.80
Electrical Engineering, 8 volumes, 3800 pages, 3000 pictures. Was 40.00. Now 24.80
Machine Shop Practice, 6 volumes, 2300 pages, 2500 pictures. Was \$30.00. Now 19.80
Steam and Gas Engineering, 7 volumes, 3300 pages, 2500 pictures. Was \$35.00. Now 21.80
Law and Practice (with reading course), 13 volumes, 6000 pages, illustrated. Was \$72.00. Now 44.80
Telephony and Telegraphy, 4 volumes, 1728 pages, 2000 pictures. Was \$20.00. Now 14.80
Sanitation, Heating and Ventilating, 4 volumes, 1454 pages, 1400 pictures. Was \$20.00. Now 14.80
Practical Accounting, 4 volumes, 1840 pages, 800 pictures, etc. Was \$20.00. Now 14.80
Drawing, 4 volumes, 1578 pages, 1000 pictures, blue-prints, etc. Was \$20.00. Now 14.80

## Send No Money Shipped for 7 Days' Trial

Write the name of the books you want on the coupon and mail it today. We will send the books at once, express collect, and you can use them just as if they were your own for a whole week. If you decide you don't want to keep them, send them back at our expense.



### 50c a Week

If you like the books, as thousands of other men have after examination, just send us \$2.80. You can send the balance of the special reduced price the same way—\$2.00 each month (50 cents a week). Send \$3.00 a month if you order the Law books.

Step up to a better job with bigger pay. MAIL THE COUPON NOW. It's your first step.

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American Technical Society, Dept. X-833, Chicago, U.S.A.

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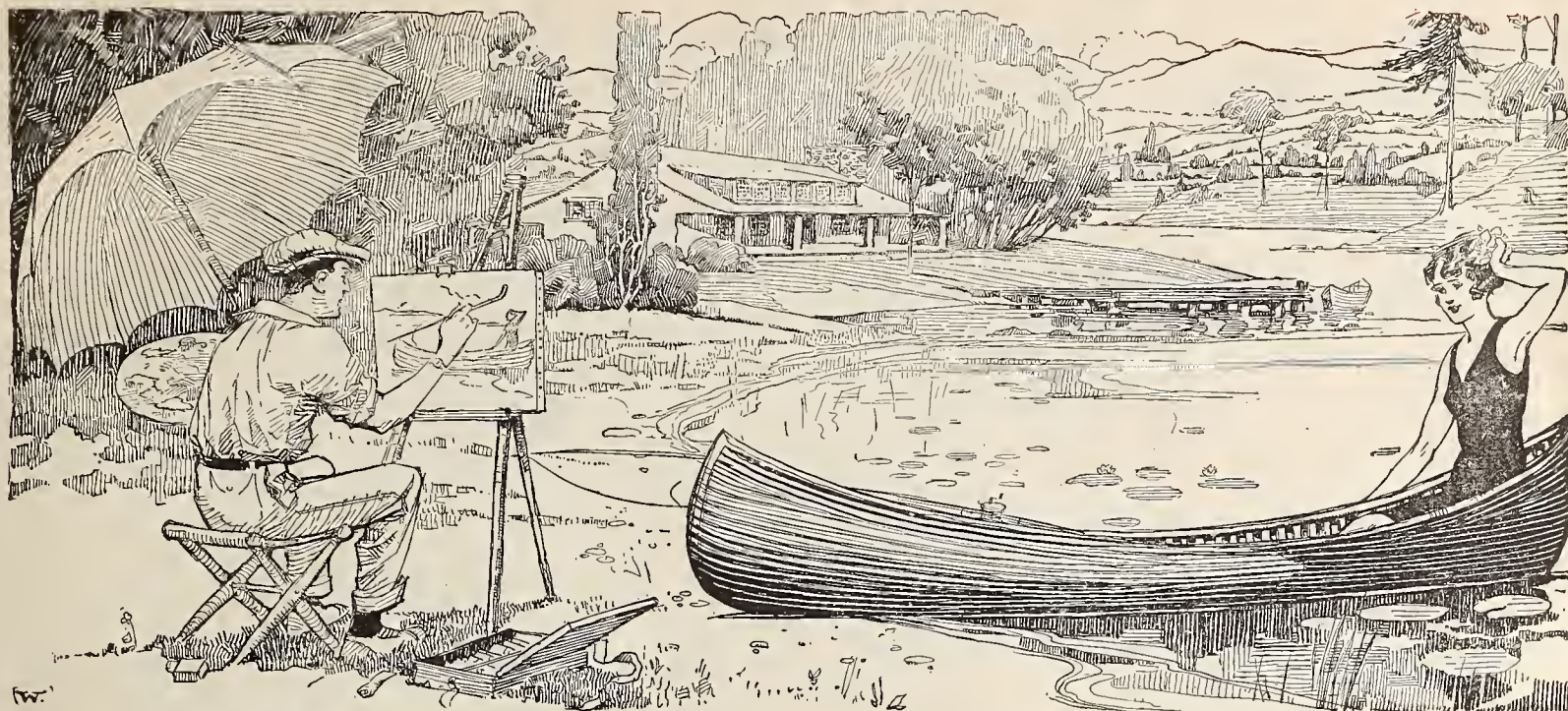
for 7 DAYS' examination, shipping charges collect. I will examine the books thoroughly and, if satisfied, will send \$2.80 within 7 days and \$2 each month (\$3.00 for Law) until I have paid the special price of \$..... If I decide not to keep the books I will return them at your expense within one week.

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(Please fill out all lines.)



# Become an Artist

Get into this fascinating business NOW! Enjoy the freedom of an artist's life. Let the whole world be your workshop. The woods, fields, lakes, mountains, seashore, the whirl of current events—all furnish material for your pictures. With your kit of artist's materials under your arm you can go where you please and make plenty of money. Your drawings will be just like certified checks!

## Crying Demand for Artists

Never before has there been such an urgent need of artists as there is *right now!* Magazines—newspapers—advertising agencies—business concerns—department stores—all are on the lookout for properly trained artists. Take any magazine—look at the hundreds of pictures in it! And there are *48,868 periodicals in the United States alone!* Think of the millions of pictures they require. Do you wonder that there is such a great demand for artists? Right this minute there are over 50,000 high-salaried positions *going begging* just because of the lack of competent commercial artists.

## No Talent Needed, Anyone Can Learn in Spare Time

Our wonderful NEW METHOD of teaching art by mail has exploded the theory that "talent" was necessary for success in art. Just as you have been taught to read and write, you can be taught to draw. We start you with straight lines—then curves—then you learn to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making drawings that sell for \$100 to \$500. No drudgery—you *enjoy* this method. It's just like playing a fascinating game!

## Beginners Earn \$50 a Week

Every drawing you make while taking the course receives the *personal* criticism of our director, Will H. Chandlee. Mr. Chandlee has had over 35 years' experience in commercial art, and is considered one of the country's foremost authorities on this subject. He knows the game inside and out. He teaches you to make the kind of pictures that *sell*. Many of our students have received as high as \$100 for their first drawing! \$50 a week is often paid to a good beginner!

Dozens of artists get as high as \$1,000 for a single drawing! Read what Frank Godwin, one of America's most prominent magazine cover artists, says about our course. And this high-salaried artist's letter is typical of the dozens of letters we receive every week from our students.

### Owes Success to Our Course

"Some of your pupils stop at my studio from time to time to show me samples of their work, and they are certainly a promising lot. I shall never cease to be grateful for the wonderful foundation in art that you and your school gave me. I scarcely ever make a drawing but what some of the basic principles you so thoroughly drilled into me are brought into use. I have all the work I can handle and more, and I feel that my present success is due, more than anything else, to your course and your wonderfully efficient method of instruction."

Frank Godwin,  
Philadelphia.

Our course covers every possible angle of Commercial Art. It does away with all the superfluous technique and entangling hindrances of the ordinary art school. It brings the principles of successful drawing right down to fundamentals. In a word, you get all the benefits of a three year course in art at a residence school right in your own home—and for just a few cents a day. Your spare time is all that is required. A few minutes a day will accomplish wonders for you!

## Free Book and Artist's Outfit

Mail coupon *now* for this valuable book "How to Become an Artist." It's just full of interesting pointers on drawing. Reveals the secrets of success in art! Shows drawings by our students. See for yourself what amazing progress they have made through our course. Book explains course in detail, and gives full particulars of our FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT. Fill out coupon NOW! Mail it TODAY!

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# Famous Violet Ray Treatment

## for Health, Vitality and Beauty

# Now Possible in Your Own Home

FOR many years the wonderful results to be obtained through the application of electricity to the body have been known to the scientists. Early investigation and experimentation opened amazing possibilities for the future development of electricity as a curative agent and a vital source of health. Probably we all recall the first crude contrivance of a storage battery in a box from which a mild current of electricity could be passed through the body. Then came electric vibrating machines which, however, simply made use of the principle of mechanical massage and did not apply the action of electricity itself to the organs of the body.

### The Discovery of Violet Rays

It was Nikola Tesla, one of the most brilliant of modern scientists, who mystified the world with the discovery of the peculiar Violet Ray. Tesla had found a way to convert a current of electricity into high frequency discharges. This can be described in simple terms as the diffusion of a solid current into a mistlike discharge. It is similar to a light, invigorating spray of water compared to the force of a solid stream.

One of the most remarkable properties of the Violet Ray is its ability to penetrate solid bodies, even including glass, which acts as an insulator for electricity in its ordinary forms. We are all familiar with this phenomenon in the use of the X-Ray.

### The Violet Ray Treatment

It was in the discovery of Violet Rays that the ideal way was found of applying electricity to the human body and obtaining all its wonderful, beneficial effects without any of the dangers that might attend its use in its more violent forms.



This man is using the Violet Ray machine for a local trouble—in this case rheumatism. Clothing offers no obstruction to the passage of the Violet Rays.

It is just like the refreshing, invigorating effects of a shower bath upon the system as compared to the shock of a solid torrent of water.

The Violet Ray, as used in the treatment of the body, sends a spray of mild, tiny currents through every part and organ, flowing through each infinitesimal cell, massaging it, invigorating it, and vitalizing it. That is why after

A new machine has been perfected by scientists which enables anyone to enjoy the benefits of the Violet Ray treatment at home. The tonic effects of the Violet Rays upon the system—how they are used to increase health and strength and to overcome specific disorders of the body.



This illustration shows the wonderful new machine which enables anyone to enjoy the remarkable Violet Ray treatment at home.

a Violet Ray treatment one is left with such a delightful feeling of health and buoyant energy. You have only the suggestion of this feeling in the effects of an ordinary massage. You know how restful and refreshing it is—how it brings a glow of health to your skin.

Now imagine this massage applied not only to the surface of the body, but to every part, every organ, every single cell, internal as well as external. No wonder that a Violet Ray treatment makes one feel "completely made over" and has such a delightful tonic effect upon the system. It acts upon the brain cells just as upon the other cells of the body, and that is why it is so often used by business men to overcome brain fag and mental sluggishness.

### Wonderful new Machine Now Brings Violet Ray Treatments to Your home

The Violet Ray treatment has long since passed its experimental stage. As its remarkable results were demonstrated, it received the endorsement of eminent physicians and scientists. Violet Ray machines became a part of the equipment of hospitals and sanitariums in the treatment of specific diseases and then were adopted by famous beauty specialists because of their effectiveness in eliminating skin diseases and blemishes such as eczema, blackheads, pimples, etc., and bring the glow of healthful color to the complexion.

It is almost impossible to list all the various

disorders for which Violet Rays are used, for by restoring normal activity and life to every part of the body, they eliminate the abnormal conditions whose presence is generally responsible for any local ailment. For example, as the free circulation of blood through the body is established, congestion is removed, eliminating the cause of headaches, catarrh, nervousness and insomnia. The same principle applies to the treatment of neuritis, rheumatism, lumbago, indigestion and neuralgia.

Hitherto, however, the costly apparatus necessary for giving Violet Ray treatments has limited them only to the well-to-do who could afford the time and money to go to an establishment equipped with the Violet Ray machine.

But now scientists have perfected a new Violet Ray machine, operating on the same principle, but smaller in size, more convenient to use and infinitely less expensive in cost. This little machine is adapted to home use and requires no special electrical equipment. The wire which supplies the current simply fits into any electric light socket and the machine is ready for use. Where no current is available, special equipment is furnished at small extra cost.

Now, any one can enjoy all the benefits of the famous Violet Ray treatment. Those who are suffering from some particular ailment will appreciate the wonderful help this handy new instrument brings to them. And others will be delighted to avail themselves of its wonderful tonic effects in creating health and strength, vitalizing the nerves, energizing the cells of the brain and body.

Already users of the machine have written enthusiastic letters to the manufacturers, telling of the results obtained through it—how it enables them to sleep better—how it has soothed their nervous troubles—how it has cleared and beautified the complexion. And even those who thought they were well before say that Violet Rays have brought them an entirely new feeling of health, strength and energy.

### Try the Violet Ray Treatment Without Cost

In order that every one may know what Violet Rays will do in his or her own particular case, the distributors of this new machine are willing to send it to any one interested for free examination and trial. This liberal offer enables you to enjoy the delightful sensation of the Violet Ray treatment without any cost or obligation to buy unless you want to keep and own the machine. It is only necessary to mail the coupon below and you will receive full details of this special free trial offer.

### Interesting Book Sent Free

It is impossible to tell in this small space all about the Violet Ray—what it is and how it acts and all the disorders and diseases it is used to treat successfully. But an interesting book has been prepared, fully illustrated, which describes in full the Violet Ray treatment and explains the New Violet Ray machine for home use. It tells just how to use the machine to get the same results as are obtained by physicians, drugless healers, sanitariums and beauty specialists. A copy of this book will be sent free upon receipt of your request on a post card or the coupon below.

As the special Ten Day Trial Offer is made for a limited time only in order to introduce the remarkable machine and to enable you to see for yourself just what it is and how it operates, you are urged to send for particulars at once. Just write your request on a post card or fill in coupon and send it to the manufacturers. There is absolutely no cost or obligation in doing this.

VI-REX ELECTRIC CO.

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Please send me your free book and particulars of your 10 days' free trial offer, without any cost or obligation on my part.

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Here's  
*The American Beauty*

# Katherine MacDonald

The star of "The Thunderbolt" and "The Beauty Market," in

## "The Turning Point"

By Robert W. Chambers

The romance of a woman's supreme sacrifice  
for the man she loves.

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*Watch for this picture  
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*A First National Attraction*

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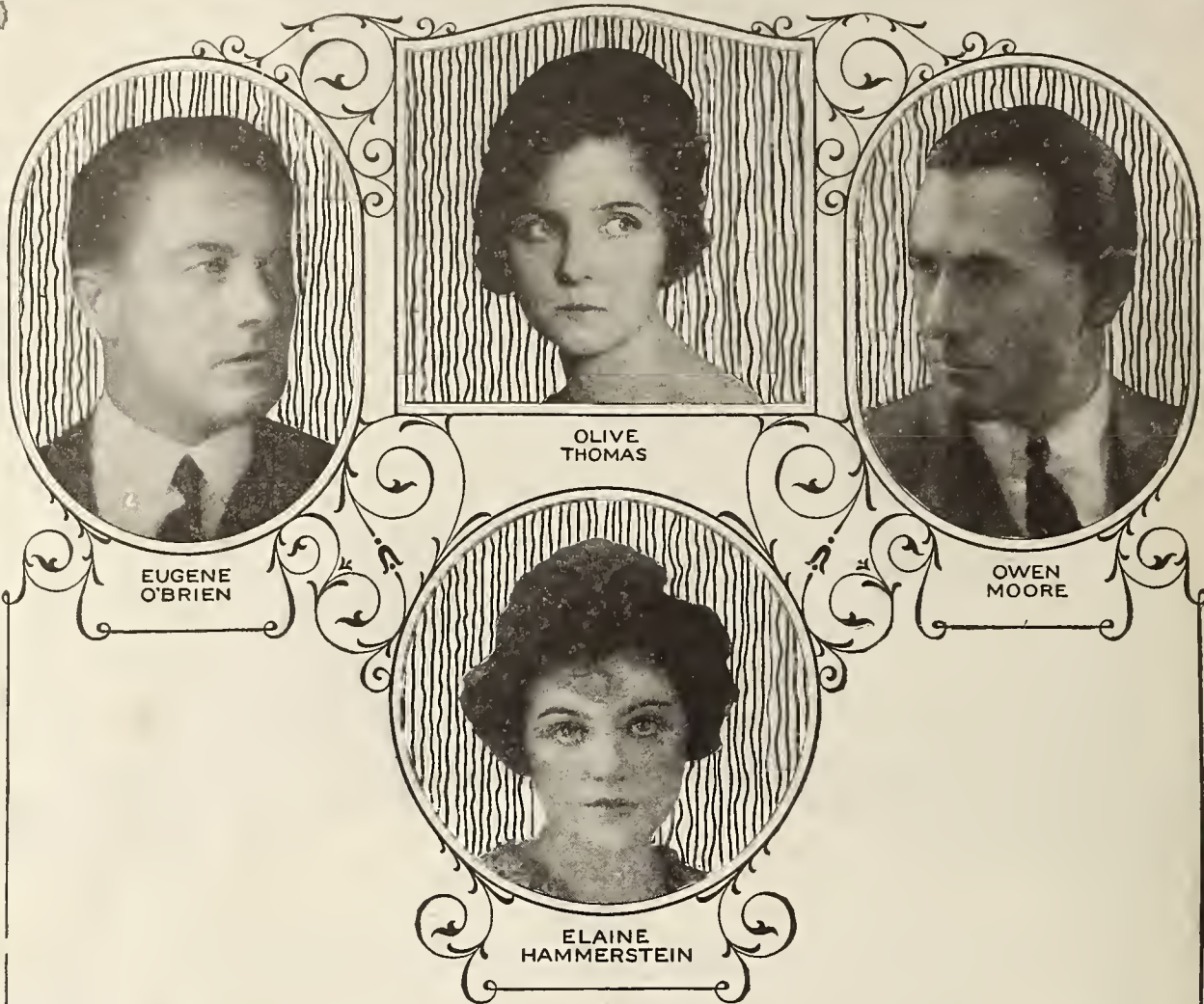
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# SELZNICK PICTURES

P



**M**OTION picture patrons have so many varied likes and dislikes that it is not always an easy matter for a producer to make pictures that will please everybody.

Every individual has individual likes and dislikes; but all individuals, collectively, have a certain amount of the *same* preferences.

And it is because of the Selznick Pictures organization's keen knowledge of what *everybody* wants that **SELZNICK PICTURES** are so well liked.

In **SELZNICK PICTURES** you get the stars that you yourself demand; you get the stories that you most desire—and you get the most artistic production that it is possible to give a picture. That's why

## SELZNICK PICTURES

CREATE  
HAPPY  
HOURS





Alfred Cheney Johnston

### DOLORES CASSINELLI

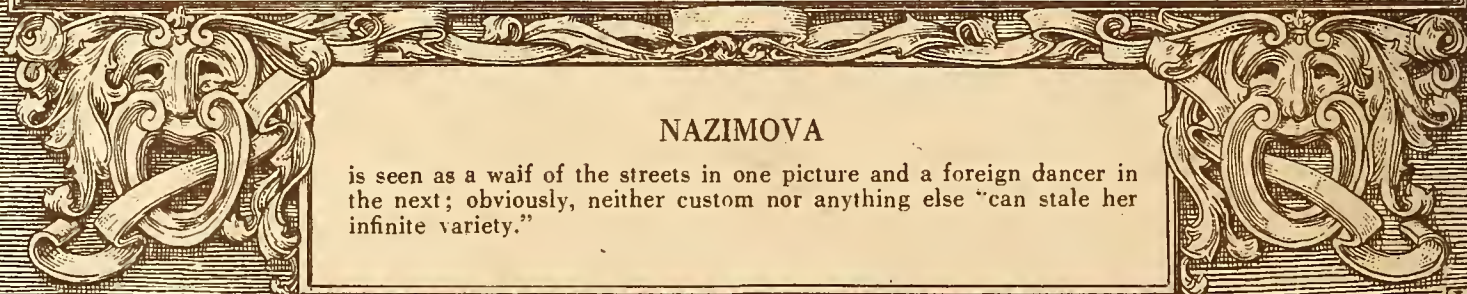
was destined for an operatic career before motion pictures intervened and monopolized her time. Nowadays her only public appearances as a musician are in photographs.



Hoover

NAZIMOVA

is seen as a waif of the streets in one picture and a foreign dancer in the next; obviously, neither custom nor anything else "can stale her infinite variety."





Hoover

ANNA Q. NILSSON

is a lovely picturesque blonde who is entitled to join in the "Once I was an artist's model" chorus. She has all the rights to stardom, including the Scandinavian, as her name implies.



White

**ELSIE FERGUSON**

promises that her return to the stage does not mean her retirement from the screen. The sophisticated audiences to which she is dear intend to hold her to her word.



Clarence S. Bull

**MADGE KENNEDY**

may be the cause of Goldwyn's establishing a studio in New York, as she objects to working in California when her home and husband are three thousand miles away.

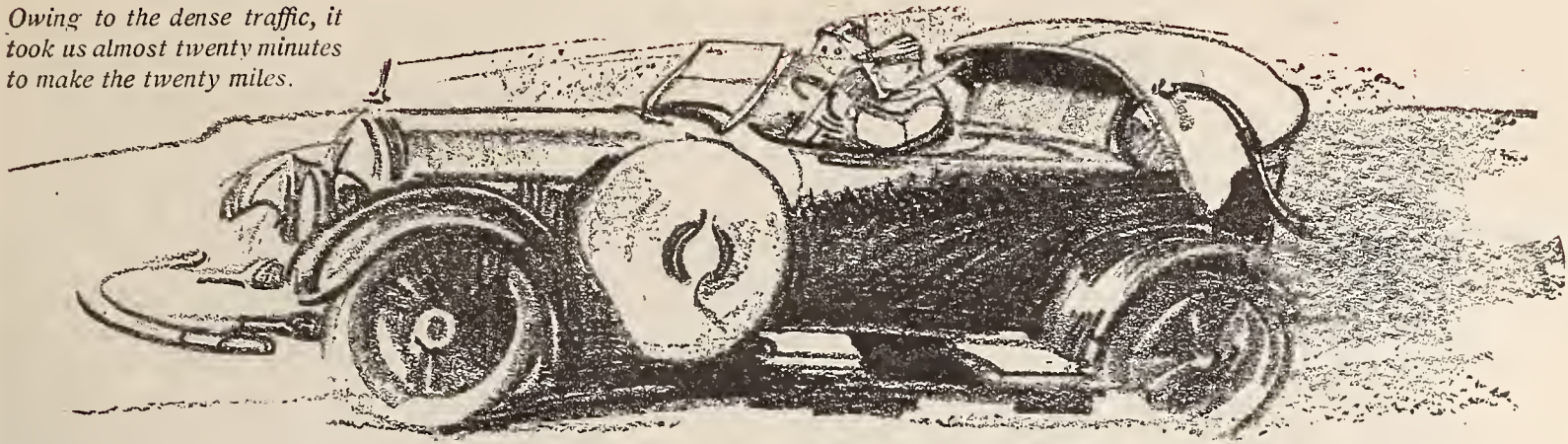


Evans

### LEATRICE JOY

is a charming New Orleans girl who forsook Mardi Gras balls for the movies several years ago. Rumor which seems trustworthy prophesies that she's a star of day after to-morrow.

Owing to the dense traffic, it took us almost twenty minutes to make the twenty miles.



## Ship Ahoy!—It's Saturday Night

Into the ark of pleasure they enter two by two, the gunman and the gunwoman, the ingénues and the juveniles, the leading ladies and the leading gents, the vampires, male and female.

By Herbert Howe

SKETCHES BY OSCAR FREDERICK HOWARD

TO the ordinary landlubber "The Ship" might suggest any oceanic vehicle from the *Pinta*, *Nina*, or *Santa Maria* to the *Leviathan*. It might recall delightful hours in a deck chair or somber moments over a deck rail when volcanic disturbances in one's equatorial region give amusement only to the porpoises. But to the resident of that strange territory on our Southwestern coast known as Filmland, The Ship is a definite and particular craft. It is the stationary excursion boat of film players, the pleasure center of the studio metropolis toward which joy-riding stars gravitate on "high" every Saturday night.

If Scheherazade lived to-day she would probably entertain the Sultan with tales of Saturday nights aboard The Ship instead of Arabian Nights, particularly if she happened to be in pictures, as she probably would be.

No better setting for her gossip could be found than the Sybaritic vessel, for here congregate the princes, the caliphs, the rajahs, the sultanas, the houri, the Ali Babas—yea, and the thieves, too, of celluloid Bagdad.

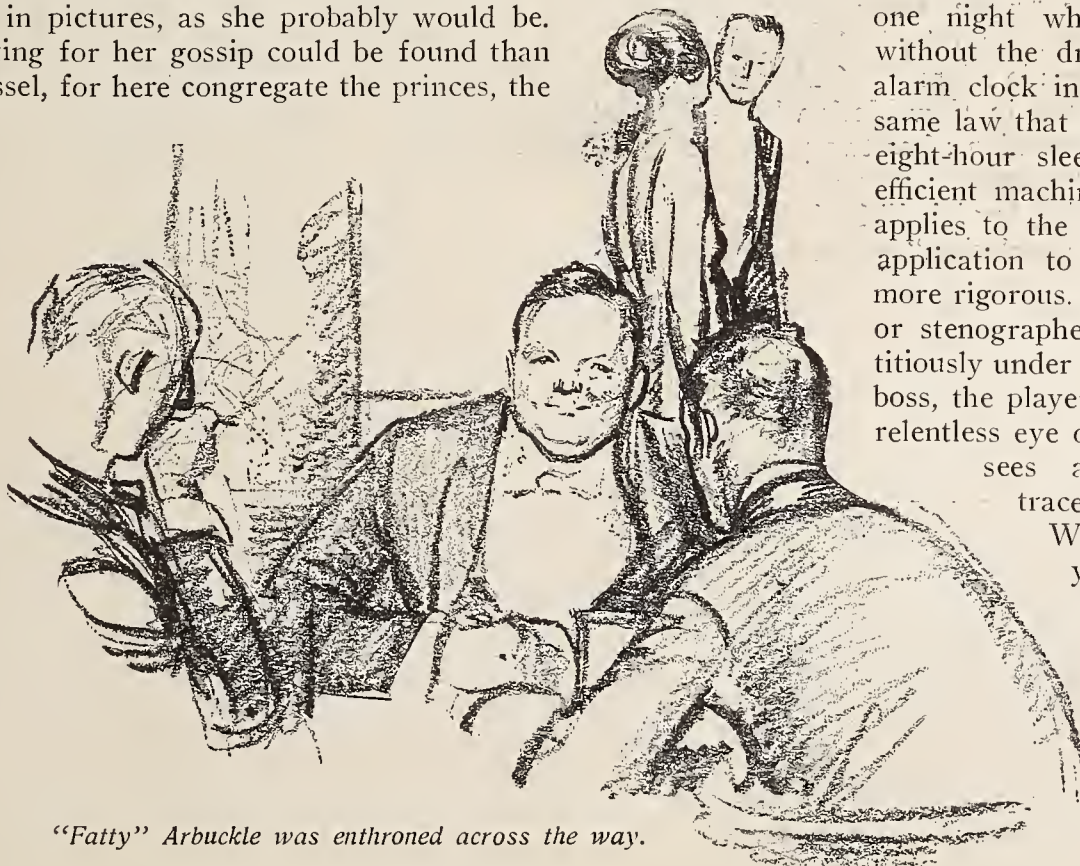
After all, Saturday night is much the same everywhere. In the days of your real sport-hood, it held what Julius Tannen terms in his vaudeville

apostrophe a "sanitary significance." It was the night of the busy bathtub. Upon achieving the age when your dignity was no longer outraged by maternal query as to the sanitary condition of your neck and ears, the significance shifted. It became social. Along with age you had achieved the art of fox trotting without counting aloud and, perhaps, shimmying without dislocating a scapula, and—various other social feats. The week no longer ended in the bathtub, but in the ballroom or basket social.

Saturday night is gala night everywhere for proletariat and bourgeoisie, for bootblack and broker, for billionaires and bolshevists, for shopgirls and shoplifters, for moviegoers and moviemakers. Then, if ever,

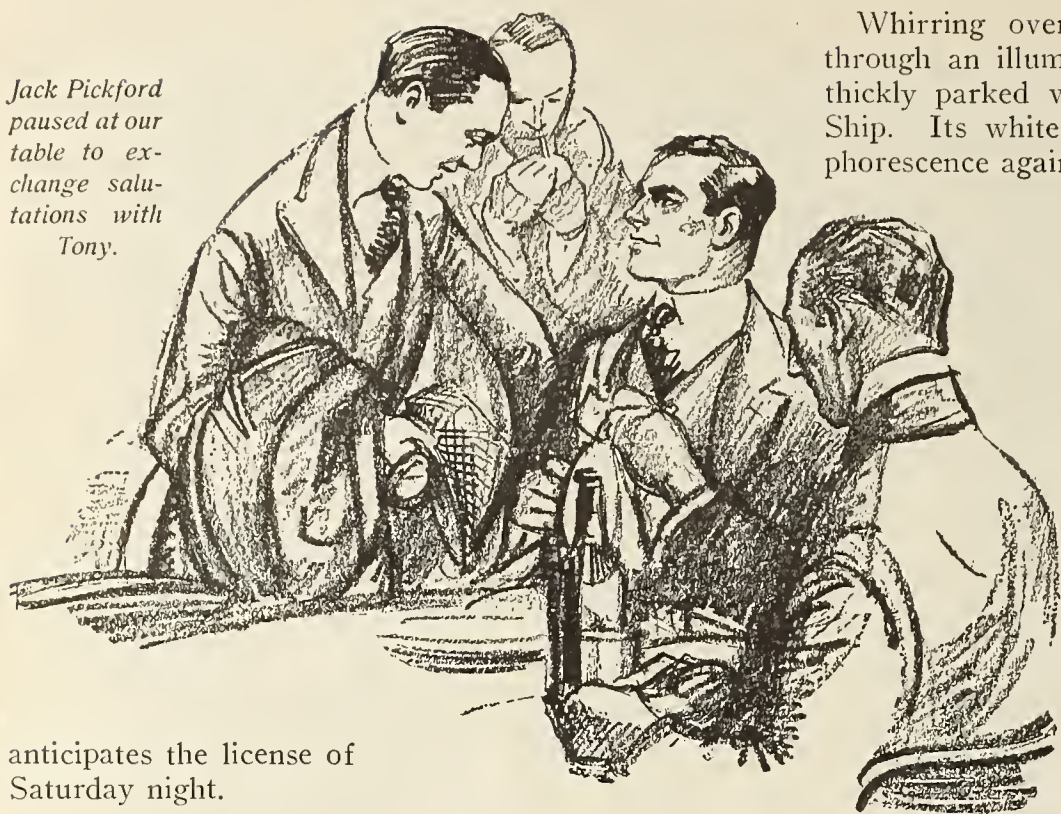
the whole world's akin. It is the one night when you may revel without the dread Nemesis of an alarm clock in the morning. The same law that requires a minimum eight-hour sleeping night for the efficient machinist or stenographer applies to the screen worker. Its application to the latter is even more rigorous. While the machinist or stenographer may doze surreptitiously under the casual eye of the boss, the player is subjected to the relentless eye of the camera which sees and reports every trace of the night before.

When your face is your fortune, beauty sleep is imperative else your stock will soon be quoted below par. Hence the screen player, like any other laboring mortal,



"Fatty" Arbuckle was enthroned across the way.

Jack Pickford paused at our table to exchange salutations with Tony.



anticipates the license of Saturday night.

It was six-fifteen p. m. of a weekly festal eve when I arrived in the world's cinema capital, facetiously termed by one seeker for wickedness, the City of Lost Angels. Contrary to my expectations, there was not a Sennett girl at the station. Nor did I see any of Bill Hart's bad boys shooting up the orange-drink bars. I made my way to the Los Angeles Athletic Club, where the male celebrities of filmland thrive thickest. Determined to observe the customary seventh-night rituals despite the wear and tear of a transcontinental trip and the loss of luggage, I inquired of the doorman, "What's doing in town to-night?"

He hesitated a moment and then, with a flash of divine inspiration exclaimed, "There are the movies, sir!"

I remarked that I had heard of them, whereupon the sentinel said that Los Angeles was very quiet.

Proceeding to the grill upstairs I observed a familiar film face, that of Antonio Moreno. Only a few weeks before I had met Tony in New York whence he had come in search of recreation after two years' servitude in California.

"What are you doing to-night?" he inquired.

"That's what I'm wondering."

"There's only one place to go Saturday night," he replied. "That's to The Ship. I have reservations if you would like to go with me."

I didn't know then whether the reservations were for a stateroom or a sailor's hammock. Nevertheless, I set out for the mysterious bark in Tony's car, especially built after his design and termed by some "Tony's Terror." The name fits. It is capable of eighty miles an hour when a cop's not looking. Owing to the dense traffic on the way to Venice, where The Ship is moored, we had to go slow. It took us almost twenty minutes to make the twenty miles.

The town of Venice, suburban to Los Angeles, is located on the Pacific beach. Originally it was planned as a replica of the city of doges and gondolas, but aside from a bridge labeled "The Bridge of Size" and stucco façades above shooting galleries and hot-dog stands, it is a better version of Coney Island.

Whirring over the asphaltic highway, we passed through an illumined gate and up a wooden gangway thickly parked with motors. Before us loomed The Ship. Its white walls gleamed with a ghostly phosphorescence against the shroud of night sky. Its masts and rigging traced by electric lights formed an incandescent lacework in the darkness above. To all appearances it was a regular sea-going craft in dry dock, its keel resting on heavy piles driven in the beach. From the promenade deck a sweeping view of land and water may be had. Just below are the blinking lights of merry-go-round and Ferris wheel, the tunnel of thrills, death wave, and various concession booths. Beyond this carnival scramble are the semicircling hills, their bases set in a brilliant tiara of yellow diamonds—the lights of Sherman, Culver City, Hollywood, Los Angeles, merging into a sparkling crescent. Here and there in the far hills sparkle tiny points of light like stars fallen from the velvet field

above. From the prow of the boat you gaze far over the satin sea as it rolls out to meet the sky, toward the place where West becomes East.

"Vamp! Vamp! Vamp! Vamp!"

—from the portholes shimmied the jazz cacophony. My observations were abruptly jolted from the sublime to the rag-time.

"Captain" Collins, the genial commander of the boat, received us at the door.

Yes, he had reserved Mr. Moreno's table—the very best point of vantage, in a corner just beneath the steps leading to the hatchway of the upper deck or balcony, also occupied by tables. Directly across the cleared open space of the dance floor was the funnel where the orchestra ties up when it is not perambulating about the room.

We were a little late. Nearly all the film delegation and about half of tourist Iowa had arrived. Tony bowed steadily for fifteen minutes after being seated on the wall lounge which semicircled the table. I thought he was going through a form of calisthenics for neck development until I began to discern various oft-filmed faces in the throng. "Fatty" Arbuckle, Falstaffian monarch of the place, was enthroned at a



Anna Q. Nilsson was delicately applying a powder puff where it wasn't needed.



table across the way. In the same group was James Kirkwood, the director, and near by was Kenneth Harlan. Behind the mainmast was seated Al Ray with his eye-attracting wife, whom you may recall as Roxanna MacGowan. Viola Dana, with a little red-topped hat bound with fur, tripped birdlike across the floor to a table where her sister, Shirley Mason, was seated with hubby Bernie Durning. Jack Pickford paused at our table to exchange salutations with Tony. He had come all the way down from the hills where he was filming "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" to help man The Ship. With him was Nigel Barrie, wearing a long-shoreman's beard, which duty compelled him to grow for a picture. Anna Q. Nilsson, just arrived, was delicately applying a powder puff where it wasn't needed, while Rosemary Theby in dark splendor smiled languorously from another table. Betty Blythe, one of the most opulent figures of the motion tapestry, trailed into view. Following her came Virginia Caldwell, an ex-empress of the "Follies," who has importance in "The Right of Way," with Bert Lytell, and accompanying was a golden beauty named Madeline Fairchild, pleasantly resembling Corinne Griffith.

So numerous were the players, the place looked like a "set." I had the feeling that one of the directors was about to yell "camera!" Instead, the orchestra raged forth with that quivering lullaby "Jazz Baby," and dancing commenced. Bert Lytell and Alice Lake glided gracefully forth on the hardwood expanse, followed in couples by other filmers and by the extra guests from Iowa and similar agrarian districts who

were spending a gay winter far from the farm.

If there were any who visited The

Bert Lytell  
and  
Alice Lake  
glided  
gracefully  
forth.



Ship café that night for the purpose of being shocked by the carryings-on of movie people, they must have wanted their money back. All was as decorous as an Old Settlers' picnic, except for syncopated melodies instead of selections by the Veterans' Brass Band.

There was a time, I'm told, back in the pre-Bevo days when The Ship was listed as a piratical schooner, naughtily speaking. But the prohibition wave has left it high in dry dock. Only the "tiny kick" of 2.75 is permitted. I had a thrill, which I momentarily hoped

to capitalize, when I saw a large green bottle piloted in our direction. Then the label faced me. "Arrowhead table water" was the prescription.

Despite this lack of Bacchic stimulant, The Ship has a bohemian freedom about it. Not that it bears any resemblance to New York's Greenwich Village, where pose short-haired women and long-haired men behind rubber-tired goggles. Without any of these sham properties, The Ship has the spirit of genial camaraderie which is true bohemianism. All the players know one another well enough to accost by first names. That fine class distinction, which you have read exists between stars and players of lesser luminosity, is not apparent here.

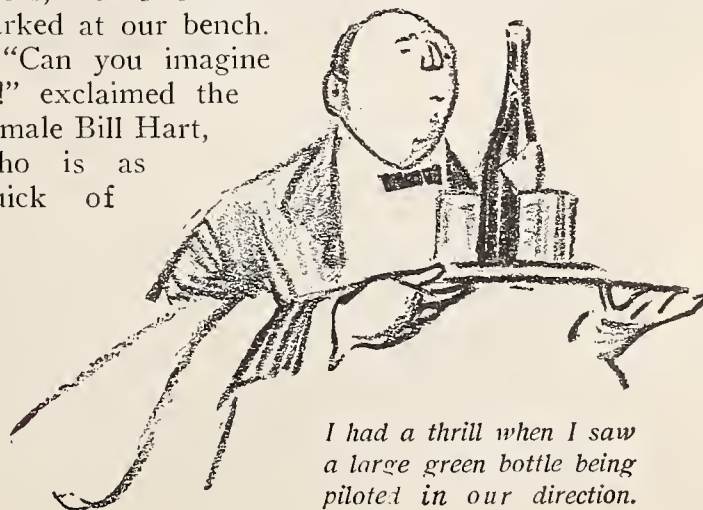
The musicians circulate among the tables, serenading various parties where they recognize players of a generous disposition. The leader seats himself and obligingly sings any ditty of his repertoire that may be requested. Upon the completion of each ballad he arises and remarks, "The next on the program was a young Yiddish goulash eater who sang as follows." This is the signal for some such rhapsody as "The love of a wife is a beautiful thing, but it's something that a husband never has." Jack Taylor, the violinist, whom every one calls "Jack," fiddles with his instrument against his ear, forehead, or chest, at the same time shimmying so gelatinously as to make Doraldina appear rheumatic.

"He looks like a seal," observed Betty Blythe from her swath of furs. Therupon the violinning seal grinned and became static. The saxophonist laid aside his horn to warble a lay of his own composition, which had to do with the heart-smashing attributes of Tommy Meighan, Jack Pickford, Antonio Moreno, Bert Lytell, Lew Cody, and other idols of the hour.

When these jazz troubadours had completed their performance and had received a princely bonus from Moreno to fling into the yawning mouth of the funnel, which serves as their safety deposit vault, they returned to the orchestra stand to oblige with another dance number. Whenever weary of so obliging, they halt suddenly and one cries, "That will be all for the present—any customers?" Some one tosses a dollar on the floor. Jack pounces upon it, flings it to the funnel and the music resumes. Usually the violinning seal, with his fiddle to his brow, dances through the crowd.

During dinner hour exchange calls are paid at the tables and the latest news or jokes of the colony are retailed. Just as the waiter ushered up our salad, which, as Tony remarked, contained everything but the chef's shoes, Texas Guinan parked at our bench.

"Can you imagine it!" exclaimed the female Bill Hart, who is as quick of



I had a thrill when I saw a large green bottle being piloted in our direction.

wit as she is on the draw. "They want me to make wild-West pictures in Philadelphia. Can't you see me going gunning-to-kill on a bobbed-tailed horse with a bunch of ribbon-counter outlaws bobbing up and down behind me?"

We sympathized with Texas and denounced "they" who were endeavoring to Quakerize her. She reassured us as she flitted on that there wasn't a chance in the world to reform her gun-woman.

No more likely is the reform of the "male vampire," Lew Cody, who stole past with a fair damsel in his arms. Oh, it was perfectly legitimate! They were dancing.

"Such a sweet boy," sighed a young lady to my right as she rouged her lips. She, too, was of the films. "You see," she continued, "Lew is just like the lady vampires—naughty on the screen, but really very, very sweet off duty."

Nevertheless, his Lothario record unfiled is not to be scorned. Solomon may have been wiser, but Lew has done very well. His sweetness has not been wasted on the desert air.

What is it that makes for romance aboard a ship?

Many is the one that has started on the high seas and ended on shore. I always attributed it to the rolling motion of the boat. One is liable to grow dizzy and lose his head, which, after all, is a less painful loss than that incurred by other forms of seasickness. But *The Ship* does not roll. Nevertheless, many a celluloid heart has been lost there. It has been the location for the opening of numerous unfiled romances—and of fade-outs, too.

But why blame it on *The Ship*? It's the Saturday night spell, which is



"He looks like a seal," observed Betty Blythe.

the same wherever you may be.

At last Jack packed up his fiddle. The crowd was broke, and so was the day. Out of the ark filed the gunmen and the gunwomen, the comedians and the comediennes—and all the motley crew. The Saturday night festivities had ended until, after seven days, the call again would sound:

"Ship ahoy! It's Saturday night."



### YE OLD-TIME SONGBOOK—REVISED

WAY down upon the Suwanee River,  
Far, far away,  
That's where the movies go in winter,  
To get summer scenes—they say.

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?  
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown;  
Well, she's gone into pictures as sure as you live,  
And now she's a star of renown!

Just a song at twilight,  
When the lights are low  
Doesn't thrill my family—  
They want a picture show.

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,  
Will you sometimes think of me—  
And the evenings we meandered  
Off upon a fillum spree?

VARA MACBETH JONES.

# Concerning a Fairy Princess

Whose name is Mary Miles Minter.

Charles Gatchell

"It is reported that Adolph Zukor is going to try to make Mary Miles Minter take the place on the screen so long held by Mary Pickford."

**T**HAT bit of gossip, printed some months ago when Miss Minter's contract with Realart was announced, caused a good deal of comment and speculation among motion-picture folk. Could it be possible that the astute head of Famous Players-Lasky had announced such an intention? And if so, could it succeed?

In order to allay the fears or calm the indignation of any of the millions of Worshipers at the shrine of America's Sweetheart who may have chanced to read these preceding lines, let me hasten to add that, so far as present indications may be trusted as a basis for prophecy in the kaleidoscopic world of the screen, there seems to be no danger that *any one* is going to usurp, very soon, the place held by Mary Pickford. Nor have I any positive knowledge that Mr. Zuker is trying to have any one take her place.

But in any event, there are some interesting and significant things to observe in connection with Mary Miles Minter's new career, and with that bit of gossip. For example, the picture on this page—almost a perfect example of the Mary Pickford type of portrait, isn't it? Then the fact that Miss Minter, who has a tremendous following, despite some of the very stupid pictures in which she has had to appear in the past, is now being given plays in which she can assume real, human, character parts. And last, that months before her screen reappearance, her name was being blazoned in New York on what is said to be the biggest, and therefore, the most expensive electric sign in the world, and that very large sums are being spent to procure for her the best available screen vehicles of the type which Miss Pickford uses. In fact, it is said that the Realart company is engaged in the pleasant task of spending a million dollars in exploiting Miss Minter during the first year of her three years' contract with them—that famous document which, according to report, gives this little lady considerably more than a million dollars and which includes the stipulation that while it is in force she shall refrain from marrying.

I met Miss Minter early last autumn while she was



*Although she has been featured and starred on the stage and screen almost continuously since childhood, Mary Miles Minter might be said to have just begun her career.*

still at work on the first of her new pictures, "Anne of Green Gables." It was with a little shock of surprise that I found her very much the girl whom you have seen on the screen; for though she is still, I believe, in her teens, she certainly has passed the age when the average American girl wears girlish frocks and long curls. And I was still more surprised, later on, when I saw her on the screen as *Anne*, to observe how very slight and childlike she appeared.

There was no doubting the sincerity of her excitement and happiness over her new contract and her new associations, though for that matter I fail to see how



The pictures we took in Central Park.

any one, even a motion-picture star, could fail to be excited and happy over a new "million-dollar contract."

"Every one is so perfectly lovely to me," she exclaimed, as she curled up on the huge divan in the drawing-room of her apartment overlooking Central Park, where I had been asked to call. "They are trying so hard to do everything possible to make my new pictures the very best that can be made. Why, just for example, they insisted that I make the first one in the old Famous Players' Fifty-sixth Street Studio, for good luck! You know there's a tradition about that studio—so many great successes have been made there. And the time we're taking on this picture! It all makes me feel that I have a very big responsibility."

To which I remarked, of course, that I had no doubt as to her being equal to the responsibility, and, after seeing her as *Anne*, I am inclined to think that my confidence, to say nothing of that of Mr. Zukor and the other Realart directors, was quite well placed.

Then we resumed our talk about her work, and Mary confided in me the fact that she had not been happy about some of her pictures in the past—that some of them she had even refused to see after their completion.

"But now I'm going to have real stories of real people," she went on emphatically. "Do you know the *Anne* stories?" she asked suddenly.

Being obliged to confess that I did not, she started to tell me the tale of the quaint little girl who had been rescued from the orphanage by the New England farmer and his wife, and of the childhood adventures which followed her adoption, and while she talked I could not help but think that Mary Miles Minter has a sort of story-book mind—that, as a matter of fact, she was, herself, a good deal like *Anne*, in that she lives in a land of fancy; an idea which was borne out later when she talked to me about all that she wanted to do to make children happier, and to have a home of her

own some day—a home which she was continually planning and dreaming about.

"I know exactly how I want it," she said with great seriousness. "It's to have——" Just what it was to have I must confess has since somewhat escaped me, and I'm not going to risk quoting her incorrectly. And then, it's quite possible that by this time she has quite

changed its scheme of arrangement and decoration—that's the most natural thing in the world to do; in fact, that's the nicest part about building castles in the air—the fact that we can alter them as much and as often as we like.

But I do remember that she had very pronounced ideas about how a home should look. "I can't come into this room," she said—it was an apartment which her mother had taken for their temporary stay before they returned to California for the winter—"without wanting to move the furniture all around—to take down a lot of the pictures—and to let in more sunlight. Not that it isn't very nice," she added, as though apologizing to the owners for having criticized their home, "and it's so nice to be near the park. I have a horse-back ride in the park every morning."

And that reminded me that I wanted to take some snapshots of Miss Minter, and I suggested that we take a short walk through the park to find a suitable setting.

It was a very pleasant walk, and I wish, here and now, to bow my acknowledgments to Miss Minter for knowing what makes an interesting picture. She had no sooner spied a group of boys fishing in the small pond near the plaza then she tiptoed over back of them so that I might snap her interest in their endeavors without their looking up to spoil the picture. And a few minutes later, when a tired but sweet-faced mother came along one of the walks with her brood of youngsters out for an airing, Miss Minter stopped them



Copyright Alfred Cheney Johnson.

*She is to play real character parts.*

all and announced that she was going to tell them a story, whereupon they gathered around her with wide-open eyes, as she perched on the low iron railing. And I was not surprised at their wonderment, for I am sure that never before or since has such a lovely, golden-haired fairy princess stopped them in Central Park, or anywhere else. And when the sweet-faced mother—whose name and address I procured by the promise of sending her a picture—receives a copy of this magazine I am sure she will be quite as surprised and that she and the children will have a topic for conversation throughout the neighborhood that will last for some time to come.

For Miss Minter did not merely gather them around her to have a picture taken. She started in to tell them a story, and she kept right on, while I stood on one leg and then on the other, until the story was finished. I wish I could remember which story it was! It's so unfortunate, the way we forget the important things! It was either the story of the princess in the tower who let down her long, golden hair, or the story of the three bears, or—at any rate, I am sure, at least, that it was one of those familiar old fairy tales which we have all known and loved, and though, to my sorrow, I must confess having forgotten it, I'm sure the children

*Continued on page 103*





*She was the most warlike member of the family.*

## Fighting Cressy

Even a transplanted Kertucky feud dies out when love interferes.

By Martin J. Bent

I'D—I'd just as soon they wouldn't kill him, after all," sighed Cressy as she reached the front gate and looked back along the path through the hills. "But if pa catches a Harrison on our land—— I might-a been a little nicer to him and told him to git, afore he got shot at."

She was thinking of the stranger whom she had met some minutes before. His name was Joe Masters, he had told her, and he was visiting the Harrisons. When he admitted relationship with that family, Cressy had immediately broken off the conversation.

As she stood gazing back, a sudden puff of white smoke spread into the air from a bushy hilltop half a mile from the house, and near the edge of her father's claim. She knew that the watchers had fired on the trespasser; and the brown of two little freckles on her nose contrasted sharply with her white face. Her flesh had suddenly become bloodless as her heart bounded and then ceased its action for an instant. But, before she caught the sound of the gun, another white cloud sprang, mushroomlike, from a clearing on the opposite side of the ravine.

"Glad they didn't git him the fust shot," she murmured as she turned to pass through the broken gate, "but, ef he gives 'em another sight, he'll be gone fer sure." She turned and went into the house.

"Fighting Cressy" McKinstry, the most warlike member of the family, was not used to being overcome by sympathy for a stranger, and she quickly rearranged her thoughts to convince herself that his fate, whether killed, wounded, or entirely unharmed, really should not concern her. As well as being a stranger he was allied with the rival clan of Harrisons. Still, the thought that she had been dressed in one of her new Sacramento outfits when she met the member of the hostile tribe, came back again and again during the next few minutes. This was consoling, though she professed to herself that she cared absolutely nothing whether the stranger, Joe Masters, lived or died.

"Got a misery in yer head, Cress?" asked her mother when she noticed the love-sick girl. "I'll mix yer up a mess o' sulphur an' lasses. Never you mind complainin' any. This here stuff won't do yer no harm ef it don't do yer no good."

"Cressy—come quick——" Mrs. McKinstry suddenly broke off. "Look-a here—yer eyes er better'n mine. Air they carryin' that man to here, or air he steppin'?"

"Why, it's one of dad's men from the hill! I reckon there's been shootin'," answered Cressy innocently.

The front door opened as Mrs. McKinstry shouted from the rear of the house for her husband.

"I ain't sayin' but what Jake was a might rash and promiscuous, Mr. McKinstry," spoke up one of the three who had entered with the wounded man. "Jake sees a young feller and don't ask no questions, jist biles in, and the young feller wings him," he concluded in explanation of the affair.

"Were he a Harrison?" asked McKinstry as his wife and Cressy bathed Jake's wound.

"Maybe he were. We didn't ask him. Soon's he steps into the open from yon side of the gully, Jake—he knowed he were a-trepassin'—Jake up an' takes a shot fer luck. Orter found out who the stranger were afore tryin' ter pot him."

"Hadn't no business here, anyway, them fellers walkin' all over a man's property," finished McKinstry. "Jist as soon as I git ca'm I'm goin' out and git two er three Harrison scalps.

"C-r-e-s-s," he drawled, "what brung you home so airy frum school? Tain't let out yit, air it?"

"Sent hum," answered Cressy.

"Sent hum?" queried her father. "Who sent yer hum—an' wot fer?"

"Teacher."

"Wot fer?"

"Fer makin' love to Seth Davis."

"Don't he know as how you and Seth's engaged?"

"I told him."

"Reckon there won't be no school arter ter-day," said McKinstry meaningly. "I'll jis go over now and interview that Mr. John Ford who's a-sendin' girls hum."

"Ye'll find him in the schoolhouse, dad," shouted Cressy after her father as he disappeared down the path with his seven-foot rifle in the crook of his arm.

Hiram McKinstry, late of "Kaintuck," had settled in Tuolumne County, California, in the early sixties. Never content without a feud to add interest to life, he had picked a quarrel with a neighboring family over the ownership of a strip bordering on the two claims.

The daughter, nicknamed "Fighting Cressy," was the most rambunctious one of the family, and, with her Kentucky blood, liked, as well as her father, to take a shot at one of the opposing faction. A queer but lovable mixture of young womanhood, this mountain girl, with her early training of fight, fight, fight for what you want, and the gentler side which had grown since she began attending the district temple of learning. And now, at sixteen, the troubled spirit of Mars showed only in her eyes, which were capable of blazing with the fire of revenge when she was riled, only to be quenched by sorrowful tears the moment she had caused pain. When thoroughly stirred up by anger, however, her whole being was at once in the fray like a wild cat.

Now, all the resentful spirit of revenge had left her. Most prominent in her mind was the thought of the stranger, and whether the first shot—aimed by the wounded guard—had injured him. There would be no opportunity to learn what happened to the supposed ally of the Harrisons, until she could return to the fields and explore for herself. That, she could not do until the next day, for there were various duties which fell to Cressy and kept her busy for the rest of the afternoon.

"What'je do ter him, pa?" she asked when her father returned from his "interview" with the teacher. But the reply did not satisfy her. She was ordered to return to school the next day.

"Strange man, that Mr. Ford," mused McKinstry half to himself. "Strange man—and so genteellike—an' the birds and little children, all so well-behavin'like. I ain't never been that ca'm in all my life. It kem to me that I had no right thar.

"Cressy, air it always so ca'm and peaceful at the school? Air it like that every day, Cress?"

"Yep," she spoke up quickly, "an' I reckon there's no place there fer me. I ain't a little child—nor a bird, an'—an' I won't be treated like one."

"Reckon it won't do yer no harm, like as not."

The next day Cress stayed after school to learn, if possible, what had made the change in her father's attitude. The teacher must have some wonderful influence to have brought it about.

"Wat'd pa say when he cum over here yisterday?" she began.

"Why, he asked concerning the trouble I had with you and why I had sent you home."

"Why didn't he shoot yer?"

"Why—why, I don't know. So he came over here to shoot me, did he? Now that I think of it, I recollect that he seemed

to be embarrassed by what he termed my 'calmness.' He couldn't seem to understand why I should talk and stop to learn what the argument was about, when a man was pointing a loaded rifle at me. More than that, he seemed to be anxious to learn the secret so that he could try out the experiment himself.

"That answers your question fully, doesn't it, Miss Cressy?" he concluded in his pedagogic phraseology.

"Yep!"

"Now suppose you answer a few questions for me. Do you intend coming to school regularly—or is it just for a few days—until——" But she anticipated his thought.

"You mean about Seth and me goin' to be married?" she asked, and paused for an answer. None being forthcoming, she added: "Oh, that's all over. As a beau, Seth weren't nothin' to brag about, an' ever since I been to Sacramentie a-gettin' these new clo'es, I got to thinkin' things over."


"But you really were engaged, weren't you?"

"Yep!"

**"Fighting Cressy"**

Told from the Pathé picture based on the story by Bret Harte, and produced by the following cast:

Cressy McKinstry...	.....Blanche Sweet
Joe Masters.....	.....Pell Trenton
Hiram McKinstry...	.....Russell Simpson
John Ford.....	.....Edward Peil
Uncle Ben Dabney..	.....Walter Perry



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Houghton Mifflin Company.

"But I thought—er—isn't an engagement supposed to be——"

"Oh, I jes got to thinkin', an' I figured that by lookin' around a little I could easy find some one more to my likin'."

At this, the school-teacher's eyes brightened, and he asked eagerly:

"But what about Seth? Hasn't he to be consulted in the matter?"

"Oh, there weren't no trouble about *that*. Pa jes' drapped him a hint. Said if he saw him hangin' around any more, he'd take a shotgun to him. Reckon it'll make a sort of coolness betwix the families."

Cressy did not notice Ford's narrowing, crafty eyes as he looked at her to learn if there were a flaw in her explanation.

"Did you know, Miss Cressy, that old Uncle Ben Dabney has taken up some lessons again with me? He comes every afternoon. Seems to be much interested in the studies that he neglected in his younger days."

Cressy had not heard this before, neither did it particularly interest her. Of course she did not detect the tone of insincerity in the teacher's voice. He did not venture to inform her what Dabney had confided to him concerning a secret gold

mine, which the old man had been operating until he had amassed a fortune of fifty thousand dollars. Neither did he tell the girl that the pay streak ran over onto the McKinstry property.

By one stroke, he might gain all his desires: a wife, wealth, and safety. He shuddered when he remembered the promise given to another woman, whom he had deserted in San Francisco, though he knew that she would never return to her lawful husband.

"What air you-all a-thinkin' about, all this time, Mr. Ford?" finally asked Cressy.

He woke from his wandering thoughts to reply: "I was just thinking that it must be a wonderful thing to be engaged to a girl like you, Miss Cressy."

"Well, I'm a-goin' to walk home from school—an' I reckon there ain't no one else wants to go along—'ceptin' lest you do, Mr. Ford."

"I'd like to, child, but—oh, yes, now I remember! I must wait until Uncle Dabney comes to take his lessons." He had not yet learned all the details concerning the whereabouts of the streak of pay dirt that Uncle Ben had been working, and there was no time like the present for gathering information.

"Yer'll be at the dance ter-night, won't yer, Mr.

Ford?" Cressy called back as she was leaving the building.

If Joe Masters appeared also, as he had promised, she could let each size up his rival and doubly enjoy the evening.

"Yes, yes," he answered, "and we'll have some waltzes together, I hope. And, by the way, won't you let me walk home from school with you to-morrow, Miss Cressy?"

She did not turn to answer, but, shouting a gay note of assent, swung her bonnet by the strings and danced along the path homeward.

Some minutes later, Uncle Dabney entered the class-

room. He opened the session with a question that seemed of considerable importance to him.

"Mr. Ford, do you know anything about the lor?"

"About the law and its practice?" The teacher looked suspiciously at the questioner and answered guardedly: "I know it somewhat, though not to a great extent."

"Well, Mr. Ford, I been a-wonderin' ef I was a married man er ef I ain't."

"Certainly a queer state of mind to be in, Uncle Dabney."

"Yep, it be. I wunst wuz married, but somehow she thought I didn't size up to the bargain—didn't seem to stack

very high with her—so one day I just skedaddled."

"A very questionable procedure, Mr. Dabney, but let's get to the lessons for the day. There's a dance to-night, and I'm hoping to attend."

"Needn't 'mind me of the dance—I'm a-goin', too. I'd like to drap the studyin' fer one arternoon, an' see the town ter-day when they celebrate the openin' of the new stage route."

"I wish I had known earlier that you weren't going to work here this afternoon," replied Ford.

They left the schoolhouse and walked toward the settlement referred to as "the town."

"D'yer mind, Mr. Ford, when I went ter Sacramentie last week?" asked Uncle Dabney. He was proud of his record as a globe-trotter—this had been his second such trip in ten years.

"Well, when I wuz there, I seen that travelin' photographin' man what wuz here last month and tuk all our pictures. An' ef he didn't have that one of you and Fightin' Cressy stuck up on the side of his wagon. Most surprised, I were, to see it; seemed ulmost like a piece of home—away out there."

The next day, as Uncle Dabney was approaching the



*Cressy dragged him into the shelter of the barn.*



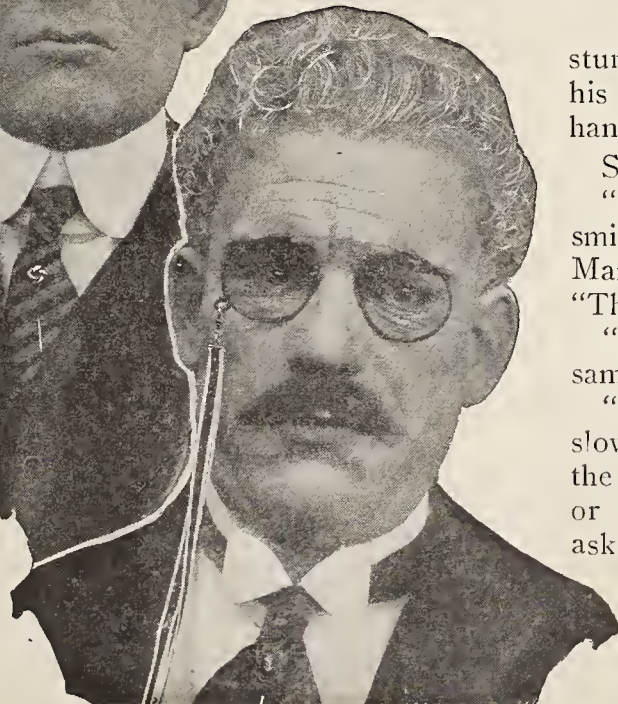
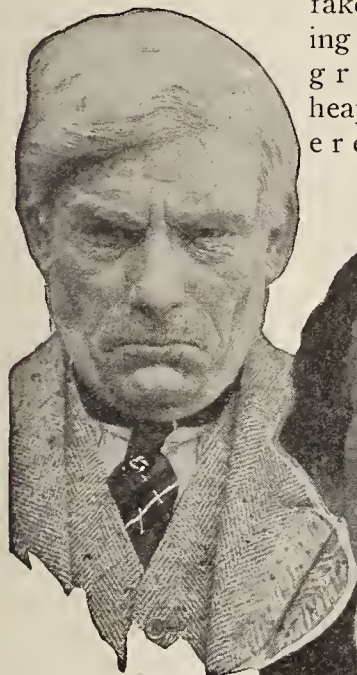
# A Miracle Man of Make-Up

Lon Chaney is the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of pictures. He tells how he accomplished the miracle of *The Frog*—not by contortion, but by faith.

By Herbert Howe

ARE you a contortionist?" That's the question every one wanted to ask *The Frog* after seeing "The Miracle Man." And it was the first question I blurted at him, even though it is bad interviewing form to start with a question mark.

Whenever I recall "The Miracle Man," the twisted figure of that paralytic faker trails across my mind. I see him in the gutter begging. I see him crawling into the room and uncoiling before *Rose* and *Tom* and *The Dope*. I see him wriggling up the hill, led by the cripple boy, toward the *Patriarch*. I see him performing his fake cure, arising from a groveling heap to an erect and



A character of iron and obstinacy, one of wood and bigotry, another of lead and dissipation—Chaney emphasizes their differences with skilled hands.



When he wears his own personality.

sturdy man. I see—it is an indelible vision—his face washed with tears as he kisses the hand of the faith worker who has passed on.

So the question, "Are you a contortionist?"

"No," said Lon Chaney with that kindly smile you see at the close of "The Miracle Man," when *The Frog* has become man. "Then it *was* a miracle. How did you do it?"

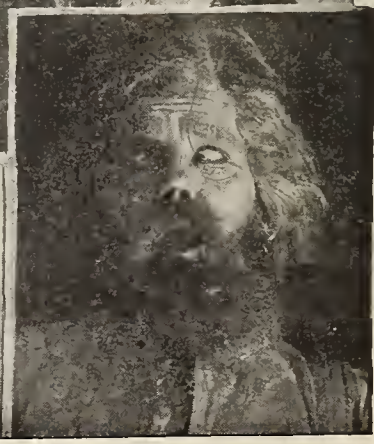
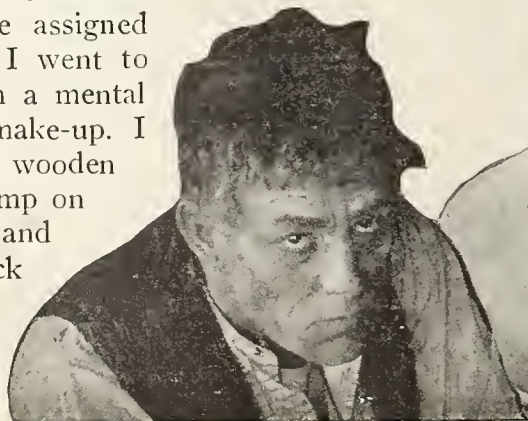
"Through faith," he said simply, with the same smile in his brown eyes.

"It was rather curious," he continued slowly. "George Loane Tucker called me for the part of *The Frog* without explaining it or the nature of the picture. He simply asked if I could play a cripple. 'Certainly,' was my answer. Mr. Tucker was not convinced, because he knew the miraculous transformation that had to be performed. He wouldn't tell me of this. The story was being kept a secret from



As Pew, the Pirate, in "Treasure Island," he will strike terror to many a childish heart.

every one. He asked me to give a demonstration of what I could do. That seemed unreasonable to me. Mr. Tucker was familiar with my work and knew the range of characters I have played. So I refused. Finally, after considerable debate, he assigned me the part. I went to the studio with a mental outline of my make-up. I would wear a wooden leg, place a hump on one shoulder, and roll my eyes back as though blind. Oh, I was quite sure of myself."



Again Mr. Chaney smiled. "Then Mr. Tucker took me aside and told me the story."

"'You are to enter a groveling, deformed paralytic, then you are to arise up before the camera a cured, whole man,' said he."

Mr. Chaney paused and regarded me.

"I was beaten. That's all, I was beaten. But I was determined not to show my defeat. I said, 'I can do it.' Mr. Tucker was still skeptical. The day came when I was to do the big scene of the picture. It was the first scene taken—that of the fake cure. I knew I could twist my hands and roll my eyes back into my head—but that's all I did know.

"'Lights! Camera!' called Mr. Tucker. 'All right, Mr. Chaney.'

"Up until that moment I didn't know what I should do. I just had faith that I could do it—some way. Then, like a flash, I remembered a dance I did years ago in musical shows. It ended with a sort of whirl and twist of the legs. I threw myself on the floor, twisted my legs and hands, rolled my eyes back into my head, a fluid make-up streaming like matter from the eyes, and I squirmed over the floor toward the camera.

"'Ugh!' exclaimed Mr. Tucker. 'That's horrible. We can never show the public a close-up of that face!'

"And they never have. It really was a miracle to me—that sudden conception of how

*He is a worker of screen miracles in characterizations built not only from the make-up box.*

I might appear a twisted, limp, repulsive rag of a man, and then suddenly transfigure—directly before the camera—into one physically sound."

Lon Chaney is known throughout the film zone of California as the miracle man of make-up. But even those who knew his magic powers were amazed by the feat he performed as *The Frog*. Mr. Tucker had been holding a professional contortionist under contract in New York for the part. He needed an actor, however, a great emotional actor for the final scenes. That is why he gave Chaney the chance. It is doubtful whether any other player could have had the faith to realize the miracle.

When you know Chaney you realize that he really is a sort of *Frog*, a crafty dissembler. He's a worker of screen miracles.

On the screen—

He is a wife-beater. He is a depraved beast. He is a Simon Legree. He is decrepit age. He is Prussian. He is Irish, Italian, Russian, Hindu. Invariably he is the personification of cruelty, lust, deceit—all the evil passions of man.

Off the screen—

He is a home man. His hobby is cooking. He is young. He is an idealist in his work. He is an artist, who paints in water color, and builds odd pieces of furniture for his home. He is an American of French descent, entirely devoted to his home and to his wife. He is the complete antithesis of his screen self.

The fraudulent *Frog*, his sleeves rolled up, received me one evening shortly after dinner at his Hollywood home. The only thing tricky about him was the door of his residence. I groped about on the veranda for several minutes before I discovered that the entrance to his apartment wore the disguise of French windows.

It was a homey room with gray walls and dull-rose draperies. The only pretentious piece of furniture was a butler. He wore a purple coat, a pink nose, and silk hose. He was four feet in height and carried in his hands a server containing match holder and ash tray. Never once did he move or utter a word. He was

*This man with the whip is the broad-hatted one on the opposite page, twenty years later.*



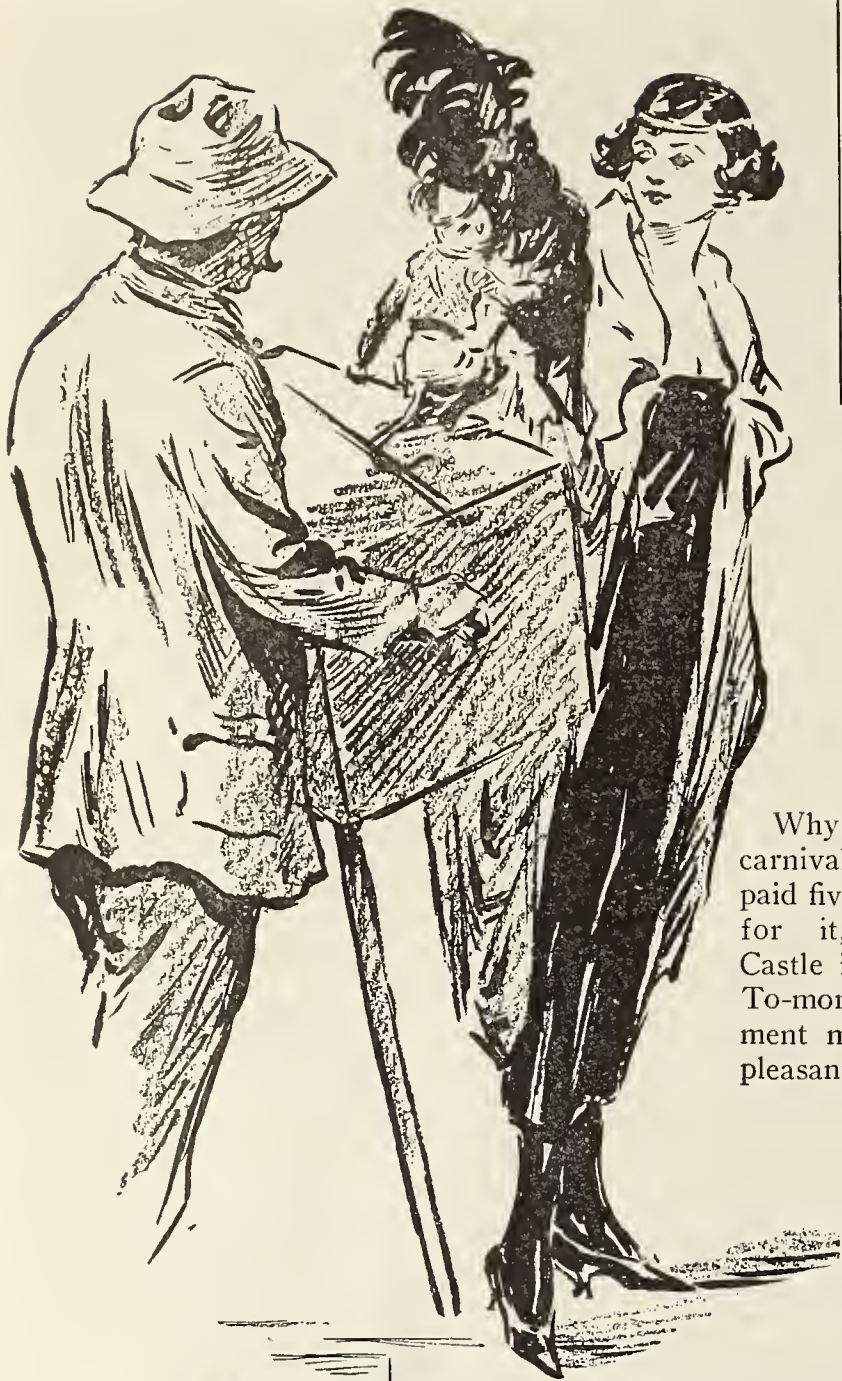
*As Merry, another pirate, whose likeness he bore in "Treasure Island."*



wooden. This efficient servant is a Chaney creation, carved of wood, carefully inlaid and realistically stained. When entirely completed he will have veins of electric wires to light a lamp above his toupee.

"He solves the servant problem," remarked Chaney with a satisfied grin as he rolled down his sleeves and linked the cuffs. "I've been cooking. That's my hobby, really. I'm proud of my Italian and French dishes. You see my wife is Italian

*Continued on page 96*



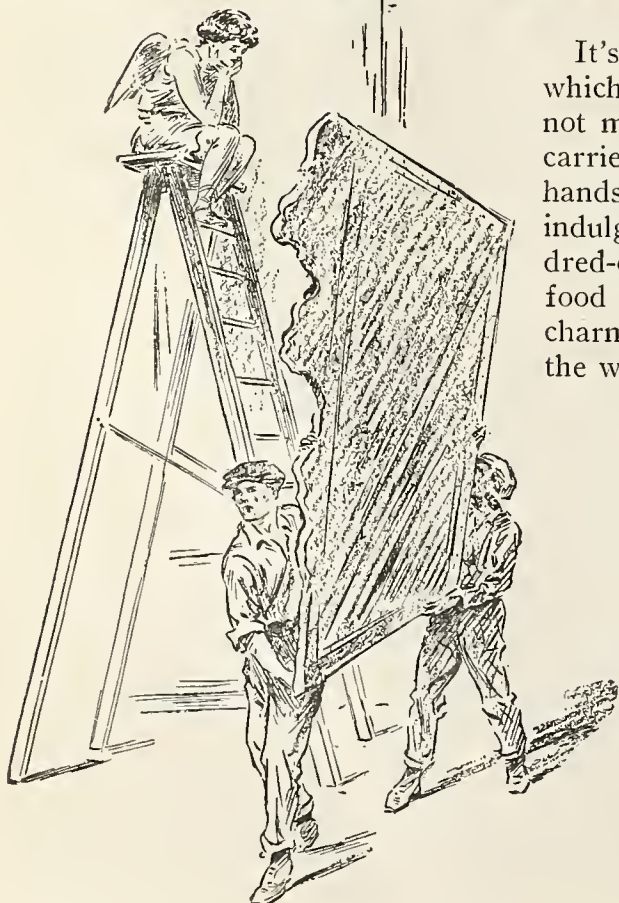
# High Carnival

at five a day. Is it any wonder that the studios are so besieged by applicants for jobs as extras?

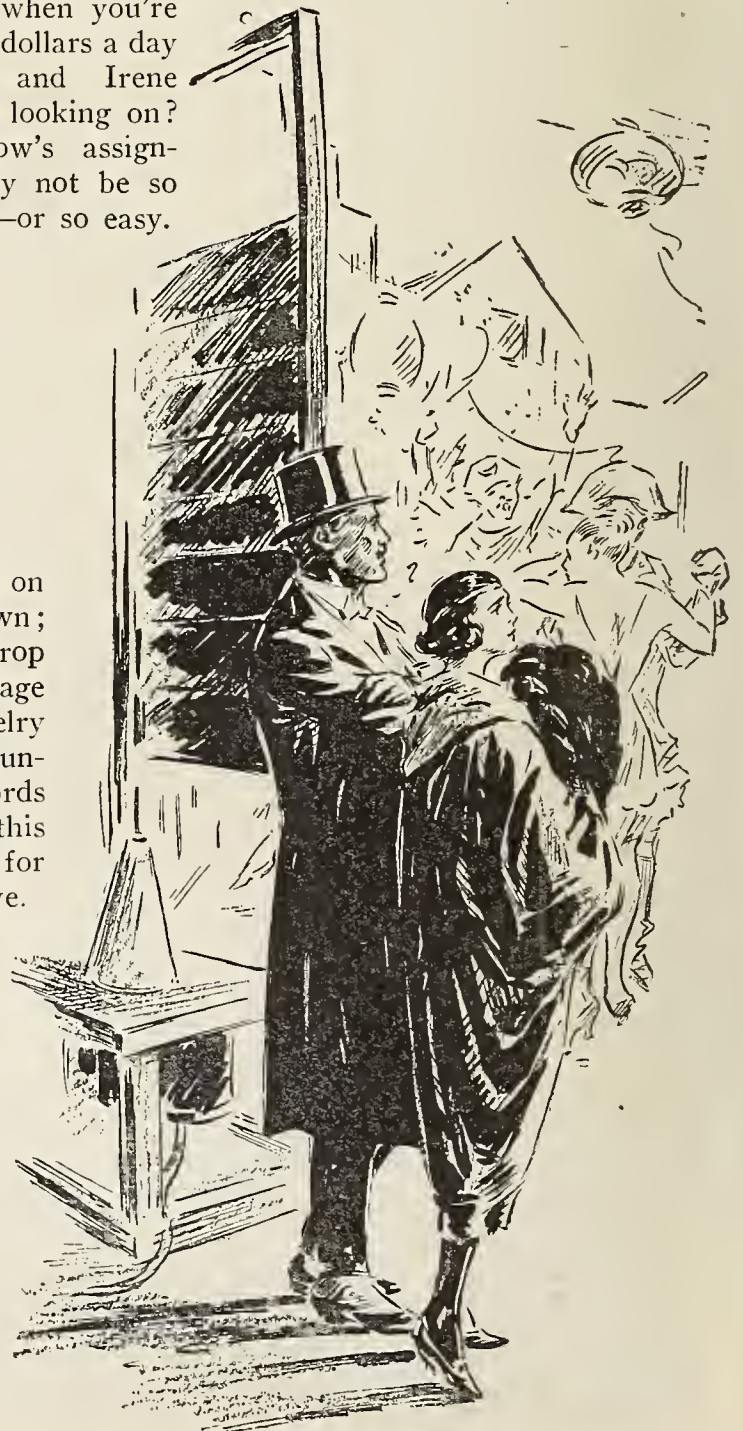
Sketched at the  
Famous Players-Lasky Studio in New York  
by Charles Lewis Wrenn.

A cat may look at a king—and an organ grinder's monkey may look at a star, if she's Irene Castle, who owns a monkey herself, and he's furnishing local color for one of her pictures. In this case the monkey in question was engaged for the Greenwich Village carnival scene of "The Amateur Wife."

Why not hold high carnival when you're paid five dollars a day for it, and Irene Castle is looking on? To-morrow's assignment may not be so pleasant—or so easy.



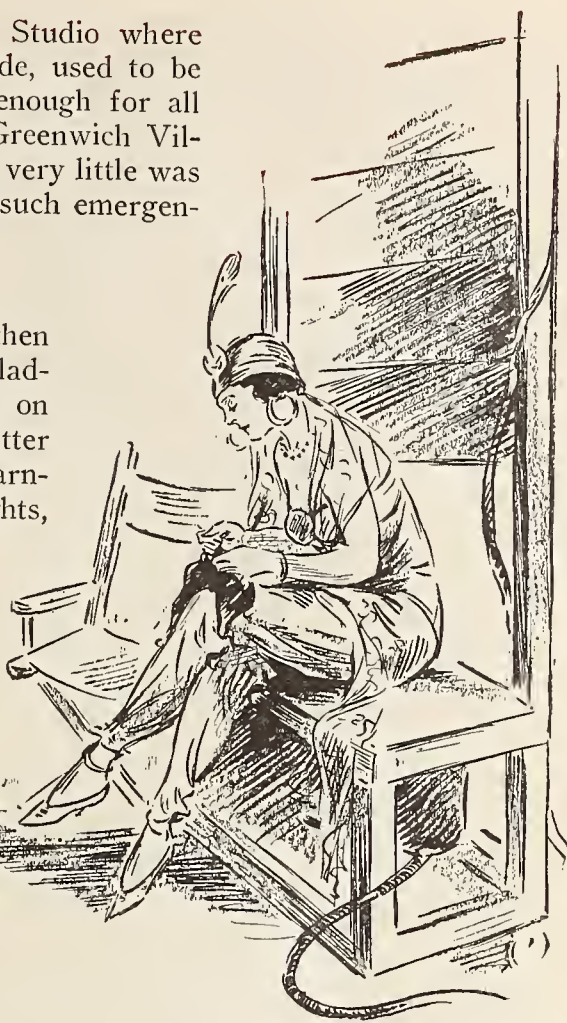
It's a shifting scene on which Cupid looks down; not merely the back drop carried by these stage hands, but the gay revelry indulged in by some hundred-odd extras, affords food for reflection to this charming understudy for the winged god of Love.



The Famous Players-Lasky Studio where "The Amateur Wife" was made, used to be a riding academy, and is big enough for all outdoors, seemingly—but the Greenwich Village set took so much room that very little was left over for passageways, and such emergencies as this constantly arose.

Pictures may come and then may go—but the "Jacob's ladders" in one's stockings go on forever, and there's no better place to catch up on one's darning than a rack of Klieg lights, even though they do sizzle.

"On with the dance!" cried Nero—or words to that effect—while Rome burned. "Action! Lights!" shouts the modern director—Edward Dillon, in this case—and we venture to state that he gets more merriment and a brighter glare than Nero.





*She's a Norse maiden with bright-yellow hair.*

IT wouldn't do to imply that Winifred Westover warbles in the witching hours of the night; that's a nightingale habit which she doesn't indulge in—but this Norse maiden with bright-yellow hair and a tipped-up nose sometimes wonders if she didn't make a great mistake when she gave up her chance of being one of the world's professional songstresses and turned to the silver screen instead.

She honestly did have a musical career ahead of her, you know; in fact, John Metcalf, composer of "Absent" and "At Nightfall" predicted a real future for her, when she studied with him in San Francisco some years ago. Her voice is a rich contralto, well suited to light opera. But—

Just about the time she was studying hardest, D. W.

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## A Swedish Nightingale

Winifred Westover would still be singing if D. W. Griffith hadn't turned her thoughts movieward.

By Fritzie Remont

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Griffith visited San Francisco for the première of one of his productions, happened to see Winnie in the lobby of the theater, readily found an introduction through mutual acquaintances, and told her she was the ideal blond screen type.

Shortly after, a telegram summoned Miss Westover to Los Angeles, and when she arrived, the startling news was imparted that five new starships were contemplated. The little ingénue began "photo-drammering" in quite distinguished company, having for her chums Bessie Love, Carmel Myers, Colleen Moore, and Pauline Starke.

And they all twinkled in the celluloid firmament—that is, all save Winifred. A chain of strange circumstances always chanced to prevent the Swedish Nightingale from joining the constellation of diminutive flappers.

David Griffith has described Winifred Westover as "a cross between Blanche Sweet and Mary Pickford" since she has the wistfulness blent with emotionality seen in the former, and the blond curls and the roguish manner of Little

Mary. Winifred didn't enjoy the idea of being a hybrid and has worked hard to be individualistic. She has waded through showers of custards, been the "Angora" for "Fatty" Arbuckle comedies, played character leads, which she prefers to a display of vapid ingénue-ity, and finally signed a contract with Lehrman which kept her out of the public eye for nine months, even though her pay envelope appeared as regularly as a Saturday-night bath.

But now! It has come—the longed-for opportunity to show what the versatile Scandinavian can do if placed in proper environment. Winifred Westover has just finished a characterization with William S. Hart which took her on a delightful trip to New Orleans, a trip long to be remembered, for Mr. Hart made it a

personally conducted tour and pointed out all the interesting spots en route, besides piloting her around in the quaint old cafés of that most delightful city.

"Oh what a place that is for perfumes!" reminisced Miss Westover blissfully. "Do you know, I found the same eau de cologne for which I pay fifteen dollars a bottle in Los Angeles, for just one and a quarter dollars in New Orleans? And my favorite 'amber antique' is so much cheaper there also. That is the scent Norma Talmadge always used, do you remember? Mary Miles Minter clings to 'jasmine' and I used to love that myself, but I found so many entrancing stoppered bottles in the quaint Southern shops that it's difficult to cling to one only until death shall us part."

And if you remember that picture—it was "John Petticoats"—you can fill in a sort of background for it in your own mind, with glimpses of this blond little person looking on with awed interest while Bill Hart showed her New Orleans' famous old burial grounds where the bodies were placed one above the other, or reveling in the shops where she discovered the perfumes. It's an intimate glimpse behind the screen that's most interesting.

"But aren't you ever sorry that you gave up the idea of a concert or operatic career for the screen?" I asked, when we had exhausted the subject of perfumes.

"Yes, indeed I am," she answered quickly. "You see, I practiced at least five hours a day on the piano up to the time I was fifteen, when I was called to the Griffith Studio. I was playing leads when I was just a little girl with no understanding of life at all," she broke off, almost apologetically. "It has been a long time, this waiting for the position which Bessie Love and Pauline Starke achieved years ago. So I always ask myself 'Is all this worth while?' Sometimes, I dream at night, over the piano, and see myself on the stage—waiting for honest-to-goodness applause—flowers—the things which are tangible, which go nearer to the heart than just fan letters!"

Yet ten minutes after she was telling me how she had enjoyed her rôle in "Watch Out, William," with Charles Ray.

A little later on she was confessing that she loved to read—spent most of last summer at it, in fact, because she wants to understand life from every viewpoint, and doesn't believe that any one who merely studies screen and stage plays can really act. Hence the novels—for characterization and dissection of motives and acts.

"And you don't think of marriage at all?" I probed inquisitively.

"Oh, I am too young, have too much to learn, too many interesting things to do," laughed Winifred. "Perhaps I might think of it if I were not self-supporting—so many girls do. And then there is the motive of wanting to get away from home for so-called independence and freedom. I haven't that—because, you see, my mother has always been just a chum. We have the prettiest new apartment on Hollywood Boulevard and some night soon I shall have a reunion of the girls who started in pictures when I did."

Now, that's a "Do-you-remember-when" party that I'd really like to attend.



"Sometimes I see myself on the stage."



## Too Pretty to Get a Job

By Gordon Brooke

SHE had been working in her first picture for two days when the star spied her.

"Oh, my dear," exclaimed the stellar beauty. "I'm afraid you're too—too *young* for this part."

So, though Lois Lee's wardrobe had been purchased by the company and several of her scenes taken, she was regretfully dismissed—*not* because she was too young, but because she was too beautiful.

She tried elsewhere for a place as an extra, but didn't get it.

"You're too pretty," the director told her. "I'll make you a lead." But she felt that she hadn't had enough experience, so refused that opportunity, and applied as an extra at another studio.

"You're too beautiful," said this director. "You ought not to be trying to get work as an extra; wait for a worth-while part."

Now, Claire Lois Butler Lee had come to Los Angeles from Lincoln, Nebraska, where she had been singing in a church choir when, as winner of a beauty contest she had gone to New York. She had posed there for some calendars and posters, but hadn't really wanted to get into the movies until she went back home and thought it over. And by the time she finally got to Los Angeles she didn't have much money.

"I've only got twelve dollars and twenty cents," she explained to the director. "I can't afford to wait for a part."

So she enrolled herself as an extra. That was at the Fox Studio in Hollywood, just about the time that big Bill Russell arrived from New York to make some scenes for "The Lincoln Highwayman." In fact, he was at the studio that day—and was making known his wants regarding a leading lady.

"She must be blond—and have brains," he declared emphatically. Then his eye happened to light on the very newest extra. "That is, she must be brunet, and have brains."

And so, out of the twenty-five applicants for the part, Lois Lee was the one selected. Three cheers for Bill Russell, who doesn't mind playing opposite a pretty girl!





# THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics  
concerning the Screen

*The  
Five  
Best*

William A. Brady, president of the National Association of the Motion-picture Industry, steps into the ring with a list of what he considers to be the five best moving pictures produced in 1919. It takes a brave man to choose only five of the best. 'Coward that we are we should hesitate to take a stand and announce that "these are the five best." Rather, we would qualify with some such phrase as "among the best are—" or lay the responsibility upon some one else with "experts seem to agree that the best are—"

But Mr. Brady, having once managed James J. Corbett—as a fighter, not as a moving-picture actor—knows no fear. Here's his list:

"The Miracle Man."

"Male and Female."

"Eyes of Youth."

"Soldiers of Fortune."

"Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave."

Mr. Brady goes on to point out—as *The Observer* has remarked many times—that the best of the pictures these days are the pictures without stars. Clara Kimball Young in "Eyes of Youth," is the only star in the five. That Mr. Brady is not speaking just because he wants publicity is indicated in the fact that he does not include in his list any of his own productions nor any of those of his daughter, Alice Brady.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Bill Hart, D. W. Griffith, Norma Talmadge, Charlie Ray, Elsie Ferguson, Wallace Reid, Pearl White, Mabel Normand, Bill Farnum, and the rest are politely ignored. The roll of honor of persons responsible for these productions is:

George Loane Tucker.

Cecil B. De Mille.

Clara Kimball Young.

Allan Dwan.

Thomas H. Ince.

There you have the five who, in Mr. Brady's opinion, have done the best work of the year. Do you agree with Mr. Brady?

*Our First  
Selection  
for 1920*

Though we leave to such daring souls as Mr. Brady the picking of the best pictures of the past, we are going to hazard a guess that when the 1920 lists are made out, a picture which will stand near the top will be "The Copperhead," which Famous Players-Lasky has just released.

In some respects *The Observer* believes "The Cop-

perhead" to be one of the finest pictures ever made. It may not be as popular as some—it is not a sensational piece of work—but it towers over almost any other picture we can think of in dignity and sincerity. The man or woman who sees "The Copperhead" without being deeply moved will be a strange sort of American citizen—and we wish that every American citizen could see this picture just now.

"The Copperhead" was originally written as a stage play by Augustus Thomas, dean of American playwrights. It was produced two seasons ago, with Lionel Barrymore as the star. Barrymore again took the star rôle in the screen production.

If you happen to have a friend who doesn't like motion pictures "because the stories are tawdry," take him to see "The Copperhead." If that picture fails to convert him—he's hopeless.

*Good  
or  
Bad?*

Are eggs good or bad? It depends. Few persons will attempt, no matter how extensive their experience with eggs, to come out flat-footed and say whether eggs are good or bad. Some are one, some the other, and the man who announces to you that the egg is a thing unfit for food and of foul smell is as crazy as the man who shouts out that the egg is a perfect food for old and young. There are eggs and eggs. Even the market reports recognize something like thirty different kinds and qualities and prices of eggs of the edible class.

So with motion pictures. But not so with the average critic. He tells you that motion pictures are rotten, or that they are wonderful. He recognizes no grades. A woman will carefully choose her grocery store and carefully choose the sort of eggs she buys. But she'll go down to any kind of a motion-picture store and pick out any kind of a picture.

Fortunately, however, the public is learning to buy its entertainment as it buys its eggs. But it is learning slowly.

Optimists have hoped that there would come a time when all motion pictures would be good. We have hoped the same about eggs.

There never will be a time when all pictures will be worth seeing, nor all plays. There always will be "strictly fresh" and "rots and spots." A producer always believes he is going to turn out a good picture—but he doesn't, always. A man may write a great scenario, the cast may be excellent, the director a genius—but the picture may be low grade.

Such is the perfidy of the human race that the man

who puts up the money to make that picture, even though it is a stupid one, is going to go out and sell the picture and try to get his money back. Seldom has there appeared a public benefactor who tossed a fifty-thousand-dollar film into the ash can because he thought it had not turned out well. Some theater in our neighborhood is going to show the picture and we are going to buy a ticket and get less than our ticket of admission called for. And we're going to kick, but it won't do any good as far as getting our money back is concerned. Perhaps the theater manager thinks that we are inconsistent because whenever we get *more* than our money's worth we seldom stop at the box office and hand in a quarter to pay the bonus the manager perhaps thinks he should have for giving a fifty-cent show for a quarter.

It all averages up, you may say. But it doesn't, any more than buying oil stock or betting on the races or any other kind of gambling averages up. If you *guess* which picture you will see, the percentage is against you. If you just ramble downtown and go to any picture you happen to see advertised, you're gambling.

Pick 'em. Watch the averages of the men and women who are making and acting in pictures. And place your bets according to their past performances. Or, ask some one who went last night.

### *The Original Script*

It is interesting to note that the big motion-picture productions of the last few months have almost invariably been based upon stage plays or novels or short stories. Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Ray, and Bill Hart are among the few stars who are having stories written for them, although D. W. Griffith and Cecil B. De Mille have produced a few original scripts. We believe, moreover, that William Lord Wright claims that there are still good markets for original stories of merit. We are concerned, however, with the big productions.

Look back over the best feature pictures you have seen recently and you will find that hardly a one but is made from a play or a published work. Metro seems to have gone in entirely for stories of known value. Famous Players buys hardly one original script a year. Goldwyn likes stuff that has been published or acted. Thomas H. Ince is the only big producer who remains true to the scenario writer and now that C. Gardner Sullivan is going on a vacation of a year or more the Ince trend seems toward books and plays.

Original scripts usually are cheap. Books and plays cost money. The big story is slowly but steadily beginning to take a position equal to that of the star. In many cases the rights to a play cost more than the salaries paid all the actors who work in a production.

It may be discouraging to the writer, but it all helps the fan pick the good ones. You can almost be certain that if a producer buys a well-known play or story he is sure to do his very best to put on a production worthy of the plot.

### *Which Brand?*

A shrewd theater manager in Los Angeles, realizing that a star's name is a trade-mark for a certain standard of entertainment, had booked a picture that was much better than that star—a rather weak attraction—had ever done before. He

knew that this star's name would bring only fair houses. So he eliminated her name from the advertising and advertised the producer.

"One of the greatest pictures the \_\_\_\_\_ company ever made!" he told the public.

He broke that star's previous record in his theater by several thousand dollars. And everybody was pleased with the picture.

Had he let the public know the name of the star, hundreds of people would have stayed away saying, "Oh, she's made so many bad pictures that I don't want to see her."

The wise manager thought *he* was eliminating the star. But he wasn't. He only was reacting to public opinion that had eliminated the star some time previous.

It works both ways. This star system. The name of the leading player is a guide, helping you to avoid the stars you do not like, helping you to see the ones that in your opinion are real stars.

### *How Do You Make a Star?*

As an example of how *not* to make a star, take the case of Lila Lee, a sweet and attractive girl with undoubted beauty and some talent for acting. It was decided by Famous Players-Lasky that Lila should become one of their headliners. She was heavily advertised, everybody knew about her before she appeared on the screen. She had an entrance like that of a star in the first act of a musical comedy.

She arrived. But except for the acclaim from her friends, there was little cheering. Folks looked at her once and then were glad to see the future advertisements on her pictures. After seeing her once her advertisements weren't advertisements, they were warnings.

Admitting that she wasn't a star, Famous Players-Lasky put her in support of Wallace Reid, and Cecil B. De Mille gave her a good part in "Male and Female." Then the folks rose up and cheered, for she was good.

Take the case of Douglas MacLean and Doris May—especially the case of Douglas. The first thing anybody knew about them, they were in town in "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave." The people drifted in to see them, came out on the run and chased up and down Main Street telling their friends to be sure to go to see the picture. In Atlanta, for instance, the picture was booked for three days, and held—by public demand—for two weeks.

Their second picture, "What's Your Husband Doing?" packed 'em in. Doris May was pretty good and Douglas MacLean was a riot. Why? Because they had first-class stories to start with and first-class direction to give them a push. Thomas H. Ince is the man to whom you are to doff your derby. He put 'em over with one—count it—one picture because he went out and got a good story and put it on right.

### *Consistency*

We recently met a Pennsylvanian who was in favor of motion-picture censorship. He was a teacher, and was bitter in condemnation of a theater manager who was fighting censorship.

"You also are in favor of prohibition?" we asked him. "Of course," he answered. Then he smiled. "But it won't hit me for a long time," he added with a wink. "I've got a stock in my cellar."

# Up the Ladder to Stardom

By Tom Moore



THE world seems much concerned with ladders. Usually new hats, parlor rugs, and little pleasure trips hang near the lower rungs. As we ascend further the "fruit" ripens from roadsters and bungalows into touring cars, mansions, and coupons; and we pluck as many as we can, as decently as we can. I think the prize plum of all—even more than a Rolls-Royce—is the satisfaction of having made good. I've been asked to tell just what sort of spikes I wore—since I seem to have ascended a few rungs. But to tell the truth, I always feel as though I wore rubber heels.

That doesn't mean that I didn't hear any loud knocks or that I didn't ever travel with men who regarded "shined" shoes as a sign of effeminacy. I did. But my rise to actual stardom was so quiet that I never realized how far I was getting. It is no false modesty which leads me to say that I was a little bit surprised when I was made a Goldwyn star; any one in the profession will understand, because they know the distance between a leading man and a blazing stellar light.

Yet there is something incongruous to me in the idea that the son of an Irish cattleman—as my father was—should become an American screen favorite. When I was a lad over in Erin, the ghosts of feudal serfs still sat on our Blarney stone; and no matter how brilliant the hue of the native shamrocks, we could not live on them. So, eventually, a jaunting-car was secured and our parents and their six children prepared to set out on an adventure for prosperity. There followed one of the curious incidents of my life. With family goods and family piled in the car, it developed that my father, that incorrigible Irishman, didn't know where he was going! He had thought of Dublin and of America, but devil if he had been able to make up his mind! My mother did it for him. She wrote the

words "Dublin" and "America" on two slips of paper and tossed them about in baby Joe's cap. Then I drew one out and the paper read "America." And that's a true tale, as true as my name, which is Thomas Joseph Moore.

I haven't forgotten the trip in the steerage.

We landed in New York, but immediately went to Toledo, Ohio, where we had relatives. There the twin spirits of my soul, tribal and wandering, tugged with each other. Irksome family errands were the deciding factor. At the age of sixteen I ran away, and reached Jersey City, in some way, without the nickel to cross the ferry to my goal, Manhattan. But I finally got there; and for a year I did all sorts of jobs, the most aristocratic of them being a mixer of soda waters. At the end of that year I had just enough money to buy one suit of clothes and go home to brag and show myself off.

But the wanderlust was on me and soon I was off again. This time my brother Owen, also destined to be a motion-picture star, went with me. We struck Chicago as poor as a pair of the proverbial church mice. One day chance dictated that we should see an advertisement for supers in a dramatic version of "Parsifal"—those were the days of the "Parsifal" craze, when performances lasted ten hours—and got the jobs. So it was that our stage careers began. From the first I liked the atmosphere of the theater; perhaps I can best describe my reactions by saying that my super job was the first in which I felt thoroughly at home. When a man finds a job like that, he has found his vocation, I think.

"On the strength of my "Parsifal" experience, I got a job with a road company, which went broke. I remember pawning my only possession, my suit case, not over-heavy from its contents—in Owen Sound, Ontario, for

a meal. Those were the days when actors never struck. I walked, stole rides, rode freights, and did odd jobs by the way to get back to Chicago.

However, I liked the stage enough to risk another stranding; and soon was leading man—at twenty-five dollars a week. "Thorns and Orange Blossoms" used to close the schools, and I fancy that woodshed correctives were used to combat our questionable influence. I doubled my rôle and played the part of a pawnbroker, helping to ruin the honor of my wife, whom I was protecting. It *was* a little complicated. In "East Lynne" we did one-night stands in towns of five hundred people. There were no advance notices. We passed handbills from house to house during the day to the sort of people who argue it must be a good show because there are five acts. Eventually, I left the company because of a disagreement with the manager. He hadn't paid any salaries to speak of for some time, so I guess he won.

Pie looked pretty good to me in those days, so I accepted an offer to go into the movies, ashamed when I did so of my action, for like most actors of the time, I despised the silent drama. However, it was summertime, the curse of actors' well-being. When I went back to stock playing in the fall, I kept mighty quiet about my stoop to the camera. But the following summer I was back in the shameful fold, playing, directing, cutting film, O. K.'ing bills, writing stories, helping manage the studio, and acting as chief office boy. Finally, I was called to another company where I had a chance to specialize.



The public makes a star. Bear that in mind. I have learned since I became one that the people in the little towns where pictures were being shown in which I was the leading man, asked the exhibitors about me and said they wanted to come to the theater again when I was in the picture. The exhibitors, with an eye to business, put my name in the billing with the star to attract the questioners. Finally, I became enough of a side-show to be billed "Miss — (the star) and Tom Moore." Every well-known star on the screen holds his or her honors because the public sent them where they are. The screen is the one place where pull fails; the public likes what it likes—and gets it.

When I was promoted, my friends made me buy more suits and a car and a Japanese valet, arguing that I had a peculiar position which could only be maintained by having such things. I don't know. I feel apologetic about having a valet, but he really does held me in a lot of ways.

In fact, he maintains the dignity of my being a star more conscientiously than I do. My small daughter Alice is another person who appreciates to the full her father's position; she heartily disapproved of my rôle in "The City of Comrades" because I went unshaved through a good part of the picture, which she thought most disgraceful.

I like to lead the simple life, play just enough golf to keep me in condition, and my liking for the books of H. G. Wells and Robert Louis Stevenson is no affectation. I am deeply interested in the Irish Nationalist movement and an ardent admirer of the late Charles Stewart Parnell. I hate to be interviewed.

## Film Observations

By Vara Macbeth Jones

Mohammed once summoned the mountain, in vain.  
But that was in ancient days;  
He could nowadays behold any mountain he wished.  
If he went to the picture plays!

If a body meet a body  
Side view—on the screen,  
And a body kiss a body—  
Then—the end you've seen!

I know a wedded couple—  
In the movies often seen;  
Folks say they act like lovers,  
So they do—upon the screen!

"I'm a screen devotee," said my brother,  
"Though it's not for such pleasure I yearn;  
But my girl loves the picture-play lover,  
So I'm trying his method to learn."

"Which of them all is your favorite rôle?"  
I asked a soaring star;  
He winked as he solemnly answered me,  
"The pay roll is—by far!"

For successful advertising  
The department stores should say:  
"We guarantee to duplicate  
Any room in a picture play!"

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# Have You Missed Her, Too?

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If you have, these pictures will explain her absence.

By Edna Foley

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WHY don't we see Mae Marsh in movies any more— isn't she ever going to make another picture?" That's a question we've been asked hundreds of times in the last year and a half—and here's the answer: young Mary Marsh Armes, who was born last June. Certainly she's a perfectly good reason for keeping most any devoted mother from the studios.

However, Mother Mae is still interested in the movies—tremendously, but from a new angle, for it's her greatest joy to place the family projection machine on the dining-room

table, down at her Long Island home, and throw pictures of her chubby daughter on the wall.

But the public won't let its favorites enjoy the luxury of just staying home with a winsome new daughter for very long, and so Mae Marsh is returning to the screen; she's working hard out in California now, and we'll soon have the little sister of "The Birth of a Nation" with us again.

And let's hope that before so very many years have gone by, young Mary Marsh herself will be making her bow on the screen.



Photo by  
C. Smith Gardner



Getting ready for a big night scene.

## “Don’t Do It, Marjorie”

The third and last installment of a girl’s experiences in breaking into the movies.

**I**T was a grimy little office that I found at the address of the theatrical agent to whom I went with my letter; it was in the Forties, between Sixth Avenue and Broadway. I went up the narrow, dark flight of stairs that led from the street, and into a room that was literally jammed with people. There were men, women and children—even babies—and they all, except the babies, looked dreadfully stagey. Both men and women had make-up on; some of the women were so painted that it embarrassed me to look at them. And they were all so intent on themselves, so anxious to impress each other.

The snubby office boy—everybody called him Sammy—took my letter into an inner office, and pretty soon came out and told me to come in; his employer was with some casting directors whom he was helping select several types, but he had sent word that I could come inside and wait in his office.

“They’re casting a big picture—he’s awful busy,” Sammy told me, as I followed him out of the big office, with all the waiting people looking at me with almost malignant interest.

The agent shook hands with me cordially, and said I’d have to wait a while, if I didn’t mind. Then he gave me a seat beside his desk. Two men were seated at it, and one had a long list, fastened to a small, polished

board; when he’d engaged some one he’d write the name and the price he was going to pay opposite the name of the rôle.



A typical studio anteroom.

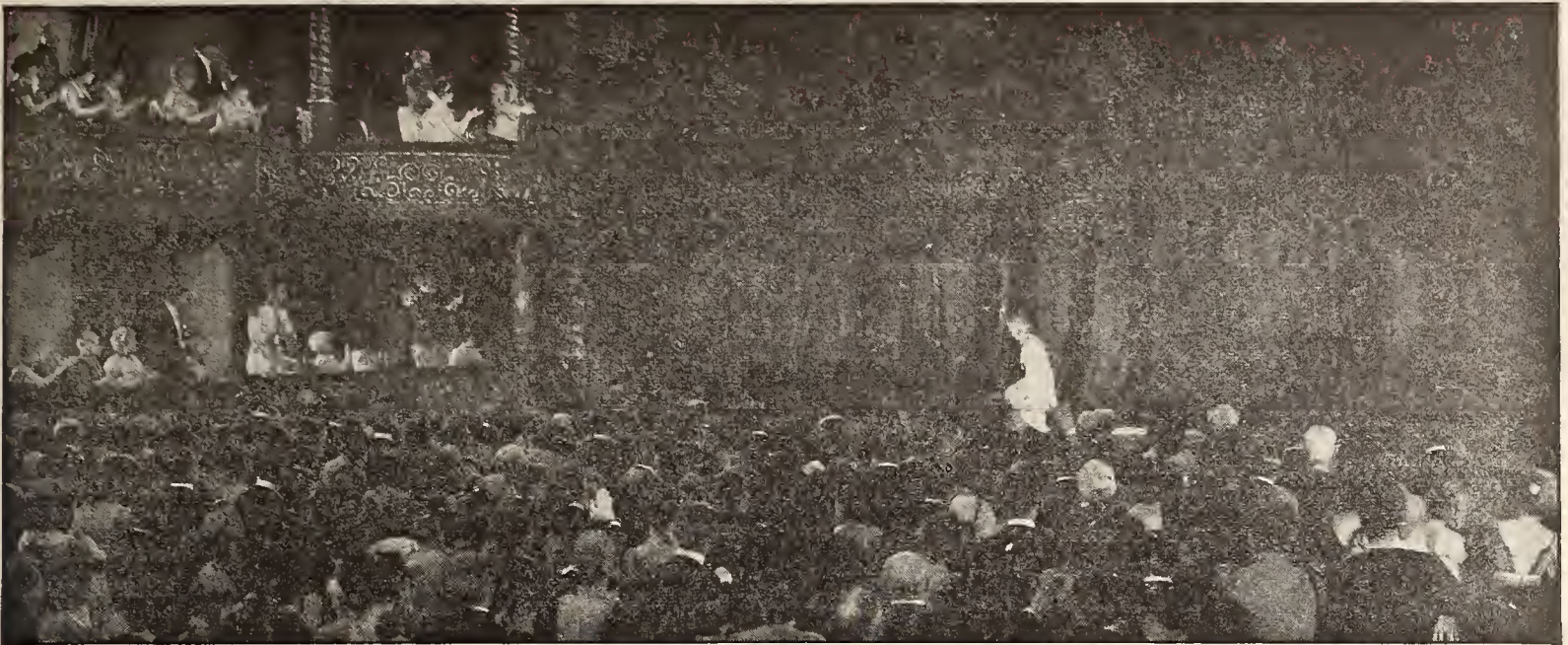
Some of the people came in very briskly, and as if they were important; others were awfully dignified. One woman trailed in languidly, and then when the director told her he wanted somebody lively and gay, she threw back the long veil on her hat and sat down on the arm of a chair and tried to show him how flippant and bright she could be. I wanted to cry. But it encouraged me lots; I felt so sure that I could do much better than most of the girls he selected.

Usually the reason for not engaging people was that they weren’t “the type.” Once a man the director wanted wouldn’t take the part because it

was just one day’s work, and would pay only ten dollars—he said that for only a day’s engagement he’d have to have fifteen. But usually the people were awfully glad to get a chance at anything.

After about an hour the directors left, and the agent sat down and talked with me. As he talked he leafed over the pages of a big scrapbook—it was filled with photographs of leading men, and there were two other books on the table beside him; one marked “Heavies” and the other filled with women’s pictures.

He said he was dreadfully tired; that he’d been up



Such scenes are the extras' Paradise.

nearly all the night before, looking for criminal types down on the lower East Side, and that he'd got to do the same thing again that night.

"It's all in being the type," he told me. "You saw how those men picked the people they wanted this afternoon—types were what they were after. The old idea that a man's got to be good looking, or a girl pretty, is blown higher than a kite. You've got to look the part—and in small bits or when extras are engaged that doesn't always mean being good looking, by any means. Why, look at these pictures," and he spread out a pile that lay on his desk. "Are they pretty? Not one! Yet these people get engagements right straight along, because they fit into rôles—their faces have character. Have you brought a photograph?"

I had—in fact, I'd brought three. One showed me in riding clothes, the others in evening dress.

"Fine. Now for some information." And he jotted down a lot of facts—my age, height, general type—he put me down as a society girl—experience, and that I could ride, swim, dance, play tennis, and golf. I was very sorry I couldn't skate, too.

"I haven't anything on hand now," he told me when he'd finished. "But something's likely to turn up any day, and I'll let you know when it does. I won't forget you." And he shook hands with me and turned back to his big scrapbooks.

I went out through the crowd in the outer office slowly—past women telling Sammy they were sure he didn't have their phone number right, because he said he'd call them if he had anything for them, and he hadn't phoned; past tired youngsters who'd been

brought to see the director who was coming later to cast a scene that called for lots of children; past shabby men, and amazingly well-dressed men, and men that looked like criminals, and so out to the street. I felt so much more fortunate than they were, because I didn't have to depend entirely on pictures for my living, and because I knew at least two persons of some influence personally. Surely I'd get something good soon.

I clung to that hope of an engagement for two long dreary weeks before anything happened. Once I almost gave up and went home, as I realized that my money was slowly vanishing and that I'd only earned three dollars and a half. I was trying to be as economical as possible, but my room rent was five dollars a week—for a tiny little room not as nice as the one our maid had at home. I paid twenty-five cents for breakfast—not a very good breakfast—and just ate fruit and crackers for lunch. My dinners I got at a tea room for seventy cents apiece; they were pretty good, but somehow, the things all tasted alike—not like the food I'd had at home.

This kept my meals down to only a little more than a dollar a day. My laundry was about a dollar and a half a week. If there'd been running water in my room I could have washed things out for myself, but there was only the one bathroom in the apartment, and I couldn't very well do it there.

And I'd have hated to leave the neighborhood and move farther out, for I was near enough the agent's office and the studio where Mr. Rowe was so that I could walk to them in a little over half an hour, and that meant that I saved on carfare. [Continued on page 98]



How the "types" are kept on file.

# A Woman Speaks Her Mind

By Marian Lee King

DEAR EDITOR OF PICTURE-PLAY: I read "A Man's Complaint" to-day,  
Of how man's awkward side is seen—presented on the picture screen.  
I think he's right. I also feel that women get too bad a deal.  
A lip-stick is a thing that few would flaunt before another's view;  
But in the movies! Mercy, me! What flocks of lip-sticks men may see.  
You'd think each maiden and each saint—*plus* sweethearts, wives, and sisters—  
*paint!*  
Myself, I do not think they do—I'm sure they must be very few.

But if they do, why make it plain  
To everybody! What's the gain  
In painting on a Cupid's bow  
If, when you meet your sweetheart—  
oh!

He's moviewise, and knows just how  
You did it? They should not allow  
A dressing table on the screen;  
To show us up is simply mean!



Now I suppose that  
it is true—  
We pound our fingers black and  
blue  
Some things that men can do with skill  
We never can—and never will.  
But such things should be hid from sight  
To show them up is hardly right.

I'm quite aware that some are found  
Who stuff in chocolates by the pound;  
Who, in the bed their breakfasts take,  
And feed their lap dogs tea and cake.  
But all these things bring women blame,  
If they exist, why it's a shame.  
Why flaunt them forth in black and white  
Before the men, night after night?  
Such sights their hearts are bound to vex  
With wrath against the fairer sex,  
Until the girl that's true and fair  
Can't catch a husband anywhere!



# Alias Cinderella

The famous glass-slippered heroine has an up-to-date self in Shirley Mason, one of the new Fox stars.

By B. Henry Smith

**M**AYBE you thought you knew all about Cinderella—but *did* you know that she once stuck chewing gum on the knee of the venerable Joseph Jefferson, screamed so that she fairly startled him out of his whiskers during one of his biggest scenes, and on another occasion had to come home in a cab because she had parted with some rather—well, rather intimate parts of her wardrobe and donated them to some brand-new poverty-stricken acquaintances? Furthermore, I'll wager you didn't know that her name wasn't Cinderella at all—it's Shirley Mason.

She began her career not by sitting in the ashes, but by sitting beside her mother in a box at an Elks' entertainment in Brooklyn, which may be less picturesque but certainly is more comfortable and interesting. And the two elderly, ugly sisters of the fairy tale, who really were remarkably pretty, were dancing on the stage. But when the orchestra swung into her favorite tune Cinderella cut such cute capers that somebody called for her, and she bounced out on the stage and danced a waltz that brought down the house.

Now, the mother of the family had decided on a stage career for the two older girls, because they danced so well, and when they went to interview theatrical agents and managers Cinderella tagged along. So when the fairy godmother waved her wand it was in a manager's office, and Cinderella got her first job, with no less a person than Peter F. Daly, at the age of two. Furthermore, it was a speaking part—she had to say "Daddy" at every performance.

She played the part two years. Then the wand waved again, and she was picked from a roomful of youngsters to play *Little Hal* in the "The Squaw Man," with William Faversham.

After that came an engagement as *Meenie* in "Rip Van Winkle," with Joseph Jefferson—and the chewing-gum episode. One night when her cue came, in Boston, she was caught with gum in her mouth, and when she knelt down before Rip the only way to get rid of it was to stick it on his knee—which she did. As she left the stage she took one backward glance

*At this age she had her first speaking part.*



*Shirley boasts row of her dignified teens.*

and saw Jefferson facing the audience with the gum sticking tight to his knee. Then she hid.

Another night, in South Carolina, she fell asleep in the wings and just as Jefferson was in the midst of a tense emotional scene she awoke from a nightmare with a loud scream. Jefferson almost jumped out of his whiskers. He wasn't at all mad—oh, no, not at all! When he went off the stage, she was again in hiding. But when at last she jumped on his lap to make up, the imp of the Perverse, which you frequently see peeping from her eyes, was on duty. When Jefferson said:

"Are you going to beg my pardon?" she answered:

"Yes, I'll forgive you."

And as for the day when she distributed her wearing apparel among the orphans in a charity hospital, that happened also when she was playing on the road with "Rip Van Winkle."

The imp became so active that Jefferson decided the child needed a rest, so he ordered the elderly sister understudy into the part, the other elderly sister in turn taking hers.

At the hotel window opposite the theater that evening our Cinderella stood disconsolate.

"I don't think, mother, they'll have a very good house to-night," she said. And then:

"Those who do go won't see much of a show."

It's a curious thing, this baby brand of jealousy. Interesting because it is so surely the real thing. It cropped out again and again, as on a night somewhere in Montana, in "The Squaw Man," when the child almost fainted in the wings before she would give way to her understudy. She would not be taken to the hotel, but watched her sister from the wings, and in a voice quite loud enough for the audience to hear she cried:

"Ha-ha-ha! She can't do it at all. She's bow-legged."

Our Cinderella, you see, was not all sugar and spice and other things nice, like the one in the fairy tale. But it's that very imp in her that makes her a piquant rogue you want to pat on her curly, bobbed head, in spite of the dignified teens she now boasts. You like to see him blinking at you out of those green-blue-gray eyes, and then sud-

denly jump back leaving a look of cool surprise at your suspicion of his existence.

After *Little Meenie* she had a boy's part, *Jerome*, in "The Barber of New Orleans," with Faversham again; then as *Little Editha* in "The Burglar," *Little Jan* in "The Piper," with Edith Wynne Matheson; then a boy again in "Passersby," with Richard Bennett and Charles Cherry. By this time she had reached the ripe old age of eleven and took a turn in pictures with the Edison Film Company.

Between reels she was on the road again in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," this time as understudy for one of the elderly sisters, who by this time you must have guessed is none other than the lovely Viola Dana. "Vi" stepped from this star part into pictures, leaving her shoes to our little Cinderella. The other elderly sister, you may as well learn here, is Edna Flugrath, a screen star who twinkles on the other side of the water with the London Film Company. Flugrath

*"Sometimes I buy a dog or something—just to forget."*

is the name to which all three of them were born, and the name is still good enough for Father Flugrath. Somehow fancy names don't seem as necessary in the printing



#### HER VIEW—

LAST night," said Mrs. Anyfan, "I went with John to see That so much talked of movie play, 'Domestic Tragedy.' It really was a masterpiece, I cannot call it less, Depicting how a husband's faults can cause unhappiness. Anne Sweet portrayed the noble wife—I thought she was just grand—The villain's rôle was taken by the noted Howard Bland; The story was so true to life, we see it every day, The awful price that womankind is often forced to pay. The wife was truly wonderful—long-suff'ring, patient, sweet, She tried so hard in every way her husband's whims to meet; But all her efforts were in vain, endeavor though she would, For, like the lot of many wives—she was misunderstood; Her thrift was called extravagance—her friendships were reviled By a cruel, unjust husband, who posed as meek and mild! He really was despicable, a surly, jealous bear Who let his wife take all the blame, and seemed to think it fair. The end, of course, was rather sad—it almost made me cry— Yet it seemed the law of recompense that the husband had to die. I know that John was much impressed—although he would not say— But I feel he grasped the moral of that realistic play!"

business as they do in filmland. I wonder why! Our little Cinderella has found her prince, too. He's tall and strong and handsome, with black curling hair and dark eyes—just the sort you might fancy as bearing off dainty Cinderella in his muscular arms. Bernard Durning is his name. Perhaps you saw him in "When Bearcat Went Dry." Along side Cinderella Flugrath-Mason-Durning, Prince "Bernie," as wee wife calls him, towers a giant. At present the royal pair are living in the Hotel Hollywood, but that's because it is almost as hard for the prince to find a suitable home in Hollywood as it was for the story prince to find the suitable foot for the slipper. It will not be long, however, before they have a little palace all their own.

It is hard to think of tiny Mrs. Durning as a housewife. She is such a dancing, merry mischievous sprite. I asked her if she enjoyed serious parts in pictures. She does not! When they are over, she pokes a saucy tongue out at them.

"I've never known what it is to feel really sad," she twinkled. "Except when Johnny Collins died—my brother-in-law, Viola's husband, you know. Since then, and it's over a year, I've had to go out and buy something now and then—flowers, a dog, a hat, or a new automobile—just to forget."

The imp within her takes this way of rejecting the pains of the inner life.

You'll see the imp happy, carefree, and joyous a-pranking in her eyes when she plays "Her Elephant Man," her first picture as a Fox star.

And she promises a parade of merry plays to follow. One thing she's "simply dying to do" is a Chinese part.

"That's because Viola is an Oriental maid in 'The Willow Tree,'" remarked Cinderella's mother with a wise nod of the head.

"Why! it's *not!*" contradicted Cin-

derella, resenting the inference of being a "copy-cat."

"Of course not," I agreed diplomatically. "That's a Japanese part, entirely different than a Chinese."

"Of course," exclaimed Shirley, casting a reproving glance at her mother.

Just then the Prince strolled in, and Cinderella vanished, slippers and all, for the ball. Or, perhaps, a dinner dance.



## AND HIS

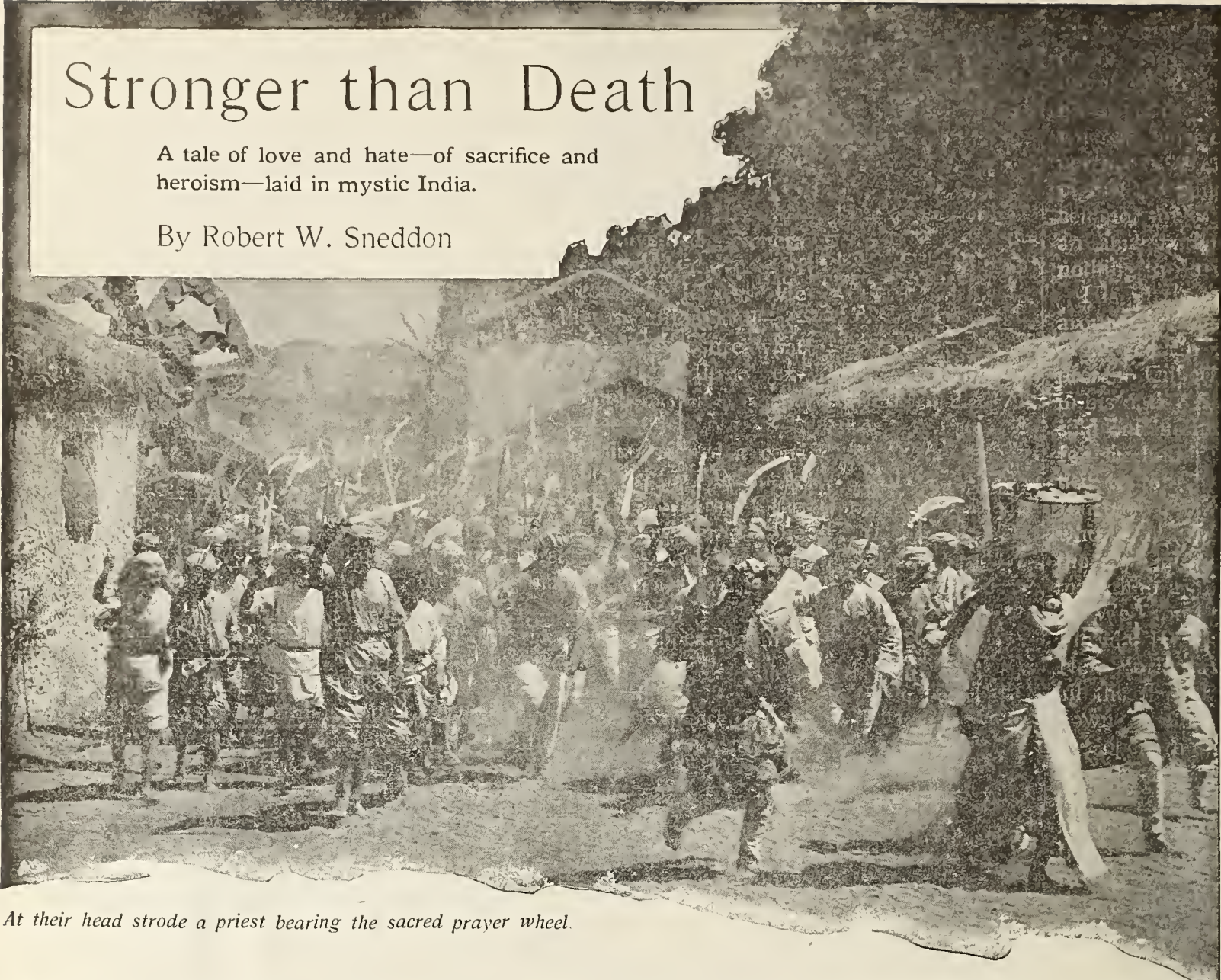
LAST night," said Mr. Anyfan, "My wife would have me go To see 'Domestic Tragedy,' that highly lauded show. It really was unusual—a story true to life— The wrecking of a man's career by the folly of his wife. The hero was the actor, Bland, the vampire was Anne Sweet, And their portrayal of their parts I thought was quite a treat. The husband was a splendid type, the sort most folks admire, But the woman was a frivolous moth that liked to play with fire; Her life's ambition seem to be the hearts of men to break, And yet so subtly could she 'vamp,' her husband seemed the rake! And when he tried to interfere, she'd rave and fume and fret, Until her mad extravagance drew him into the net; The chap was game, and held his peace—as husbands usually do— And seemed to think his duty was to see the venture through. And the plot was woven round the way he tried to set things right, But in the midst, fate took a hand, and he gave up the fight. I thought the ending rather good, with the little thrust it gave That the only peace some husbands know is that found in the grave! I'm mighty glad my wife was there, for I could plainly see The lesson that the play contained impressed her mightily!"

VARA MACBETH JONES.

# Stronger than Death

A tale of love and hate—of sacrifice and heroism—laid in mystic India.

By Robert W. Sneddon



*At their head strode a priest bearing the sacred prayer wheel.*

**S**MITHY! They aren't such sticks after all. They must all have accepted my invitation."

The elderly companion of the lovely woman looked surprised.

"They recognize their own kind, my dear," she whispered with a cautious glance at the crowd of army officers, government officials, and the ladies of the army post gathered under the tented awning. Truth to tell, this little bit of England in far-off India had been most eager to come to the tea.

"Even if I am a dancer from the music halls of Paris and London?"

"You are a lady first, my dear."

"Thank you, Smithy. You *are* such a comfort. Tell me, how much money have we left?"

"A thousand pounds."

Sigrid Fersen started and swayed.

"Oh, my dearie, your heart," cried the faithful Smithy.

"It's all right, Smithy dear. When that is gone, time enough to think of having to marry a rich man. Come and help me play hostess."

The slender figure came down from the steps of the bungalow.

"By Jove!" murmured a callow subaltern. "No wonder they went crazy over her at home. What do you say, padre?"

The regimental chaplain adjusted his glasses.

"She moves like a goddess. I might quote the origi-

nal, but you have forgotten all that since your Eton days, my boy."

There was a moment in which Sigrid faced the battery of curious eyes, then there was a general movement toward her, and she was soon the center of a crowd which surrendered to her charm.

Soft-footed native servants were serving tea when a soldierly, elderly man walking somewhat unsteadily paused at the gate of the bungalow inclosure. As he did so, a tall, dark-skinned fellow in well-cut riding clothes, laid his hand on his arm.

"Why do you refuse to recognize me, Colonel Boucicault?"

"Take your hand from my arm, you half-breed," snarled the colonel.

Barclay drew back with a flash of deadly hate in his dark eyes, and allowed the other to pass in.

"What is it?" asked Sigrid as the officer who had been talking to her paused in the middle of a sentence.

"Our colonel. They call him the Tiger Sahib," he whispered cautiously. "He's a martinet of cruelty and he never draws a sober breath now. Fine soldier though. It's a shame. His wife is a dear and his son Tristram is one of the best."

The colonel advanced and stared at her with inflamed eyes, then laughed coarsely.

"Since no one seems anxious to introduce me, Miss Fersen, allow me—Colonel Boucicault."

Sigrid bent her head courteously.

"We have heard all sorts of things about your doings in Paris and London," continued the colonel brusquely. "If you ever think of doing anything here, glad to act as master of ceremonies."

Sigrid trembled. There was no question of the brutality of the remark.

"Thank you, colonel, I have been used to looking after myself," she said, meeting his eyes steadily.

With a grim sneer, the colonel turned on his heel and walked away.

"You say he has a son?" Sigrid asked of her companion.

"Yes, Major Boucicault, doctor of the district."

"Where is he?"

"Fighting cholera at Bjura—a little place near the temple of Vishnu."

"He must be wonderful," sighed Sigrid.

"He is," concurred the officer. "By Jove, I wish I had his nerve and heart. Nurses the natives like mother and father in one."

"Hulloa," exclaimed Colonel Boucicault, who had sauntered off toward his own quarters, halting with a stupid swaying.

"Didn't know you were here, Tristram."

The tall, well-built man, whose eyes were heavy as from lack of sleep, drew himself up and saluted.

"I have just been over at the bungalow, sir, and seen my mother. Let me tell you, sir, that if you ever lay finger on my mother again, if ever I see such bruises as she bears from your hands, I will thrash you like a dog, father or no father of mine."

"This is rank insubordination, major!"

"I warn you, touch another thing I love, and I kill you."

The colonel stared at him, then went slowly on his way.

Mr. James Barclay waited a moment behind his bush of shelter, smiling malevolently to himself.

"Mutiny there, too," he murmured. "Well, it will not be long in coming to a head on the drill ground. Then we shall see if the Tiger's claws are still sharp. Now to see if I have any friends among the cursed whites."

With an ingratiating smile he strolled into the bungalow garden and approached the guests of the woman whom he had greedily recognized as she passed him the previous day in her pony cart. His reception left him no illusions as to his welcome. Voices died away, and backs were turned upon him.

"Permit an ardent admirer of your art in London to add his homage to that of your guests," he said suavely and held out his hand. "My name is James Barclay."

For a moment Sigrid was taken aback. All eyes were upon her. Was she about to break the traditional race-caste rules of Anglo-Indian society? She contented herself with bowing.

"You are very kind, Mr. Barclay."

"May I bring you another cup of tea," said the chaplain, rushing boldly into the breach.

"Do—please," said Sigrid faintly.

A dull anger flared in Barclay's eyes, as with a sneer he withdrew his still outstretched hand, and hurried away. A moment later he was spurring his pony to the temple of Vishnu.

The high priest, Vahana, hastened forward with uplifted hand as he recognized the man who was about to place foot on the steps of the inner court.

"Defile not the threshold of the temple," he commanded. "Once before was it defiled and evil came upon us."

"Tell me," cried Barclay, "I must know who is my father. Why did you bring me up and send me to England to be educated? I come back to find myself neither one thing nor the other. I have no people, no friends."

"Have patience, my son," said the priest. "Many years ago a man of the English wrought evil to one of the brides of Vishnu, a holy-temple maiden, so that she bore a man child. They were brought before me. I was about to slay the destroyer of virtue when she whom he had defiled cast

herself between him and the knife and was slain. Then I bade the Englishman go, for his time was not yet come. The child was you."

"And my father?"

Vahana leaned forward and whispered the name.

The unhappy man stared at him incredulously, then broke into a harsh laugh. He was about to hasten away when the priest stopped him.

"Patience! The time is drawing near. Use thy money wisely. Scatter it abroad among the faithful who wear the uniform of the English. Fan the flame of mutiny. Now, go, my son."

"Smithy," asked Sigrid one morning, "have you ever seen a hermit?"

The old lady shook her head.

"No. And I don't think I want to. They are so dirty."

"Well, this one isn't, I'm sure," Sigrid assured her with a laugh. "I'm going to see one. Don't argue, Smithy, he's a doctor, and I must see him about that heart trouble of mine. I'm going, and I'll be perfectly safe. You know I always carry my little automatic with me." And five minutes later her pony's hoofs were clattering down the road.

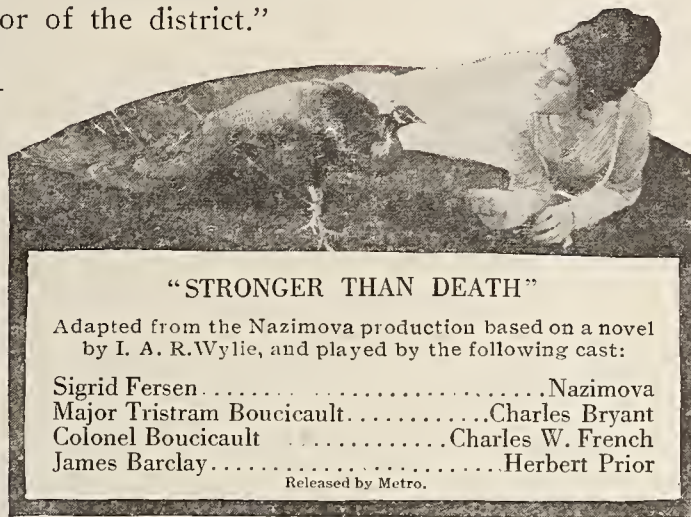
"I must be dreaming," stammered Major Boucicault, blushing under his tan as he greeted her. "You here—of all persons in the world. But what brought you? Don't you know this is a hotbed of cholera?"

"I know it," she said quietly. "Can I be of any help?"

"Good God, no! You mustn't stay in the sun. Please go back to the cantonment."

"Mayn't I see how a hermit lives?" she asked pleadingly.

"A hermit—so that is what they call me. Well, I—you know, if I let you into my bungalow, it will be making a confession to you."



#### "STRONGER THAN DEATH"

Adapted from the Nazimova production based on a novel by I. A. R. Wylie, and played by the following cast:

Sigrid Fersen . . . . . Nazimova  
Major Tristram Boucicault . . . . . Charles Bryant  
Colonel Boucicault . . . . . Charles W. French  
James Barclay . . . . . Herbert Prior

Released by Metro.

She smiled dreamily.

"Then I will go in."

She pushed aside the curtain and started as something swung past her.

"Only my monkey," said her host. "Mischievous little rascal."

"You're not so lonely, after all," said Sigrid as she bent over a basket of kittens, laughing at their antics.

"I have a dog, too. Here, Wickie! Wickie! He must have gone for a prowl."

Suddenly Sigrid stopped in her examination of the contents of the rude bungalow. Staring at her out of a silver frame was her own face—a printed reproduction of a photograph.

"Is—is this your confession?" she asked softly.

He nodded.

"Yes, I saw you in London. It was my last night there. I went to the theater. Everything else was dull till you came on, then you—you took my soul in your hands and carried it to heaven. When the curtain fell I sat till a program boy touched me on the shoulder and brought me down to earth again. I tore your picture from the program and there it is," he concluded lamely.

Sigrid was silent. There was a strange moisture in her lovely eyes.

"Thank you," she said, and held out her hands.

He took them eagerly, and her eyes fell before the ardency of the man's adoration.

There was a low moan and they turned quickly. A dog had just limped in holding up an injured foot.

"Wickie!" exclaimed Major Boucicault.

"Oh, look, he's hurt," cried Sigrid; "the poor fellow."

She watched the strong hands of the doctor, as tender as those of a woman, bandage the bleeding wound.

"Here is a man," sang her heart exultantly; then she checked her emotion. She must not allow herself to fall in love with a poor man.

"I must go now," she said faintly.

"But we shall meet again," the doctor pleaded.

"Some day," she said, and let him lead her to her pony cart.

She heard from him indirectly, however, very soon. Only a few days later his native servant came to her door, Wickie in his arms.

"Sahib Daktar very ill; he say you keep Wickie,

please," he said, and with a deep salaam hurried away to the bungalow where he found his master stretched on a couch. He reported concerning the dog, and then regarding another mission.

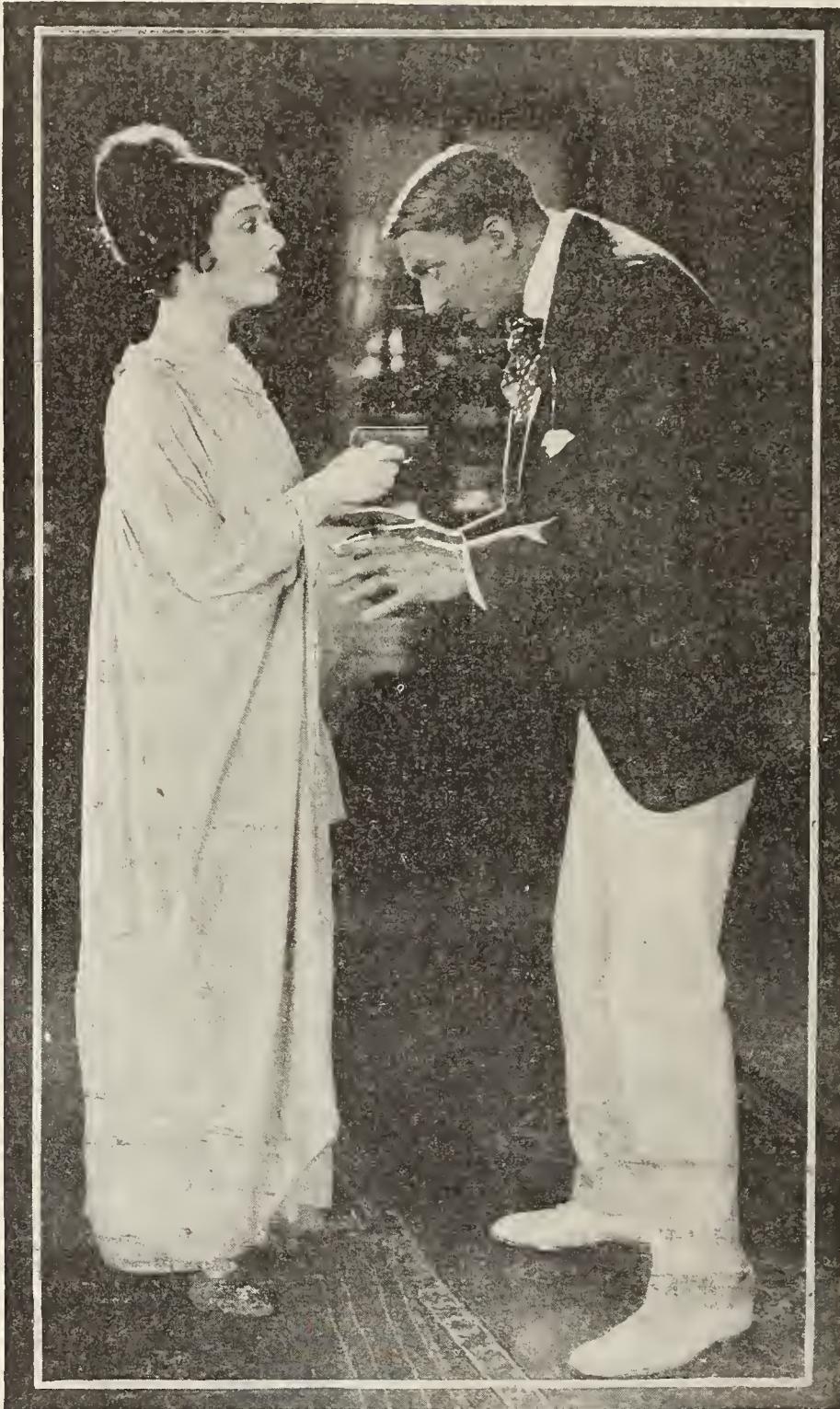
"Colonel no send help," he announced sadly.

"Then get my pony, Ayeshi. Do you hear? Stop that gibbering—I'm not sick. I must go myself."

"The sahib commands," said the servant sadly.

As Major Boucicault rode into the cantonment in the moonlight, he stopped, listened, leaped from his pony, and ran in the direction of the heart-rending sounds he had just heard. Some one was beating a dog. With a feeling of horror as he came up he recognized his father as the culprit, and secured to a tree by his leash was Wickie. Without a moment's hesitation he threw himself in between. The colonel, blind with rage and many whisky pegs, cut savagely at the face of the man who stood sternly confronting him motionless in his

contempt. All at once, Wickie, in a final effort, stirred by this attack on his master, broke the leather and leaped at the colonel. There was a shot. Wickie with a last effort licked his master's boots. Major Boucicault's anger could be held no longer. Disregarding the smoking automatic in his father's hand, he drew back his arm. His fist caught the drunken man on the point of the chin, and sent him toppling to earth. Tristram, worn to a shred by his unremitting labors, staggered and fell as Sigrid ran forward. [Continued on page 80]



"Keep your bargain. Stand back from me!"  
cried Sigrid sharply.



# The Great Air Robbery

Here's a new  
Kind of picture  
For rhymed review.

The stagecoach robber  
Had his day,  
The stage he robbed  
Has passed away.  
Th' ol' train robber  
And his band  
Then ruled awhile  
In choo-choo land.  
The auto bandit  
Next was seen,  
He flourished in  
A limousine.  
And now, behold!  
The aéro mails  
Go winging by  
On canvas sails.  
The mails go buzzing  
Through the blue  
On lanes that once  
The eagles knew.  
"Oh, surely, now,"  
The people cry,  
"No thieves can touch  
Them in the sky."  
"No bad man ever  
Rose so high."

But you are wrong. Remember well  
That Lucifer, the king of hell,  
Once rode in heaven's guarded car,  
Sinned, sank, and fell a flaming star.



You wish to know,  
Go see this Universal Show.  
Some show;  
Yea, bo!

So there are evil stars  
That fly  
Like meteors through  
The teeming sky.  
And in this play  
Upon the screen,  
The good stars, and  
The bad are seen.  
Brave men that guide  
The U. S. planes  
Meet wicked men  
Of skill and brains.  
Guns flash, blood spurts,  
Planes break in two;  
Thieves battle in  
The starry blue!  
Up higher than  
These spires of ours;  
Higher than Illium's  
Topless towers!  
No vivid words  
That pen can write  
Could tell the thrills  
Of such a fight!  
And if those  
thrills

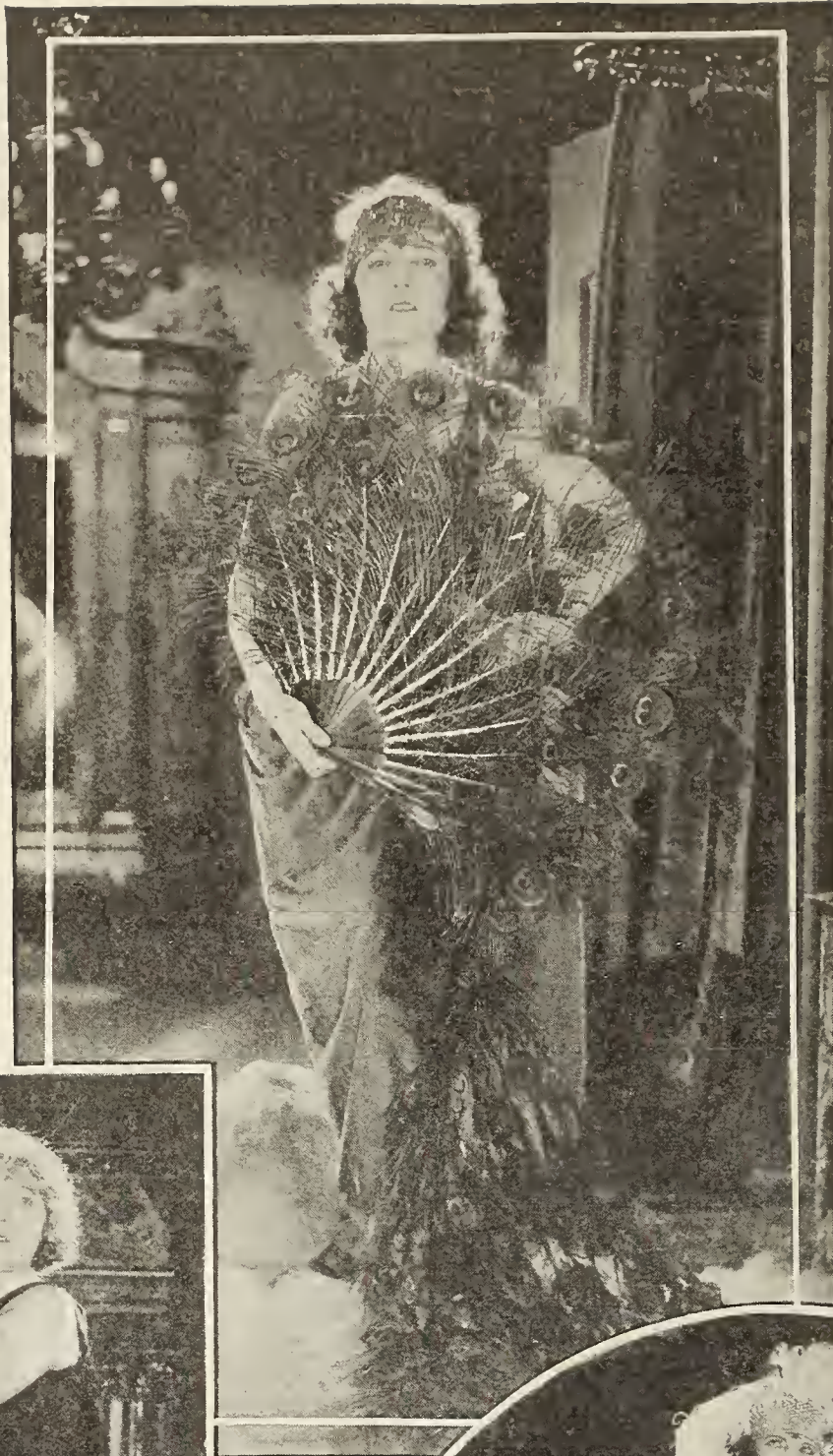


# The of Peacock

By Helen



**T**HERE'S a glamour about them, isn't there? The chiffon and metal cloth, the jewels and plumes and clinging robes that are the peacock feathers of the profiteer in love—they have an attraction all their own. Perhaps you don't like them, but can you resist looking again at the gorgeous costumes which Louise Glaum wears in "Sex"?





# Lure Feathers

Ogden



Dissect them, if you're interested in the art of making character tangible by means of clothes. The trailing robe pictured down in the corner, for example, hints at a formula in moral chemistry which might react strangely under certain circumstances. But don't ask me if your deductions are right—you'll have to see "Sex" to find out.





# Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

SKETCHES BY  
H. L. DRUCKLIEB



## Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

It is rumored that an organization of Motion Picture Directors are about to demand of Congress that all calendars be set ahead six months. Gotta have more sunlight!



This surprises us none at all. Everybody these days is (or are) demanding something. Fade-Outs is the sole remaining toiler in these more-or-less glorious U. S. who

has oozed no demand nor hurled an ultimatum.

We never could think of anything to demand and were not just sure what an ultimatum meant.

However, to be in style:

We demand unlimited production of bathing-girl comedies and insist upon absolute freedom of the see.

We protest against actresses kissing actresses. 'Tis a waste of essential raw material.

We demand that eighty-six months shall constitute a year for ingenues. A birthday every twelve months brings them too close together, and an ingenue with too many birthdays ceases to be an ingenue. Usually she doesn't know it—but the optience does!

## Neither Did We.

Mary Thurman, who left Keystone for a quieter tone of comedy, says she hopes to never again look a bathing suit in the face.

Fellows, we ask you—when the mydriatic Mary was a-wearing 'em—did you always look—

We thought not!

## Educational, (One Reel).

"How Paragraphs Are Made."

Us—(meditatively underwooding)—"Lillian Hall, who made us bawl!"—nope, that won't do—sounds like Walt Mason—let's try—er—"Beautiful Lillian Hall, the completely adorable, infinitesimal blonde who soddened our handkerchiefs by her portrayal of *Beth* in 'Little Women'—ah, that's more like it!—well, anyway—Lillian says: "One cannot gain knowledge by being told 'not to'".

Don't bet very heavily on that, Miss Lillian. Certain painful experiences of ours have proven the contrary. When our in-a-manner-of-speaking-beloved editor tells us to be funny, if we can, but not to get gay—we immediately amass knowledge that is valuable to us and posilutely priceless to our readers!

## Making Both Ends Meet.

We've always thought that selling speedometers in Philadelphia would constitute the apex of extremes meeting—but we were mistaken.

Many scenes for "The Hell Ship" were taken at "The Golden Gate," Frisco.

## May Showers.

When we were younger we reveled in the fanciful flights of one Jules Verne. Now, when we wish to be unverbosely kidded, we sit us down and list to the lilting pipe o' the publicist.

Spear this one from Universal: "Mae Murray, during the making of one of her pictures, had to cry for a husband who was supposedly dying out West. The little actress felt her imaginary sorrow so keenly that she wept fully half an hour after the scene was filmed—wept for a husband that never existed!"

## Villainous Verse.

He has a mean look in his glim,  
You feel like a-murdering him!  
Smug, sleeky and slick—  
He's a son of Old Nick—  
Is ornery Robert McKim!

## Now, Don't Misunderstand Us!

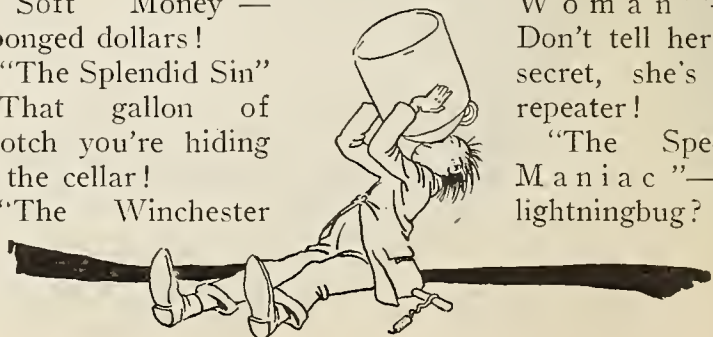
In spite of his sumptuous salary a film star seldom contributes to the support of his wife, although he legally binds himself to do so when he sticks his head in the yoke.

Lou Tellegen is the only subventitious film husband we can think of right now, as we patter to press.

## Random Remarks.

(Inspired by Current Titles.)

"Sky-Eye"—Sounds like stepping on the dog!  
"In Wrong"—'Grown'—thatsa deep one!  
"Soft Money"—  
Sponged dollars!  
"The Splendid Sin"  
—That gallon of hootch you're hiding in the cellar!  
"The Winchester  
W o m a n"—  
Don't tell her a secret, she's a repeater!  
"The Speed Maniac"—A lightningbug?



**Must It Ever Be So?**

The first feud story we ever read and the first feud movie we ever saw interested us. After that—bla-a!

In one respect they are all alike, and we're betting we can guess the answer to any of 'em with our eyes shut and both hands tied behind our bony back.

Nothing to it! Girl And Boy Of Opposite Fighting Factions Fall In Love And Busts The Feud!

To further convince ourself that we were, as usual, correct, we viewed "Cowardice Court."

We told you so!

Yessir! and toddling along with this inevitable conclusion came the usual Girl Put Out In The Storm At Night!

Gosh! don't they never get the gate in the daytime?

—o—

**A Literary Masterpiece.**

Seemed to us "The Hellion" was a nawful title to serve as a vehicle for such a perfectly nice little girl as Margarita Fisher—but the worst was yet to come!

Lookit how an exhibitor dished it up on his program reader: "The star appears in the double dual role of a cabaret singer and an insane daughter who is substituted for her and sent to an asylum. Her sweetheart is killed in the war and the shock deprives her of reason, which however, returns when he does, and they are married!"

—o—

**Ask A Policeman!**

Leave it to Universal to surpass 'em all when it comes to increasing the punch! You've seen lotsa pictures having to do with that police "third degree" thing, haven't you? Sure, you have! Well, in "The Trembling Hour," Universal goes 'em one better and gives us a "fourth degree." Ever hear of it?

—o—

**Keeping Charlie Busy.**

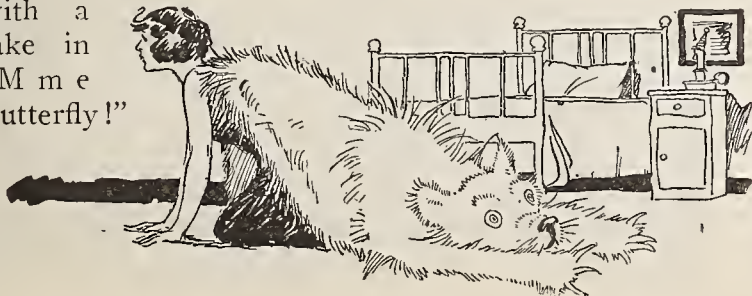
Often we have wished we were the husband of a star! You know—a life of roseate luxury—picking out autos and trundling her salary to the bank, and, oh—little chores like that! Well, sir, it seems these chaps have to hustle same as you or us!

Charles Bryant is Nazimova's husband. He is also her leading man and business manager. And just to keep his blood circulating, she made him her director!

And he sure got busy! D'ja notice what he pulled off in "The Brat"? In the last reel he gave us both the sad-but-logical ending of the stage version and the box-office-happy-ending of the film adaption!

To our simple mind this constitutes the greatest achievement in adaptology since Mary Pickford stabbed herself

with a lake in "M m e Butterfly!"



**Maybe They Went To Look At The Forest.**

After viewing A Certain Picture, several of our friends asked us if we could recommend it. We quoted to them the words uttered by an expert criticizer regarding the play: "It will never appeal to intelligent spectators. The story is poorly constructed and much of it is repulsive and sensational. The scenes in the forest where the heroine does acrobatic stunts clad only in a leopard's skin, is entertaining, but the rest is cheap melodrama."

Well, sir, there were six fellows present when we delivered this knockalogue, and at the close every one of 'em rushed out to view the picture. Now, how do you account for that?

—o—

**Answer to Correspondent:**

Pansy Pancake, Wahoo, Nebr.: Met your brother Buckwheat this morn. He disappeared shortly afterwards. No, I am not "The Oracle"; I'm the "Oracus." Which is from the Latin and means "a little guy who talks." Nope, I never attend problem plays. Not being very bright at arithmetic I gave 'em up. Naw, I didn't see Billy West's last picture—but I hope it was. How's your Aunt Jemima?

—o—

**D'ja Notice 'Em.**

Robert Warwick is a husky chap and generally able to get around right peart, but the casting director of "In Mizzoura" musta thought Bob had been bitten by lassitude, ennui, or some other hook-worm microbe.

Looking over the cast of that play we find Robert supported by a Short, Brown Cain; a Blue Davenport, and a Morris!

—o—

**Bear Talk.**

An interrogative ad of "Fair And Warmer" shouts this one at us: "If you found your wife under a bear-rug in another man's apartments, and she poked her head out and said, "Wuff, Wuff!" what would you do?"

We'd bark "Ruff Stuff!"—right back at her!

—o—

**Try It Sometime!**

Viewing Fatty in "A Desert Hero" it seemed to us his humor was skidding a bit. Some time afterwards we lamped a headline in a tradepaper—"Arbuckle Better After a Week's Illness."

"Well, sir, later on we participated as party-of-the-second-part in a seven-day contract with the mumps.

Continued on page 104



## “Her Infinite Variety”

The quotation might have been written for Alice Joyce.

By Muriel Andrews



**T**HE tranquility of cloistered halls and quiet, prayer-filled days infolded Alice Joyce in “A Woman Between Friends”—and in “The Sporting Duchess” all this old earth’s worldliness claimed her as its embodiment. Yet in both she was Alice Joyce—for her professional ways lie not in one comfortable, time-worn rut in a well-known road, but rather on the highway, where she selects rôles as varied and dissimilar as the blossoms in a child’s midsummer bouquet, gathered at random from wild fields and sheltered gardens.

And the country’s audiences are grateful to her; they’d love her if she were always the same—but it’s so refreshing to see her so often different!

# Concerning Invisible Stars

In which the reviewer calls for a re-distribution of the credit for the success of some recent releases.

By Herbert Howe

THE term "star" originally was a citation for theatrical merit. But like the Croix de Guerre, it now may be obtained without authority. It is bestowed usually upon the entertainer who appears before our eyes, whereas it should be awarded as liberally to the writer, director, and designer of sets.

After visiting studios for some time I have concluded that the player is the only person on the "set" who never works. He lounges in coma while electricians, camera men, and directors are preparing the scene. At the call of the megaphone he strolls across the camera line and goes through motions dictated by the director. I refer to ordinary players, including numerous stars. There are stars—a few—who can build on the director's ideas and even create a character from the script.

But it is the invisible star who has given us the finest work during the first month of 1920. I sing not of Pickfords and Chaplins and Harts, but of Dwans, Tourneurs, Irving J. Martins, Lillian Duceys, and Charles Kysons—all invisible stars.

The most luminous of these is Allan Dwan, creator of "The Luck of the Irish." Mr. Dwan has produced many good pictures in the past, but a new Dwan is revealed through this picture—a master of wit and whimsy as well as of grandiose spectacle. "The Luck of the Irish" is the best 1920 picture I have seen and is unsurpassed in popular entertainment value by any I viewed in 1919.

The plot, strung on a pearl necklace—which might have been borrowed from De Maupassant for the occasion—is fragile paste. The producer has given it the semblance of reality, burnished it with wit and poetry, and restudded it with gems of human interest. Lillian Ducey has written subtitles as entertaining as the pictures they interpret.

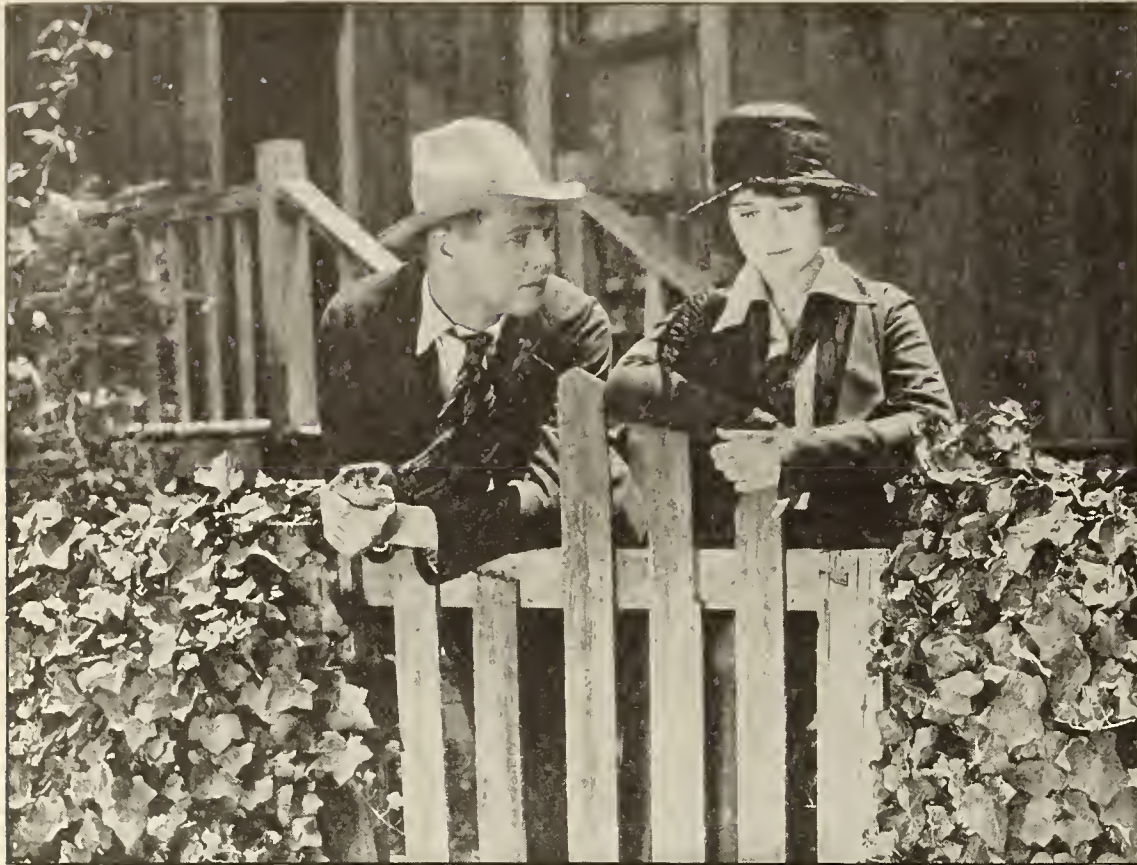
The acting is so harmoniously good that again credit



*The hero of Allan Dwan's latest picture is an Irish plumber.*

must go to the star behind the megaphone. James Kirkwood returns to view, after several years of directing, a fit nominee for stardom. Excellent, too, is the inexperienced boy actor, whose lady friend remarks, "I didn't know little boys smoked cigarettes;" to which the swaggering kid replies, "I don't, except when I'm out of cigars." Anna Q. Nilsson never came so close to projecting genuine feeling. Even such a bit as the boarding-house vamp is memorable as played by Lois Wood.

The hero of the comedy-drama is an Irish plumber. In a Griffith play he might be dubbed Knight of the Strong Arm and Simple Heart. Through the narrow window of his basement you see many feet scurrying along the streets of New York. The plumber, being a romantic chap, conceives a pedal romance. The pair which gives him the cardiac kick has cuban heels and smooth hose. You follow the feet to a boarding house and meet the owner. Aboard a transatlantic steamer the plumber meets her and enters her drama. He has inherited twenty-eight thousand, seven hundred and fifty-six dollars and thirty-one cents. She is fleeing from a lizardous gentleman with tar-roofed head, a villain so passionately evil that he follows her half-



Charles Ray, in "Red-hot Dollars," is the whole show.

way around the globe. His circumnavigation is stopped by the plumber's fist in his frontispiece.

Such is the substance of Harold MacGrath's story, but not of Allan Dwan's. The director has pictorially hypnotized you into a state where logic matters not. Since my typewriter will not transcribe in pictures, I refer you to Mr. Dwan's camera, which does.

The appearing stars of "Mary's Ankle" are Douglas MacLean and Doris May; the non-appearing is Irving J. Martin, who originated the animated subtitle by which the letters are made to register almost as much emotion—if not more—than the actors!

The jazz duo, MacLean and May, maintain the pace set in that delightful A. W. O. L. spree, "Twenty-three and One-Half Hours' Leave." Mr. MacLean plays a youth out of college with an M. D. degree.

Douglas MacLean is our best little farceur. He has brisk breeze and a smile like Douglas Fairbanks', yet different because they are his own. Watch this star grow. He's going to be one of the big few. Doris May is decorative rather than active, and, as such, excels. That unscreened star of star discoveries, Thomas H. Ince, selects and develops talent wisely. Mr. MacLean and Miss May will travel singly some day.

Speaking of the unseen, we now have with us spirits of the other world in "The Greatest Question," advanced by D. W. Griffith. I scarcely include them as unseen stars. In fact there is nothing stellar about the picture. It is sensationalism in the guise of spiritualism with subtitled quotations from the Bible. The familiar climaxes of the Griffith machine are evident. There is the scene of innocent youth being attacked by degenerate age, while suspense is held by a race-to-the-rescue. I think that nothing more foul has been depicted on the screen than this episode. Besides offending decency, the picture insults the intelligence by its utterly unconvincing and maudlin ending—the tearful conversion of the wicked old couple,

When Lillian Gish now appears you know she is due for a beating. She gets it in "The Greatest Question." A Society for the Prevention of Screen Cruelty to Lillian Gish should be organized. This fragile, spiritually illumined girl is a fine tragedienne, ever emotionally true. It is a mistake to let her droop, forever a broken blossom.

Spiritualism may be a great question, but not as advanced by Mr. Griffith.

It is radically unfair to claim that the visible stars are all slackers in raising our month's quota of entertainment. Charles Ray in "Red-hot Dollars" is the whole show. I have said I would rather see Mr. Ray amble around the screen without a play than any other star in the best play. From this you

may guess I am partial to Mr. Ray. I am, but when he is made to pass off such counterfeit as "Red-hot Dollars," I weaken.

It's one of those stories about a poor boy working in

In "The Fear Market," Alice Brady runs down the owner of a scandal sheet.



a steel plant or some such place. He saves the boss' life and is adopted by the wealthy gent. Of course, he falls in love unwisely with the daughter of old *Muir*, who was defrauded some way by the wealthy gent, Charlie's adopted dad. It is up to Charlie and the girl to bring the antagonists together. This they do at the end of five reels.

Mr. Ray is a great artist, but there are too many Rayisms in this picture. It would seem as though the star had become conscious of his unconscious mannerisms. "Red-hot Dollars" was coined too rapidly. Mr. Ray did not have time to develop his own part nor the bits of business for which he is famous. When you consider that this star has turned out a picture every four weeks or so during 1919 and yet held up his standard you may anticipate with delight his 1920 productions when he will give two months to a production.

It's a Charles Ray year. Only don't judge him by "Red-hot Dollars." In this picture the visible star does



Bill Russell plays the gallant deceiver in "The Lincoln Highwayman."

his bit, but the much-needed unseen forces weren't on the job.

"The Third Generation," with Betty Blythe and Mahlon Hamilton, is the original movie. The chief reason for keeping awake is Miss Blythe. Suspense is sustained solely on her Parian shoulders. The story is that one of the wife who frivols and the husband too honorable to cheat and too poor to live. He disappears and leaves the life insurance. That was all right, but he had

to spoil it all by reappearing just as wife was about to marry another. Being a lawful and loving wife, she halts the Mendelssohn and goes buggy riding with her first and only.

Miss Blythe's elysian beauty shines resplendently even under poor lighting. She has a sensitive face which remains lovely even while expressing emotion. When she has better support in the way of story and production she will be established permanently as one of our best emotional actresses. Mahlon Hamilton, impressive in "Daddy Long-Legs," seems bored in this play. In emotional scenes he opens and closes his mouth. Perhaps he was yawning. He wasn't the only one.

Tourneur's "Victory" is not so much dramatic as it is impressionistic. It is a true vivification of Conrad's story. The very shadows are sentient. Jack Holt and Seena Owen are the heroic sufferers. They are not as interesting as the evil trinity presented by Lon Chaney, Bull Montana, and Ben Deely. Mr. Chaney, *The Frog* of "The Miracle Man," presents another subtle and sinister study.

"Victory" is a genre painting of the elemental passions of man as contrasted with those of nature in a volcanic zone. Its brutality is justifiable because the story is of brute forces loosed in a land of primal savagery. The "Conradicals" object that it is not Conrad. Other persons, however—the super-sensitive excepted—should find it of considerable interest.

"Erstwhile Susan" is the coming-out party for the star deb, Miss Constance Binney. The real

[Continued on page 96]



Miss Binney looks her part in "Erstwhile Susan."



## A Tabloid Review

Of some recent plays  
offered for your guidance.

By Peter Milne

THE Gay Lord Quex," with the gay Tom Moore in the titular part, is an interesting picture because it gives a peep into Continental morals, Continental, of course, meaning European. *Quex* is a hero, but he has had loads and loads of naughty affairs with women! True, he reforms in this pictured play by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, but a midnight visit to the boudoir of a former love is not the least of his escapades. Mr. Moore makes *Quex* quite a delightful fellow by acting just as he would around the club. Naomi Childers is a beautiful Duchess, and English all over, but the rest of the players never look as if they could sound a broad "a."

"Everywoman"—An expensive picturization of Walter Browne's allegorical play in which *Everywoman*, in her search for *Love*, encounters the pitfalls laid by *Wealth* and *Passion* and *Vice*. It is filled with lavish scenes and points divers excellent morals. Though allegory it possesses the personal touch and, though not dramatic, its narrative is ever-interesting.

"In Old Kentucky"—Charles T. Dazey's deathless race-track melodrama containing all the original thrills and a few new ones supplied by Marshall Neilan, through which Anita Stewart pilots herself gracefully and prettily.

"The Corsican Brothers"—Alexandre Dumas on celluloid. An interesting drama of ancient costumes, duels, strong brotherly love, and romance, with Dustin Farnum in a dual rôle. Full of stagy frills and lace but the punch is there, too.

"When the Clouds Roll By"—Douglas Fairbanks at his optimistic, athletic, and smiling best. Ingenious directorial contrivances such as the visualization of a nightmare, and a realistic flood serve as crutches to a very wobbly story. Every man is supposed to have dreamed of entering a ballroom in his pajamas. Fairbanks does it here. It's a scream.

"A Day's Pleasure"—Charles Chaplin relying on a Ford joke and seasick tummies for the major portion of his comedy. We expect something more original, more startling and, indeed, more humorous from the man who made "Shoulder Arms" and "A Dog's Life." The concluding scenes showing the comedian attempting to pilot his vehicle across a street intersection and ever going contrary to the signals of the traffic officer are up to Chaplin standards but the rest are of the merit of his imitators.

"Flames of the Flesh"—Gladys Brockwell turning to the erstwhile Theda Bara type of muchly emotional movie. A betrayed female who swears vengeance on all men until the right man comes along. Written according to a formula but not written expertly. When will Miss Brockwell—and all the other Fox stars to boot—learn the true art of making up for the camera?

"Forbidden"—Another of Lois Weber's sweeping condemnations of big cities. It looks as if Miss Weber would have us believe that every city man is a roué and every city woman a mistress—of sorts. Here again rural life is upheld as of spotless purity. Mildred Harris Chaplin is the star who makes the discovery that "down on the farm" is a little bit of heaven after all.

"In Wrong"—Jack Pickford in a delightful country-boy characterization, humorous, appealing, and true. Written and directed by James Kirkwood, but might

Continued on page-102



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# "It's a Man's Job," Says Lillian

By Barbara Little

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AND I'll never tackle it again!" added Miss Gish as she greeted me at Mr. Griffith's studio at Mamaroneck, New York. "It's the most nerve-racking work—and no housewife on a limited allowance was ever half so much worried over her finances as I am! You see, they give you a story and so much money and tell you to make a picture—and can you imagine how I felt one day last week when I'd engaged forty people, and had them here, all made up, and knew that my leading man had to leave town in a few days and I must make the most of that opportunity to finish up some big scenes, and then the lights went out and wouldn't go on again!"

"But how do you happen to be doing this?" I wanted to know.

"Well, there was nobody to direct Dorothy, and Mr. Griffith was going south, and something had to be done in a hurry. So I said 'Let me try it, won't you?' and he did. And now I'm nearly frantic—even in my sleep I work on this picture. You see, a director has to take care of *everything*. Why, it'll be such a relief to me when I get back to just acting that I won't know what to do. Why, nowadays, when I get up in the morning I just leap into the first clothes I find handy, slick my hair back, jam a hat down over it, and hurry to the studio. Acting is strenuous enough, goodness knows—but it was never like this!"

However, in spite of all her woes, she was handling the task in a most professional manner, and when you see Dorothy in "She Made Him Behave," you'll be able to see for yourself how good a director Lillian really is.





*She's beautiful enough to be an excuse for tardiness.*

# Over the Teacups

Fanny the Fan adds gossip, as well as lemon, to her tea.

By The Bystander

I'VE been having luncheon with Katherine MacDonald," I began, joining Fanny at the tea table and pretending not to feel guilty over being half an hour late. "Isn't she the loveliest thing you ever saw? I tried to rush away and get here on time, but it simply couldn't be done; I just sat and looked at her."

"Well, that's a good enough excuse for any one," admitted Fanny, beckoning to the waiter. "Heard any thrilling news lately? I have—Wallie Reid's wife, Dorothy Davenport, is back on the screen. She's in 'The Fighting Chance,' with Conrad Nagle and Anna Nilsson. And by the way, did you ever see a more devoted couple than the Nagles are? They were married not so very long ago, you know, when he was still appearing on the stage opposite Alice Brady in 'Forever After.' And Ruth Helms—that's Mrs. Nagle—has a part in this picture, too; she went over to the studio one day, and the minute the casting director saw her he shouted that she was just the type he'd been looking for and insisted on offering her a part—which she accepted."

"That's just some people's luck," I lamented gloomily. "Here, I've visited studio after studio and talked with any number of casting directors, and never have I been asked to do anything more thrilling than to stand on the wrong side of a wall and hold it so that it wouldn't shake when somebody shut a door that was cut into it. Ah well! Guess who's going to be the next new star."

"Beulah Bains," replied Fanny promptly. "What—never heard of her? My dear, where have you been? She's playing with Charlie Chaplin; he thinks she has such remarkable talent that he says he's going to produce five-reel features and star her in them; he's written the story for the first one himself."

"That wasn't the one I had in mind; I was thinking of Edith Roberts. She's a regular Universal star nowadays, you know. I'm glad for her to have this happen

*Little Edith Roberts is a star nowadays.*

now; you know, she's the daughter of Dr. Armstrong, who, with William Stowell was killed in Africa; they were both members of the picture-making expedition backed by Universal and the Smithsonian Institute. So it's nice for Edith to have something come along as a sort of compensation, at least."

"Yes, isn't it," commented Fanny. "I—oh, look at Jack Dempsey, shaking hands with Jim Corbett just as if they were going to stage a fight. Isn't it funny—Dempsey's taken Fanny Ward's home, to live in while he's filming his serial over at the Brunton Studios. I simply can't imagine seeing his burly form against Fanny's delicate background. Isn't it nice that Corbett decided to make some more pic-



tures after he finished his serial? He and Mrs. Corbett certainly are devoted to each other—shows they aren't really born to the films, doesn't it?"

"That sounds cynical, even for a film colonist," I objected. "There go Bert Lytell and his wife; just look at them and you'll have a picture of domestic bliss that will make you forget the divorce statistics."

"Oh, yes, and I know there are lots of others—only you hear so much more about the unhappy ones," sighed Fanny. "By the way, I hear that the reunion with his wife for which Jack Pickford rushed off across the country was somewhat marred; Olive Thomas Pickford lost a wonderful bracelet that Jack gave her for Christmas, and was broken-hearted over it. Speaking of Jack Pickford—



*We see Louise Huff far too seldom on the screen.*

I do wonder why Louise Huff doesn't make more pictures? She was such a delight when she played opposite Jack in things like 'Seventeen,' and I've seen her in only one picture lately—'The Stormy Petrel'."

"Well, I can't tell you about her, but I do know of another old favorite who is coming back, and that's Dick Travers. Remember him back in the old days at Essanay, when he was everybody's hero? I hadn't heard anything about him for some time—he took an active hand in the war, they tell me—but now he's with us again, playing opposite Pearl White in 'The White Moll,' her first Fox picture."

"Oh, and that reminds me that another Essanay favorite is making new connections—Agnes Ayres," Fanny burst forth. "She has an important part in the next Cecil De Mille production—isn't that 'The Wanderer'? And it came about in such a funny way. When Gloria Swanson was in New York she went to a little shoe shop where she'd heard they had the new French pumps, and as she was sitting there being fitted, in came a girl who glanced at her once, rushed up, and threw her arms around Gloria. It was Agnes Ayres—they'd been together at Essanay. So Agnes sat down and they both ate the old-fashioned peppermint candy which she had tucked in a little bag in her muff, and had a regular reunion. And Gloria told Mr. De Mille about her, he saw Agnes, and this engagement is the result."

"Elliott Dexter is coming back in that production, too, I've heard. For a while there was a rumor that he hadn't recovered from the illness that has kept him from the screen for so long, but now I hear that he's quite well again and wild to get to work."

"Well, I think these returns to the screen are awfully interesting," I remarked. "But I wish some of the stars we have on the screen wouldn't leave it. Here's Elsie Ferguson deserting us—the name of her stage play is 'Sacred and Profane Love,' by the way—and there's no telling when she'll come back to pictures. And Theda Bara's going on the stage. Yes, really she is; she found a play she liked awfully well, named 'The Lost Soul,' which they say is a melodrama in three acts, and gives her a chance to be a sweet, unsophisticated young girl as well as a vampire, and wear all sorts of gorgeous clothes. Well, she took the play straight to a producer, and he jumped at the chance of having her do it—so at last we can hear the famous Theda act out loud."

*Dick Travers is back again in a Fox picture.*

"Really, after a while we won't be able to tell the stage from the screen," declared Fanny prophetically. "I hear that John Barrymore used one of the scenes



from his big stage success, 'The Jest,' in 'Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' when he did it before the camera, which ought to be awfully interesting. Oh, here comes ZaSu Pitts. I hear that she's had a wonderful offer from Selznick—her contract with Brentwood expires soon, you know."

"I heard an interesting thing about Mrs. Sidney Drew the other day. She's directing John Cumberland in a film version of Julian Street's stories, 'After Thirty,' and she wanted a woman to play the lead, but didn't know a soul who fitted the part. And then she went to a dinner party, and met a Mrs.



*Do you recognize Madge?*

Lewis Peck, who's a society woman and a great-granddaughter of Martha Washington and all that sort of thing. But it takes more than a family tree to scare 'Polly' Drew, and she engaged Mrs. Peck on the spot, to the horror of the lady's august relations."

"Well, speaking of august-looking people—have you ever seen anything more dignified and impressive than this?" And Fanny laid a photograph on the table.

*Who'd think this was Norma Talmadge?*



"Don't know who it is? Neither did I, when I went to the party where I got it. You see, this party was a sort of guessing contest; there were pictures of famous screen stars in costumes that disguised them, all spread out on a big table, and then you had to guess who they were. And this stately person in the eye-glasses is Norma Talmadge—none other. She wore that costume in 'She Loves and Lies.' Isn't this dear old Madge Kennedy, in this quaint old dress? And here's one—now, guess who that is."

I racked my memory hopelessly.

"It looks like that famous Swedish actress who came over here years ago and made two or three pictures," I offered at last, a little dubiously.

"Wrong you are!" cried Fanny triumphantly. "That's Mary Pickford—famous Swedish actress indeed! That's how she looked in 'Less Than the Dust,' a picture she made years ago. Isn't she lovely? They had heaps of other pictures like these at the party, and I won the first prize—a dear little vanity bag. The next person was just one point behind me—she didn't recognize Richard Barthelmess in his 'Scarlet Days' costume, and I did."

"I'm glad I wasn't there; I'd have gone raving mad," I declared firmly. "It's all I can do to recognize the stars themselves. Oh, did you know that Anita Stewart's big blond brother has gone into pictures? William Russell engaged him for the chief juvenile part in his picture, 'Bruce of the Circle A,' and swears that George has a big future ahead of him."

"And there goes another young man who has a future coming his way," I commented. "You know him surely—Eddie Ring Sutherland—only he's 'Edward' now—you must have seen him with Marguerite Clark in 'A Girl Named Mary,' he had the leading male rôle. He says he has a terrible time living up to the honor of his family; Frances Ring, Tommy Meighan's wife, is his aunt, so that makes him related to Blanche Ring, too—he has a whole list of stage celebrities waiting to see him succeed."

"Mercy—that must be Tony Moreno coming down the street!" gasped Fanny, as an automobile whizzed past the window. "Have you seen his new car? Somebody said that he designed it himself, and one of the big automobile manufacturers is putting out a model like it, so that any one who's rolling in wealth can have one."

"No, I haven't seen it, but I know a funny story about it," I contributed. "A tourist saw it parked in front of the Alexandria Hotel the other day, and, noticing the initials, 'A. M.,' on the door asked the chauffeur what they stood for. And the answer was 'After Midnight'—which is a good one on Tony."

"Well, I'd never go to bed at all if I had that car of his," declared Fanny, gathering up her furs as I signed the check. "However, I was given a charge account with a taxi company for my birthday—so let's ride home in state; I'm giving all my friends a lift these days."

# HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William

Lord Wright

## The Essentials for Screen Writing

Perusing my morning newspaper recently, I encountered an item which stated that another university has instituted a "department to teach motion-picture scenario writing" and that Professor Horatio Jenkins, or some such name—in any event, a chap I never had heard of before—was going to become the genial preceptor.

Now the name of this university is a justly famous name, and with the above announcement, this particular institution of learning enrolls with some other universities which I think should know better.

I have a due regard for the knowledge of Professor Horatio Jenkins—or some such name. Doubtlessly, Professor Jenkins holds many high-sounding degrees. But I repeat, I never encountered H. Jenkins around any movie studio nor have we ever read any of his scenarios, nor do I know any one in the movie profession who ever before heard of Professor J.

Should a professional writer of motion-picture scenarios undertake to conduct a department for teaching medicine, or law, the universities would think him crazy. And yet they coolly appoint members of their academic staffs to teach a subject of which they must be virtually ignorant.

If the person engaged to teach scenario writing were well qualified with studio experience and with successfully produced scenarios to his or her credit, then the theory of the profession might be taught. But I contend that the art of writing motion-picture scenarios—motion-picture continuity, in other words—is a distinct profession, and a very practical one; one requiring years of studio experience, close association with stars, directors, and camera men—and that there are perhaps two dozen men and women to-day who can write so-called "sure-fire" continuity. Even these cannot write stuff that can be produced just as they hand it in. It is altered and changed because of mechanics, markets, lengths, and so forth.

As to the teaching of motion-picture synopsis writing, I frankly doubt that a university can do it very successfully. A close study of the motion-picture trade journals, in order to ascertain the sort of plots that are being released; an opportunity to sojourn in a movie

studio for a few months; a close study of the screen and, above all, the talent for plot writing and the writing of action are essentials that no university can inculcate. The use of a typewriter, white paper, and the writing of the synopsis in perhaps two or three thousand words, devoid of attempts at fine writing—just the plain, terse writing of descriptive action—these are the prime requisites.

## It's Canny Business

The popular author makes his photo-play rights a "by-product" so to speak. It's canny business. The chances are that the serial rights to his novel do not bring in the cash that the photo-play rights do. But listen. When the novel is first published in one of the well-known magazines, that fact brings a certain prestige to the story, it brings it early to the attention of the film editors, may induce bidding for the plot and all in all, advances the stock of the author. There are some film producers, you know who cannot recognize a good plot submitted to them primarily in manuscript form. But when they read the self-same story in some magazine, or as a book, then there is a grand rush to secure it at any price. Or if the self-same story is purchased in manuscript form be-

fore ever being submitted to a magazine, the price paid therefore is not half so much as it would be were the tale first printed as a serial or short story. This is a strange situation, but a true one. Maybe the day will come when an original story will command just as high a price when first submitted to a film concern in manuscript as when submitted as a magazine.

Since this is true, a good many persons hold that the best way to write for the screen is to write first for the magazines. There is a good deal to be said in favor of that procedure. I am inclined to think that young persons, especially, who have a definite ambition to become writers, should not confine their efforts to screen writing, but while trying this, if they wish, they should also attempt some less ambitious form of writing. It must be very clear to almost any one that all persons cannot be expected to begin by producing a vehicle suitable for a production which is to cost from twenty-five thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars

**Q**UESTIONS 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.*

or more, and that many a writer who does not yet possess the training to plunge into this work, might succeed in getting a foothold nearer the bottom of the literary ladder. It must be added, however, that there are persons who, through a native plot and story sense have been able to invent interesting plot bases which they can present well enough in synopsis form to answer the needs of the scenario writer, whereas these same authors lack the style and finish, which usually comes only with years of training, and which is so necessary for magazine-fiction writing.

**The Right Idea** So many persons complain about the way in which their scripts are treated by the scenario editors, their being delayed, lost, thumb-marked and torn, that it is a relief to receive a letter like the following one from Mr. Harold A. Crain. He writes:

In your October number, Mr. R. C. Frank states that Mr. W. Scott Darling's letter telling of the very fine and helpful letters which he has received from scenario editors commenting on scripts submitted, seems to him a very uncommon occurrence. Personally I do not find it so. If I send a synopsis of a story to a picture company and they find it is not what they want at that time but see in it points that show the writer has the "stuff" in him they invariably write a return letter giving good hints and suggestions to the writer. I have a letter from the V. B. K. Film Company commenting on a synopsis of a short two-reel picture for Mrs. Sidney Drew and her late husband, and the letter is made up of four hundred and twenty-seven words. There must have been a good reason for such a letter and it just goes to prove that no editor will let a good chance for a word of advice go by. I'll say that they *do* comment on the scripts!

It must be evident that both Mr. Darling and Mr. Crain are working in the right direction. No editor has time to comment on the utterly impossible scripts that are sent to him, and it would be wrong of him to encourage the writers of those scripts if he were insane enough to try to do so. But every editor worthy of his job finds time to give a word of comment to any writer who appears to have real possibilities. When they begin doing this it's a good sign.

**About Padding** I receive a good many requests for information of all kinds concerning writing for motion pictures, but this is the first time I have ever, to my recollection, had just this kind of an inquiry.

It is sent by Anna Thompson, whose letter reads as follows:

I read with great interest your reference to a letter from Gertrude Brown, for I am in the same boat. For two years I have been writing without success. I receive encouraging letters from editors and might add further, that a prominent motion-picture critic read several of my stories, told me that I have great talent and should stick to the work by all means, but that my stories were too short for five reels, needed "padding," and were not in proper form? I am at a standstill just now and anxious to get out of the rut. Can you suggest a way for a determined beginner to help herself?

The art of "padding" needs not to be learned; it is only too naturally acquired. The important thing is to *unlearn* it. There is far too much padding in the pictures—and then we have what is called a "draggy" production. Try and find action bearing on the plot—business having a reason for being business and not just put in to pad out a feature to five or six reels. "The proper form" is also a much abused expression and

confusing to the beginner. Good white paper, a typewriter and the clear presentation of your idea is the proper form. As to the continuity or scenario in scenes it cannot be successfully accomplished by the beginner or the outsider. Every producer, every star, every director has his or her favorite way to write continuity and each differs from the other. For further comments on the subject of how to get started in this work, I refer you to our booklet, "Guidepost for Scenario Writers."

**The Beginner's Choice of Material** One of the most trying things for the beginner is to be told that he must not do things which he sees evidence that the experienced persons are constantly doing. And one of the most difficult things in the world is to convince the beginner that there are good reasons why he should not do these things, which others do. As a case in point I call attention to the following letter, which presents the writer's point of view very clearly and fairly:

Please consider my plaint. In all my five years of failure, I have never whimpered a sympathetic "symphony" to any toiling script reader; neither have I cast any bombastic comment on the thousand and one ways "to write, and not to write," each differing from the other. However, your November "Hints" have ruffled the frayed edges of my smoldering silence. To begin with, you suggest that the sex problem-play is coming back. Mine come back four times recently and three of these rejections have been honored with a personal reference as to excellence of merit but lack of judgment in submitting a type that is "not being done." Where do you get it, in the face of these contradictions from the "big boys" themselves? You also blast the theory that plots should be in line with important issues of the day. About half the successful plots, at any given time, deal with the pet agitation at that moment in vogue. This holds true of type, as well as news or creed. The Pickford people come out with the "orphint child," and about every star, who can sufficiently camouflage as a child, springs the same or "something just as good." While I do not advocate the poverty of minds that resorts to clippings, it is quite apparent that the old rule holds true: *Study the trend of the market and beat the other fellow to it.* You also stated that the scenario writer was coming into his Christmas, this winter. I failed to see any change, with practically all the producing companies buying their features from "Literary Lights, Ltd."

Your ability to see the coming big costume play gives me the belief in your expert and keen foresight, and your judgment is not to be discredited by a near writer, but I beg to differ with you on the conclusions stated above because I can see no indications that point in the direction you offer.

As I have stated previously, the "timely stuff" plots on current events of the day have a certain market demand—but *this market is not a good one for the free lance.* Nine times out of ten these stories have their inception in the studio, among staff writers who are commissioned to write them. If the outside writer submits a plot of this kind to a certain studio and the story is rejected, he probably loses out everywhere because it is too late, after its rejection, to submit it elsewhere.

Producing companies buy "features" from "Literary Lights, Ltd.," it is true, but they will also buy the outside fellow's stuff provided it *meets their requirements.* Some people think that if their stories strike a certain grade they should, like potatoes or pork, sell for the market price. But, as an editor aptly remarks, the motion-picture producers do not buy everything that comes along above a certain grade. They pick and

*Continued on page 104*



Nazimova's "Red Lantern" wig.

## Don't Change Your Hair—Buy a Wig!

Every star's doing it—  
and here's the reason why.

By Dorothy Faith Webster



The "Willow Tree" coiffure.

YOU used to be such a beautiful blonde," I murmured sadly to Edna Mae Cooper. "Your own hair was——"

"Is," she corrected. "I still have it, and it's the same color it used to be. But I want to do heavy parts—and one never expects a blonde to be a tragedienne. So I just went to Zan."

I was about to ask what kind of a fortune teller Zan was, when along came Viola Dana—we were at a tea—balancing a cup of Orange Pekoe and a macaroon on the same plate.

"Speaking of Zan," she said with a funny little toss of her bobbed hair, "Just wait till you see what he did for me!"

"You, too?" I faltered.

"Oh, my, yes," she breezed on. "You don't suppose I played the weeping heroine in 'The Willow Tree' with this hair, do you?"

"Well, Dorothy Gish is wearing her sixth wig now," remarked another member of the group. "And somebody told me that Lillian has a dark one, too, that she wears around the house just for fun."

And then somebody took pity on my ignorance and held forth for five minutes on the great Zan.

"He's a wig maker," my informant began. "And he's known to professionals everywhere; is a real artist—takes his work seriously, and

Pauline Frederick's bobbed hair.



has a wig library that harks back to the Garden of Eden period. You remember the Henry-

Ward-Beecher coif of the 'Miracle Man,' don't you? And George Beban's funny little forelock? Zan did those."

There are several reasons for the

recent fashion for false hair among the screen folk. One is that a number of our film beauties desired a bobbed coiffure but did not have the heart to attack their own tresses with shears.

"You remember what a clamor arose from fans when a newspaper said that Pauline Frederick had bobbed her hair?" remarked Betty Blythe. "Miss Frederick calmed the tempest by announcing she still retained her natural coronet; the bobbed hair was her wig. That was a warning to me. I was about to bob my hair, but instead I bought the stunningest wig! Salome's own never looked better."

Again, there are a number of actresses who use wigs as protection for their hair. The curling irons tend to vitiate hair growth, and the strong Klieg lights of the studio have a similar effect. One of our stately stars has four wigs, perfectly matched with her own hair, which her maid keeps properly coiffed. All the lady needs do when she reaches her dressing room is to slick back the locks God gave her and slip on those that Zan provided.

"Such a time-saver," she remarked. "I used to spend hours with my hairdresser every day. Perhaps I'd have a scene where my hair became all mussed up. Ten minutes later I'd be called for another scene where I was to appear with every hair in place. I simply couldn't make it,

What Zan did for Edna Mae Cooper.



because my hairdresser requires at least thirty minutes to build my style of coiffure. Now all I have to do is to slip on a different wig."

"That's just

Continued on page 104



# From Bogabilla to Broadway

**L**AUNCELOT,  
Launcelot!"

The big sheep-herder dropped his outstretched, pleading arms and hung his head.

"Tom, you'll never, never play *Launcelot*, you're too big a fool! He's not a *Romeo*; he's a clown!"

"H'I'm tryin' a bit, miss; H'I'm tryin' a bit," the herder pleaded. The gangly legged little girl who stood upon a chair in the center of the great living room of the ranch house, impatiently flung a dog-eared, ragged-edged copy of Shakespeare to the floor and ran to him. So small was she that she couldn't reach the collar of the tall man who turned a puzzled face to her, so she caught his arm and shook him.

"Stupid——"

"Sylvia, that will do now. Off to bed, you men!" The head of the household stood in the doorway. "Practice to-morrow if you want; it's bedtime now." And the

gazing out on the plains of Western Queensland, Australia. A bright moon lighted the sky and far away in the quarters of the natives she glimpsed a score of moving figures, their black skins painted with white root, striped like skeletons, dancing in the moonlight.

And the little



"I reveled in beautiful clothes."



*We wish the sheep-herders could see her now.*

girl dreamed just as thousands of little American girls are dreaming, and vaguely she saw a stage, and an actress who resembled her very, very much, only grown tall and slim.

That little girl who dreamed in the moonlight of Bogabilla, a sheep station in Australia, was Sylvia Breamer, star of half a dozen Blackton pictures, whose screen work is familiar to thousands of little girls and big girls and not a few men.

Miss Breamer told me all about these girlish dreams while sitting in her dressing room between scenes of "The Blood Barrier," Cyrus Townsend Brady's mystery drama. I had asked her twenty questions and after a dozen years spent as an interviewer I think she's the most modest and hardest person to induce to talk about herself that I know.

"Then what did you do?" I asked very patiently.

"Well, my mother didn't want me to go on the stage—my father was dead and she didn't approve because he never did—and we were living with my uncle out there in Bogabilla. So, I ran away."

"Where?"

"Well, a regular troupe came to the station and they gave some plays in a tent and I was nearly fourteen then, and I went to see them and then they went on

half dozen men who made up the cast of Sylvia Breamer's Own Company in "The Merchant of Venice," slouched from the room, calling good night to the little directress.

Upstairs in her own room the child went to a chair near the window and sat



"I didn't even bark my shin!"



It was a long trail with many turnings that brought Sylvia Breamer from her girlhood home in the wilds of Australia to New York.

By W. Barran Lewis



Nowadays she's what she dreamed of being.

and I just nicked it to the next station and joined them." "Nicked it," little American girl, means to "beat it," in our slang.

"I went all over Australia with them and the next year I was in Sidney and then I got a real engagement; everybody

mirror that she was perfectly serious.

"You—visit—there—now?"

"Oh, yes," she turned and laughed. "Every time I have a picture released it is shown in Australia and then you should see the lot of letters I get from everybody I ever knew who sees my releases. That's what I call visiting."

Which must be rather nice, I decided, wondering if I couldn't squeeze into the background of some picture just so the folks back in Kansas City could give a bespectacled interviewer the once over, horn-shell glasses and all.

"I was very sad when I went to Bogabilla," Miss Breamer turned from the fascinating mirror to me. "My father, who was a commander in his majesty's navy, had just died. I used to spend a lot of time aboard ship with father. He taught me to swim and sail and every-



"Your ambition is never really satisfied."

does, you know, sometime," she smiled. "It was with 'The Whip' and I played one of the wax figures—I got a pound a week for that." Judging by the present standards of the high cost of living I figured quickly that any girl who would start at five dollars a week must have a great deal of courage. So I persisted.

"Then 'Ben Hur' came to Australia and I joined that, in the chorus you know, just a walker-on, and I got two pounds a week, and we went to New Zealand and had quite a tour before I got back to Sidney—Sidney is just like New York out there, you know; everybody starts in Sidney. Finally I got a chance to play in 'Within the Law,' that was my real chance."

"But the dream wasn't realized?"

"Oh, dear, no! It isn't yet. I don't suppose it ever will be entirely. You know, no matter how far you go your ambition is never fully and completely satisfied. I want to play Shakespeare again, some day; not now, but some day I do, and I'd like to go back to Australia again, at the head of my own company.

"I visit out there now."

I didn't catch Miss Breamer's eye as she made this amazing remark, for she was busily engaged in doing something to her eyelashes, but I could see in the

thing; I missed him a lot. But my life at the sheep ranch was fine for me. There I learned to ride and I could even throw a boomerang; a real, honest, boomerang, you know, curved around

"Life has been very good to me."

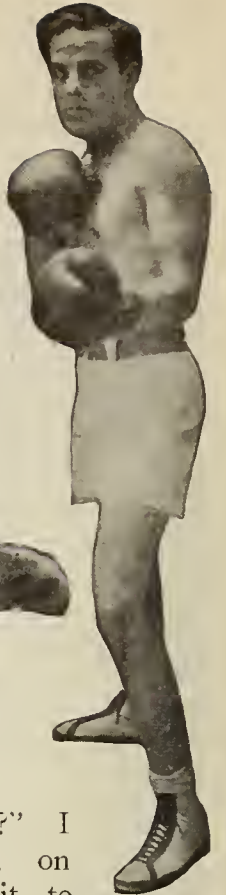
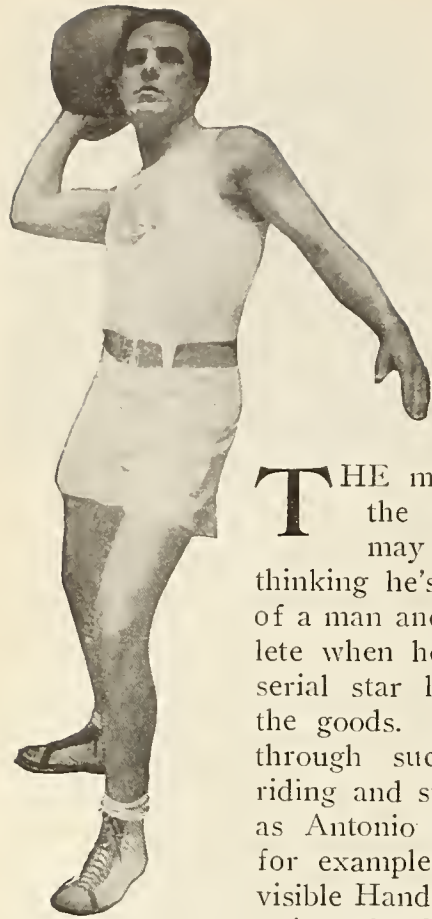


Continued on page 101

# How Tony Keeps in Trim

A glimpse at Vitagraph's famous serial star which ought to convince any one that he's no muscular masquerader.

By Charles Carter



THE matinée idol of the society drama may fool us into thinking he's a fine figure of a man and a husky athlete when he's not; but a serial star has to deliver the goods. You can't go through such break-neck riding and such swimming as Antonio Moreno does, for example, in "The Invisible Hand," with an imitation of a fine physique.

Moreno is an all-around athlete and he loves keeping fit for the pleasure it affords him, rather than as a necessary means to an end. In Los Angeles he lives at the Athletic Club, and scarcely a day passes without his spending an hour in the gym. Boxing, swimming, and fencing are his favorite indoor sports, while out of doors he goes in for almost every game wherein strength and agility are required.

"You won't let yourself get stale when you go back into features again,



will you?" I asked him, on his last visit to New York.

"I certainly will not—I give you my word!" he exclaimed, blurting out his pet phrase with his characteristic earnestness. "Why, I can hardly wait to get back where I can get out doors and play."

"I've always kept fit," he went on. "Look here——" And diving into his bureau drawer he produced a photograph album. "Here's a basket-ball team I was on six years ago. And here's——"

"I'll take your word for that," I answered. "I've seen you work." And Tony grinned.





**Marjorie Daw**

in "The River's End"

Here is visual evidence that pro-hi-bish-hun is actually here. Even in the movies they have to serve it in tea cups. Keep your reel eye on Marjorie, she's twinkling with ever-increasing brightness as a movie star.

Vita-graph Picture



October 27, 1919

F. F. INGRAM CO.

I want to add my word to the praise you hear everywhere for Ingram's Milkweed Cream. It does actually have a wonderfully healthful effect upon the skin and I never let a day go by without using it.

*Marjorie Daw*

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*Continued from page 58*

When Tristram came to his senses in Sigrid's bungalow, it was to find her bending over him.

"I must give myself up," he said hoarsely. "I struck my superior officer. How—how is my father?"

"Very ill. But do nothing about the matter yet. No one saw it but me. I was looking for Wickie, who had slipped out."

"I must go and attend to my father," cried Tristram, rising wearily. "Yes, that is part of my punishment."

He had scarcely gone when Barclay came in unannounced.

"I saw what happened, and who has just left here. There is only one way to save Major Boucicault from being drummed out of the army, perhaps worse—marry me. I am rich, I can give you everything you want. Is it yes or no?"

Sigrid shrank away, covering her face with her hands as he continued implacably threatening. At last she looked up.

"Promise me that you will keep this a secret, and I will marry you—in name, only."

Barclay hesitated, then with a gleam in his cunning eyes assented.

"Very well," said Sigrid, "send for the chaplain."

When the chaplain, perturbed beyond measure, had left them, Barclay ostentatiously locked the door, and advanced upon her, with greedy, seeking hands.

"Keep your bargain. Stand back from me," cried Sigrid sharply.

Barclay grinned evilly at the sight of her automatic.

"Very well," he said smoothly. "I can wait."

The long night of watchfulness wore to an end. The servants opened the shutters as the baffled man rose to his feet.

"You have won this time," he snarled and left her.

Into the wedding reception given to the pair by the colonel's wife came two haggard figures. The colonel, deeply repentant for what he had done, supported by his son, advanced with a face of horror and repulsion as he saw seated at the head of the table the exultant Barclay and his shrinking bride. Drunken with his admission to society, and with the wine he had been pouring into his mouth, Barclay raised his glass.

"A toast. Our drunken colonel."

With trembling hands Colonel

Boucicault filled out a glass of wine and dashed the contents into the leering face.

"I am still Colonel Boucicault," he said.

"You are my father, but I will have you driven from the army, you and your son who struck you."

"Your father!"

The colonel pitched forward on the table. Sigrid drew the wedding ring from her finger.

"Go!" she said to Barclay. "You have broken our bargain. I am no longer your wife."

Like a beast robbed of its prey, Barclay glared at her, then rushed from the table.

Tristram tenderly led Sigrid out into the anteroom.

"What was the bargain?" he asked sternly.

"It is too late to tell you, now," Sigrid answered wistfully. "Perhaps if you come to the temple to-night, you may come upon the answer."

"The temple?" he repeated.

"Yes, I shall dance in the moonlight—for the last time."

She left him standing, as if he had not heard her.

Barclay had ridden posthaste to the priest, Vahana, who was quick to seize upon his fury.

"Revenge you shall have, and this very night," he cried exultingly. "Spread the word. To-night we rise against the rule of the English."

And Barclay, casting aside his British dress forever, returned to that of his mother's people, and galloped off on his mission of rebellion. As Tristram came to the temple that night, still wondering, he saw dancing upon the steps in the moonlight a vision of loveliness which set his heart beating. For a time he watched her, reluctant to break the spell, as the white draperies swirled in the brilliant white light, then he could restrain himself no longer.

"Tristram," sighed Sigrid, "so you came."

"Yes; oh, my queen of loveliness, tell me now what you meant."

Sigrid trembled. She was about to answer when upon the scented air came the beating of tomtoms, the jangling of bells, a sound of shouting. The thud of bare feet, like the sound of muffled drums, came nearer and nearer. Through the trees Sigrid could see the flare of torches above running men; at the head of

the throng strode a priest bearing aloft the sacred prayer wheel.

"The worshipers of Vishnu!" cried Tristram. "We must hide."

"It is too late," said Sigrid. "They have seen me. Not you. Stay behind that pillar. No. Let me dance."

As the crowd of fanatical worshipers of the god saw the wonder on the temple steps, they wavered, then fell upon their knees in reverence, the uprising against the British forgotten for a moment.

"Behold the bride of Vishnu hath returned to us in spirit."

As the cry was repeated, Tristram said in a low voice:

"Sigrid, can you hold them for a little, while I ride for help?"

"Yes. Go, my beloved."

Unobserved, Tristram slipped to the ground and crawled to his pony.

In the cantonment the suppressed muttering of revolt was now open and full-throated. The native soldiers, rifles in hand, Barclay at their head, gathering recruits from the native quarter armed with whatever weapons they could collect, swept upon the officers' quarters. Suddenly the door opened and Colonel Boucicault in his regimentals stepped out, erect and stern, the Tiger Sahib of old.

"Halt!" he commanded. "Fall in! Right shoulder arms. Companies form! Your officers will take command. Gentlemen," he said, turning to the group of British officers at his back, "I rely on you."

For a moment there was an ominous silence, then mechanically awed by the cold composure of the colonel, the native infantry fell into line. The mutiny had been quelled.

A horseman dashed up and saluted.

"There is an uprising at the temple, sir."

The colonel gravely saluted his son. A shot rang out. Barclay, alarmed by the failure of his scheme, had fired at the colonel, then rode off at full tilt.

The colonel drew himself up proudly.

"You see, my children," he said, using the old familiar phrase, "bullets are useless against me. Major, I intrust my command to you. Companies—double time! March!"

As the files of running men passed out of sight, Colonel Boucicault sagged, then fell in a heap.

"Sorry, my dear," he whispered

*Continued on page 95*



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# THE PICTURE ORACLE

## Questions and Answers about the Screen

**ALICE.**—You see your luck is still running good. Here you land at the head of The Oracle on your first offense. Rock, Blackton, and Smith were the original members of the Vitagraph Company, but it was really Rock who started the thing and not Blackton, as you surmised. He put in two thousand dollars and got Blackton and Smith to do the same. They didn't think so much of pictures that time, and while they put their good money in it, they wanted to have their names kept out of it. Shortly afterward the three were dividing something like twenty-five thousand dollars every week, and then Blackton and Smith came to the front. Albert E. Smith now has control of the company, and J. Stuart Blackton is making his own productions. Mr. Rock passed away several years ago, after making millions out of the company.

**MISS BERTHA B.**—You might write to William S. Hart and see. He was born in Newburgh, New York. Viola Dana's correct name is Flugrath. She is the widow of John Collins, the director, who died of influenza and pneumonia during the epidemic last year. All addresses will be found at the end of The Oracle.

**THE NURSE.**—Louise Lovely opposite William Farnum. She has just been engaged to play opposite him in all his pictures to be made at the West Coast studios of William Fox.

**BING.**—Herbert Rawlinson has blue eyes. Nazimova was born in Yialto, Crimea, Russia. I don't blame her for coming to America, do you? She is five feet four inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Her eyes are violet and her hair black. Yes, it's really bobbed. She is the better half of Charles Bryant, who plays her leading man in most of her features for Metro. Sessue Hayakawa was born in Tokio, Japan, in 1889. He is five feet seven inches tall and weighs one hundred and fifty-seven pounds. His eyes and hair are black. His wife is Tsuru Aoki, and she is now being starred by the Universal. That's a good idea, and we will make use of it. I'm quite relieved to find out that there is some one who doesn't care whether I am old or young, married or single, as long as they get their questions answered.

**A CONSTANT READER.**—Look for the addresses at the end.

**CHUMS.**—You will find your questions already answered in these columns.

**DORCHESTER FAN.**—Your questions have already been answered in this issue.

**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.

**PANSY.**—William Duncan was born in Scotland. Edith Johnson and not Johnston, was born in Rochester, New York, in 1895. They might—try and see. Hedda Nova had the title rôle in the Vitagraph serial, "The Woman in the Web."

**BLONDIE.**—Gail Kane is not playing in pictures at present. Jackie Saunders is. Dell Boone is the wife of Niles Welch. He was born in Hartford, Connecticut, on July 29, 1888. No, Douglas Fairbanks is not married. His wife was Beth Sully, and he has a nine-year-old son. Harold Lockwood left a wife and a ten-year-old son when he died of influenza. Mary Pickford's husband is Owen Moore. Why isn't she interviewed? She certainly is if any one is. Olive Thomas is Mrs. Jack Pickford in real life. Jack is working at the Goldwyn studios in Cul-

ver City, California. "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" is his latest picture. Olive is in New York making features for the Selznick Pictures Corporation. Bessie Barriscale was born in New York. Eugene O'Brien was born in Colorado, in 1884, and not in Ireland. Patrick O'Malley was born in 1892. Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1889. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, in 1895. Lillian Gish was born in Springfield, Ohio, in 1896, and sister Dorothy in Dayton, Ohio, two years later. Norma Talmadge arrived on this hemisphere at Niagara Falls, in 1897. Winifred Westover made her début to the world on November 9, 1899. Dustin Farnum was born in Hampton Beach, Maine, in 1874. The three Moore brothers, Tom, Owen, and Matt were all born in Ireland.

**ADA AND ALICE.**—Monroe Salisbury is not married. He lives in Los Angeles with his mother. You refer to Casson Ferguson. Yes, I've heard that Ima joke. Natalie Talmadge is the younger sister of Norma and Constance. So you saw Wallace Reid personally? Well, well, well. I suppose that's all you have been living for, and are ready to turn up your toes? Yes, I have been in Seattle. You certainly aren't a bit partial.

**AL JENNINGS FAN.**—Al Jennings has his own company and is making two-reel Westerns, taken from his own experiences as a bandit, at the old Metro studios in Los Angeles. Al did not start out to be a bandit, but fate was against him. He became a lawyer in Canadian County, Indian Territory. His early training must have benefited him. He is not an ignorant man as you suppose, but very well read. You must know something, you know, to be a lawyer.

**A READER LETITIA.**—Mr. Joseph Schenck is the husband of Norma Talmadge. Eugene O'Brien had the leading male rôle opposite Norma in "The Safety Curtain." Charles Clary is married. Theda Bara is still as free as the air. Your Nazimova question has already been answered. William Farnum is married, but Richard Barthelmess is not. Norma Talmadge began her screen career as an extra at the Vitagraph. Dick Barthelmess started in to take an interest in

*Continued on page 84*



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# The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 82



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theatricals when he used to act as an usher on Saturdays and Sundays at the Bijou theater on Fourteenth Street, New York City, just so he could have a chance to study acting. He began his screen career as an extra with Herbert Brenon. There are lots of other stars who are married. It would take up too much space to give you the whole list.

**WALTER B.**—What makes you feel so skeptical? There is nothing to be scared of, so go ahead and write. Maybe she will. It all takes time. Yes, that is his correct name. No, he isn't married. Pronounce Hayakawa as Heya-kawa. Kathryn Williams is the lady's correct maiden name. She is Mrs. Charles Eyton in real life. Cleo Madison is still on the screen. Her latest picture is the new serial, "The Radium Mystery," in which Eileen Sedgwick is featured.

**KATHERINE D.**—No, Constance Talmadge is not married. Religion is one question we do not discuss in The Oracle. She was educated at the Erasmus Hall High School, in Brooklyn, New York, and started at Vitagraph as an extra. After leaving Vitagraph she went to the National Film Corporation, and played in comedies opposite the late Smiling Billy Parsons. She went from National to Griffith's, from Griffith's to Select, and from Select to First National, where she is making pictures at present. She first came into prominence as *The Mountain Girl* in Griffith's "Intolerance." Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1891. He has been married for four years. Your other questions have all been answered in these columns.

**HELENE R. R.**—Charles Ray did not play in "The Perfect Lady." That was a Madge Kennedy picture for Goldwyn, and John Bowers had the leading male rôle opposite the star. I never heard of that other picture. Are you sure you got the name right?

**HELEN C.**—Olive Thomas was born in Charleroi, Pennsylvania, in 1898. She started her career as a model for Harrison Fisher, who pronounced her at that time to be "the most beautiful girl in America." From posing as a model she went into the Midnight Frolics in 1914, and from the Follies to the Triangle Film Corporation. Her correct name is Olivia Duffy. Bessie Love was born in Los Angeles twenty years ago. Her first picture for the screen was "The Flying Torpedo."

**JACK GEORGE R.**—George Walsh was born in New York, in 1892. He is an exceptionally good athlete. "From Now On" is his latest picture, which was written by Frank L. Packard, author of "The Miracle Man." William Desmond was born in Dublin, Ireland. Can you guess his nationality? Jack Piekford had the leading rôle in "Mile A Minute Kendall." Louise Huff and Lottie Piekford were also prominent in the cast. Yes, I like to ride when I'm not busy, but as I am always busy, I never ride. Yes, do learn how to run the machine before you in-

vite me out in it. No, you didn't ask too many questions. You will find your William Duncan one already answered.

**ERNEST BOYD.**—Neva Gerber was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1895. She is five feet two inches tall and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. She has just completed a serial with Ben Wilson called, "The Trail of the Octopus." Her hair and eyes are brown. Ben Wilson hails from Corning, Iowa. He is five feet eleven inches and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He has black hair and eyes. He is not related to Neva Gerber.

**GISH FAN.**—Lila Lee is five feet two. Dorothy Gish just tops the five-foot mark. Lillian is the same height as Lila. May Allison is five feet five. Richard Barthelmess is five feet nine. Lillian is not married. Lila Lee was born in New York City, in 1902. Your other questions have been answered.

**E. L.**—Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde. Edward Earle played opposite Alice Brady in "Her Bridal Night." It was taken from the stage play of that name in which the Dolly sisters were featured.

**LELA NEAL.**—You will find your questions already answered.

**NEIL BEAR.**—Neither little Madge or Mary are working in pictures at the time I write these lines. George Cohan has deserted the screen for the time being at least.

**PEGGY L.**—Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887. Mildred Harris-Chaplin had a baby son born to her, but it died three days after it was born. Yes, it is the safest way. Your other question has been answered.

**DEAF READER.**—Yes, that was a Famous Players picture, with Marguerite Clark in the title rôle. You like to go back quite aways with your pictures, don't you?

**LINA C.**—Seena Owen had the leading rôle opposite Charles Ray in "The Sheriff's Son." Warner Oland with Pearl White in "The Lightning Raider."

**EVELYN L.**—Robert McKim was born in San Jacinto, California, in 1887. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He has black hair and brown eyes. Yes, he played in "The Westerners." He is thinking very seriously of giving up playing villains, and go in for directing. Guess Bob must be tired of being beaten up by the hero in nearly all his pictures. He will probably like sitting on the outside looking on much better.

**BILL C.**—I mailed the letter as you requested. They probably haven't gotten chance to answer it as yet. I am sure that if you inclosed the quarter your photograph will soon be on it's way. If not, drop another line and inquire about it.

**GLADYS.**—Vivian Rich is still playing in pictures. Lottie Piekford is not working at present, but there is a rumor that she is to have her own company very shortly.



Mary is the elder sister; then comes Lottie and Jack. Mitchell Lewis was born in Syracuse, New York. Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn, in 1898. May Allison was born in Georgia the same year. Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. J. Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, the same year. Fatty Arbuckle arrived in Kansas two years previous to Pearl and J. Warren. Dorothy Bernard had a leading rôle in "Little Women." Peggy Hyland was born in Worcester, England; Helen Holmes, in Chicago; and Vivian Martin near Grand Rapids, Michigan. The other questions you will find already answered in these columns.

**RUTH ROLAND ADMIRER.**—Yes, Ruth Roland was Mrs. Kent, but she secured a divorce. Carol Holloway was married to Jack Holloway, but is divorced. She was born in Williamstown, Massachusetts, in 1892.

**YOURS TRULY.**—William Russell is now making features for Fox. His latest release is "The Lincoln Highwayman." So you think he is quite the nicest boy you have seen? Charlotte Burton is his wife.

**CONSTANT READER.**—Your Norma Talmadge question has been answered.

**MISS A. B.**—Any relation to Abie who heads The Oracle this month? Alice Brady's eyes are brown. Eugene O'Brien is at present working in the New York studios of the Selznick Pictures Corporation. Mildred Harris was married to Charles Chaplin in October 1918. It was kept secret for several weeks until "Cupid" Sparks, the marriage license clerk of Los Angeles let the cat out of the bag.

**CONSTANCE AND HARRIET DODGE.**—That is the correct name of Harrison Ford. The gentleman in question is not married. He is in New York City at present playing opposite Marguerite Clark in "Easy To Get." Bert Lyttell has no special leading lady. Alice Lake has been playing his leads, but she is going to be starred on her own by the Metro company, so Bert will have to get another leading woman.

**A LITTLE GISHER.**—That was a mistake about Marguerita's birthplace. She was born in Missouri Valley, Iowa. If people didn't make mistakes they wouldn't have to put rubbers on lead pencils. Mabel Normand is a fraction under five feet. Mary Pickford weighs one hundred pounds. Violet Mersereau is fifteen pounds heavier than Mary. Bebe Daniels is five feet three and weighs one hundred and sixteen pounds.

**BLUE EYES.**—Elliott Dexter was born in Houston, Texas. His wife is Marie Doro. Eugene O'Brien is six feet and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He has light brown hair and blue eyes. He was on the stage with such well-known stars as Elsie Janis, Ethel Barrymore, Margaret Illington, Ann Murdock, and Fritzi Scheff before he began his screen career with Famous Players. He played opposite Mary Pickford in "Rebecca Of Sunnybrook Farm," after which he went to play Norma Talmadge's leads. He was then secured to star in Selznick

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Pictures. "The Perfect Lover," and "Sealed Hearts" were his first two starring vehicles. Marguerite Cortot was born in Summit, New Jersey, in 1897. Her latest picture is the "Bound and Gagged" serial which Pathé is releasing. Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1898. She started her professional career as a chorus girl. You will find all your other questions answered.

CUTIE.—As I am not fat myself, and haven't become familiar with any safe and sane antifat remedies I cannot tell you how to go about reducing. Theda Bara weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds and is five feet six inches tall. Mary Miles Minter is four inches shorter and weighs twenty-three pounds less. Wanda Hawley is the same height as Theda but weighs eleven pounds less. Ann Luther is five feet five and weighs one hundred and twenty-nine. Gloria Swanson's poundage is one hundred and twelve at the present writing.

BILLIE BURKE FAN.—Billie Burke was born in Washington, D. C., on August 7, 1888. Her father, Billy Burke, was a well-known actor, so it was but natural that his fair daughter should follow in his footsteps. She made her first hit on the stage in Glasgow.

KATHLEEN.—You will have to take that matter up with the editor. I haven't anything to do with that end of things.

C. D. D.—Mabel Normand's leading man in "Mickey" was Wheeler Oakman, and the heavy in the piece was none other than our new blushing star, Lew Cody. Conway Tearle is married. He was born in New York, in 1880. Robert Ellis was born in Ireland. He's as free as a season pass. He has given up acting for the present, and is directing for Selznick. Harrison Ford played opposite Marguerite Clark in "Girls," and is now doing another picture with her in New York called, "Easy To Get." "The Spite Bride" is one of Olive Thomas' recent pictures. Charles Ray's latest film is called, "Watch Out William." You will find your other questions answered in this issue.

FANNIE M.—See addresses at the end of this department.

IZZY.—The same for you.

ERIC M.—Juanita Hansen and Phyllis Haver are both blondes. Juanita is working in a new serial at the Selig studios in Edendale, California, while Phyllis is still bathing girling for Mack Sennett's comedies. Neither is married. The only way to find out about the pictures is to write for them.

HELEN B.—Irene Castle has sent pictures, and I guess she still does. I can't give you the personal address of any player. It's against the rules. Grace La Rue is not playing in any picture. I don't know how you can get that picture. Irene makes her pictures at the Famous Players' studio.

LA VIOLETTA.—The Edison Company has not been producing pictures for a couple of years. Your favorite couldn't be playing with that firm, you see. Yale isn't working in any picture at the pres-

ent time. Hal Cooley played the heavy in Charles Ray's picture, "The Girl Dodger." His correct name is Hallam Burr. Surely, any time you like.

PAULINE FREDERICK FAN.—Pauline Frederick started her theatrical career as a singer, but shortly afterward decided to go on the stage, and secured an engagement with the Roger Brothers in their musical comedy, "The Roger Brothers at Harvard." She was one of the eighty members of the beauty chorus in that play. Her first picture was "The Eternal City" for Famous Players. They went to England and Italy to make some of the exteriors for that piece, which was considered an exceptionally big production, as it cost twenty-two thousand dollars to make. Nowadays they spend that much before they start on a picture.

MISS HAZEL M.—"The Right Of Way" is Bert Lytell's latest picture for Metro. John Bowers was born in Indiana. He is six feet and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. Harry Carey was born in New York, in 1880. He is the same height and weight as Bowers. He has blond hair. May Allison is five feet five and weighs one hundred and twenty-five. She has golden hair and large, light-blue eyes. They are married.

SHIRLY L.—Edmund Lowe played the male lead opposite Dorothy Dalton in "Vive La France." Gaston Glass was born in 1895. He has dark hair and brown eyes. He played in "Oh, You Women," and "A Honeymoon For Three."

SUNNY SKIES.—Wanda Hawley used to be Wanda Petit. She had the leading feminine rôle in "You're Fired" with Wallace Reid. "That's his correct name. Vivian Martin has light-brown hair. Wanda has blond hair and blue eyes. You will find your other questions answered.

M. M. T.—If I told you I would be giving away the secret of the serial, and that would spoil it for yourself, the exhibitor, and producer, as there isn't any attraction in going to see something you already know all about. Is there? Do you mean Edna Mayo? Ask the editor for that. Your other questions have already been answered.

BETTY BINGO.—Robert Harron is not married. He was born in 1894. Eugene is. He was born ten years before Bobby. Crawford Kent was born in London, England. Milton Sills was born in Chicago, Illinois. Lew Cody used to be Mr. Dorothy Dalton. Frank Mills was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

EDI.—Constance Talmadge's hair is light brown. You will find the answers to your other questions in these columns.

TOOTS G.—Anita Stewart is hard at work in California. Her latest picture to be released is "In Old Kentucky." She has come back bigger than ever.

POISON IVY.—That is the correct address. By no means. Elmo Lincoln and E. K. Lincoln are two distinctly different people. They are not even related. Write to the editor about that as I have nothing to do with that end of things.

Margarita Fisher was the wife of Harry Pollard, the director, and not the Harry Pollard who plays *Snub* in the Harold Lloyd comedies. You refer to Percy Marmont and Richard Barthelmess in Marguerite Clark's, "Three Men and a Girl." Yes, that was Elliott Dexter with Alice Brady in "Woman and Wife." Alice is five feet six inches tall. She has dark hair and eyes.

MILDRED.—See answer to Betty Bingo.

JAMES H. K., JR.—I'm sorry, but I can't teach you how to make-up in *The Oracle*. It would take too much space.

CHRIST CHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.—Yes, I have quite a few correspondents from New Zealand. The more the merrier. I have never made an actual count of all the theaters in the "big city," but it is many times six. You can find more than that on Fourteenth Street alone. It is Edward Peil and not Peel. He was born in Racine, Wisconsin, in 1884. He is five feet ten inches tall. Dorothy Green was born in Petrograd, Russia, in 1895. Naturally, she is Russian. Montagu Love was born in Calcutta, India, in 1877. He is one inch over six feet. Ethel Clayton was born in Champaign, Illinois, in 1890. They ought to change the name of the town. It brings up too many memories of days gone by. William Russell is six feet two. Ethel measures five feet five. Gloria Swanson is two inches shorter than Ethel. Irving Cummings was born in New York, in 1888. He is five feet eleven. You will find your other questions already answered.

HOLLIS S.—Irene and Mrs. Vernon Castle are one and the same. William Duncan's latest serial is "Smashing Barriers." Edith Johnson plays the feminine lead opposite him. You refer to Carol Holloway. Mary Pickford has not left the screen. Her latest release is "Pollyanna," her first production under the Big Four banner. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. Your other questions have been answered.

PETROVA FAN.—Olga Petrova's birth-place is given as Warsaw, Poland. No, her right name is Petrovavitch, but the former is much easier on the speaking apparatus. She is not working in any picture at the present writing.

BLUE-EYED BLONDIE.—Come right in. The only getting acquainted I do is through *The Oracle* pages, so that will have to do. Besides, if you met me personally you might not like me half so well. It is Ollie Kirkby and not Olive. She hasn't any sister working in pictures. She does not play in pictures since she became Mrs. George Larkin. George Chesboro started the part, but was called to war, so George Larkin stepped in and took his place in the Pathé serial, "Hands Up!" Frank and Edna are not related. Neither are any of the others you mentioned. Of course, you're welcome.

A WESTERN GIRL.—I am glad that you find *The Oracle* amusing. Missouri Valley, Iowa, is the place Margarita Fisher gives as her arrival point in this world. You claim she hails from Silvertown, Oregon. Margarita ought to know where she was born, as she was there at the



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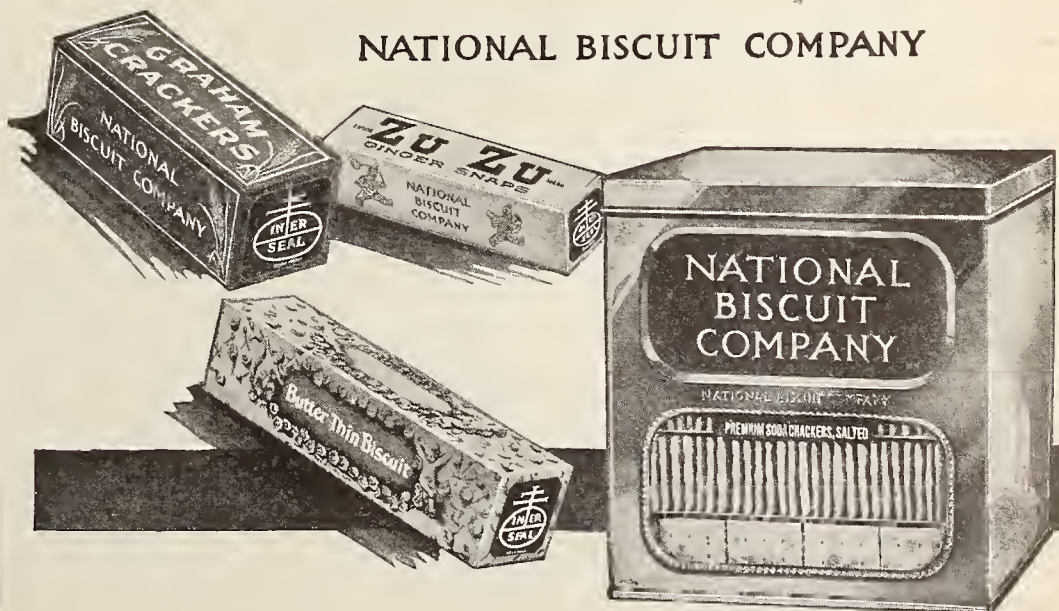


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time. She didn't get a chance to choose her birthplace then, so why not let her have that privilege now? Yes, Willard Mack is Mr. Pauline Frederick. Elsie Ferguson is Mrs. Clarke. Her husband is not in the theatrical profession.

IMPOSSIBLE AUDREY.—Nothing is impossible these days, so why discourage yourself? Cleo Madison is still working in pictures. Her latest is the serial, "The Radium Mystery." George Larkin was born in New York, in 1890. That's Ruth's correct name. Cleo Madison was born in Bloomington, Illinois.

E. W. E. W. S.—You are quite right about the Big Four. The gentleman seated in the picture, whom you couldn't make out, is D. W. Griffith. You will find your other questions answered.

BETTY.—No, Warner isn't. Some one has been stringing you. Richard Barthelmess is under contract to the Dorothy Gish productions, but has been lent by that company to D. W. Griffith for several pictures. I could tell that by the postmark on your letter, so you didn't let me in on any secret. Warner Oland was born in Sweden, in 1880. He is working on a serial at the Gasnier studios in Glendale, California, at present. Eileen Percy is the feminine chief interest in the same play. Pearl White isn't doing any more serials. She is making features for the Fox Company. That's probably the best reason I know why Warner isn't doing any more serials with her. Your other questions have been answered.

COWBOY.—William S. Hart was not born to the West. He was just made for it. His birthplace is Newburgh, New York.

JACK C.—Yes, that is one of my habits, especially when busily occupied dashing off answers, so the gum came in very handy. Billie Rhodes has not made any features since her husband, "Smiling" Billy Parsons, died several months ago. Previously, she had been starring in five-reel films for the National Film Corporation, of which her husband was president. You refer to Cullen Landis. Mary McAllister is not playing in any picture at present. That must have been some big bed with the three of you in it at the same time, and all with the "flu." too. Yes, Pearl White is through with serials for the time being, at least, and is confining herself to making features for Fox. You didn't bore me a bit. Write again.

CLEO.—I almost thought you were going to escape being in this issue. I see you are up to your old tricks of changing your stationery, so I won't recognize your letters. Catherine MacDonald began her screen career as an extra in her sister's pictures, but that isn't the start of her theatrical career. She first appeared on the stage as a "show girl" with Al Jolson at the Winter Garden in New York, but didn't like the work, and gave it up soon after she started. She is married. Mary MacLaren is the young lady's correct name. MacDonald is the married name of Katherine.

E. Z. MARK.—I haven't seen you either for quite some time, E. Z. Explain yourself. Charles Ray has not been signed

by Universal. Who gave you that idea? He is now making features for his own company, which will be distributed by the First National. His home is in Beverly Hills, California, just outside of Los Angeles. Albert Ray is no longer with Fox. His latest picture is "The Honey Bee," from the novel of that name by Samuel Merwin, and produced by the American Film Company. Your other questions regarding Charles have been answered. Albert was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1893..

**LOTTA DOUGH.**—Yes, Phyllis Haver continues to play in Mack Sennett's comedies. She did some small bits at the Lasky studio before joining Sennett. That is her correct name. She arrived in this world at Douglas, Kansas, in 1899. Ben Turpin is every bit as funny off the screen as he is on, if not funnier. He has a great line of comedy chatter that is lost in his screen farces. He can make me laugh off or on the silver sheet.

**FRANK MAYO ADMIRER.**—Frank is not related to Edna Mayo. He was born in New York, in 1886. Gloria Swanson has never appeared opposite him on the screen. Gloria made her screen debut with Essanay, playing in Ruth Stonehouse's pictures, and also in the comedies produced there with Wallace Beery and Ben Turpin. She went from Essanay to Sennett's, and from Sennett's to Triangle. Lasky signed her up after she left the Triangle Company. Frank is married.

**W. R.**—"Caprice" was produced about six years ago. It was Mary's first big feature. Owen Moore and Ernest Truex had the leading male rôles in the film. Your other questions have been answered.

**SUNNY SKIES.**—Wanda Hawley played opposite Wallace Reid in "The Lottery Man." Wanda is a decided blonde. Anna Little is the lady you refer to. She has dark hair and eyes.

**AN ADMIRER FROM OREGON.**—Why couldn't a woman talk like me? Better find out first what I am. Viola Dana's husband, John Collins, died of influenza during the epidemic. She was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1898. Yes, by the picture only.

**CARROTTY JANE.**—You can't be as bad as you paint yourself. Mary Pickford has real hair that grows out of her scalp. It was not purchased in a hair shop. Write him again, and tell him about it.

**DUSTY'S FRIEND.**—You are quite right about Dustin Farnum. He is Bill Farnum's older brother. Dustin is now working at the Gasnier studios, in Glendale, California, making features for the United Theaters, but it is rumored that he will shortly sever his connections with that concern and make pictures for the First National. His latest release is "The Corsican Brothers," in which he plays the well-known dual rôle of the brothers. This is said to be the best film he has ever made, so you don't want to miss it when it is released. Yes, he's married.

**HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.**—Thanks very much for the nice Christmas cards. Also the post-card views of Australia. I have never been to your country, so the cards



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are very interesting. They were a bit late, due to the slow mails, I guess, but better late than never. I suppose your batch of questions will be coming along in the next mail. I shall be on the lookout for them.

OTTAWA OLGA.—I should say you haven't written for ages, but I haven't forgotten you. Wallace Reid will next be seen in "Speed Carr." I don't think Dorothy Davenport has any idea of returning to the screen, at least not at present. Young Wallace, Jr., keeps her mighty busy as it is. Yes, I liked "The Valley of the Giants" very much. "Mickey" was made three years ago, when Mabel Normand was working for Mack Sennett. I can't tell you why Ann Little doesn't play opposite Wally in all his releases. That's up to the Lasky management, not me. Marie Prevost was born in Sarnia, Canada, in 1898. Natalie Talmadge appears on the screen every once in a while. Yes, I saw the Prince when he was in New York. He certainly has all the earmarks of being a "regular fellow." The "welcome" is always on the mat.

DOD.—Where do you get that "Jimmy" from? Lottie Pickford had the featured rôle in "The House of Bondage." It was an all-star cast in "Eyes of the World." Where did you see those old pictures? Betty Compson you mean, don't you? Your other questions have been answered.

FATTY'S FAITHFUL FRIEND.—Roscoe has laid off the two-reelers for a while, and will soon be seen in a regular five-reel feature, which is now under way at the Lasky studios. George Melford is directing it. It will certainly be a novelty to see friend Roscoe in a film of that length. Buster Keaton, who supported Roscoe in his two-reel comics is now being featured by himself. Buster is a very clever comedian with plenty of good ideas, and should make good on his own.

ANXIOUS ALICE.—Did you inclose a quarter with your request for a photo of Ruth? I am sure that if you did, the picture will be forthcoming. Douglas Fairbanks does all the stunts you see him do on the screen. He is very athletic, and doesn't need any one to double for him. The majority of the studios are in California. It is very difficult to get into the studios of New York to see the actors work, and you would have to get a permit from the management, to get inside.

INQUISITIVE PEGGY.—You should not feel shaky about writing to me, because I don't bite or anything like that. The Market Booklet does not contain the names and addresses of the movie stars. It gives a list of all the companies, and the kind of stories they are in the market for. Mary Pickford is not dead, and she isn't going to retire from the screen right away, either. She is twenty-seven. Robert Harron is the young man who played opposite Lillian Gish in "Hearts of the World." He does not always wear his mustache in pictures. He has dark hair and eyes. Elmo Lincoln still plays in pictures. Your other questions have already been answered.



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CLARICE R.—See addresses at the end of this department.

DELIA H.—Billie Burke's husband does not write or direct her plays. He has all he can do to look after his Zeigfeld Follies. She hasn't a studio of her own. June was not a Red Cross nurse during the war. Your other questions have been answered.

MRS. FINK.—The Booklet has been sent to you. I am sure you will find it very instructive. You should apply to the casting-director of the studios to see about getting on the screen.

ICE CREAM.—That picture must have been released in England under a different title. Tell me who produced it, or who played in it, and I may be able to help you.

JACK C.—It won't do a bit of good to write. You must see the casting directors of the companies you mentioned, personally.

EVELYN M.—You should have inclosed a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a personal reply. Edith Storey had the leading feminine rôle opposite Antonio Moreno in "The Island of Regeneration." I think Elaine will send you her picture. Antonio is thinking very seriously of giving up serials, and returning to features again. Alice is not a vamp. "Turning the Tables" is Dorothy Gish's latest. Ralph Graves and George Fawcett have the other leading rôles. They will all send pictures, but you had better inclose a quarter with your request. See addresses below.

H. S. JORDON.—Tom Nix and William Farnum are both married. Their wives do not appear on the screen. Victoria Forde is Mrs. Tom Mix.

JUST US.—Bert Lytell is his real name. He was born and educated in New York City. Rhea is considered a clever actress. Bert was a well-known stage favorite before going into pictures.

F. E. LLOYD.—Your letter to Wallace MacDonald has been forwarded to him.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.—I was right in expecting your answers in the next mail, wasn't I? I don't know how the last batch of answers reached you first. Kathryn MacDonald and Wallace are not related. William S. Hart, Douglas Fairbanks, Viola Dana, and Constance Talmadge are not wed. Harry Morey, Robert Warwick, Frank Keenan, and Norma Talmadge are. Wally Reid and Florence Reed are not related. You seem to be quite a good judge of pictures.

MARY MILES MINTER ADMIRER.—Jack Sherril was born in Atlanta, Georgia, on April 14, 1898. He was in stock and vaudeville before going into pictures. He is five feet nine and one-half inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. He has brown hair and blue eyes. "Anne of Green Gables" is the latest Mary Miles Minter feature, released by Realart. Douglas Fairbanks is still playing. His latest release is "When the Clouds Roll By." Eileen Percy is married to Ulric Busch. Norma Talmadge's latest release is "A Daughter of Two Worlds," the P.P.—G.



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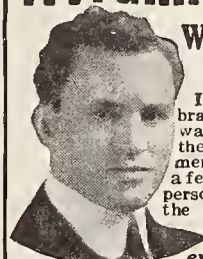
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first picture on the First National program, Doris May used to be Doris Lee. She has blond hair and blue eyes. Mary Miles Minter never wears false hair. She doesn't have to. Harriett Hammond, Phyllis Haver, Myrtle Lind, and Marie Prevost are the most famous of the Mack Sennett bathing beauties. Your description sounds very good. Of course I want you to write again.

MRS. G. S. R.—I forwarded your letter to Lillian Gish as you requested.

BILLY PENN.—Park Jones was the city chap in Charlie Chaplin's, "Sunnyside." Larry uses different girls in his comedies. Which one do you mean? Why not tell Dorothy yourself about the wig? The names sound very appropriate. You should have named one Question and the other Answer.

MRS. V. H. R.—See addresses at the end of this department.

S. B. CHICAGO.—Ford Sterling does not own the Mack Sennett Company, or any part of it. Ford is merely one of Sennett's chief fun makers. You should have inclosed a stamp for a personal reply.

M. J.—You do very well for one who has mastered English without the aid of a teacher. It certainly was a shame that Harold Lockwood died. It was Constance Talmadge and not Norma you saw in "Intolerance." Henry Walthall and Lillian Gish had the leading rôles in "The Birth of a Nation." Eric von Stroheim did not play in that white slave picture you saw." Matt Moore and Jane Gail had the leading rôles in that play, which was called "Traffic In Souls."

MAURICE H.—Write to Priscilla for her photo. She was born in New York, in 1896.

LOYS T.—It would take all the space in PICTURE-PLAY to publish the names and addresses of all the motion-picture actors and actresses in the United States. Look at the addresses at the end, and if you don't see what you want—ask for it. But be reasonable.

R. G. B.—Lottie Pickford and Jack Pickford are brother and sister of Mary Pickford. Helen Eddy is the name. I think Mae would send you a picture. You had better send that poem to May and Mary yourself.

E. R.—You will find the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

LORNA H.—Arline is making features now, and not serials.

L. G. S.—Ernest Shields is still playing in pictures. He was off the screen for over a year while he was in the army. He is now working at the Fox studios. Francis Ford has his own company, and is making serials. I don't think it is probable that Grace Cunard will play with Francis Ford again. Jewel Carmen is now a star. She played with William Farnum in several of his pictures. I think Bebe will send you a picture.

RALPH MCK.—See addresses at the end.

ANNIE J.—Kenneth Harlan played opposite Mildred Harris in "The Price of a

Good Time." It is best to send a shilling with your request for a photo.

EVA M. L.—I can't help you to get into pictures, and I can't tell you whether you would make good or not, as descriptions mean nothing. It is good looks combined with acting ability that counts. The best thing I can suggest for you is to read an article entitled, "Would you screen well?" in the *People's Magazine* for February. It was written by the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and contains all the information which he could gather on the subject.

C. B. SKINNER.—"The Flame of the Yukon" was a Triangle picture with Dorothy Dalton, Kenneth Harlan, and Melbourne MacDowell. Melbourne is now playing in Peggy Hyland's latest picture with Fox.

V. M. G.—We have already had the interview on Charles Ray. We have had one recently on Albert Ray, too. It depends upon how big the star is. When they become very popular they have to have a secretary as it is impossible for them to take care of all their correspondence themselves. That helped some.

FRANCIS S.—Mary Pickford's mother, Charlotte Smith, was on the legitimate stage quite a few years ago.

OLGA 19.—I don't believe there are. Esther hasn't changed her name that I know of. It costs a star about twenty-five cents to send out a photograph to an admirer, and that is why it is customary to inclose a quarter with your request. Doris Lee has had her name changed by Thomas Ince to Doris May. She is now co-starring in Paramount comedies with Douglas MacLean. Leota Lorraine was *Pinkie La Rue* in Charles Ray's picture, "The Girl Dodger."

H. M. J.—George Chesboro and George Larkin played the male leads in the Pathé serial, "Hands Up!"

N. T.—No, the stories of those films have not been published in fiction form in PICTURE-PLAY. You can get copies of the back numbers by sending twenty cents for each one to the circulation manager.

LINCOLN FANS, H. B.—Elmo Lincoln played the part of Tarzan in "Tarzan of the Apes."

ARLIE.—Helen Holmes is still on the screen, and still working in serials. Her latest is "The Fatal Fortune." Margarita has a new lead in every picture. Jack Mower played opposite her in "The Mantle of Charity." Three times is a lot to see any ten-reel feature.

TED B.—That's a shame. Maybe you overlooked your answers. It only takes a two-cent stamp to find out. Richard Barthelmess was born in 1895. He has not as yet signed a marriage certificate. His latest picture is the D. W. Griffith film, "Scarlet Days." "Turning the Tables," for Dorothy Gish.

HELEN H.—Sessue Hayakawa was born in Tokio, Japan. He is the real article. Billie Burke is still making features for Paramount. "Sadie Love" is her latest.



Anita's latest film is "In Old Kentucky." Write to her for the picture.

HELEN V.—What do you mean "when is Pauline Bush?" Write to Alice Joyce and Mary Pickford for those pictures.

STEPHANIE.—Look for that book at any large book store. Pearl White is her correct name.

CUPID'S BELLES.—Elsie Ferguson is no relation of Casson's. He is not married. Yes, it was Elaine's father who died recently. Ann Pennington lives in New York. She is not married. Thanks.

N. T.—Your second offense this month, I believe. Write to her. English money will do. You will find those other questions answered in these columns. I don't remember the exact wording of that subtitle. Norma Talmadge was *San San*, Michael Rayle was *Mandarin*, Thomas Meighan was *John Worden*, L. Rogers Lytton was *The Emperor*, and Norma also played her own daughter, *Toy*.

MACARONI & CHEESE.—I have just had lunch, so your heading doesn't make me the least bit hungry. Alla and Madame Nazimova are one and the same. Bebe Daniels has left Rolin comedies, and is working at the Lasky studios. I haven't cut my wisdom teeth lately. Do you think I chew on knives or something? No, that book hasn't been produced as yet. I believe that one is just as old as they feel, and I feel quite young.

OLE EM.—Wallace Reid's latest photoplay is "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." Constance Talmadge's latest is "The Virtuous Vamp," while sister Norma's newest offering is "The Isle of Conquest."

KATO.—Did you inclose a quarter with your request? If you will, it will probably bring the desired photo. What gender? Neutral.

A. M. H.—Pearl's hair is auburn.

PEARL & ANITA ADMIRER.—Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. Her eyes are blue. Anita Stewart has light-brown hair and brown eyes.

I. M. N. U. R. J.—What does all that stand for? What do you mean, Jack? You're not talking to me. Viola was born in 1895, Francis X. in 1885, Mollie King in 1898, Ruth Roland in 1893, Douglas Fairbanks in 1883, and Charles Chaplin in 1889. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne have deserted the screen for the present, at least, and are being featured on the legitimate. Viola Dana and Mary Miles Minter are not related. Mary has a sister named Margaret Shelby, and Viola's two sisters are Leonie Flugrath-(Shirley Mason) and Edna Flugrath.

PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—Lila Lee is one of the new stars. She is not being featured at the present time, but is supporting the Lasky male stars. She appears opposite Wallace Reid in his latest picture. I know of no home that was given to her. Pearl White is Mrs. Wallace McCutcheon in private life. Can't you decide that for yourself? I can't help you to get on the screen. If you are bound to become a motion-picture

Continued on page 95



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**Fighting Cressy**

Continued from page 36

schoolhouse, he noticed three horses half hidden in the brush and trees behind a little hut bordering the path. As he passed the shanty he thought he detected voices. One was saying:

"There were supposed to be six of you. Even you three will be no match for old man McKinstry when he sees that you're going to settle in his barn to establish a homestead. Of course, as it is, with him and the Harrisons contending, there is no lawful occupant, and that's what you're here for.

"No!" the same speaker continued, in reply to some question. "I'm the lawyer in the case, and Ford, the school-teacher at this place, has to stay out of the muss, too—for the present, anyway. You men ride over the ridge and get Luke. Tell him it's a job of mine, and he'll come with you. With him you men will be more than an equal for the Harrisons and McKinstry together. Now hurry, and you can get back in an hour."

Dabney hastened past before the men left the hut, and in half a minute was well up the path and out of sight. After all, it was none of his affairs, these feuds and the rival settlers hogging more land than they could use.

Reaching the schoolhouse he walked in the open door unnoticed, and stood amazed.

"John, don't strike me," shrieked a woman whose back was toward him. "My husband was good to me, and you—you took me away, and then deserted me. I saw your picture and——"

But the sentence went unfinished, for the blow crashed into her face, and she fell back against the wall. As Uncle Dabney had run forward to interfere, she had turned toward him.

"Nellie! My Nellie!" he gasped and lifted her to one of the benches.

"Just a minute, Mr. Ford," he snarled as he caught a full grasp on the throat of the man who tried to rush from the building. Then, delivering a crushing smash to the man's face, which sent the school-teacher backward halfway through the window, Uncle Dabney knelt by the limp figure on the bench.

"Why, Uncle Dabney, what air you a-doin'," gasped a voice from the doorway. "Mr. Ford and me

wuz a-goin' to walk home together this afternoon, and here——"

"Cressy, child, they're tryin' to steal yer land. Ford and some others has sent men to settle on it this arternoon. Hurry—get yer father and stand them off."

She turned and raced away.

"Naw, I ain't afeered, Joe Masters, but you'll be, when I tell yer there's men a-comin' to take this barn this afternoon. Why d'you come up here to protect our property, and ain't my father cum yet?" She spoke to Joe Masters whom she had seen standing near as she passed the structure at the contended dividing line on her way back to get her father.

"I'm not afraid, and I'll stay here while you're in any danger, little Fighting Cressy. Look out!" he added as he pushed her behind him and, lifting his gun with his free arm, dropped one of the men riding toward them down the hill.

Immediately one of the others answered, and Masters fell. Struggling with all her strength, Cressy dragged him within the shelter of the barn and bolted the door before the riders reached it. She had managed to bring the gun along also, and, shooting through a crack in the door, she kept up the fight.

Suddenly the noise stopped.

"That you, pap?" she called. "Come around to the front; we ain't a-goin' to hurt yer."

Masters had recovered from the shock of the scalp wound and, together, they opened the door and walked out. There stood the gangsters and Old Man Harrison as well as her father.

"Pap, there ain't no one goin' to make claim to this here dividin' strip you been a-fightin' about so much, cause Joe Harrison Masters and Mrs. Masters-to-be has done tuk persession of it an' we're settlin'. Ain't we Joe?"

"An'," she continued as the warring patriarchs glared at each other, "so fer's yer old feud goes, why yer can jes keep on a-feudin', but we don't see no bit of use in it nohow.

"Hain't yer better honor the occasion by shakin' an' callin' it off?"

And, with a smile, the men approached and stretched out their hands.

## The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 93

star you will have to try yourself. I have hundreds of pleas for help, but no producer has given me a star's job to fill, so I can't do a thing for any of them on that score. Her hair is not naturally curly.

**WALLACE'S ADMIRER.**—Wallace Reid was not the first one to be featured in "The Lottery Man," as you think. It was produced several years ago by the F. Ray Comstock Photo-play Corporation, and starred Thurlow Bergen. The Lasky production was far superior to the other, having the benefit of the advance in photo-plays during the last few years to begin with. Your other questions regarding Wally have been answered in these columns.

**C. C. B.**—"Penrod" is to be filmed on the screen by Marshall Neilan, and Wesley Barry will have the title rôle. Something to look forward to, I should say.

**DUSTIN FARNUM FAN.**—Yes, Dustin and William Farnum are brothers, and great pals, too. Dustin began his career in a professional way at Busksport, Maine. The Ethel Tucker repertoire company came through the town, was short an actor, and Dustin got the job—no, not as leading man, but as a heavy. Incidentally, Ethel Tucker is the mother of George Loane Tucker, the well-known director. He was exactly nineteen when he got the job. When the stage play, "The Squaw Man" was revived in New York, Dustin played the rôle created by William Faversham, and Bill Hart played the murderous villain, *Cash Hawkins*. Theodore Roberts, the Lasky character actor, portrayed *Taby-Wana*, the Indian. In 1914 Lasky decided to go into the motion-picture business, and purchased the "Squaw Man" to begin with. Dustin Farnum was secured to play the title rôle, and later on made "Cameo Kirby" and "The Virginian," his famous stage vehicle, for the same company. "Dusty," as his friends call him, is a great sportsman, and owns one of the fastest motorboats on the Pacific Coast. Several months ago he won the Nordlinger trophy with his boat, "Miss Los Angeles." His

latest picture is "The Corsican Brothers," which was produced once before, in 1915, with King Baggot as the star.

### Addresses of Players.

**T**HE following list, which is changed each month, is made up of names selected from the month's inquiries. Taken collectively these lists give a cumulative directory of screenland's players. If you wish to write to any player whose name you fail to find in this directory, in any of your numbers of Picture-Play Magazine, you may address your letter to the player in care of either Willis & Ingalls, Wright and Callender building, Los Angeles, Cal., or in care of the Mabel Condon Exchange, 6035 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, and it will be forwarded.

Marguerite Clark, Billie Burke, and Mrs. Irene Castle at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Mary Miles Minter, Margaret Shelby, and Alice Brady at the Realart Pictures Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Douglas Fairbanks, Fairbanks Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

Fatty Arbuckle, Lehrman Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ethel Lynn, Christie Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William S. Hart, the Hart Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Enid Bennett and Doris May, Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Earl Metcalfe and Wyndham Standing, the Green Room Club, New York City.

Fred Stone, the Lamb's Club, New York City.

Albert Ray, Peggy Hyland, William Farnum, and Gladys Brockwell at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Clara Kimball Young, the Selig Studios, Edendale, California.

Mildred Harris, Anita Stewart, and Junanita Hansen, the Louis B. Mayer Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Charles Ray, the Charles Ray Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Katherine MacDonald, the First National Exhibitors Circuit, 6 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Wallace Reid, Lila Lee, Ethel Clayton, Ann Little, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Mildred Reardon, Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, and Elliot Dexter, the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Colleen Moore, Vera Stedman, and Molly Malone, Christie Film Company, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Mary Pickford, Betty Compson, Norman Kerry, the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Sessue Hayakawa and Edith Storey, the Sunset Studios, Los Angeles, California.

## Stronger than Death

Continued from page 80

to his wife, "been a brute. Forgive me—all right now—Tristram—boy."

With arms and limbs which failed her, her heart beating as if about to burst, Sigrid danced on and on, holding motionless the mob of worshippers. Would Tristram come before she must surely fall dead? There was nothing left but death. She did not notice that behind her stole Vahana, consecrated knife in hand. The bride of Vishnu was about to give her blood in sacrifice.

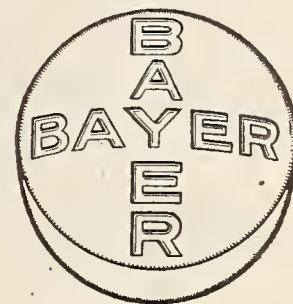
Suddenly a voice rang out:

"Devil! She is mine."

With shaking hands Barclay pressed through the crowd, and fired at the fanatical priest. The custodian of the temple fell. At once round the desecrator surged a wave of humanity. From their knives dripped blood. From their throats came a yell of frenzied rage which turned to one of terror as there fell upon them, without warning, a compact mass of

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soldiers, driving them with rifle butts into frantic flight.

Sigrid opened her eyes with a long-drawn shudder, then looked up into Tristram's patient eyes.

"I thought," she said faintly, "that you would never come and I thought

I was dead. I wished to die in beauty, but love has conquered death, and I know I shall live."

"For me, beloved?"

"For you, my hermit doctor, my man of all men," she said, and put her arms about his neck.

## Concerning Invisible Stars

Continued from page 67

star of the piece is Mary Alden, who plays the title rôle, done on the stage by Mrs. Fiske. Why not give us pictures with character leads of this type? Miss Alden is interesting every second she is on the screen. She presents exquisite satire as the "elocutionist." Miss Binney looks her part, that of *Barnabetta*, a stolid, chubby little Dutch girl. She is natural. The play, like *Barnabetta*, is rather stolid and chubby.

Bessie Love closed her Vitagraph year with one good play, "The Fighting Colleen," and one bad one, "Pegeen." I think of Miss Love as I do of Mr. Ray. She would be interesting in a scenic. "Pegeen" has about as much plot as a travelogue. "The Fighting Colleen" has a movie-old story illumined by humorous situations and titles. Miss Love's eyes are wonderfully eloquent. Unfortunately, they have had trite things to say during the past year.

"The Lincoln Highwayman," with William Russell, is an example of a star picture well written, well directed, and excellently acted. The spectator is continually leaping from one solution of the mystery to another until the final revelation. Genial Bill Russell plays the gallant

deceiver who successfully mystifies. We are indebted to him not only for his own good work but for his discovery of Lois Lee, who appears as his leading woman. Miss Lee has rare beauty illumined by intelligent expression. Mr. Russell found her among the "extras" and elevated her at once to position of leading woman. She qualifies with distinction.

I have selected at random the pictures with visible stars and those with invisible. The score is in favor of the latter. Even players as mental and magnetic as Charles Ray and Bessie Love cannot excel without fair coöperation from directors, writers, camera men, and scenic architects. Yet a picture without a visible star, such as "The Luck of the Irish," scores very-good-plus entertainment as the result of harmonious collaboration from Allan Dwan, Lillian Ducey, Charles Kyson, and the players.

This is not propaganda against the star system. It is only argument for its vacuum cleaning; for the removal of star dust that does not belong; for star-crediting the workers who are known not by their facial actions but by their works alone. The balance of power is continually being better adjusted. It is one of the best signs of the times.

## A Miracle Man of Make-Up

Continued from page 39

and I am of French descent, so we are pretty good culinary partners."

Then ensued an appetizing discussion of ravioli, grenadine steak, salad of endive and anchovies, rabbit cooked in olive oil. I became suddenly homesick for Guffanti's and Lucca's and the other Italian table d'hotes of New York. Whereupon Mr. Chaney advised me to visit Victor Hugo, who, it seems, is now a

restaurateur in Los Angeles, specializing in dishes Italienne.

The longer I talked with Lon Chaney the more paradoxical he proved to be. I had expected to find he was a circus contortionist or, at least, a veteran character actor. He is merely a talented young man with a hobby for cooking, painting, wood carving, modeling in clay and in grease paint. He contradicts all notions of what an actor and villain

should be. He has never been in New York, never played in drama on the stage, and doesn't have any ambition to star. Acting to him means the creation of a man, whereas most of our favorite actors portray with their personalities as pigment, Chaney, like the artist of sculptor or painting, creates from an imaginative model which has nothing to do with himself.

His first stage experience was around the age of seventeen. He organized an amateur company to present Gilbert and Sullivan operas in his native State of Colorado. He sold out his interest in the company for six hundred dollars, but continued to tour with it at a salary of fourteen dollars a week. The man who purchased the organization thereby laid a foundation which made him a millionaire.

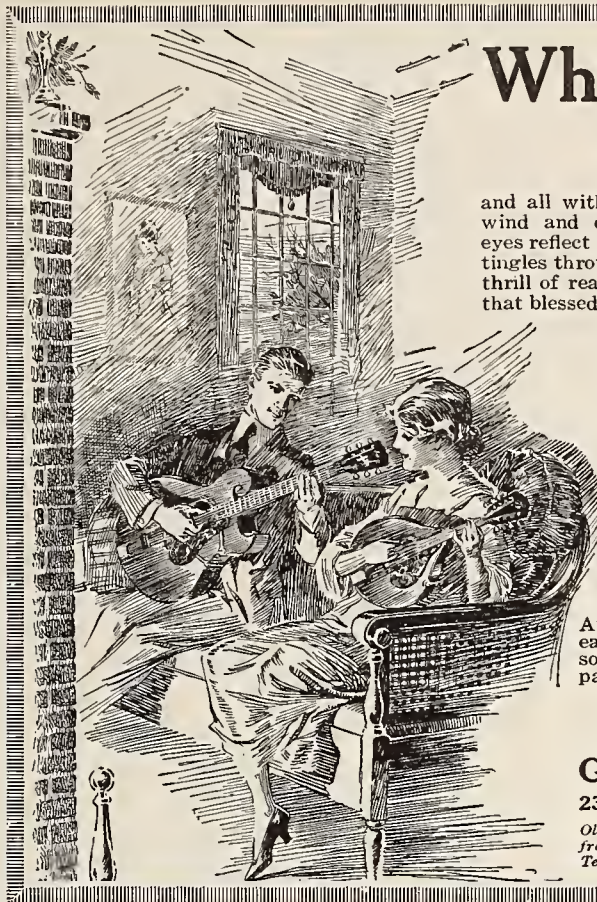
"We toured from Canada to Florida, but the closest we came to New York was Buffalo. We played all the flag stations. At one place down in Oklahoma the owner of the opera house was questioned by the manager as to whether he had 'hard' tickets. 'Oh, yes!' said the rural Belasco. 'I got two color of tickets.' Later in the evening he rushed to our ticket taker and said, 'I well-nigh forgot to tell you that the yellow tickets are pints. Them's for children. The green tickets are quarts. Them's for adults.' It seems our friend was impresario of a dairy as well as of the op'ry house.

During his stage tour, Chaney acted as singer, dancer, wardrobe mistress, property man, baggage juggler, carpenter, scene shifter, and scene painter, just as occasion demanded.

His versatility has been demonstrated in an equal degree in pictures. He wrote, directed, and appeared in "Her Escape." He directed J. Warren Kerrigan in seven features, then put down the megaphone for the make-up box again. When I visited him he was creating two different characters in Tourneur's "Treasure Island," the principal one being that of *Merry*, the pirate.

He not only has transfused himself into virtually every type of human being, but he has assimilated the vocations of a dozen individuals. I wonder that Leonidas Chaney, now known as Lon, has not long ago lost his own identity.

He is the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of pictures.



## When the Lights are Low

and all within is snug and cozy 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.

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# "Don't Do It, Marjorie"

Continued from page 51

Finally, one rainy evening when I was sitting cross-legged on my lumpy bed, writing home, there was a phone call for me. It was the agent; he had a part for me in a picture that called for a young girl to act as the star's sister. I was to wear a white riding habit—one with a long coat and trousers—and evening clothes; there'd be five days' work, and I'd get ten dollars a day. I was delighted, of course. The fact that I'd have to buy a riding habit—mine was black, and made with a divided skirt—didn't bother me at all, because I was so happy over getting this chance to be in a picture and have a part.

Well, I bought my riding habit at a sale, and got it and a little felt hat and some boots for only seventy-two dollars altogether, which was a bargain. And the part was a good one, really, though I had hardly anything to do. But I had one close-up with one of the principals, and one scene showed me riding alone, so that even though I didn't make as much as my clothes cost I felt that it was well worth the outlay.

A week later I got another little part—that is, I was one of six girls, and when you're in a small group like that you get paid more than when you're just one of a bigger crowd. We each got seven dollars and a half.

I was in three more mob scenes in the next four weeks. A month later I got a little part, which paid me seventy dollars, as something went wrong the first time they took the scenes and they had to make retakes, paying me for all my time, of course.

Then I didn't get a thing for two months. I went around to the studios several times, but they just simply didn't have anything for me. Yet I'd been awfully lucky—everybody in the business told me so; they said it was an unusual thing for a beginner to get parts when she'd never done anything before. But of course I was worried when things let up like that—the time that I waited seemed simply interminable.

I'd been in New York six months. You can figure up for yourself what I'd earned. Deduct from that the seventy-two dollars for my riding habit—which I needed only that once—and what I'd spent for carfare and

make-up, and you'll see that I couldn't have lived long on what I made. I still had some of my five hundred dollars left, but not much.

On the other hand, I had experience, and valuable acquaintances. I knew several directors, two or three of whom I felt sure had me in mind and would send for me if anything suited to me turned up. It was quite possible, they told me, that in less than a year I might work up to playing really big supporting rôles, possibly those next in importance to the star, and in time I might be featured. Probably before that time I could get a "stock" engagement with one of the big companies, so that I'd be paid regularly, even though there wasn't anything for me to do. And there was always the chance that luck would come my way, that some producer would want just my type to star in a big production—and that my name would be made. But whether that ever happened or not, I really had a good start in pictures—just the chance I'd wanted to make good. If it was the road to success in the movies that I wanted to follow, I could feel sure that my feet were firmly planted on it.

But I began to wonder if, by the time I reached my goal, I wouldn't be so worn out with waiting that nothing would really be very much worth while. I thought of my friend Jean, and wondered still more. It was a most unsatisfactory sort of existence. And while I was wondering a letter came from home saying that my sister was going to be married, and asking if I wouldn't come home for the wedding.

I went, of course—I was so wild to see the dear home folks again, and to talk to people who didn't even know how a camera looked, or what a director meant when he shouted "cut!" I didn't give up all idea of coming back, though I knew I'd have to ask dad for more money—I just sort of compromised with myself, and didn't make any irrevocable plans.

But—I didn't go back. Ted had irrevocable plans, if I didn't—and they included a little house near mother's, with me in it. Ted had gone into business with his father, and neither his folks nor mine thought twenty-four was too young to marry. As for me—neither did I.

## Screen Gossip.

By the Screen Colonist.

Charles Ray has purchased "Pleasant Valley," the famous old Sol Smith Russell stage play, for production by his own company under his First National contract.

Alice Lake comes forth as star in a Metro version of "Shore Acres."

Persons who enjoyed Olga Petrova's pictures on the screen will be interested to know that the great Polish actress is a gifted writer as well, and that she has written a one-act play which is being published in the March number of *Ainslee's Magazine*. It is called "The Ghoul," and is to be given a stage production this season, with the author herself in the rôle of *The Woman*.

Clyde Fillmore, who appeared in "Blind Husbands," has signed a four-year contract to play leading rôles in Famous Players-Lasky productions.

"The Battle of Youth" is the temporary title of King Vidor's initial production for First National. In the cast are Florence Vidor, Charles Meredith, Roscoe Karns, little Ben Alexander, and Harold Goodwin. The picture is from an original story conceived by Mr. Vidor.

Joe Ryan, who has appeared in Vitagraph serials starring William Duncan, has commenced work on a new serial in which he will be starred. Vitagraph has placed him under contract for three years. Jean Paige will be co-starred with Mr. Ryan.

Viola Dana denies that the ten-thousand-dollar diamond she is wearing has anything to do with a matrimonial engagement. Nevertheless, she wears it on *the* finger.

Roscoe Arbuckle has stopped battling pies and gone in for serious drama. He will play the sheriff in the Arcraft production, "The Round-Up" from the famous stage play of that name.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," the novel by V. Blasco Ibanez, is to be filmed with an all-star cast by Metro.



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**MEAD CYCLE COMPANY**  
Dept. S 101, Chicago



Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne were given an ovation by the film colonists when they appeared in Los Angeles in their stage play, "The Master Thief."

Mildred Harris Chaplin will star in "Polly of the Storm Country," by Grace Miller White, author of "Tess of the Storm Country."

Mahlon Hamilton has been signed by Goldwyn to appear in leading rôles of Eminent Authors productions.

Conway Tearle has been lured to the West coast to act as leading man with Clara Kimball Young.

Mary Pickford has been taking a month's vacation since the completion of "Pollyanna." Most of her time has been devoted to reading stories in search of a screen play.

"The Scoffer," from the novel of Val Cleveland, is being filmed by Allan Dwan. The players are James Kirkwood, Mary Thurman, Noah Beery, Rhea Mitchell, Bernard Durning, Philo McCullough, and John Burton. This will be released after "The Heart of a Fool."

"The Glory of Love" is the title of a Tourneur production now under way.

"Let's Be Fashionable," an original story by Mildred Considine, adapted by Luther Reed, is the latest Ince production starring Douglas MacLean and Doris May.

Enid Bennett has completed "The Man in the Moon," by C. Gardner Sullivan.

May Allison is appearing in the final scenes of "Judah," screen adaptation of Henry Arthur Jones' play. She commences work soon in the film version of Eugene Walter's play, "Fine Feathers."

"Eliza Comes to Stay," the stage comedy by H. V. Esmond, is being filmed by Metro with Viola Dana as star.

Kathlyn Williams is building a royal mansion in Hollywood.

Matt Moore has been engaged by Marshall Neilan, who has placed un-

der contract Wesley Barry, Marjorie Daw, and Jane Novak.

Douglas Fairbanks has joined the Elks. A mob of thirty roped and hog-tied the athlete and took him to a lodge at Santa Monica. He came out an Elk.

Eliot Howe has invented a camera improvement employing the use of three or four complete lenses. He alleges that the invention will accomplish by a single exposure what has hitherto required three exposures to accomplish.

Vivian Martin has signed a contract to make pictures for Messmore Kendall, one of the owners of the Capitol Theater in New York. She will no longer play the sub-deb, but the young matron, we are told.

Juanita Hansen is appearing in a serial for Pathé.

Bessie Love has commenced work at the head of her own company.

Jack Gilbert has signed a two-year contract to appear in Tourneur productions. He is the first player to be signed by Mr. Tourneur on a long-time contract.

Sign on a Los Angeles theater: "Don't Change Your Husband for fifteen cents."

Jack Dempsey will receive one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars for his services as star of a serial now being filmed at the Brunton studios. Pathé will release it.

Monte Blue is to be starred by Paramount.

Florence Deshon, "the most beautiful brunette of the screen," has an important rôle in "Dangerous Days," from the Mary Roberts Rhinehart story.

Albert Ray has left the Fox Company. He has the leading rôle in a seven-reel production made by the American Film Company, and directed by Rupert Julian.

Olive Tell is to star in the first picture made by the new Jans Company.

Margarita Fisher has been engaged to go around the world on a



United States picture-taking expedition, made for the purpose of making educational films.

“Milestones,” by Arnold Bennett, one of the most successful plays produced in recent years, is to be filmed by Goldwyn.

It is rumored that Pauline Bush—Mrs. Allan Dwan—will soon return to the screen.

Frank Mayo makes his first appearance as a screen star in “Luck,” a Universal production.

From Bogabilla to Broadway

Continued from page 77

and shiny like a great crooked tooth. That helped me in pictures. In ‘The Blood Barrier’ I do a tumble down a hill, rolling over and over, and a slide from a window, and Billie Dunn, who plays the heavy, flings me around a room; if I weren’t just as strong as could be, and hadn’t the healthful training that life on the sheep ranch provided, I’d be a wreck. Not all my pictures are filled with that sort of thrills, however. Commodore Blackton made a perfectly beautiful picture, ‘My Husband’s Other Wife,’ in which I played *Adelaide Hedlar*, a star of Broadway; then, too, in ‘Respectable by Proxy,’ a pretty story of the South, I just reveled in beautiful clothes, and didn’t even bark my shin!”

“Dreams are hard to make come true,” she said softly after a moment’s silence. “When I came to America from out there it was very hard; I didn’t know any one, and New York—oh, what a lonely, lonely place it can be! But I did get a chance with Miss Grace George in ‘Major Barbara,’ and then almost immediately I was offered a contract in pictures after a test by Tom Ince. Life has been very good to me, but there are many, many times when I see myself again directing my wonderful sheep-herders in plays by Shakespeare, just a little girl with a lot of dreams!”

I thought that was a very pretty way to end an interview and I adjusted my horn-shell glasses just as one of the “grips” rapped on the door and called:

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Just moisten a cloth with a little "Danderine" and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; this magically removes all dirt, excess oil and grease, but your hair is not left brittle, dry, stringy or faded, but charmingly soft, with glossy, golden gleams and tender lights. The youthful glints, tints and color are again in your hair.

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**Send \$1.00 for Three Months' Supply.**

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## A Tabloid Review

Continued from page 68

have been done by Booth Tarkington.

"The Day She Paid"—The familiar woman with the familiar past who makes the familiar sacrifice to protect her stepdaughter from the sheep-skinned wolf with the familiar results. A vehicle for Francelia Billington.

"The Broken Melody"—Eugene O'Brien in a pure, unmixed romance. The star is a delight to be sure, specially to fluttering femininity, but even this species prefers its sugar mixed up with something solid so that it will take the shape of candy. "The Broken Melody" is plain sugar—too sweet for most of us.

"More Deadly Than the Male," with Ethel Clayton—It is indeed.

"Heart o' the Hills"—Mary Pickford in the Kentucky mountains, gun shootin' and awkward. Civilization gets hold of her and makes her a lady and she returns in time to save her mother from the man who killed her father—also to marry her childhood sweetheart. Not much of a story but the star makes it a very delightful piece of entertainment, full of humor and humanisms. It's the same sort that piloted her to her present fame—the best sort she has ever done.

"The Web of Chance," with Peggy Hyland—An absurd detective story bolstered up by subtitles containing practical jokes and puns. To be enjoyed most by those who read the comic supplements of the Sunday papers before they scan the news.

"The Miracle of Love"—By Cosmo Hamilton, who delights to skate over thin ice. He usually brings a social code into the lives of people who haven't any. This offering is considerably better than many of his for it contains a romance made beautiful by the delightful characterizations rendered by Wyndham Standing and Lucy Cotton.

"Luck in Pawn"—An unusual farce idea, that of a girl putting her "luck" in the pawnshop has been rather maltreated here. The best is not derived from the story, and Mar-

querite Clark's vogue is romantic comedy with the accent on the *romance*—not farce.

"Wanted—a Husband"—Here Billie Burke manufactures a mythical husband and then has to produce one. Al Christie has produced this in ten different ways—and has made considerably more of it than has Famous Players here. Miss Burke has at least two full reels of close-ups.

"Jubilo"—Will Rogers in a likable hobo rôle that would make him a star overnight if he were not already one. Full of dry wit, humor, and human nature, it is a picture that can be recommended without any qualifications whatever.

"The Last of His People"—Very old-fashioned. An honest, clean Indian pitted against superficial and intriguing whites. The Indian wins out after providing Mitchell Lewis many wearisome opportunities to suffer in his most suffering style.

"She Loves and Lies"—Norma Talmadge here forsakes the emotional rôle and takes to light comedy. It is a welcome variation and the star proves her versatility time and again. Conway Tearle is a delightful leading man although we are inclined to think that some photo-playgoers will question his eyesight after witnessing what the exigencies of his rôle subject him to.

"The Fear Market"—All about a girl determined on running to ground the owner of a scandal sheet and finding him—her father! Alice Brady's latest. Interesting but, in its weak climax, disappointing.

"The Golden Shower"—An unusual story with Gladys Leslie as the central figure. Innocent, she is compromised by a dying old roué, who calls her his "little sweetheart" in his will, and then meets and falls in love with his son! A dramatic idea handled expertly indeed.

"Beckoning Roads"—Bessie Barriscale meting out vengeance on the man who caused her father's death. An entertaining, though wandering, picture with the star giving of her best.

## Concerning a Fairy Princess

Continued from page 33

haven't—and that, after all, is the really important thing.

And when she finally reached the end, in which "They all lived happily ever after," and apologized for having kept me waiting, she added, very simply, "But I am so found of them all." And if you had watched her with the children around her, you would have known that without being told.

Probably nearly every reader of this story knows something of the career of Mary Miles Minter. But for those who do not, and in order to freshen the memories of those who do, a few words may not be without interest.

She was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, in 1902, and made her first appearance on the stage in early childhood with the late Nat Goodwin, in "Cameo Kirby." Following that engagement, she appeared with Dustin Farnum in "The Squaw Man," and then with Robert Hiliard, with Mrs. Fiske, and with Madame Bertha Kalich.

Vaudeville saw Miss Minter in a playlet of the Civil War. So popular was this little sketch that it was elaborated into a play called "The Littlest Rebel," the title rôle being played by Mary. It was one of the big Broadway successes of its year, and picture fans will be interested to know that with her appeared both Dustin and William Farnum. During this engagement she dropped her own name, Juliet Shelby, and took the name of a deceased cousin, Mary Miles Minter, in order to convince the child labor commission in Chicago that she was sixteen.

It was after the close of this production that she became a screen star, playing with different companies in a long list of releases, the titles of which are too many to enumerate. As to whether or not she has ever thought of taking Mary Pickford's place, I'm sure I don't know. She spoke, I remember, of Miss Pickford, in terms of the greatest admiration and devotion, and said, quite frankly, that for years she had looked up to Miss Pickford as her idol of the screen. I'm sure that Mary Miles Minter thinks too much of the other Mary ever to wish to take her place. And besides, I'm sure she must think she has quite enough to do just to be herself.



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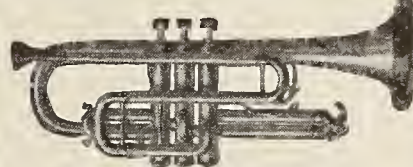
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## Don't Change Your Hair---Buy a Wig!

*Continued from page 75*

what Edith Storey says," put in another of the party. She's wearing a stunning wig in her new picture, "The Greater Profit." Her own hair is beautiful, but hopelessly straight. She says she simply hasn't time to labor over it—hence the new hair."

You never know the color of your favorite's hair any more. There was Nazimova in "The Red Lantern," one minute a blond English girl and the next flash a brunet China girl. Wigs were worn by both characters. And Alice Joyce assumed golden locks for "The Vengeance of Durand."

Then there's Louise Glaum. She sticks to color but not to length. Sometimes her hair is abbreviated; that's her own. On other occasions she appears with as much crowning glory as Elsie Ferguson; that's *not* her own.

"You should behold the wig I

brought back from New York," suddenly interrupted Helene Chadwick, who had been discreetly silent. "I wasn't going to say anything about it until you all started this scandal about store hair. You see I craved short hair, so one night I took courage and the shears. The director of the next picture for which I was cast insisted upon a long hairdress. So I just bought a wig that matched mine perfectly."

"My gracious!" I exclaimed, "Has everybody got a wig in the closet? There's Dorothy Gish, Lillian, Betty Blythe, Pauline Frederick, Louise Glaum, Nazimova, Helene Chadwick, Edna Mae Cooper, Seena Owen, Viola Dana——" I stammered for breath.

"And, since every one's not as frank as we are, you'll never know how many more," was somebody's parting shot.

## Hints for Scenario Writers

*Continued from page 74*

choose, from the very best that is offered, *what seems the most available for their needs at any given time.*

And the movie business is just plain "show business." Public demand is fickle, it may change overnight. Any scenario editor may receive orders at any time not to buy at all, to buy only comedies, to specialize in Westerns, to cut down on society.

There are, however, certain types of stories, based upon the elemental passions and emotions which are never out of date, and which are more likely to be in constant demand. I may mention, as an example, the "Cinderella" story—the story of the

poor little girl who, after bitter heart-break, finally meets the "fairy prince," weds him, and lives happily ever after. Thousands of stories have been built on this theme, and countless thousands of others will be built on it—and used, too. Whether it seems unfair or not, the fact remains that the beginner has the best chance if you stick to these elemental human themes. The acceptance of his story will depend, then, upon the novelty of treatment, the ingenuity of his plot, the possibility for human appeal, and upon his finding a producer who wants to use just such a story at that time, and who knows of no better story of that type which he can purchase.

## Fade-Outs

*Continued from page 63*

Upon recovering we went forth to see Fatty in "Back Stage."

The scheme worked!

—o—

### Eight 'Ates.

- "The House Of Hate" (Pathe)
- "The Law Of Hate (Doo Lee)
- "The Kiss Of Hate" (Metro)
- "The Bride Of Hate" (Ince)
- "Heirs Of Hate" (Horsley)
- "The Brand Of Hate (Univ)
- "Heiritage Of Hate" (Univ)
- "Hate" (Fairmount)

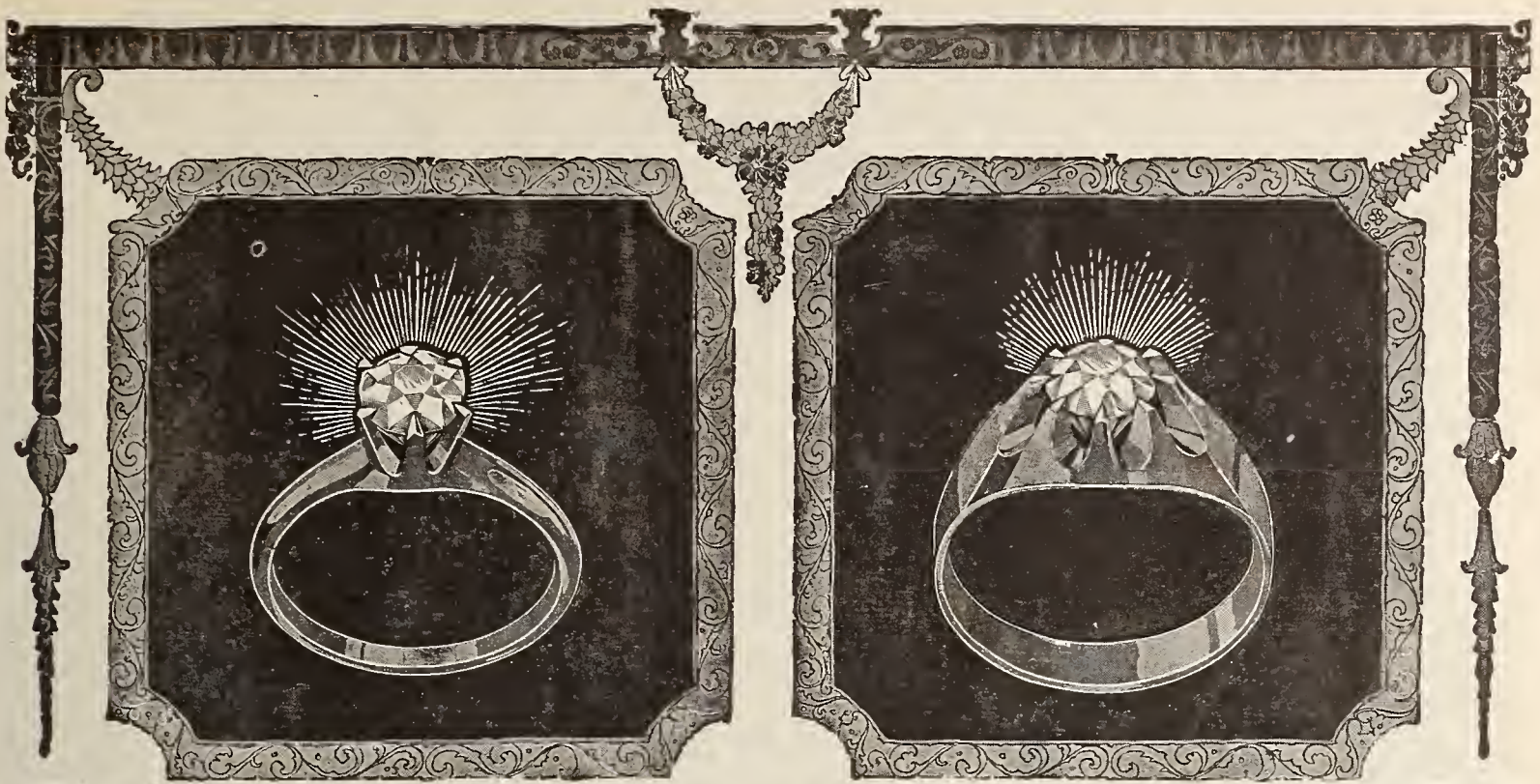
### A Brave Director!

We are ever quick to applaud directorial originality. That is why we joyfully call your attention to "Bringing Up Betty," (World).

The villain in this play is bought off with a check for \$700,000.00.

You will no doubt picture in your mind's eye the terrific struggle the director fought with Kid Conventional, to prevent the check being the usual million.

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"How did you?" asks the hostess.

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ROTOGRAVURE SECTION OF FAMOUS PLAYERS

# PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1920

20 CENTS



HELENE CHADWICK

MAR 23 1920

W. Bell & Co.



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*Bonnie-B* VEIL  
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# PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS

Owing to transportation tie-ups and delays due to the severity of the winter, the unusually heavy traffic, and other causes—and these delays coming on the heels of the strike which temporarily stopped our publication last fall—it has been impossible to get Picture-Play Magazine on the news stands on schedule time of late. Every effort is being made to overcome this, and we expect to be making deliveries on time very soon. Meanwhile we hope that all our readers will watch for the publication so as not to miss any numbers.

**H**OW can I become a movie actor? That question in a thousand different forms comes every week to every movie star, director, producer, and movie magazine Oracle. So far, no one has ever been able to answer it satisfactorily. So many schemes have been devised to trick the unwary and to cheat young persons out of money under the pretense of making actors of them, that those who understand the business are at a loss to tell these ambitious young persons what to do.

But the time is near when there will be a definite, practical way to become a movie actor or actress—or at least to find out whether one has the necessary talent for this work. It is to come about through the founding of a school for applicants by a great producer—a man who has developed a dozen great stars—whose motives in founding such a school would be unquestioned—who would found the institution—not to make money—but as an aid both to the aspirants and to the industry.

That man is Thomas H. Ince, and the plan for a great movie training school which he is developing is to be announced for the first time through the columns of the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. In this exclusive interview Mr. Ince tells his reasons for planning the

school, and also something of his own slant on what it takes to make a success on the screen.

This is but one of the many and varied articles we shall offer to you in our next issue. For example, there's the one about blondes. Did you ever notice how many more blondes than brunettes there are on the screen?

There's a reason for that—several reasons, in fact—and they will be explained in our next issue.

C. L. Edson, whose fictionized version of the "Skin-nay" stories of the Briggs Comedies will be remembered by our readers, is writing the story version of a Will Rogers picture which will soon be released. Emma-Lindsay Squier, who specialized in interviewing the four-footed actors around about Hollywood, will have an amusing chat with the Mack Sennett cat. Fatty Arbuckle will explain why he has "parked the pies" and is going in for the "heavy stuff."

So much by way of anticipation. And now, before we close—just a word about "What the Fans Think," which you'll find on page 77 of this issue.

That is *your* page. If you don't agree with any of our contributors, write and tell us, and if you've made your point clear and interesting, and we've room to print it, we'll do so.



The sight of her in the arms of another had stricken him to the heart, but he had learned that she was fighting desperately against this beast of society, and that she was true to her very soul.

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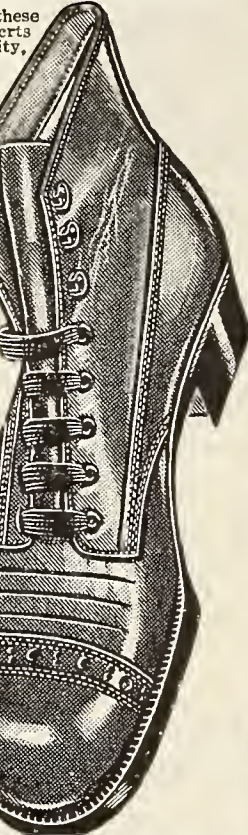
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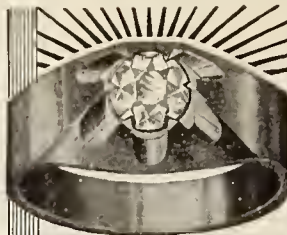


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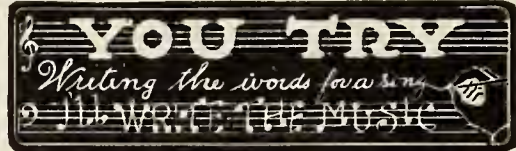
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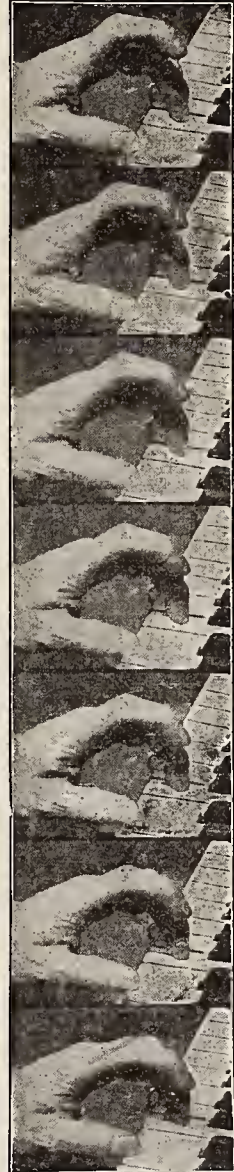
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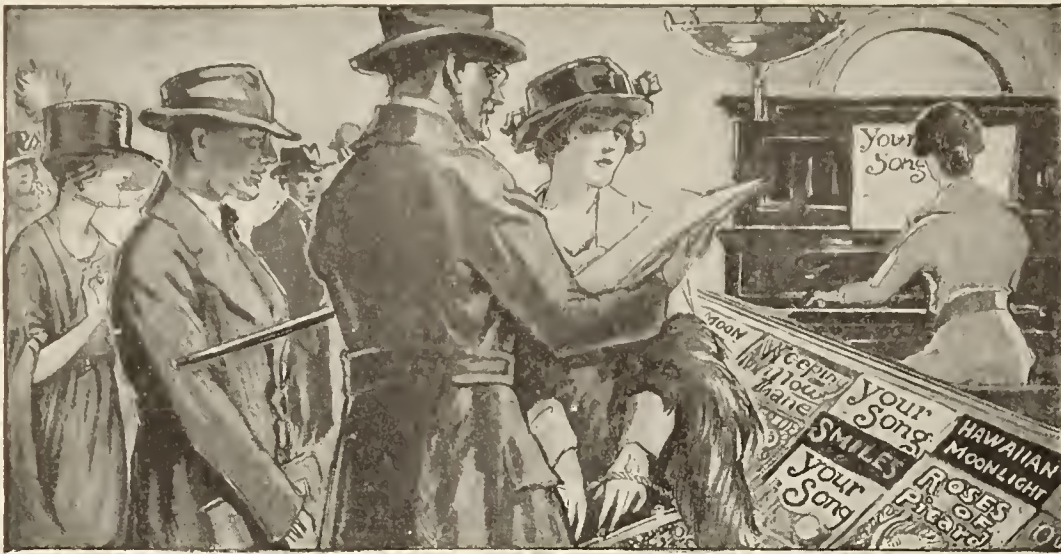
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**T**HIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *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.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them?" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

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!

### LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"Of all the compositions I have read on this subject, I find yours the most helpful to aspiring authors."—Hazel Simpson Naylor, Literary Editor *Motion Picture Magazine*.

"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work."—H. Pierce Weller, Managing Editor *The Binghamton Press*.

"Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing amazingly simple and easy, just as you say. I have sold three stories and one play—which have netted me exactly \$825.00."—Alfred Horto, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

"When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for \$30 a week. Always having worked with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money with my brain. So it was with much skepticism that I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived, I carefully studied it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays—one of which sold for \$500.00, the other for \$450.00. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irving System."—Helen Kindon, Atlantic City, N. J.

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 confidence, a little persistence, and the thing that looks hard 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. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get



Copyright, Lumiere  
Miss Helene Chadwick, versatile screen star, now leading lady for Tom Moore of Goldwyn Film Company, says: "Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."

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

This surprising book is absolutely free. No charge. No obligation. Your copy is waiting for you. Write for it now. Get it. It's yours. Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—story and play writing. The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money-making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular job. Who says you can't make "easy money" with your brain! Who says you can't turn your Thoughts into cash! Who says you can't make your dreams come true! Nobody knows—but the book will tell you.

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**1<sup>st.</sup> PRIZE**  
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**2<sup>nd.</sup> PRIZE**  
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☐ Essays must be less than 500 words long and must be submitted through your local exhibitor.

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☐ ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:  
1—Who was Salome in Biblical history and what did she do?

**4<sup>th.</sup> PRIZES**  
**10 Winners of \$50 each**

2—What is the strongest dramatic situation in the plot of “A Modern Salome”?  
3—How would you describe Hope Hampton’s type of beauty?  
4—What is your ideal of what a motion picture star should be?  
5—What is the lesson taught by the story of “A Modern Salome”?

**5<sup>th.</sup> PRIZES**  
**20 Winners of \$25 each**  
**37 Prizes totalling \$3,000 in cash**

The judges of the *Hope Hampton Prize Contest* are:  
Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, editor and publisher of the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland.  
Mr. Burns Mantle, dramatic critic of the New York Evening Mail and contributor to Photoplay Magazine.  
Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws, one of the foremost artists of America.

Anyone who sees or reads the story of this great picture may participate in this contest: you can get the story from the exhibitors in your city who show “A Modern Salome”



**Kathleen Clifford**  
in "The Law  
that Divides"

Were you disappointed? So were we. We thought in these prohibition days everybody had given up keeping money in their strong boxes. Well, we'll wager Kathleen was disappointed too. By the way, have you noticed what a drawing card the Clifford name is? It's S.R.O. everywhere when she plays.

*Plaza Picture*

Long Beach, Calif.

April 19, 1919

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*Kathleen Clifford*

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PHOTO BY  
HARTSOOK

Pallor places almost any woman at a disadvantage. To appear at her very best, she needs a finishing touch of color; a soft, natural, girlish tint, such as Ingram's Rouge imparts.

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Alfred Cheney Johnston

CATHERINE CALVERT

has been spending several weeks searching the South for a tropical storm, as a big scene in her new picture demands the cooperation of the weather man for realism's sake.



Hoover

### JANE NOVAK

is a St. Louis girl who, since the days when she played opposite William S. Hart in "Selfish Yates," has climbed the ladder of fame several rungs at a time.



Evaus

### IRENE RICH

would be a Buffalo debutante if the movies hadn't called her, changed her last name—which used to be Luther—and propelled her into stardom in a very short time.



Shirley Blanc

### KATHARINE LEWIS

began her career when, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the costume designer at Vitagraph, she played leads opposite Earle Williams. At present she is in Supreme Comedies.



Hartsook

**PAULINE FREDERICK**

has time for a care-free smile only at odd moments; heavy emotional rôles come her way so fast that she can't pause to smile on the screen—this picture shows how unfortunate that is.



Evans

### DORIS MAY

wants "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave" from praise of her work in the delightful picture of that name; living up to a big success is not the easiest thing to do.





Evans

### MARY THURMAN

has left her comedy days so far behind her that she's almost forgotten them. Her success in straight drama assures us that these are not sour grapes which she holds.



Abbe

### EUGENE O'BRIEN

is living down the report that he recently plunged into matrimony; another Gene O'Brien of the Selznick forces became a bridegroom and started the embarrassing rumor, he explains.

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# The Day of the Male in the Movies

It's here, for a time, and some of the wise youngsters are taking advantage of it.

By Herbert Howe

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I KNOW of nothing related to motion pictures which has greater interest than the strange ebb and flow in the currents of popular favor, and the way in which these currents sweep certain groups of players "on to victory" when they embark at the right moment.

Public fancy is as fickle in sticking by its screen favorites as it is in all things else; and in eddying back and forth it has caught up, in turn, different groups of players, distinguished principally by being divided into—to quote Scripture and Mr. De Mille—"male and female." And this is the day of the male in the movies.

I am going to tell some startling facts about some of our young men of the screen, recently elected to popularity. I shall reveal also some figures—interesting figures, since they are large and represent money—real money. I shall tell of leading men who are paid more than many a star; of salaries that have doubled and tripled within the twelvemonth; of—but let us begin back at the beginning.

In the beginning there were just "the movies"—there were no stars. Gradually certain luminous forms began to appear. The spectators of the picture world, like savages studying the mysteries of heaven, began to recognize the dawning stars, and to call them the Biograph Girl, the Kalem Girl, the Selig Girl, and the Vitagraph Girl. All of the very earliest stars were girls; woman was created before man, on the shadow sphere. Eventually arose a demand for the real names of the shades. They were identified as Mary Pickford, Alice Joyce, Florence Lawrence, Florence Turner, Mary Fuller, and Kathlyn Williams.

Then came the revolution. The male was hailed conqueror. The public elected as stellar gods Maurice Costello, John Bunny, Arthur Johnson, Broncho Billy Anderson, Francis X. Bushman, Earle Williams, Crane Wilbur, J. Warren Kerrigan. Idol worship was established as a matinée cult. The only star goddess who



*Casson Ferguson is an example of the type of leading man whose name has box-office value.*

retained a devoted following was Mary Pickford. The inevitable revulsion of feeling followed. The worshipers turned iconoclasts. The matinée gods with the curled hair and gray derbies were dragged down from their perches in the Cooper-Hewitt sun. The female of the species returned to her throne. Mary Pickford was proclaimed queen ever-glorious. Many feminine stars were elevated from the ranks: Anita Stewart, Norma Talmadge, Mae Marsh, the Gish sisters, Pearl White, Bessie Love, Bessie Barriscale, Louise Glaum, Dorothy Dalton, Pauline Frederick, Vivian Martin, Theda Bara, and all the others. Alice Joyce, the Kalem Girl, who had gone into eclipse, returned with greater effulgence.

The male stars continued to exist, but they were quite as likely to be the objects of smiles, as of admiration. The original type of screen matinée idol was in as bad repute with a large proportion of the fans as



*Kenneth Harlan, who is listed as drawing \$750 a week, though not a star.*

the female vampire is to-day. His successor in the male line was the virile gent who said "damn," who didn't shine his shoes or his nails—such men as Bill Hart, Bill Farnum, Bill Russell, Harry Carey, and Doug Fairbanks.

It was not until last year that another decided revolution was apparent. Toward the close of 1919 the male again was noted in the ascendancy. Some say the heroic actions of our knights in khaki caused the girls and women—who compose the larger percentage of picture patronage—to idolize

*Darrell Foss has established a strong personal following.*



*Tom Forman is one of the present favorites.*

once more the other sex. At any rate, the bonbon consumers rallied their union and elected several matinée mummies to stellar office. Noticeable, too, is the tendency of male appreciation for the male.

If you will peruse the latest reports of the star ticker you will find the market is being cornered by the trousered faction. New male favorites are being starred, and old ones are being reinstated. In the line-up of the newly starred are Eugene O'Brien, Douglas MacLean, Owen Moore, Robert Gordon, Lew Cody, Buck Jones, Joe Ryan, George Seitz, Thomas Meighan. Some of these won their brown derbies last year; others are 1920 fledglings. Edward Earle, former Vitagraph star, who Houdinied from view, has dashed back as star of Charles Miller productions. David Butler, seen in King Vidor's "The Other Half," and other pictures, is forming a company of his own. Thomas Meighan won his medal last year but did not receive it until this year in "The Prince Chap." Joe Ryan, heretofore appearing as bearded "willun" of William Duncan serials, now stars in serials of his own direction. Antonio Moreno has been featured for long; he is now a star on his own. While the public has put to rout the female vampire, the sleek and smiling Lew Cody, whose avowed purpose is to play serpent in the garden of Eves, is earning money as "the male vampire." Evidently the sins of the female are now the virtues of the male.

Charles Ray is, without doubt, the most popular figure of the day. He has the unanimous support of all parties. I have never heard any one express dislike for C. R.

Wallace Reid has a mighty feminine following, and a considerable attrac-



*Conway Tearle is said to receive more than many a star.*

tion for men as well. William S. Hart, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, Tom Mix, William Russell are others of the old line stars still on top. The only strong rivals of these, among the feminine forces, are Nazimova, Mary Pickford, and possibly Norma Talmadge.

There are a number of leading men with genuine box-office lure. Certain of these will

be stars within the next twelve months. I refer to Richard Barthelmess, Monte Blue, Loyd Hughes, and Conway Tearle. Tom Forman might be a star, but he has decided to be a director. Others who are mentioned continuously in the letters pouring into the PICTURE-PLAY box are: Harrison Ford, Casson Ferguson, Niles Welch, Cullen Landis, Mahlon Hamilton, Darrel Foss, Kenneth Harlan, Jack Mulhall, John Bowers, Nigel Barrie, Robert Anderson, Albert Ray, Ralph Graves, Jack Holt, David Powell, Wyndham Standing, Charles Meredith, Edward Sutherland, Al Roscoe, Norman Kerry, Percy Marmont, Conrad Nagle, Walter MacGrail, Jack Gilbert, Wheeler Oakman, Rod LaRocque, Roscoe Kearns, and Roy Stewart. I make no attempt to scale them in order of popularity. If I did, I would be denounced a Bolshevik by various of their devotees.

Producers say there is a positive dearth of capable leading men. Please note, movie aspirants of the male gender, that I said *capable*. Proof of this is in the salaries paid screen lovers. Conway Tearle was imported from New York to California, to act as leading man for Clara Kimball Young. His salary has been quoted at \$1500, which is more than many stars receive. Now we are informed he is to be a star. Mahlon Hamilton recently was engaged by Goldwyn at a wage close to a thousand if not that figure. He had been employed at \$650. Kenneth Harlan is listed at \$750 per seven days. James Kirkwood threw aside the megaphone to help Allan Dwan make a flesh-and-blood man out of a plumber in "The Luck of the Irish." He received \$750 a week during the production of the picture. I am informed that he now receives a thousand and is being offered as high as \$1500 with stellar position.

Noruan Kerry appeared in "Soldiers of Fortune."



Jack Mulhall is well known to patrons of Metro pictures.

Robert Gordon came out of military service he was informed he would have to take a smaller salary because of his absence from the screen. He refused to be a loser because of patriotism. He about-faced and marched over to Vitagraph as leading man for Bessie Love at a figure double that which he commanded before learning to do squads right. Of late he has been costarred with Sylvia Breamer in Blackton pictures.

Monte Blue is one of the younger favorites of the Famous Players-Lasky Studio.

[Continued on page 98]



Roscoe Kearns will be seen in "The Family Honor."

Edward Earle quit starring for the Vitagraph a year ago at a salary substantially less than \$500 to act as leading man at \$500. He now takes his place as a star with a term contract that will bring him into the four-figure class. Thomas Meighan was content with a dinky wage of five or six hundred dollars about a year ago; now he takes some \$1700 from the Lasky exchequer, without a thrill. When



# "Angel Bloom"—Plus Madge Kennedy

One of our best comediennes shares the honors of an interview with a pink elephant.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier



Madge got her dimples from her mother.

JUST when I was shaking hands with Madge Kennedy and murmuring something about being glad to meet her, I looked over her shoulder and stopped right in the middle of a word, blinking rapidly to clear my vision. I also swallowed twice before I could speak.

"Do—do you see what *I* see?" I demanded with a gulp, unceremoniously giving Madge a right-about-face.

"I certainly do," she said carelessly. "That's a pink elephant."

"A pink—there *isn't* any such animal!" I said indignantly. "Either I've had one ginger ale too many, or my eyes are in need of attention!"

"Oh, he's real," Madge laughed. "You can pinch him if you like."

But I didn't care to. Pinching, of course, wouldn't hurt an astral elephant; but if he *were* real—and he did seem to be, despite the roseate hue of his skin, which no other elephant known to science or history has yet attained—he might resent my familiarity in elephantine fashion.

"*A pink elephant!*" I stupidly repeated.

"Yes," said Madge sweetly and patiently, "he works with me in this picture, which is called 'The Blooming Angel' from the story in the *Saturday Evening Post*. He is supposed to be covered with 'Angel Bloom' complexion cream, and to create a sensation when he is led through the streets as an advertisement."

"*Sensation*—well, rather!" said I, unable to take my eyes from the amazing spectacle of the rosy pachyderm who stood weaving from one monumental foot to another, blinking his small eyes and running a delicate and inquisitive trunk over his blushing sides, scraping off some of the extraneous "Angel Bloom" and then inserting the end of the proboscis into his mouth, licking it off like a baby who has stuck his finger into a pot of jam.

"We have a beautiful set for this scene," Miss Kennedy said gently, and it suddenly occurred to me that I was there to interview her rather than the Angel Bloom elephant, unusual though the latter was. So I came to with a jerk, said indeed it *was* a lovely set, and allowed myself to be piloted—not without regrets—away from the elephant, and down the spacious street of what seemed to be a densely populated city. Imposing buildings flanked the avenues; a pseudo-sandstone post office, an imitation-granite bank and an artificial-brick chamber of commerce building. Looking down one of the intersecting streets, we

caught glimpses of druggists' signs, restaurant windows, and cigar-store fronts; while on the other side of the broad avenue was the prominently located shop of "Angel Bloom Cold Cream," where Miss Kennedy was supposed to hold forth and lead her country-jay husband, played by Pat O'Malley, to fame and fortune. Five hundred extras furnish the populace of the ready-made city, and were to supply atmosphere when Wilhelmina, the pink elephant, who is a lady, notwithstanding Miss Kennedy's frequent allusions to her as "him," was to parade down the avenue announcing to the world through the medium of the lettering on her blanket: "Angel Bloom did this for my complexion—it will do the same for yours."

Victor Schertzinger, the director, was megaphoning instructions to the populace from a platform, and Miss Kennedy and I ensconced ourselves on the running board of her limousine, where her mother, who has lovely white hair and Madge's dimples, was knitting a pink

*She smiles as if she liked you.*



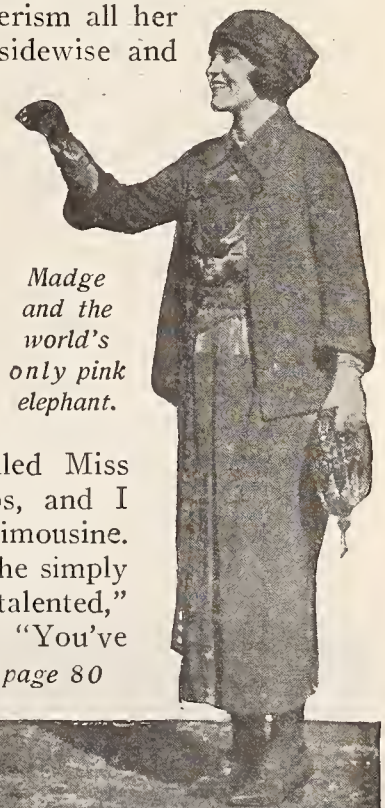
morning jacket for her daughter to wear. "Madge always reads in the morning when she wakes up," she explained to me.

Of course I should have described Madge Kennedy before. I *would* have, if the Angel Bloom elephant hadn't temporarily upset my program. She has hair that is the color of bronze, and her eyes are dark brown—and gentle. She has the loveliest smile which shows vague little dimples in her cheeks, and she smiles at you as if she liked you and were really interested in what you were saying, and if she wondered why you could possibly be interested in *her*.

"I am awfully bad copy," she confessed promptly. "I hate publicity and I don't like being interviewed. Oh, *you*—you're different!" she hastened to add. "You don't seem professional; but so many interviewers ask me such personal things, like how long do I stay in my bath, and what do I eat for breakfast. I feel like an animal on exhibition, and I get so self-conscious. You know," she went on very earnestly, "I don't believe in publicity. I want to get to the point where my work will talk for me. I haven't reached it yet, but some day I am surely going to."

"Indeed you will, lambie," Mrs. Kennedy broke in suddenly, and Madge smiled at me with a fetching little mannerism all her own, turning her head sidewise and tucking her chin into the fur collar of her suit.

"Mother is the best fan I have," she said gratefully. I couldn't do



*Madge and the world's only pink elephant.*

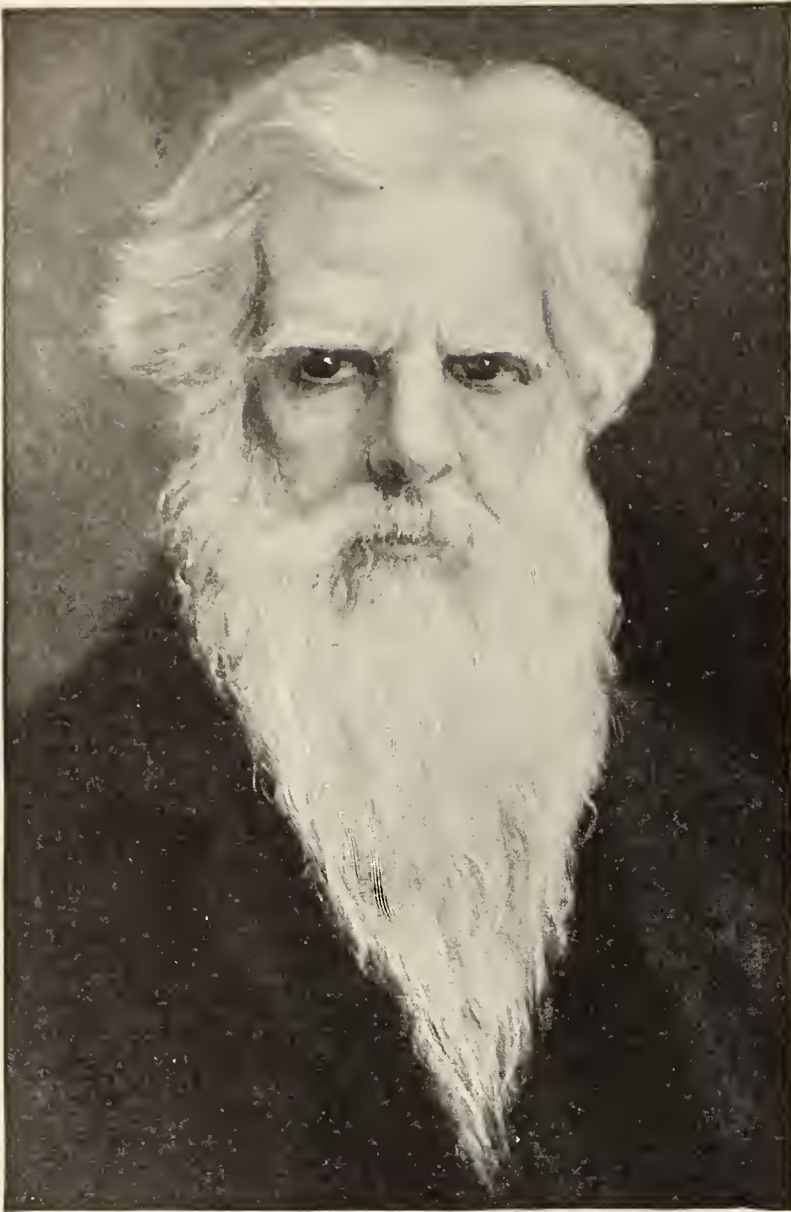
anything without her."

Just then Mr. Schertzinger called Miss Kennedy away for some close-ups, and I stayed with Mother Kennedy in the limousine.

"Madge is so retiring," she told me. "She simply *won't* talk about herself, and she is so talented," she went on with true maternal fervor. "You've no idea——"

*Continued on page 80*





*Eadweard Muybridge, who is often called the father of the motion picture.*

# The Movies' Family Tree

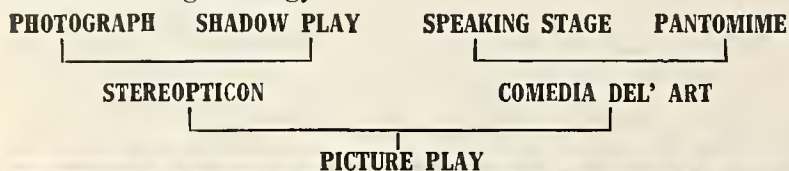


You see that the stock from which the screen play springs is long-lived and two of the grandparents are still hale and hearty. The photograph and the speaking stage are actively with us and need no introduction. Old lady Pantomime and grandmother Shadow Play are not so strong and thriving as they once were, however, and we do not see them in public so often. They were both born mute—which is particularly unfortunate for the ladies—but we recognize in them worthy ancestors for the picture play to be proud of. The shadow play was, and still is, sometimes, produced on a screen or sheet behind which the players go through the acting of the story, and their shadows show through the sheet for the audience because of a lighted lamp placed on the stage behind them. Pantomime also occasionally is produced; by live players, usually in costume, who act with exaggerated gestures because their object is to tell stories without using words.

**Y**OU know that Marconi invented wireless telegraphy, that the Wrights made the first practical aeroplane. But do you know anything about the beginnings of motion pictures, a greater industry than either of these other marvels of modern science, and not much older?

If you don't, don't feel ashamed of your ignorance. Few persons have any information on the subject. I found that out when I began making some casual inquiries myself and that led me to see what I could do in the way of looking up the remote beginnings of the fifth greatest industry.

Before taking up the work of the different inventors whose work contributed toward the finished movie of to-day, let us consider, for a moment, the things that foreshadowed the modern screen drama, and we find this curious genealogy:



The stereopticon inherited the "still" picture characteristic from its parent, the photograph; and appears on a screen or sheet like the shadow play. It is merely a magic-lantern show, and was an attraction until the movies came. But the baby of the family quickly proved such a favorite with its obscure godfathers and godmothers—which means us, friend readers—that we have been watching him grow and paying tribute regularly ever since he was a little fellow.

It is strange that the comedia del' art, the offspring of robust parents who have outlived generations of us humans, should have died so young that few of us know anything about the lady. She was born in Italy, a place where the speaking stage and the pantomime are always welcome, are treated with true hospitality, and where they still thrive.

Screen acting is a direct inheritance from Italian improvised comedy—comedy del' art. The old Italian performers were adepts in this work. They spoke some lines, but only the absolutely essential ones, which

*Some of the results of Muybridge's early experiments.*





Which includes some godfathers  
and godmothers—great and small.

By R. W. Baremore

Illustrated by photographs from Homer Croy's book,  
"How Motion Pictures Are Made."



were written out and rehearsed in advance. The idea was to improvise in the spirit of the theme as the play progressed. A player had only a few lines prepared as "leads," and only those which were necessary for cues and which gave a fair idea of the story, the same principle by which subtitles are used in the modern movies. You are probably less interested, however, in these remote ancestors, or predecessors of the movies, than in the practical steps by which motion pictures as they exist to-day were developed.

Most any one who is asked, "Who was the real inventor of the movie?" will answer: "Thomas Edison." That may not be entirely incorrect, but there were other men who, perhaps working on parallel lines, deserve as much credit. Some of these men were plodding along without the slightest idea that they were helping to develop what we recognize to-day is the crowning of their efforts. Yet they did much to hasten the discovery and the perfection of motion pictures with which we now are so familiar.

For instance, there was Dr. Sellers, of Philadelphia, who, in the early sixties, took plate photographs of his two young sons and showed them in action by means of the cinematoscope—a metal contrivance containing a wheel. On this wheel, by means of a handle, the photographs were revolved, and thus shown in animated form. The value of this toy was that it suggested the possibilities made real later on through the efforts of other inventors. Dr. Sellers also invented the glycerine bath, which has since become one of the greatest aids to photographers the world over.

Then came George C. Eastman, who began his career in a Rochester insurance office in 1868. The genius of young George was evident very early, for, during his first year of employment, he succeeded in saving thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. The saving of fifty cents alone in that year would have been a noteworthy achievement—for he was at that time helping to support a family and clothe himself, all on the bounteous "salary" of three dollars a week. Later, the little capi-



*It was George C. Eastman who discovered film.*

tal was almost wiped out when his promising business of dry-plate manufacturing began to show signs of failing—so much of the income had gone into experimenting on film rolls. Mr. Eastman was aided in his experiments in taking photographs direct on celluloid film, by cooperating with a man named Walker. Not until 1885, however, were the first roll films put on the market. You are, of course, aware that modern motion pictures would have been impossible had not celluloid film been invented. Oddly enough, though, this big step in motion-picture development was made without Mr. Eastman's knowing it. He was not interested in paving the way for movies, but merely sought a lighter substitute for the ordinary photograph plate.

California became the scene of an attempt to make moving pictures. In 1887, Leland Stanford, of Palo Alto, the founder of the university which carries his name, wanted some photographs made which would show one of his trotting horses in action. A man named Eadweard Muybridge was in that section and was eager to make the attempt to please the sportsman. After discarding many schemes, he hit upon the plan of placing a





*The first studio, a tar-papered affair.*

number of cameras at different points around the track, with a string to each that would operate the shutter as the horse passed. Thus he secured a series that, when projected on a screen by means of a zootrope wheel, gave a satisfactory likeness of the trotter. This was a long way from the modern methods, though. It would take sixteen thousand cameras if that method were still followed, to secure enough film for one-fifth of one of our feature pictures.

We must not omit mention of Augustin le Prince, a Frenchman, who secured a patent for a successful motion-picture camera in 1888. His achievement was recognized by some British capitalists who commissioned him to go to Spain and take pictures of a bullfight; but he mysteriously disappeared on the way, and no one yet knows what happened to him. The idea which he had worked out was to take a number of pictures with as many cameras, but they were all placed in one machine and thus had the same point of view—as the human eye does. It was in this particular that Muybridge's efforts had been improved upon.

There were a few "blind-alley" inventors, which suggested the modern movie, but which were not direct steps toward it. One of these was the sort of "movie" now seen through the penny slot machines, in which a series of card pictures follow each other in rapid succession. Then there was the pack of cards which was flipped between the thumb and finger. Numbers of these, showing a boxing scene, were given out some twenty-five years ago by a progressive tobacco company. Also there was the "black box"; a cylinder in which was placed a strip of pictures. As the box spun round on an axle, the spectator looked in through a number of slits in the near side and saw the figures in motion.

Returning to the main road, William Friese Green, of Brighton, England, secured a patent in 1891 for a machine that is very like those in use to-day. Three years later, another Englishman, Robert Paul, gave the first public exhibition of moving pictures in this country. This was held in a jewelry store in Richmond, Indiana. C. Francis Jenkins, an employee of the treasury department in Washington, was manager for the performance. He had spent a lot

of spare time in perfecting the apparatus to be used, and gave a screen picture of a dancing girl. The film was highly colored, but, owing to bad projection, the spectators were barely able to make out the figure of the actor.

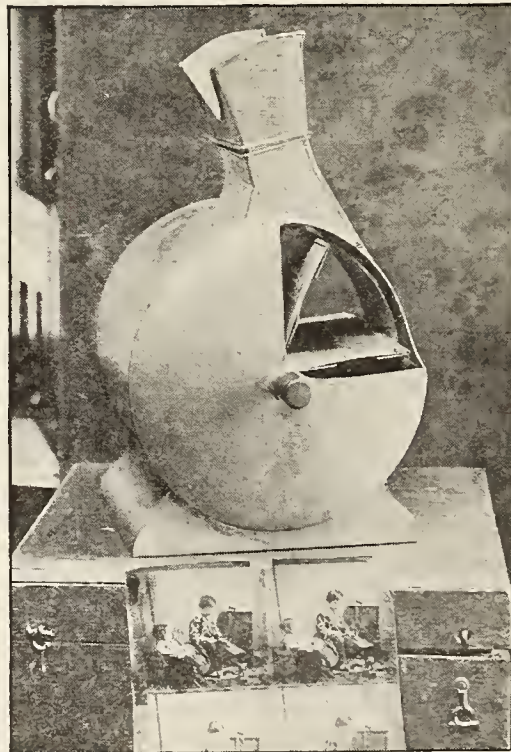
Up to this time, there was no way to take care of the film as it unrolled from the machine after showing the picture. Some one thought up the method of having it rewind on another spool as it left the first. That did away with the mess of tangling film around the projectors' feet, as well as the great fire hazard due to so much exposed celluloid.

Thus were the steps to perfection made gradually, at the cost of much money, thought, labor, and time.

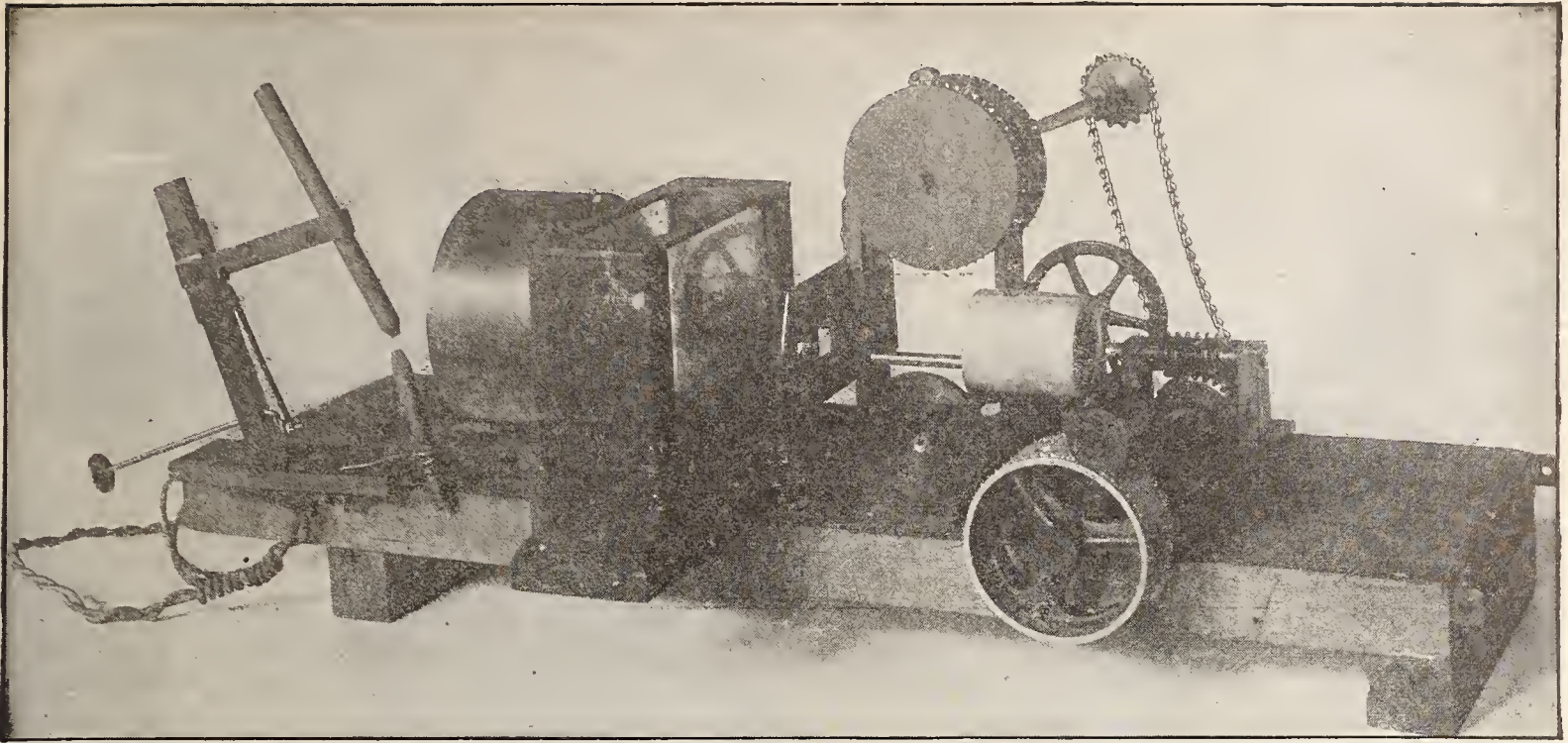
At the age of five, that is exactly twenty years ago, the movies made their New York debut. This was in a music hall in Twenty-third Street.

Koster & Bial, the proprietors of the theater, were always searching for novelties. The main attraction at that time was a girl who did the circus disrobing act, but a feature consisting of a moving train, rushing toward the audience at sixty miles an hour, was introduced—on the screen, of course. This made a great hit with the crowds.

Then the wizard, Thomas A. Edison, decided that it was time for him to take hold of the idea, and things



*Dr. Sellers' kinematoscope and the pictures used in it.*



rapidly began to move. "Black Maria" was the name given the first studio that Mr. Edison built. It was erected in Orange, New Jersey, turned on tracks and had a slide in the roof like an astronomical observatory, to take advantage of the sunlight. The conditions were, "no sun—no picture-taking."

"Educationals" and "scenics," were the main subjects up to this period, but the public began clamoring for "stories." This inspired the Biograph Company to open a real studio on Fourteenth Street, New York City. At this old studio many of our well-known and much-loved screen celebrities got their starts—Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Florence Lawrence, David Wark Griffith, Mack Sennett, Owen Moore, Henry Walthall, and many others. The producers, in spite of the arguments of Mr. Griffith, who became their chief director, could not then see the use in bringing out "stories" and would not consider buying picture rights to published books, short stories, and plays.

The demand for movies was increasing faster than the supply. William A. Brady was operating a "store" show only a few blocks from the Biograph Studio and could not get enough pictures. Vaudeville actors wanted to use them as parts of their acts. J. Stuart Blackton, then a stage magician, and Albert E. Smith, a quick-sketch artist, enlisted the interest of old "Pop" Rock and formed the Vitagraph Company. Mr. Smith is now president of the company, while Mr. Blackton is heading another. On the roof of a building on Nassau Street this combination of progressive men produced many pictures.

But the great need of that time was an artificial light that would make sunlight unnecessary. To fill this gap, Peter Cooper-Hewitt stepped "down stage" and pre-

vented his discovery. At that, the sun retired to the rear, and Mr. Hewitt's invention has held first place ever since. Of course, these lights were not perfect at once, but the annoying "flicker" was gradually done away with, and they are now supreme.

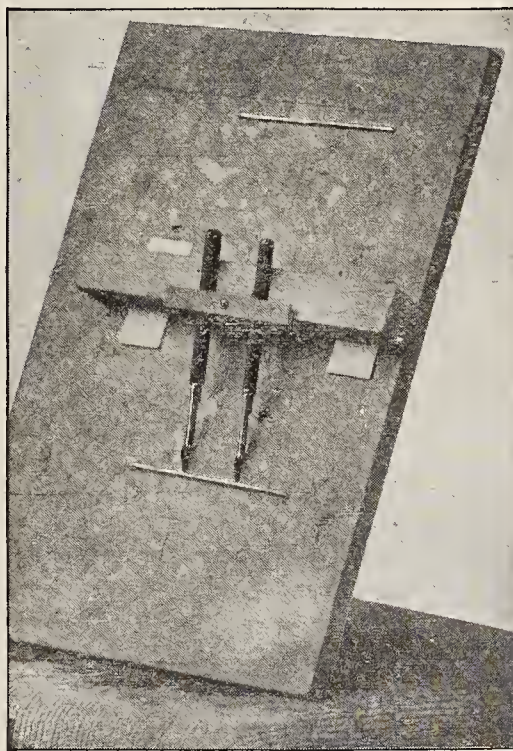
Closely following the discovery of a satisfactory artificial light, the industry was crowded with struggling producers. Many of these organized working companies and incorporated—but the histories of the great "makes and breaks," and the millions charged to profit and loss in the movies would take volumes to tell. And much of it is so sordid that it had better be forgotten.

At first any vacant store with a white wall and rows of loose chairs, was thought good enough for a movie show. To make sure that his neighbor might not present a more attractive front, each manager would gather the most lurid posters, attach a "To-day" sign, and be sure of good patronage—regardless of the picture that was exhibited.

At last pictures began to improve, and with this improvement came better theaters. The Strand in New York City, was erected by men who dared carry out an idea of Samuel Rothapfel. He had come from a Middle-Western city, and paid no attention to the laughs generously handed out by most persons who heard of his idea. A beautiful theater, housing perfect pictures,

assisted by a symphony orchestra, metropolitan singers, and trained ushers—a success financially—was the result. Then the laughing stopped—except that provoked by the delight of the audiences. The Strand was so great a success that the Rialto was erected soon after, on the sight of Hammerstein's famous old playhouse, the Victoria. Then the Rivoli Theater came

*Continued on page 103*



*The primitive film slitting board made by Jenkins in 1890.*

# To the Tune of Temple Bells

By Barbara Little



Richard Barthelmess as the "Yellow Man."

SUNSHINE and palm trees and tinkly temple bells, sounding across still lagoons. According to Kipling's British sailor in "Mandalay," if you've heard the East calling you through its myriad voices, "you won't 'eed nothin' else." And more than one picture producer of late has heard that siren call—hence the wave of Oriental pictures that has surged across the screen.

Nazimova began it, gorgeous as the Chinese goddess in "The Red Lantern," and equally effective as its English heroine. Richard Barthelmess, as the *Yellow Man* of "Broken Blossoms," was less in the picture physically, yet seemed more Chinese in spirit.

And now we have



An effective Chinese girl was Nazimova.



Viola Dana in "The Willow Tree."

newcomers in the field of the Orient. Only one of these pictures is Chinese. Dorothy Phillips, in "Ambition" assumes the rôle of a girl who sings in a Chinese opera.

In "The Willow Tree" Viola Dana dons a sleek black wig and slants her eyebrows to make herself the charming Japanese heroine of this screen success.

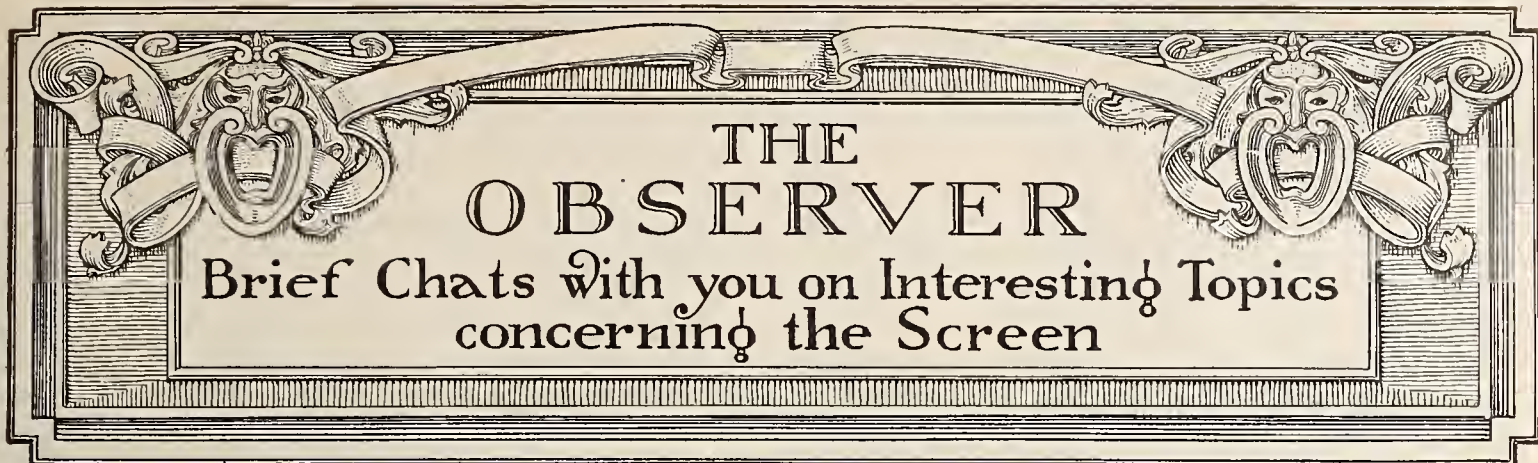
And our one feminine star from the Flowery Kingdom, Tsuru Aoki, chose a tale of her own land in which to make her stellar début. Based on "The Breath of the Gods," a powerful story by Sidney McCall, it easily holds its own among these pictures through which we hear the chiming of temple bells.



"Ambition" does this to Dorothy Phillips.



Tsuru Aoki is really Japanese.



THE  
OBSERVER  
Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics  
concerning the Screen

*What  
Wall Street  
Says*

Wall Street has gone into the motion-picture business. That means that the men of millions have investigated motion pictures and have decided that they are as much a part of the daily life of America as cigars, wheat, rubber tires, steel, and railroads.

Before these investors put their millions into moving pictures they made the first real motion-picture survey ever attempted and they brought forward facts as follows:

Gross revenue of picture theaters of the country in one year—\$800,000,000. This is \$100,000,000 more than the combined gross of thirteen leading rubber companies.

The 15,000 picture theaters seat 8,000,000 people.

Nearly every town of 1,000 population has at least one theater.

Twelve hundred new theaters are being built at a cost of \$72,000,000.

It costs \$300 a seat to build a good theater these days.

At the conservative figure of \$100 per seat as the present value of the theaters, it is found the investment in motion-picture houses totals about \$800,000,000.

All other countries of the world have 17,500 theaters—but 2,500 more than the number in the United States.

Consumption of positive films averages 10,000,000 feet a week, as against 3,000,000 in 1913.

Admission prices run up to \$2 per seat. The five-cent house is a dim memory.

Seventy thousand dollars rolled into the box office of the new Capitol Theater, New York, its first week.

American film producers have a combined income of \$90,000,000.

We are buying eight hundred million dollars' worth of motion-picture entertainment each year. Are we getting our money's worth?

*The  
Answer*

Let us answer our own question. Some of us are. Some of us are not. The fault is our own if we are in the latter class.

In small towns the general feeling often is that the local exhibitor isn't playing fair—that he is showing bad pictures for good money. How many times The Observer has heard, "There's a great opening for a really good picture show in our town. The manager of our theater *never* gets good pictures."

The way to remedy the situation is not to bring in another theater, but to reform the local manager. Make clear to him your feeling regarding motion pictures.

Show him that you are willing to patronize first-class pictures—that you are ready to pay twice as much for a ticket if he will give you twice as good a show.

In many towns clubwomen, chambers of commerce, and other organized bodies have improved the class of motion-picture entertainment. How? Not by threatening to burn down the theater, but by the more effective plan of showing the exhibitor that he can make more money if he puts on better shows. That's the argument that will get more than throwing bombs or bad language.

Perhaps some of The Observer's readers have had success in persuading theaters to put on better shows. If so, for the education of other readers, won't the successful ones write in and tell us about it?

*Altering  
the  
Story*

Authors, it seems, are beginning to admit that perhaps a director and a first-class continuity writer should be allowed to do something more, in putting on a picture, than merely to photograph an author's words.

Not long ago all authors held that the directors who changed their stories, committed sacrilege. And, as a matter of fact, the way in which stories were mutilated and cheapened *was* sacrilege—and, too often, still is, for that matter.

But now comes Frank L. Packard, who wrote "The Miracle Man," with nothing but praise for the way in which George Loane Tucker produced his story, and Tucker, as you may know, took some liberties with Packard's original version.

The point of the matter, as we see it, is this: When a director and a continuity writer take a masterpiece of literature and deliberately cheapen it on the assumption that an average audience has no appreciation for anything save sensation and slush, it *is* sacrilege. When they alter a story because the technique of the screen demands it, if they do their work intelligently and sincerely, it is *not* sacrilege.

*The Spirit  
of the  
Original*

But we believe that the screen version of a literary masterpiece should be kept as close, at least, to the spirit of the original as possible. With contemporary light fiction we cannot see that it makes any difference what the producers do with the story so long as they make a good picture. But the books and plays that we have come to love we do not like to see so distorted, as they so often are on the screen. Much as we enjoyed "Male and Female," we are inclined to hope that De Mille will confine his efforts in

the future to stories especially built for his peculiar methods instead of giving us De Mille versions of the works of authors whose books and plays are pitched in a key so different from that used by the master of exotic and luxurious screen creations.

That fine productions can be kept close to the original in key was shown by Griffith's "Broken Blossoms," and a more recent example is Famous Players-Lasky's production of "Huckleberry Finn." William D. Taylor, who directed it, surely deserves a word of praise for the faithful manner in which he followed the spirit of Mark Twain's masterpiece, proving that it is not always necessary completely to distort an original story.

### *Acting*

#### *Alone Is*

#### *What*

#### *Counts*

There was a day when vaudeville thrived on acts which featured prize fighters, ball players, notorious women—in fact, anybody who had his or her name in the papers—a great deal could get a contract to appear in vaudeville. But the public, not the law, stopped all of this. No laws were necessary. People just didn't go to see them—not necessarily because the public disapproved of the pitching of the ball players or of the shooting of the chorus girls. It was just because these persons were uninteresting and incompetent as actors.

So with moving pictures. You have to be interesting, not merely notorious, to get away with it to-day.

### *The Case*

#### *of Will*

#### *Rogers*

Take Will Rogers, who was supposed to be only a trick-lariat thrower. He succeeded in vaudeville, not because he could do things with a rope, but because he was really funny. He went into pictures. He is rapidly gaining popularity, not because he is a roper, but because he is an actor—he has personality. No doubt there are as good lariat throwers as Will Rogers, or as good gunmen as Bill Hart, but unless they show something more than an agile wrist or a quick-trigger finger—they won't do for pictures.

### *It's the*

#### *Show Busi-*

#### *ness Now*

The finest thing that can be said for the motion-picture industry is that at last it is the show business—meaning that it at last has reached the stage where it really entertains. No longer can a picture succeed merely because it satisfies somebody's curiosity.

For a long time we were little beyond the stage in which the chief attraction of the moving picture was movement. At last we have reached the stage where the producers realize that a story must have movement of plot and of drama as well as movement of the legs of horses and bathing girls.

They're making us weep. And that's the final test. The motion picture has reached the emotions. It is such good drama that it makes lumps come into our throats. When you get that in books or music or in painting you are producing art.

### *The Costume*

#### *Play and the*

#### *Spectacle*

A company recently inadvertently announced that it was going to produce a "costume play." Then it hastily retracted and said it would make a "spectacle." It made its spectacle, which turned out to be nothing more than a costume play with

a lot of people in it. The production had only fair success.

Now there is a report that "Chu Chin Chow"—which is the story of "The Forty Thieves"—and "Aphrodite"—pronounced "Af-ro-dy-ty"—are to be made into pictures. And the Holy Bible is to be filmed. And De Mille is to make "The Wanderer," the story of the prodigal son.

All of these are spectacles, but they also are costume plays, in that the characters will not wear the sort of clothes you see advertised in the daily papers.

When picture people speak of spectacles they think of D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance," and point to it as an example of a spectacle that failed. But it never has been decided whether "Intolerance" failed because it was a spectacle or because the story was so mixed up in the telling that nobody knew what it was all about.

Now and then, perhaps, a spectacle will gain the favor of the fans. They like to see big shows, with thousands of people—circuses on the screen. But the bigness alone can't please the ticket buyers. There must be a real story—a human story. The people in the spectacle must not be lost amid their surroundings.

### *Some*

#### *Cash!*

D. W. Griffith has paid \$175,000 for the motion-picture rights to "Way Down East." This is the record price so far for the rights to dramatic material. We happen to know that the price mentioned is not the product of a press agent's imagination—not by very many dollars, at least.

Here is a production that has succeeded on the stage. It made three or four fortunes for William A. Brady, who evidently thought he would rather take real money for the moving-picture rights than to produce it in pictures himself.

It's quite a lump of money, but it will be a cheap picture to produce—no expensive sets or gowns—and Mr. Griffith's stock company already has demonstrated in "True-Heart Susie" just what it can do with such a subject.

There are persons who predict that Mr. Griffith will not get rich with the motion-picture production of this famous play. They say "Way Down East" is out of date.

But Mr. Griffith is a keen showman. He usually guesses rather well as to the taste of the public, and we are inclined to believe that he will not lose anything.

But whether he wins or loses, we're glad, personally, that "Way Down East" is going to be produced, and by a producer who is capable of as great things as Mr. Griffith is.

### *The College*

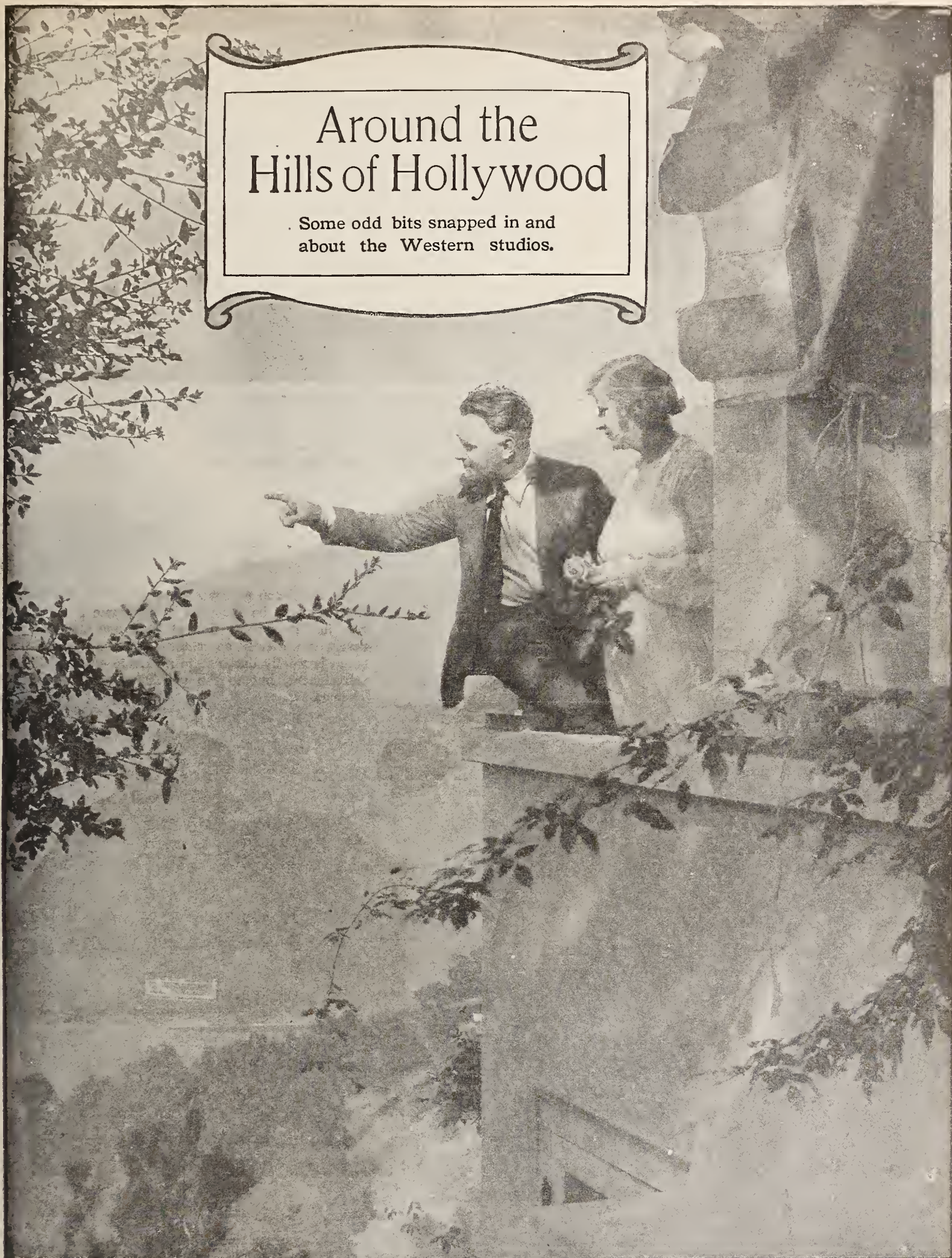
#### *Boys*

#### *Complain*

A college fraternity has complained of the types of college boys shown in motion pictures and has asked the producers to quit showing the "rah 'rah" type. Alas, we never will be able to see ourselves as others see us. Types will remain in all drama. The general conception of the college boy, the reporter with the notebook, the chorus girl with the limousine, the traveling man who tells funny stories will always be with us. They're not true to life, but how are you going to change as long as your pictures are directed by neither college boys, reporters, chorus girls, nor traveling men?

# Around the Hills of Hollywood

Some odd bits snapped in and about the Western studios.



You've heard of the hills of Hollywood, where the wars of European kingdoms rage on one slope while cowboys dash down the next one, and society folk have tea in the valley between—all in front of grinding cameras. Well, there's more than that to these Hollywood hills. Maybe it's because the road of the old Spanish padres leads you down the coast to them—*El Camino Real*, they still call it—or maybe it's because the ever-beckoning Pacific is so near; anyway, there's a lot of romance about the hills of Hollywood, and Director Clarence Badger, like many another member of the Western screen colony, has built his new home in their very midst, as you can see for yourself.





"Oh, I am the cook and the captain bold and the crew of the *Nancy* brig," sings Doug—and Marjorie Daw and Little Mary agree, since the brig in question is Charlie Chaplin's airship, and he and Mildred Harris are on hand to protect their property rights. Notice that the girls cling to each other and to Charlie—but Doug clings to the mascot!



"A camel can go seven days without a drink—but who wants to be a camel?" We quote the old, old saw just in proving that at least one steed of the desert is perfectly contented—but that self-satisfied smile is wholly due, not to a private stock of liquid refreshment, but to the proximity of pretty Olive Thomas.



It's a great game if you don't weaken—playing tennis with Jack Dempsey, champion pugilist—and it's a lot milder form of recreation than playing in his serial with him, we'll venture to surmise.





To quote Will Rogers, Art Acord is here "entirely supported by nothing," for you can't call the leg of a hostile Indian really adequate support, even in a Universal serial, with a rescue scheduled as soon as somebody's make-up is on right.

You've seen him in the funny supplements of the newspapers and on billboards for years—for George McManus, the cartoonist, has been "Bringing Up Father" for a long, long time. And here's Johnny Ray as *Mr. Jiggs*, or "Father," putting him on the screen.





*Wes is America in embryo.*

**Y**OU'D never guess it to look at him! Wes Berry—he with the sparrow's egg face—has a "past."

You know him only as the youngest villain of the screen. He drank hard cider with Mary Pickford in "Daddy Long-Legs" and acquired a dizzy "bun." He peeped through the keyhole of Gloria Swanson's boudoir in "Male and Female" and saw—— He's a hard-boiled young egg in screen villainy, this lad of twelve.

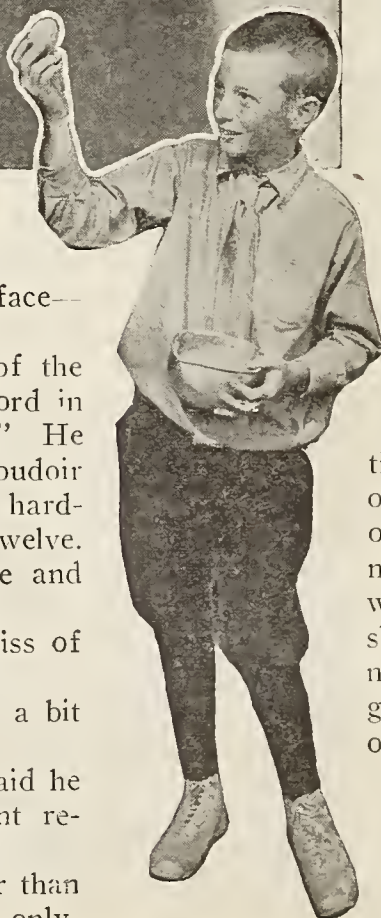
But I never dreamed that his peppered face and tangled hair hid such a secret.

Wes Berry was lured to the screen by the kiss of a vampire!

He confessed it to me shamelessly, even with a bit of braggadocio.

He even told the wicked woman's name and said he hoped she would read this story that she might remember her cast-off victim.

The lady of Wes Berry's "past," is none other than the famous home-wrecking, picturesque, alluring, only-



## He Was Lured by a Vamp!

Wesley Berry confesses that that's how he was intrigued into a screen career.

By Walter MacNamara

convincing - vampire - in - captivity —Miss Louise Glaum.

"Ah," you say, "we've been tricked. Now we'll be told that Wes Berry played in a picture with Miss Glaum and was kissed by her before the camera." Sh! you're wrong. It was a clandestine meeting and a case of love at first sight. Siren Louise "vamped" Wes shamelessly in his own father's grocery store!

If you think from this that young Mr. Berry is a loquacious chap who boasts of his love affairs you are mistaken. I learned the secret only after several visits to his home.

It is a quaint little bungalow smothered in flowers, nestling among the foothills of Hollywood. There Wes lives with his mother. Mrs. Berry is a widow and all the world to Wes. She is the sort of mother that a boy always carries reverently in his memories when he journeys into the rugged paths of manhood. They are a typical pair, this mother and son, just country folks. Their like may be found in thousands of happy homes in the West. As soon as you meet them and enter their house you fancy the fragrance of preserving fruits boiling in the kitchen. You are sure there are jars of jam on the pantry shelf and a big crock of doughnuts secreted some place.

When I first saw Wes, with his lace curtain of freckles, the portières of time parted and I saw another boy—the eternal boy that every one loves. How it all came back to me!—the rush from the schoolhouse with its musty smell and mystic shadows, the intoxicating run through meadows to the swimming pool, the gang that rent the air with shrieks of unholy joy as pants and shirts were tossed on the grassy bank.

*He liked this better than society stuff.*

Wes is America in embryo. The wicked twinkle in his dare-devil

eye, the broad grin of his impudent mouth, the tangle of his comb-resisting hair, his ever-ready appetite for a fight or a dinner, all stamp him as boy—our boy.

On the table before the fireplace in the Berry living room you find such books as "Robinson Crusoe," "The Swiss Family Robinson," and "Treasure Island," indicative of adventurous boyhood, while "Soldiers Three" and other Kipling works denote the gradually maturing mind. In one corner of the room are some Indian clubs and dumb-bells, on the hearthrug one of those woolly, indefinite dogs, which should have been white, but wasn't. I was introduced to the dog; Tootsie is its name.

"Toots ain't got no pedigree nor breeding much," explained Wes. "But say—she can fight! I'll betcha she could clean up one of Theodore Roberts' Airedales if she ever got started."

It was the fuss I made over the dog, I think, that disarmed all Wesley's suspicions and brought about the confessions of his "past." We became friends instantly—Toots and Wes and I. After he had put the dog through its entire repertoire of tricks, he settled down in a chair with his knees on a level with his eyebrows and relapsed into a communicative mood. That was my cue for questions.

"Well, Wes," I said nonchalantly, "how did you tumble into pictures anyhow?"

He eyed me with just a glint of suspicion, shifted about in the big rocker and scratched his head.

"When dad was alive he had a grocery store over by the Kalem Studio," began Wes.

There was a lapse of discouraging silence after that admission. I wondered how I was going to urge Wes from the store to the studio. Perhaps the memory of dad was

just a bit sobering to the boy. His eyes were on Tootsie, who peered up sympathetically.

"I suppose some director saw you in the store and engaged you as a type," I ventured.

Wes squirmed a bit uneasily, then resolutely determined to see the interview through.

"Naw, that wasn't it," he retorted. "I was just a kid then—that was five years ago." He spoke with the reminiscent tone of a gentleman in his sixties. And again he paused.

"Well, one day Louise Glaum came into our store. Do you know Louise Glaum?" He glanced at me quickly, quizzically.

"Yes. She's a splendid girl," I replied.

That seemed to take a load off his chest.

*When he grows up he's going to do Western stuff.*



"Well, she came into our store and the first thing I knew she picked me up and kissed me. Right in front of dad and a bunch of people, too!"

Wes' mother interrupted the narrative with a laugh, remarking:

"Wesley ran straight home to tell me about it. His face was still red. I think some of that color stayed permanently in spots. I never noticed so many freckles before that time."

His mother's jest of the sacred episode did not seem to disturb Wes. He continued ruminative.

"I often wonder," he said, "if Miss Glaum remembers that I was the kid she kissed. Gee, I'd kinda like to tell her!"

"I'll let her know about it in the story I'm going to write," I volunteered.

*Continued on page 102*

# The Lady of the Square Room



She once was "a showgirl with lines."

IT was night. Lights poured gold through orange silken shades. Over the mantel a silver strip of Japanese paper took on a copper tinge. From the grate shot a clear topaz flame. The room was symmetrical. The four equally spaced walls were of a powder-gray as though dusted with pollen. At intervals were splashes of color—small paintings by Zorn and Parrish. The floor was velvety with soft blue. There was simplicity, without severity, about the furnishings. All were of olive-leaf gray—writing desk with a single candle, wicker chairs and wicker table, a lounge with orange velvet flung across it.

The high light of the interior was a woman. She vivified the room, a part of it yet in startling contrast to its modulation. Large black eyes of smoldering brilliance were shaded by a wreath of dusky hair wound carelessly about her head. Soft material of ebony sheen flowed from her shoulders in graceful line. A cerise scarf, like a stream of fire, fell over one shoulder. The Japanese servant ushered me toward her.

Had Carmen lived in the hills of Hollywood instead of Hispania; had she attended lectures and theaters instead of bullfights; had she read Plato and Balzac and Conrad instead of aces, deuces, and tea grounds; had she lived in picture romance of to-day instead of in Spanish lore of yesterday, she, Carmen the Free, might have been Florence Deshon.

That was my impression of this sultry beauty who recently signed an agreement to appear in Goldwyn pictures for the next five years. Carmen would not have bound herself to any specified time or place. Perhaps she

might have agreed—a contract is a scrap of paper where gypsies are concerned. I ventured to reveal my impression to Miss Deshon. She smiled, rather pleased, I thought.

"I am gypsy, partly by blood, mostly by instinct. My mother was a Hungarian gypsy, my father English."

"How temperamental you must be!" I observed, expecting the customary denial.

"I am," replied Miss Deshon. She spoke with a velvet drawl. "But I'm not freaky. I have only one idiosyncrasy. I must live in a square room. I cannot stand a long narrow one. Its walls seem drawing together to crush me. I don't mind how small the room is, if it's only square. And I've lived in a very tiny one, I can assure you—a New York hall bedroom!"

Carmen in a New York hall bedroom seemed grotesque. But this Carmen has a sense of humor.

"That was when I was 'a showgirl with lines,'" continued Miss Deshon. "I love that—a showgirl with lines."

She lit a cigarette and smiled—a slow, drowsy smile.

"A showgirl!"

"With lines," appended Miss Deshon with emphasis. "All the friends of the family would say to me, 'Florence is so beautiful she'll surely marry a millionaire.' So, convinced of my charms, I went on the stage. It was in a musical comedy, 'The Sunshine Girl.' All of the girls were assigned evening gowns for dress rehearsal. I was long. My gown was not. It came somewhere between the knees and ankles in front, and the trail just grazed the floor. I strolled onto the stage, imagining myself a peacock. In reality, I must have appeared more like a kangaroo. I paused in the center of the stage and turned slowly about haughtily. I was fascinated with myself!

From the black depths of the orchestra came a sepulchral voice—the stage director's:

"'Fur the lova Mike who let it in!"



"Florence is so beautiful she'll marry a millionaire," said her friends.

Once a hall-bedroom Carmen, now in luxury, she remarks, "I shall be a star."

By Gordon Brooke

"I was dumb with astonishment. Then the blood raced to my face."

Nevertheless, the girl who was sure to marry a millionaire was retained as part of the chorus and eventually became the showgirl with lines, meaning, of course, that she had a small speaking part. But she had the habit of going A. W. O. L. and sending telegrams of fantastic excuses to the manager.

"I thought I was getting away nicely with my telegraphic apologies," she went on, "until one day I visited the manager's office. He had framed them for his wall. He said they served the same purpose as the 'Keep Smiling' sign in the dentist's office. Fancy! Anyway, I found I had at last exhausted his patience and had become a showgirl without lines."

While appearing in musical comedy, the Carmenesque chorister posed for James Montgomery Flagg and Charles Dana Gibson. She was considered the ideal brunette.

Finally she secured a dramatic part in an English play, "My Lady's Dress," and appeared to such advantage that William A. Brady engaged her for two plays running simultaneously in New York. She appeared in the first two acts of "Life," then dashed across the street to another theater for the last acts of "Too Many Cooks." While playing in "Seven Chances," under Belasco direction, she was lured to lenslight for a rôle in "Jaf-



*She resembles her mother, a Hungarian gypsy.*



fery," picturized by the Frohman company. Rex Beach saw her in it, and gave her a leading rôle in "The Auction Block." Then she became a leading woman at Vitagraph, and later, while spending her summer vacation playing in a musical version of "Seven Chances," she was seen by Samuel Goldwyn and promptly offered a five years' contract and sent West, where she has recently appeared in "The Loves of Letty," "The Cup of Fury," and "Dangerous Days." She has been called "a second Pauline Frederick."

"I have no exalted view of myself," commented Miss Deshon the evening I met her. "But I am going to be a star. If Goldwyn doesn't give me the chance, I shall find it—elsewhere."

"But the contract—five years!" I reminded.

Carmen reincarnate shrugged her shoulders.

"I shall always be free to do as I choose. I'm extremely primitive."

And one can afford to be when the only demand is—a square room.



John Barrymore as Dr. Jekyll.

**M**OVING against a background of scarlet and purple and beaten gold, in a world vivid with the unbridled love and hate of medieval Italy, Lionel and John Barrymore last season brought New York to its feet in "The Jest." They had done it singly before, Lionel in "The Copperhead," which on its first night received one of the greatest ovations in American theatrical history, and John in Tolstoy's "Redemption." But with "The Jest" they won their places forever among the country's foremost actors.

They were born to the royal ermine of theatrical circles, were these two, yet, unlike their sister, Ethel, who was a star in her teens, they traveled winding paths to reach their goal, climbing up from obscurity as painstakingly as many an actor of less famous name. And now, with the mantle of Mansfield unfolding them both, with John playing "Richard the Third," and Lionel doing "The Letter of the Law," based on Brioux's "The Red Robe," and talking of

## To the Purple Born

Lionel and John Barrymore have a royal heritage of artistic talent which they have come into only recently.

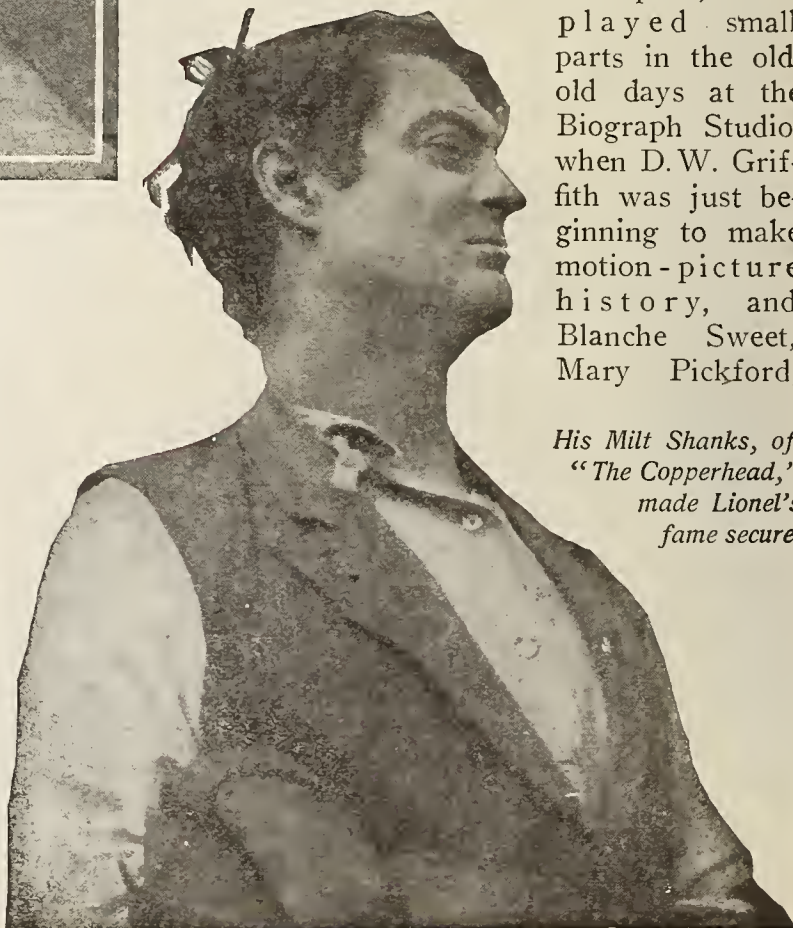
By Agnes Smith

playing "Cyrano de Bergerac," they are giving to the screen presentations as great as those which have secured their fame.

That is one of the wonderful things about motion pictures in their most recent developments. How many "shut-in" persons, living in the more inaccessible parts of our great country, longed, in vain, a few years ago, to see, if only for once, the acting of Irving, Terry, Joseph Jefferson, and the other great ones of that day which they had read and heard so much about. To-day their wishes would not be in vain. They could see in their own village—or, at least, in some nearby city, such screen plays as those into which the Barrymores are putting the finest of their great talents.

Yet these fine productions of theirs were made possible only after years of waiting, and years of playing in vehicles unworthy of their abilities.

Lionel Barrymore is not new to the movies; neither is John, for that matter, but it is Lionel who came over in the *Mayflower*, so to speak, who played small parts in the old, old days at the Biograph Studio, when D. W. Griffith was just beginning to make motion-picture history, and Blanche Sweet, Mary Pickford,



His Milt Shanks, of "The Copperhead," made Lionel's fame secure.

and Henry B. Walthall, though they were the big stars, received less mention in the press than Bill Hart's favorite horse does nowadays.

Lionel usually played character parts—he probably did duty as Indians, Italians, pioneers, and Southern gentlemen. He wasn't doing it just to fill in, however. He had been on the stage, playing in Charles Frohman's companies, but had yearnings that weren't at all theatrical, and the movies helped to gratify them.

"John, who's an artist, wants to be an actor, and Lionel, who's an actor, wants to be an artist," Ethel Barrymore is said to have remarked about her brothers.

And that was what kept Lionel in the movies. He'd work out at the Bronx studio of the Biograph Company in winter, and when spring came, pack his belongings and run over to Paris, to study and paint. Then, after the Biograph Company ceased to exist, Lionel vanished from both stage and screen for a long time.

John, back in the early days of his career, was "Jack"—a clever cut-up. He was starred in a musical comedy called "A Stubborn Cinderella," in Chicago, and was wont to warble a little ditty entitled "If They'd Only Let Poor Adam's Rib Alone." Later he achieved fame as an excellent farce comedian, with "The Fortune Hunter" as one of his big successes. He was the first of the Barrymores to become a screen star; Famous Players appreciated his ability as a comedian, and engaged him to be funny on the screen. He was funny—uproariously so, but he didn't enjoy it, and when his contract ended, in 1917, he went back

to the stage and gave a performance of the hero of Galsworthy's "Justice" that made all New York sit up and exclaim with amazement.

*Mr. Hyde gives John fine opportunities to display his peculiar talents.*



*Lionel, as the brutal Neri, of "The Jest," was unforgettable.*

In the meantime, Lionel had ventured into pictures again, this time under the Metro banner, in comedy dramas. But he was no more of a success than was his sister Ethel, who was wretchedly miscast in most of her pictures, and both left pictures before long.

Lionel went back to the stage and, after a short season with John in "Peter Ibbetson," did "The Copperhead," two years ago. The critics "discovered" him then, and swore they'd always expected the eldest of the Barrymores to do something startling. John, the following season, appeared in a stage version of Tolstoy's "Redemption," and made its hero one of the great figures of the American theater—in fact, as memorable a one as his brother's *Milt Shanks* in "The Copperhead." And

*(Continued on page 99)*





## The Star of the Doll's House

By Selma Howe

**I**T is a Prunella cottage. In a robe of white, embroidered with rosebud vines, with a red tile hat, it resembles the maid who lives within.

You enter through wide French windows. Literally it is a doll's house. There are cretonne hangings bright with flowers and birds. The furniture is wicker. Along the wall on a wicker lounge are many dolls, kewpie and Jap and French and pickaninny.

They are beautiful dolls. One is more beautiful than the rest.

She is animated. Her name is Virginia Rita Newberg. She is the manager of Jane Novak, the picture star, whom Virginia calls "muzzer."

At home "Muzzer" Jane is Mrs. Frank Newberg. Her pale-gold hair and delft eyes match the sunniness of her home. How pretty she must be at breakfast, her delicate fingers fluttering over china cups, as she pours for young "Daddy" Newburg!

"Daddy *was* an actor," Virginia tells me. "Now he's just daddy."

"It really was Frank's confidence in me that made everything possible," says pretty Jane Novak Newberg. "I am not a star, but I have what many stars have not—good parts in good stories directed by Marshall Neilan."

You will see her in "River's End," the Marshall Neilan production. You already have met her with Charles Ray in "Claws of the Hun," "String Beans," and "A Nine O'clock Town," with William Hart in "The Tiger Man" and "Wagon Tracks," and with Earle Williams in "The Wolf."

But her best part is—star of the doll's house.





# HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William

Lord Wright

## How Plots Are Found

Where do writers get their ideas for stories? That is the question that perplexes every aspiring writer. Harold MacGrath, the novelist, many of whose works have been used as screen vehicles, tells in an article written for the *Los Angeles Times* how he picked up one of his plots, and I take the liberty of reprinting from it the following, in which some of you will recognize "The Luck of the Irish."

One day some years ago I was in a cinema theater in Paris. The movie I watched was entirely unusual—and French. The only parts of the characters that one saw was their feet; baby shoes, jeweled slippers, riding boots, high-heeled shoes. By the positions and movements of their feet was suggested what the characters were doing. The audience played the picture with their imaginations. From that I got the idea of a young Irish American, a plumber, working in a shop beneath the level of the sidewalk. Every day he saw hundreds of passing feet and one day he fell in love with a very neat and sensible-looking pair of feet. Then, inheriting a fortune, he bought himself a round-the-world trip ticket and met the feet he loved on the steamer—and you know the rest. You see, a few years before I had made a trip around the world, and hence that part of plot.

"Easy, isn't it, to get a best-seller plot? Try it—romance, lovable characters, color, action. There is no particular art in having a man blow out his brains at the close of a story, or in having a deserted wife reading a love letter from her husband written during their betrothal. Americans are happy and healthy minded. And by the way, the most romantic character to-day is not the Irishman, or the Frenchman. He is the young American. His possibilities from a writing standpoint are enormous. He is the quintessence of romance to-day.

## Many Thanks

It may be a little unseasonable, but better late than never! The writer wishes to thank the hundreds of readers who have sent him Christmas and New Year's greetings and encouraging letters. These are all appreciated, even if it is not always possible to answer them personally. I am certainly glad to know that the department is so popular and, best of all, that our readers find beneficial material therein. The writer wishes each and every one of his readers to feel that the department is his or her very own and to write whenever the spirit moves. Questions which are not answered in our "Guideposts" booklet will be given a personal reply at all times, as promptly as possible.

## The Best Training School

Most prominent writers of original stories for the screen at some time or other have done newspaper work, it seems to me, as I run over the names of those who have achieved unusual success in this work. I know former city and telegraph editors, special-feature writers, marine, police, and courthouse reporters, paragraph writers, and Sunday editors. In the newspaper shops they learned to write plain, unvarnished stories under the most difficult of circumstances. They learned human nature, characteri-

zation, learned the habit of observation, and learned, above all, what is meant by heart interest. That is why the successful scenario writers of to-day were, nine out of ten of them, former newspaper people.

The best school to-day in which to learn the art of writing—whether it be for the screen or for magazines, is the newspaper office. Start in as a reporter and stay with it for two years.

## The Screen Needs Originality

Not every person who attempts it can become a successful screen writer—or writer of anything

else for that matter—for the ability to write well must be based upon a God-given talent, developed through hard work. But for those who have this gift there is nothing so wonderful or difficult in preparing a motion-picture synopsis. And you must remember that the person who has not had a year or more experience around a studio cannot by any possibility do anything more than that, cannot, in other words, write continuity; for the continuity writer must know not only everything about the technical side of making pictures, he must also know the peculiar abilities of the star for whom the script is being prepared. He must know the likes and dislikes of the director who has been selected. He must know the policy of the producer. Even then, after his continuity has been written, there usually is a conference between the continuity writer, director, producer, star, and other experts, with a result that the continuity is practically rewritten.

There will always be a market for original work from outsiders. Those who have been working in the studios for a long time lose their freshness. Their work becomes hackneyed. It is an open secret that most of

**Q**UESTIONS 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 successful continuity writers and scenario editors are persons who are "written out." They only prepare for the screen the stories created by others. The movies continually need freshness and originality, and they get it either by buying books and plays written by persons who never had the movies in mind, or by buying original stories from persons who never saw a studio. I know a former school-teacher, a plumber, and a gardener, all of whom are succeeding in writing movie plots. They write these plots devoid of any embroidery, but they give new ideas that can be seized upon and elaborated in the studios, and their work is of untold value.

### A Game That Is a Gamble

There is no way to foretell success in the show business. This applies to the movies as well as to stage productions. More than almost any other legitimate undertaking the show business is based on speculation. It is the gamble that gives it such a fascination, the fascination of pursuing the pot of gold which disappears, alas, too frequently when the end of the rainbow is reached.

Take "The Miracle Man" as a recent illustration. This production will make a million dollars. I was at the Brunton Studios when this picture was in production. Neither Mr. Tucker nor any one else knew what he had. The picture was put on at a Los Angeles theater without any extraordinary fanfare of trumpets. Then, and then only, did the director and others realize what a wonderful play they possessed.

What makes the amusement game a gamble? Because, one never knows what the public will like or dislike. It is an accepted rule among movie people—those concerned actively in the manufacturing of pictures—that the picture the profession predicts will be great, generally proves a failure—and that usually the picture that seems just acceptable—passable, as it were, to movie makers, is the one which becomes a commercial triumph. Maybe the makers are too close to the production.

And it is the same with the writing end of the game. Many a good story has been rejected, to be made into a great picture later on. Motion-picture editors are not infallible. If they were their services would be worth untold money. To sum up: The fact that some editor refuses your idea may be no criterion that the idea is not a worthy one. Maybe later, another editor will perceive your originality.

### You Can't Succeed at One Bound

It is human nature for the beginner, in any line of work, to expect to achieve at a single bound. The first real step toward success is taken when he realizes the utter impossibility of this. So long as he expects to do without an apprenticeship what experienced craftsmen required years to accomplish he is governed merely by desire and ignorance. When he comes to appreciate something of the nature of the work he is undertaking, he cannot but see how foolish, how unreasonable, were his first expectations. If he is made of the right stuff, and continues to feel that somewhere within him there lies the latent ability which needs only developing, even though that is going to require some hard work, he will tackle the job all the harder—unless he decides that the venture is too much of a gamble for him to afford it, or that his re-

sponsibilities demand that he should bend all his energies on some other, some more practical task. A great many of our readers have had the experience of Mr. Vivian M. Van Horne, who writes us an optimistic letter from California, from which we quote the following:

I have found companies to whom I have submitted stories courteous and prompt in returning my scripts. I have been told by a successful writer that my construction is good, and that is encouraging to me. Some day, I believe, I shall have a good story to offer. I do not expect to sell until I do. I know a lot of amateurs who cannot see a fault in their stories and who are heartbroken when the stories come back. No one with good sense buys anything that is worthless to them, yet the picture companies are expected by the budding authors to do that very thing. I admit that I thought my first story a winner; now I look at it and wonder how the editors keep from going mad. I am going to keep pegging away.

Every beginner thinks his first story a winner—at least as good as those he has seen upon the screen. That's only human nature again. It is a good idea to keep those first stories of yours, the ones which, when returned, caused you sorrow and resentment at some particular company. After you have continued to study the game for six months, or a year, bring forth those first stories again and read them over. You probably will perceive more clearly the reason they were not acceptable.

### Dream Stuff

"Why is it that editors have placed their taboo on dream stories? I have always thought them a great medium for emotional expressions," writes John Reese, of Iowa.

"Young men shall dream dreams and old men shall see visions," I think the quotation goes. But it does not go in motion pictures. "Dream stuff," so-called, means visioning back and halting the continuity of the plot. When motion pictures were young, the dream plots were many, but they are classed as old effects nowadays. There are several sorts of dream plots. There is the one in which the entire story is a dream, and is only revealed as a dream at the end. There is another in which some character or other has a dream, or vision, during the course of the plot. The first procedure is considered bad because it is essential to deceive the audience in order to put over the plot. There is a widespread belief that it never does to deceive an audience—that they resent it. The other method halts the action and thus weakens the plot. Of course, there are exceptions to both rules. But editors are prejudiced against dream stuff in the main, and it is inadvisable to write such plots.

The original dream story was Dumas' "The Corsican Brothers," recently released with Dustin Farnum as the star. In this, the twin brothers have a psychic bond, and when one meets death in Paris, the other has a vision of that death while in Corsica. Ever since Dumas, plot builders have been endeavoring to imitate the idea, but not with the success of the original.

### A New Market Booklet

We have recently issued a new edition to our Market Booklet, with the needs of the scenario editors brought up to date. As usual, there have been many changes in the plans of the various producing companies since our last edition was printed. The new booklet will be sent for six cents in stamps to any address.

edly foreign accent, "I am Mr. Kosloff." I apologized and he apologized. I said of course I should have known, and he said he would have dressed if he had known of my coming. He had been outside painting some poinsettias.

But I was glad that my visit was unexpected. He seemed so much more human in the soiled smock and hay-seed hat than in the barbaric glory of *Prince Igor*.

And, being decidedly "more human," he was also more bashful—or perhaps it was just reticence. He makes you delve for every bit of information concerning himself and his art. I found out quite by accident that he had designed the costumes for De Mille's forthcoming production of "The Wanderer." However, he couldn't be secretive about his dancing, because he knew that I'd seen him dance.

"And I know about your dancing classes, too, though I don't see where you find time to teach them," I declared.

"Ah, yes—my children," he murmured affectionately. "I have big class. And many motion-picture people—Nazimova takes a lesson a day—and she works so *hard!*" He paused to struggle with his English. "She learn difficult steps—oh, she have danced before, of course; but she learn so many new steps. And Ruth Stonehouse, and Gloria Swanson, they take lessons—they know nothing is so good for figure as dance."

"You have time to paint, play the violin, and teach dancing, besides acting on the screen?" I summed up, almost incredulously, indicating the paint-smudged smock.

"Oh, yes," he answered earnestly, "I could not live without hard work to do. I am used



As he appeared on the stage in the barbaric gold and crimson of *Prince Igor*.

to it; back in Russia I worked far into the night." And before he knew it, he was telling me of his life in that far-off country. It was the story of a little boy, born of artistic parents. His grandfather had played in the orchestra of the imperial theater for sixty years; his father had played in that same chair for forty years; it was to have been his lot to take up the bow when his father laid it by; so he was made to practice six and eight hours a day; but he was also allowed to take up dancing in the imperial ballet class, and the two arts were in constant conflict in his heart. He could not choose between them.

He's really a naive, grown-up child.

"But," said Theodore Kosloff, "in hunting once, I took bad cold that go—how you say—to my legs; it made them ver' stiff and every

Continued on page 101



# Fade-Outs

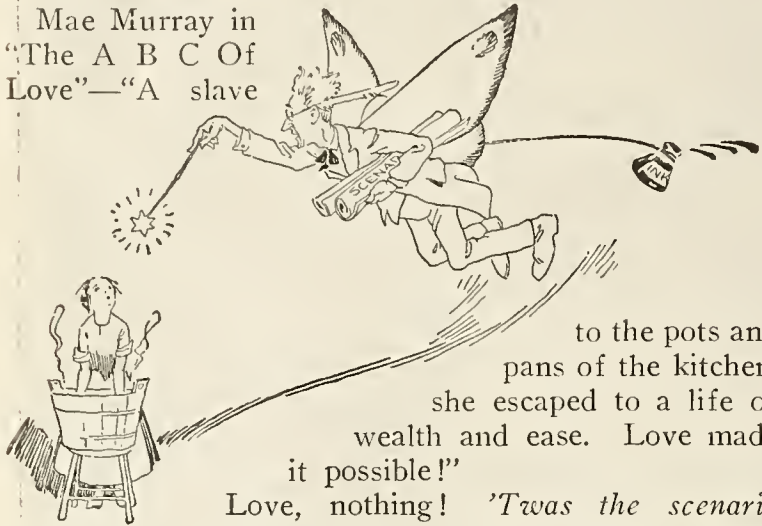
By Harry J. Smalley

SKETCHES BY  
H. L. DRUCKLIEB



## A Movie Miracle.

Mae Murray in "The A B C Of Love"—"A slave



to the pots and pans of the kitchen, she escaped to a life of wealth and ease. Love made it possible!"

Love, nothing! 'Twas the scenario writer—the only force in existence that can bring about such wondrous change!

## Reel Things and Real Things.

Some of these five-reel plots are like the bathing-suits of Mack Sennett's Beauty Squad.

They end before they really begin.

But, as far as we can see, the last-mentioned are *not* padded!

## Hint to Scenario Writers:

Please, oh, please, look up the meaning of the words "bolshhevik" and "soviet."

Neither of 'em mean "anarchist," "assassin," "scoundrel" nor "murderer"—really they don't!

"The Lord Loves The Irish," no doubt—but never before did He make one so dainty and beautiful as Warren Kerrigan's cop in the play of that name!

Irish policemen and pulchritude seldom travel the same beat. Look about ye, lad!

## May He Beam For Ever!

(And The Day After.)

After what Fate, or some other busybody slipped us last year, we took a solemn vow that hereafter all July Firsts would be observed by us with woe and lamentations, beatings of our breast and moping around in sack-cloth and ashes!

But we've switched our dope.

July First isn't such a gloomy date, after all. This year, on that date, Thomas Meighan becomes a Lasky star. Hooray!

## The Greater Attraction.

An amateur dramatic society in a Nebraska city was to give Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra."

As the time approached for the opening, it was discovered that the chap essaying the rôle of *Antony*, was missing.

He was finally found in the "Gem" theater, opposite the square, on Main Street—watching a movie in which cavorted a famous bunch of bathing beauties.

"For Cleo's sake he cast the world away"—and then ditched her for Sennett's sumptuous squad!

## A Perilous and Paradoxical Profession.

Our so-called English language is full of eccentric kinks, f'rinstance—

When a serial queen becomes critically ill, but recovers, we say she is "out of danger."

As a matter of fact wasn't she out of danger the moment she ceased work upon the serial?

## 'Member It?

Manager J. L. Frothingham, of the Bessie Barriscale Co., says: "The public would rather see Miss Barriscale in society drama than in any other type of play."

We don't know how the public feels about it, but we're betting that if Bessie would only give us another "A Corner In Colleens"—the world's joy supply would immediately jump one hundred per cent!

## Film Waste.

- Desert pictures.
- Billy West comedies.
- Lotsa other comedies.
- Sex stuff.
- Vamps.
- Fatty's equator.

## A New Indoor Sport.

Arbucklesterlinghamperiolatimorenovallegerbernardizoninokuchildegarderemersereaugustarkellarbuckle.

This plate of hash is a rainy-day diversion we have evolved for our younger readers. You kids residing in Arizona or on the Mohave Desert need not wait that long. You can tackle it anytime.

The idea being to start with the name of a player; link another one to it; stretch it out as far as you can, and then get safely back to the first-named—taking in as many performers en route as possible.

Selecting Mr. Arbuckle as a solid foundation, we



fared forth, as you can see, and coralled twenty-two players before we got scared and sneaked back to Fatty's ample bosom.

Very absorbing, we assure you.

—o—

**Auto-Suggestion.**

The screen kisses of Norma Talmadge are the most realistic endeavors since the battle scenes in "The Birth Of A Nation"!

And when sister Constance osculates for the celluloid, she—well, Constance evidently believes: "when you start anything, don't be a piker!"

Yes, sir—whenever there's a shortage of sugar, we hunt up the Norm and Con films, and watch 'em kiss. Our coffee tastes sweet for weeks afterwards!

P. S.—And, s-sh—we've viewed the cocktail scene in "Fair And Warmer" eighty-seven times! Who's afraid of Prohibition! (Hic!)

—o—

Speaking of "Male And Female"—wouldn't that have been a perfectly gorgeous title for a Julian Eltinge film? Huh?

—o—

Before viewing "The Wings Of The Morning," we had no idea what a Dyak was—unless it was something for a Rotterdam dam—but now we know!

'Tis Malaysian for "acrobat"! D'ja notice their manner of dying in the play?

—o—

**And Returned To Our Movies.**

Having read a whole lot of glittering boosts anent a certain Broadway stage production: "we'll take it in!" sez we.

We did.

We were.

—o—

As compared to the five-reel drama, something may be wheezed in favor of the (you know the kind) two-reel comedy.

We never have to worry how the latter is going to end.

Just so it does.

—o—

**Rambunctious Females.**

Well, let's see—we've had—

"The Wild Cat Of Paris"

"The Spitfire Of Seville"—

Why not give us:

"The Fury of Frisco"

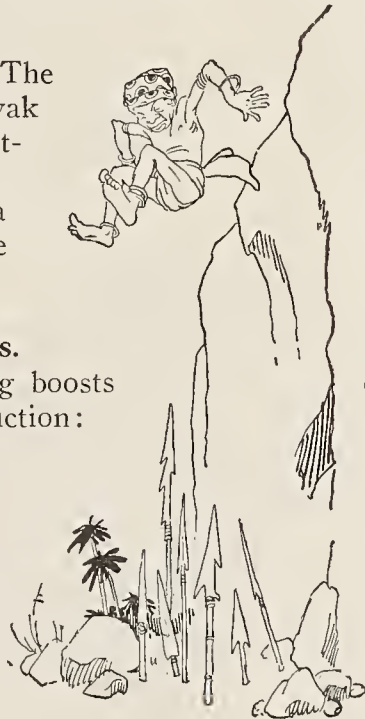
"The Mad Maid of Milwaukee"

"The Violent Vixen

Of Vincennes"

"Malicious Maggie

Of Mendota."



**Clothing Cupid.**

In Universal's "Bonnie, Bonnie Lassie"—"Romance mixes in paint-pots and brushes, and out of this mixture came Love!"

Well, considering the usual adamesque appearance of Cupid, a coat—even of paint, would help considerably these chilly days!

—o—

**The Middleman.**

When Cecil De Mille began work upon his film adaption of "The Admirable Crichton," he proceeded to feel out exhibitors throughout the country as to the pulling qualities of that title.

And exhibitors began sending in queries like this, "What's this Admiral Criton, anyway, a war play? Our patrons won't stand for it. Give us something else."

So, Cecil changed it to "Male And Female."

The average exhibitor, dear readers, is a mazumably busy man, and outside of the thrilling tales he peruses in his box-office balance-sheets—his knowledge of literatoor is nix.

If you don't believe this—test some of 'em. And—this exhibitor, Mr. and Mrs. Fan, is the chap selected by Fate or Misfortune, or some other unmerciful personage to explain to the producers just what pictures *you* like!

Too bad a method cannot be devised which would allow the fans to tell the producer directly what they think they want. Any ideas?

—o—

"Pep! Action! Danger! Drama! Excitement! Dash!"

The publicist who picked that array of hokum to boost his picture, meant well—but, oh, those initial caps!

—o—

**Beware! NOTICE!! Beware!**

**WARNING:**

To all scenario writers, directors, producers, and actors—real, near, alleged and never-was:—

Say, if you folks don't stop making fun of the manner in which we absorb our soup, we'll quit the movies cold!

And then, where'd ya' be?

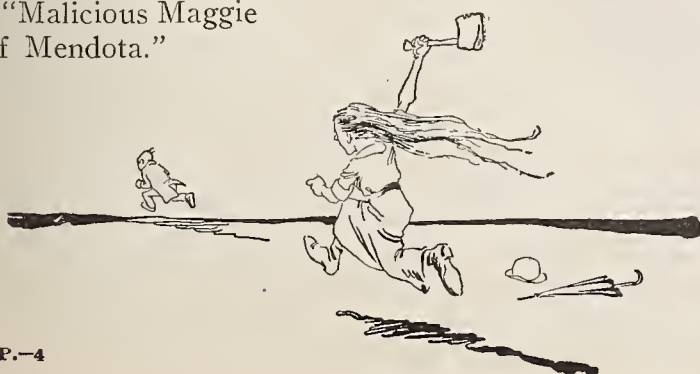
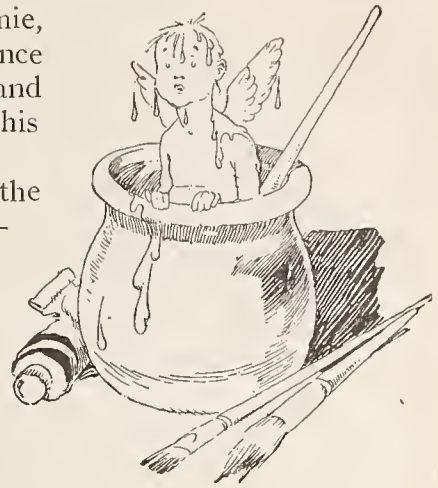
(Signed)

"Fade-Outs."

—o—

**Our Own Movie Reviews:**

"Anastatia Of The Snowdrifts" delighted the four back rows at the Idle Hour last evening. After two reels of atmosphere the audience got out of the snow and began to understand the drift of the plot. The film was scratched in the more emotional mileage. Miss Hortense Bourion sang, "Come Out! Come Out Into The Spring," with barnyard effects furnished by Sylvanus Smucker. There were three "A Year Later" and one "Ten Years Winged Their Flight." The film seemed about thirty years longer than the average.





*There's nothing of the movie hero about him.*

## “I’m a Lazy Man,” Said Jim

But his fighting record belies it.

By Truman B. Handy

stars. At first he could hardly be persuaded to work under the Cooper-Hewitts. But a few months later, when Henry Miller wanted him to go to London with “The Great Divide,” Kirkwood refused because he was in love with making pictures and couldn’t leave them.

So he went on in the movies, when Mabel Normand, Mack Sennett, Owen Moore, and the rest of the pioneers were working as extras. But gradually he began directing, and afterward mingled the two professions. Finally he went to Famous Players, first as leading man, later as a director—he held the megaphone for Jack Barrymore in “The Lost Bridegroom,” and for Hazel Dawn in a number of plays. Later he wrote “In Wrong” for Jack Pickford and directed him in that and “Bill Apperson’s Boy.” That’s where Allan Dwan persuaded him to come back to his place in front of the camera, instead of beside it.

Kirkwood is likable. There’s none of the old movie-hero stuff about him. The wave in his hair is real—not a curling-iron product—and he has enough muscle to run a blacksmith’s shop if he should happen to take such a fancy.

He was enjoying the star’s prerogative of being brushed off by the third assistant property boy the day I met him, and he seemed to be enjoying it.

“Why all this fussiness?” I asked.

“Oh, I’m too lazy to do it myself,” he sighed. “Too lazy to make myself presentable for the camera. Being a so-called ‘well-dressed man’ on the screen has its own penalties, you know; you go into a scene, mess up, and get messed up, and then have to rush off and get cleaned up so that your admirers won’t think you’re sporting something new sartorially.”

“Sort of like this leading-man life, don’t you?”

“Sure—it’s got directing beat a mile. No more goggles and megaphones for me!

“I suppose I need more brushing up than the average actor, because I’m always having to get into so many screen fights,” he went on apologetically, as we strolled back toward the set. “Even in the old Biograph days they kept me scrapping. Screen fighting’s an art, you know—it’s got

**S**AID Director Allan Dwan to Director James Kirkwood one night at dinner in the Los Angeles Athletic Club:

“Jim, if you’ll act in ‘The Luck of the Irish,’ I’ll produce it.”

Said Jim to Allan:

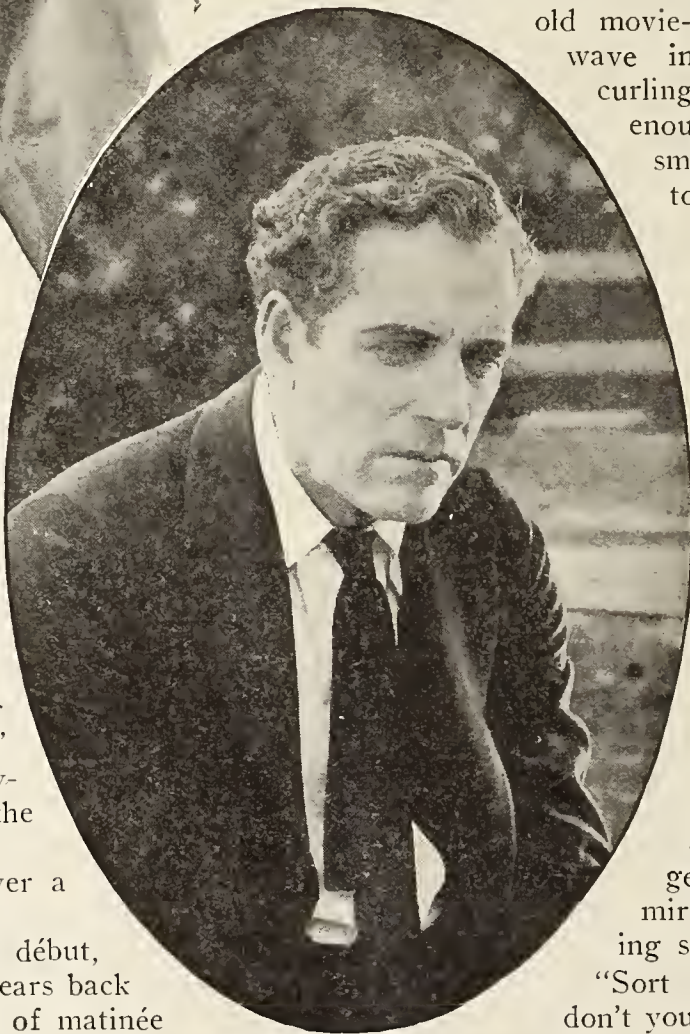
“Allan, it sounds like a plot to get me out of the way so you can be the greatest director on earth.”

But being Irish and a believer in luck, Jim good-naturedly agreed to exchange the megaphone for the paint stick.

“Sure, and acting is an easier job than making others act,” Jim opined. “I’m getting lazy anyhow, so me for ‘The Luck of the Irish.’”

Thus are destinies changed over a demi-tasse.

This wasn’t Kirkwood’s screen début, though, by any means. A few years back he was one of that great coterie of matinée film favorites, when he played opposite Mary Pickford in “Behind the Scenes.” D. W. Griffith had literally dragged him onto the screen, one day when he visited the old Biograph Studio. Kirkwood had been on the stage before that, playing with Blanche Bates in “The Girl of the Golden West,” with Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller in “The Great Divide,” and with other stage



*He says he’s back in make-up to stay.*



Dwan brought him back to the screen.



Lazy? Not so you'd notice it!

to look like the real thing—we couldn't get away with the sort of fight you see on the stage—and yet you can't hit your opponent hard enough to lay him out, or mess up his looks so that the picture will have to be held up till he's presentable again. You have to hit him just so—sort of tap him lightly on the chin and pat him gently on the side of the head. I've never put anybody out of commission permanently, but if all the screen fights I've had had been real, I'd long ago have been too battered up and scarred to be of any more service as an actor.

"Being disfigured is a thing that we actors all secretly dread. None of us want to get into anything that will spoil our faces. We're like the milkmaid—we've got to look out for our looks or we lose our fortunes."

Kirkwood's speech has a piquant Irish twist—he burrs his "r's" ever so slightly, and has a characteristic mannerism of chuckling softly at intervals. His manner is straightforward, and he's inclined to be bashful—enough so to prompt some one to ask if he'd ever had a proposal, in order to find out whether he'd blush or not. Incidentally, let me add that he did.

"Well, I suppose you'll have to keep

on fighting," I said. "You'll never be able to live down your reputation as a fighting hero, especially when you chose that sort of rôle in which to come back to the screen," I warned him, memories of "The Luck of the Irish" strong in my mind.

"I had about four hundred fights, roughly estimating, before I took on that crop of 'em, so it won't be much of a hardship if I do go punch in each fist," he replied with through the rest of my life with a a chuckle. "Why, when I was a kid, back in Grand Rapids—still, I guess I won't go into detail about that, after all; it might set a bad example for the youngsters who'd happen to hear about some of my early escapades."

"What was that I heard about indolence a while ago?" I inquired.

The ghost of an Irish grin flitted across his face.

"I'm a lazy man," he drawled, turning away as some one shouted "Ready!" "But—I like to use my fists!"

And I believe it.

Anybody would who'd seen him in "The Luck of the Irish."

# A Hoosier from Texas

King Vidor is carrying into the movies some of the traditions of the Indiana school of literature.

By Louise Williams



**L**OCK up your stereopticons and take the wax flowers off the family whatnot when King Vidor gets to town. He's a perfect sleuth when it comes to hunting down things of that sort. He confided his mania to me over a luncheon table not long ago, and his lovely wife, Florence Vidor, sat demurely by and aided and abetted him.

The orchestra was wailing dreamy and exotic music, the woman at the next table was declaring that if she left her sable scarf in a taxicab again she hoped she'd lose it, it was such a bother anyway, and a man near by was bewailing the lack of genuine imported caviar. It was not exactly the sort of place in which to discuss family albums and cookie jars!

Yet there's a genuine simplicity about King Vidor that even the most exotic atmosphere never could dispel; after the first glance at him you don't wonder that he likes to direct pictures like "The Turn in the Road," and "The Family Honor," for he's so honest and frank and straightforward that you can't imagine his being interested in anything less sincere than his productions are. And his love of old-home things amounts to a veritable passion. He should, by rights, have come from Indiana, where James Whitcomb Riley, John T. McCutcheon, and Booth Tarkington lived among simple, homely folks, and from them drew the inspirations for their work.

"Do you remember the horse in 'Poor Relations'?" Mr. Vidor asked. "We got a fly net for him, and one of these funny little straw hats that horses wear in summer, and he was the most old-fashioned-looking thing you ever saw."

I could imagine it, though to picture a really chic fly net and horse's hat while the orchestra played "Jazz Baby" was something of a task.

But Vidor's enthusiasm was unquenched.

"What kind of pictures are you making now that you have your own company?" I asked. It seemed like such a wonderful opportunity that this young man has to work out his own ideas, and I wanted to know what they were.

"The same kind I did for the Brentwood Company," he answered promptly. "It's the

*Suzanne is the really important member of the family.*



real home things that I want to put into pictures—the old-fashioned, homely atmosphere of real Americanism. For instance, in 'Poor Relations' we used an old stereoscope—one of those things that you look through at two pictures, held in a little rack, you know." It was the enthusiasm on his face at that moment that led me to fear for the antimacassars of the nation. "But more than anything else, I want to show the influence of the really big forces of life—of faith and love and truth and hope on every one.

"People make their own world to such a great extent, you know—and I just want to show what I believe is the right way of doing it. Then, too, I want my studio to be one where people like to stay. Why, out at Brentwood, when I'd tell an actor he was through and could go home, he'd be quite likely to pick up a book and settle down for the rest of the day. It was that kind of place—really homelike—and from the way people seem to feel I believe that the new studio has the same atmosphere. I feel that a studio ought to be like a home—and I want mine always to be the sort of place where I'm glad to have my wife and baby come."

That led the conversation straight up to the most important member of the family—Baby Suzanne, who arrived a year ago last Christmas. And Florence Vidor, who'd been serenely playing chorus up to that moment, forgot to be just background while she talked about her daughter. Florence Vidor is one of those lovely-looking people who deserves all the attention that's at large in any group of persons. She has big, dark eyes and really beautiful features, and one can't help expecting any one as attractive as she is to be a little more obtrusive, somehow. But there's nothing of the brass band about Florence Vidor; she is perfectly con-

*Trust Vidor to find an old family album.*



*Bobbie Alexander and Mrs. Vidor in "The Family Honor," the first picture made by the Vidor Company.*

tented to let her husband occupy the center of the stage.

Now, you can't make a really friendly interview stick to mere questions and answers, and we got sidetracked, presently, on the subject of some recent big productions, notable chiefly for their artificiality.

"I don't want to make pictures like that!" declared Vidor so emphatically that the waiter rushed over to see if something were the matter with the food. "I want to make pictures that will give people something to think and talk about when they leave the theater. That's not original, of course—every director says it, I suppose. But if people are only amazed at the bigness, or the daring of a production, or at the stunts the actors do, the picture hasn't really been successful, to my notion. It has merely entertained them while they were in the theater. I want to make pictures that will give people at least one little idea that's worth while, so that, when they leave the theater, they

*(Continued on page 96)*





## Tom Forman— Lone Star

ing the boat," heaving the bulky set up and down so as to give the appearance, when seen on the screen, of the motion of a ship at sea. Noah Berry, as the *Sea-Wolf*, stood gloating over the prostrate body of an old man whom he had just thrown down the companionway. Tom Forman, as *Humphrey Van Weydon*, the author, was standing by with a sick, disgusted look on his face, his hands clenching spasmodically as he restrained himself from attacking the brutal skipper. He was dressed in shirt and trousers too large for him, with a rope for a belt; his brown hair was rumpled, and there was a week's growth of hair on cheeks and chin.

"Come on, Noah!" called George Melford as the Klieg lights sputtered into action, "Kick the old man! Look at him, Tom—*look* at him! You want to choke him, but you can't! He's master of the ship—you realize that—look away—out!"

And while the cameras were being shifted for a close-up of the *Sea-Wolf's* brutal countenance, the kicked old man, who in real life is Fred Huntley, rose with alacrity, and from a pain applied some ready-made gore to his already bloody countenance. Tom Forman took a reef in his rope-held trousers, took a look at me standing expectantly near the Kliegs, and gave a sigh as he picked his way between the piles of rope and lumber. I know he sighed, because I heard him. Just the same, he was mighty



*He was less bashful with Wanda Hawley than with me.*

IT'S a good thing that we don't all think alike about the people of the screen. If we did, one per cent of them would live in luxury, while the other ninety-nine would die in attics of neglect and starvation. Naturally I have my own preferences and aversions. I detest male stars who brilliantine their hair and give their finger nails a super-polish. I also dislike the ones who pretend they were born in New York and who talk about art with a capital "A." And that, by the same token is the reason I liked—"fell for," to use sub-deb vernacular—for Forman of the Lasky aggregation, principally because his hair and finger nails are just the way nature made them, because he didn't mention art—with a capital "A" or otherwise, and because—oh, well, just *because*.

Then too, he didn't want to be interviewed, and I like *that*, notwithstanding the fact that interviews are my profession. He is—well, *shy*, in the nicest sense of the word; with blue eyes and a naïve little-boy smile. When he talks it is in a soft Southern drawl that forgets all about "r's" and "g's."

He was on one of the boat sets when I spied him for my interviewial meat. They were making a scene from "The Sea-Wolf," with George Melford directing, and the set represented the lower deck of *The Ghost* with stateroom doors opening into it and a companionway at the back, showing the steering wheel at the top of the "stairs" and a glimpse of canvas sea beyond.

Six carpenters, three on each side, were busy "rock-

polite: as polite as if he'd wanted to be interviewed.

"I'm powahful glad to meet you," he said with a smile that displayed a row of nice white teeth, "I'm not much on interviews, but if you think I'm worth talkin' to——"

We found a seat on a pile of lumber.

"What part of the South did you say you were from?" I asked him.

Caught off guard, he forgot to be shy. "Now *how* did you know I was from the South?" he demanded, with that unmistakable Mason-Dixon drawl. "I'm from Texas—bo'n up in the Panhandle district. I'm a Lone Star—that is," he hastened to add, "I don't mean I'm a star, but they call the State that."

"And you haven't been out of the service long, have you?" I asked, wondering mentally why all male screen stars didn't have boyish, unsophisticated mouths.

Instantly his face took on an expression that bordered on panic. "Please don't say a lot about my

In which the interviewer answers the question, "I wonder if he's as nice off the screen?" in the affirmative.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

being in the service," he begged. "People might think I wanted to make capital out of it, and I don't. I just couldn't help going—it's in the blood—all my folks were fighters, clear back to the Revolution. My father was a Civil War veteran—on the Southern side, of course," he added proudly, and a bit defiantly.

"But I think it's splendid that you went," I said quickly. "Did you attend an officers' training camp or something?" This last was because I had seen and admired pictures of Tom in a lieutenant's natty uniform.

"Gee, no!"

he answered, *Even a bashful Texan eats when just as a buck private, but I didn't* *fed by Mabel Julienne Scott.*

stay one forever," he added with pardonable pride. "I worked up from corporal to sergeant, then to second lieutenant, and I was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant shortly before the armistice.

"I sure was disappointed not to get over on the other side," he went on earnestly, "they kept me over here drilling men and breaking in raw recruits and tried to tell me how important the work was—but I sure wish I had been in some of the fightin'!"

While we talked war, Tom Forman was in his element. But when I mentioned pictures and personalities, he retreated into his shell again with that naïve, half-apologetic smile that is so fascinating.

"Now there isn't anything interestin' about *me*," he said deprecatingly. "My folks came up to Los Angeles from Texas when I was a kid of fifteen, and——"

*Continued on page 102*





*Gloria Swanson created a sensation with her bath in "Male and Female."*

## The Busy Bathtub

**T**HE peeking concessions to a great many bathrooms are now owned by the dear public. Of course, I refer to the deathless drama of the films. It's a poor studio, indeed, nowadays, that can't show a house "set" with a bathroom half as large as the Grand Central Station, decorated with one of those handsome, ingrowing Pompeian bathing pools.

The bathtub used to be relegated to comedy. The minute we saw one projected into a scene, we knew its legitimate and professional use was going to be subjugated to the demands of art, and that presently, substituted for a Ford, it would land the whole comic family at the beach. Or, in serious plays, if the heroine wanted to take a bath, she went out of doors to do it—hanging her clothes on a hickory limb and choosing a fern-fringed pool or stream as near as possible to the road where the hero would presently travel. And what hair that girl always had! I don't see how a bob-haired heroine ever got

*A ladylike bath is taken by Mae Busch in "The Devil's Pass-Key."*



*There's always a maid handy with a towel or bathrobe.*



a bath! Then there were the jitney Kellermans of the Sennett forces and the bathless bathing beauties of Sunshine Comedies.

But now the bathtub has obtruded itself right into the heart of our very best film society! And, of course, no picture heroine, if she be wealthy, can take a bath by herself. It takes at least two maids to give her one.

And that bath is a ceremonial, for there is no hurry in the luxurious home of the picture heroine. First a maid comes out of the nowhere into the here, bearing a barrel of rose water which she dumps into the bath. Then another comes along and

Giving you keyhole  
concessions to Godiva's  
boudoir.

By  
Grace Kingsley



*It was in "Wanted, a Husband," that Billie Burke  
took a shower in public.*

boudoir cap on the top of her dollar-and-a-half hair-do, and she looks so clean it doesn't seem as if she needed a bath anyhow. She peels off the lingerie while the spectators sit on the edge of their chairs. Then—Blooney! Cut! Just at the most exciting moment she's gone, vanished, vamosed! When next you see her she seems to be standing in a well, with only her head sticking out, or maybe a coy shoulder, and not a curl of her carefully coifed head is ruffled or even damp.

She's so busy being coy and careful, I don't know how she ever gets herself clean! I'll bet she just goes away by herself when it's all over, puts on her woolly bath robe—chosen strictly for warmth and comfort—even as you and I, hops into her bathtub, swears because she has to search around for a towel when she's got soap in her eyes, scrubs good and plenty with a nice, scratchy Turkish towel, hops out with

*Continued on page 89*

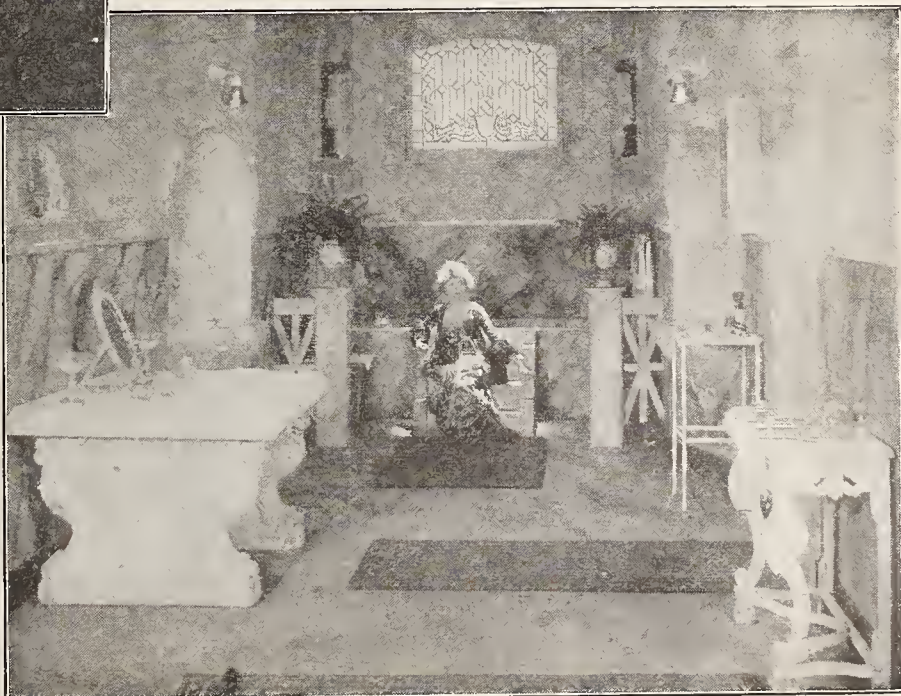
*Emmy Wehlen had one of the most luxurious of  
movie bathrooms.*



*Owen Moore enjoyed the bathing privileges of  
the screen in "Piccadilly Jim."*

tests its temperature with a gold thermometer set with precious stones. Another maid casts some fragrant bath tablets into the tub, which is the first inkling a lot of the guys out there in the audience get that bath tablets are not something to take internally in place of a bath. In fact, everything is provided for that bath, except soap.

Finally, in trips the heroine. Usually she is fully dressed when she enters the bathroom, and you don't see how on earth she's ever going to bring herself to get wet. She has on embroidered slippers and satin pajamas and a lace negligee. There's a



# He's Her Big

# Brother Now

And Anita Stewart's rather glad of it.

By  
Martin J. Bent

MY sister used to brag because I was in the movies—I played with Alice Joyce at Kalem, you know, when I was thirteen—and in those days Anita never dreamed that some day she'd be on the screen herself; funny, isn't it, when I'm really just starting in now, and she's clear at the top?"

"But you'll soon be there," Anita Stewart insisted, and then, turning to me, "He's awfully good, but I don't know that I want him to be an actor; somehow, I'd like him to be a business man—or maybe a director."

Young George Stewart shuffled his feet uneasily at this impersonal discussion of his future, and the instant Anita left us he unburdened his soul.

"I *do* want to be an actor," he burst forth, "but I'm not going to horn in with my sister's company. Everybody says it'll be pretty soft for me—but I can't see that. Suppose I should fall down—now, wouldn't that be nice for her?" And with that scornful demand he lapsed into silence.

"I worry a lot about it," he went on, a few moments later. "Why, I don't know whether I'm good or bad—I wish somebody'd tell me. I think

*They're all Anita's, all three—*



I'm rotten, but Anita swears I'm great stuff; you know how sisters are!"

Anita told me later that he really was good on the screen, and that he'd been engaged for a leading rôle in "Ann of Green Gables," with Mary Miles Minter, but didn't appear in it after all, because, after several thousand feet of film had been taken, it had to be thrown away and the picture begun again, and as George wanted to go to the coast, he gave up the part.

He was given a rôle in "Bruce of the Circle A," by William Russell, when he got out there, and seems to be headed toward a motion-picture career, even though his sister does think he'd better stop picture-making when he's twenty-one; he's twenty now.

He ought to be good on the screen; he has Anita's clear eyes and charming smile, and is thoroughly likable—in fact he's very much the type of young American one likes to see on the screen. And if he does

do well in his first pictures, I'm wagering that Anita will find that her kid brother's a grown-up one now, and that her plans for him are upset as a result. And may his plans be upset, too, so that he'll appear in pictures with her after all.

*Brother, home, and dog as well.*



## She's Come Back a Crook!

Edith Storey's greatly changed since last we saw her.

By Jean Hatherall

YOU don't happen to be acquainted with any criminals, do you?" asked Edith Storey anxiously, as we settled down in her ivory and old-rose living room.

I was obliged sorrowfully to confess that, though poor, I was honest, and that I didn't happen to have any friends either in the city jail or at San Quentin.

"I must talk to a crook," she said in her decisive way. "I've got to play a crook part in 'The Greater Profit'; a girl brought up in the most exclusive circles of crime, who looks upon her profession with a great deal of pride, but regards profiteering as the lowest depth of depravity. Of course, there's a clever punch at the end, when the girl not only goes straight herself but defeats the plans of a gang of profiteers in the bargain. But you can see how it is—I just *must* talk with a crook."

I suggested that we try a little shoplifting expedition — nothing ambitious, but just a trip through a couple of department stores, or something like that; we might get arrested and get a crook's sensations at first hand—and, besides, it would make such a corking interview. But Miss Storey's mother, who happened in just then with a bowl of apples, took me seriously, much to my embarrassment, and her brother, whom she calls "Kid," held up his hands in horror.



*She looks dignified, cold, and haughty—but she's not.*

"Don't put any wild notions like that into her head," he begged. "She's got enough now. Why, do you know what her greatest desire is at present? She wants to ride my motor cycle down Hollywood Boulevard at fifty miles an hour."

And from that you can see how great a prevaricator the camera man is in Edith Storey's case. Hadn't you always supposed that she was dignified, cold, and

haughty? Well, I had. I'd been prepared not to find her beautiful—but I hadn't at all anticipated the magnetism of her personality. It grips you by its frank sincerity and charm rather than attracts you by mere physical beauty. Her hair is a crinkly, soft brown that makes a perfect frame for her rather patrician features, and her eyes are an indeterminate shade of gray. Her sense of humor is rapier-keen, and she has an idealistic, sympathetic outlook on life that I'd give worlds to possess.

I told her how glad picture fans—myself included—were to have her back on the screen after her absence of more than a year.

"I'm glad to be back," she answered with a soft, yet decisive tone that is characteristic of her. "I thought when I gave up pictures, a year ago last August, that it might be for good; but I found myself getting homesick for the screen. So many strides in pictures have been made, even in the time I have been away, along the lines of direction, stories, and photography, that in some respects it is like taking up a new line of work. This crook play is my second one; I really came back to the screen in 'The Golden Hope,' a Western story."

"And what about the war work you did when you left Metro?" I wanted to know. "I've heard that you

drove an ambulance day and night, were your own mechanic, took wounded men to the hospitals, and——"

"You've heard far too much," she declared, cutting me short. "Lots of other people did just as much and far more. How's Sooner, Kid?"

"Just the same." Her brother, who had come in carrying a white poodle, laid the dog in her lap. "No pep at all."

"I'm afraid he's got the sleeping sickness or hookworm or something," she confided to me anxiously. "Kid thinks there's nothing the matter with him, but Sooner never acts this way if he's well."

"Sooner?" I repeated. "Isn't that a funny name for a dog?"

"He's a funny dog," she retorted promptly. "I gave him that name because he'd sooner do something else than what I tell him to."

And as I left her imploring the lackadaisical poodle to sit up and take notice, I had just one great yearning—not to have Edith Storey meet a crook, not even to enjoy her really sterling ability as an actress, much as that treat is to be desired. I wanted to see her aboard that motor cycle—with a dazed policeman in bewildered pursuit!



## Undressed Drama

But not what you think, for this concerns the stars who change their faces.

By Herbert Howe

**W**HEN Irvin S. Cobb visited the Lambs Club after his return from California, one of the fraternal mutt-tons inquired his impression of film land. The unctuous wag is quoted thus:

"The thing that impressed me most about the film industry is that Cecil B. de Mille wears puttees designed by Lucille."

*In "The Willow Tree" Viola Dana gives us a physically accurate Nipponese maid.*

If personal foppery were limited to off-screen appearances there would be no right for complaint. But isn't the entire industry overdressed? I, for one, resent paying a dime to see department-store dummies in motion.

Producers say that the public is to blame for preferring prettiness, plumage, and "personality" to acting. I am not so sure





about that. The public hasn't had much choice; where it has, the real actor gets the ballots.

There are two distinct classifications of screen players: the character actor and the hero actor.

George Jean Nathan defines a character actor as an expert in preventing his mustache from coming off.

Inversely, the hero actor is the one expert in keeping a mustache or other growth from coming out. He exploits the beauty that God and the druggists gave him. He will not play parts that require o'ershadowing of his native loveliness, nor will he, if he can help it, envisage a character which hinders a splurge of mannerisms, his personal rōcoco.

"The great opportunity for doing something different in screen plays lies not in

plot but in characterization." So C. Gardner Sullivan, the photo dramatist, told me recently.

That's why we have so little of "the something different." No star wants to play a character other than his own, and he may not have much of that. His motive has less to do with personal vanity than with the desire for pecuniary gain. He will not lose his identity in a character for fear of losing money. It is argued that the public pays for personality. If you don't believe there is stellar prejudice against character rôles just attempt to sell a play with such a lead to any featured male or female. Some of the men might accept it, but you wouldn't need the aid of a census taker to get their number. As for the femmes—perhaps with Lady Duff Gordon adaptations.

This supposition that the film fans will not love the player who does not dress up like a plush horse and perform to match is quite erroneous. The enduring favorites of the screen to-day are those who have established screen characters. We don't care for Charles Spencer Chaplin; we love the pathetic clown—the bag-breeched, mustached, and dent-derbied buffoon—immortalized by a great actor. Charles Ray alighted his way to the top pinnacle in the guise of the pitchforking, pinch-hitting, clodhopping ruralite. William S. Hart has given to the screen what Remington has to canvas. Mary Pickford is the symbol of

Richard Barthelmess in "Mary's Man" adds a beach comber to his list of characterizations.

American girlhood.

These players are not the characters they portray. They have transfused their individualities into these characters. If you hope Charles Ray is the gullible gawk he appears on the screen don't negotiate a meeting with him. Miss



Pickford is not an ingenuous *Pollyanna*; she is a shrewd artist-manager and million-getter. William S. Hart did not arrive on the screen by way of the plains.

As for the rest of the stars in the lens circle you'll find few of them assuming characters for more than two reels. Some couldn't; others wouldn't; and a few shouldn't—because they are delighting audiences as they are. The dread monotony of screen entertainments is due extensively to this inability or unwillingness on the part of the star to impersonate.

This will not always be. The tendency toward characterization is now evident. One reason for the success of the no-star—advertised "all-star"—picture over the one-star vehicle is that the former presents a story of people, the latter of a person.

The greatest stars of the stage won their positions not as personalities, but as actors. Ethel Barrymore never really "got over," to use the slang of art, until she played *Mrs. Jones*, the charwoman of John Galsworthy's "The Silver Box." Margaret Illington is remembered for her tenement woman in "Kindling." Joe Jefferson owes immortality to "Rip Van Winkle." David Warfield still triumphs as "The Auctioneer" and "The Music Master."

Now comes Lionel Barrymore to the silver ground: with "The Copperhead." His personification of the Civil Warrior on the stage, even with the benefit of voice, was no more vivid than that in the silent drama



Priscilla Dean is most alluring as the beggar in "The Virgin of Stamboul."

directed by Charles Maigne. I believe Lionel Barrymore will earn great quantities of ducats henceforth as a picture favorite.

And soon you will behold his brother John as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The Barrymores top the list of Broadway stage gods because of their invigoration of "The Jest," and they will take high positions in the screen lists by similar work, as has been noted elsewhere in this issue.

Bert Lytell is ambitious to lose the reputation of being the idol of the matinées. He sees the inchoate manifestations of public desire. Also, he is an am-

bitious actor. At present Lytell is endeavoring to secure for production a story, the chief character of which is an old Jewish shoe-string peddler. We gauge something of the Lytell potentialities by "The Right of Way" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

Richard Barthelmess attacks character rôles fearlessly and with great success, since he stopped playing in comedies with Dorothy Gish and donned make-up for "Broken Blossoms." In a new Griffith production, "Mary's Man," he is a beach comber—a vagrant bit of the world's driftwood, living by his wits in the languid atmosphere of a tropical island. As in "Scarlet Days," Barthelmess proves that he can turn his back on barbers and haberdashers and not lose his popularity.

Viola Dana has given us a physically accurate Nipponese maid in "The Willow Tree." I venture the prediction that Priscilla Dean will startle those she has not already aroused when she appears as the beautiful beggar in "The Virgin of Stamboul," genre of the Orient. She was never more alluring than as the glowing houri. In her next picture, "False Colors," she will play a French lady of dissipation, and then—she gleefully announces—a Hawaiian maid with raffia drapes, expressive eyes, and eloquent hips.

The costume play has long been tabooed among picture makers. Yet now we are promised "Romance" with Doris Keane, directed by Chet Withey under Griffith supervision. No more fascinating creature was ever created on the stage than *Cavallini*, Italian prima donna of crinoline days.

Some time ago Louise Glaum told me she looked forward to the day when she might play characters. I have never seen this actress more charming than in the prologue to "The Lone Wolf's Daughter." She appears as a French coquette of a past generation. This prelude chapter was the best part of the play. Miss Glaum excels as an actress, not as a mere decoration, although she is the most picturesque of scenic sirens. Not Gibsonically beautiful, but mentally luminous and vivid, she will magnetize you in "Sex" and "Love Madness." And she is to do the Sardou rôles in pictures which Bernhardt vitalized on the stage. "Theodora" will be produced this summer. Later we are to see "Fedora" and "Cleopatra."

When I said there are a few players who should not play other than themselves I was thinking of Anita Stewart. Hers is a personality so refreshing, so delicate, so altogether ambrosial that it is an art in itself. Few authors could devise a character as interesting as the girl Anita. If you wish to behold a triumph of personality see "In Old Kentucky." I dare say you will plan to see "The Fighting Shepherdess" and "The Yellow Typhon" with the fair Stewart. She is what a princess should be, but never is, outside of a fairy book.

William Russell has been generous toward members

Continued on page 85

Fanny the Fan serves gossip with French pastry most efficiently.

By The Bystander

of doing any more serials, and then, Joe Ryan, who was booked to make a serial with Jean Paige, hurt his foot so that he couldn't work, and Tony had to leap in and take his place. And he says he's so tired of serials!"

"I don't blame him." Fanny was most emphatic about it. "I'd certainly get tired of the on-and-on-forever style of pictures. I should think that they——"

But just then William Farnum and his wife appeared in the doorway, and a moment later they were telling us all about the new home in Hollywood, which they'd just bought. Mrs. Farnum and their little daughter were enthusiastic about the opportunity to be outdoors a lot, and William was rejoicing over solving the difficulty of finding a place to live; he now has quarters for his chauffeur and his press agent under his own roof, which is nice for them.

"Wish somebody'd take me in that way; I'm living at the Hollywood Hotel, and it's so full of movie people that I expect the head waiter to shout 'Camera!' most any minute," I lamented.

"Why not rent some absentee film star's palatial home? Fatty Arbuckle has Theda Bara's, you know; the thought of him in her pink satin boudoir is almost too much

*Rosemary Theby is back on the screen to stay.*



*Being an early spring bride is Priscilla's latest venture.*



for me, and I can't imagine what he'll do with the shrine where she used to keep that little Buddha. He says he's going to change the Japanese garden at the back of the house to a swimming pool; a little thing like extravagance doesn't worry Fatty any."

"Well, they tell me that one of the most extravagant things that's ever happened in pictures took place at the Goldwyn studios when they were filming one of the Edgar comedies—you know, the ones Booth Tarkington has written specially for the screen. Little Kenneth Earl, who's only five, plays *Edgar's* young brother, and in the picture he had to wax destructive and burn up a lot of expensive mechanical toys. And of course, every time he was made to stick a self-winding steam yacht or a miniature flying machine into the fire he just wept and wailed as if his heart were broken. The

only way they could persuade him to do it properly was to promise him a new toy for every one he burned—and they tell me the bill was something ghastly.”

“I don't know that that's any worse than it is to bribe a star with high-priced scenarios and expensive sets,” commented Fanny. “Really, though, to be quite honest, I haven't heard much lately about who's paid the most for a story, or spent hundreds of thousands in duplicating the Bridge of Sighs or the Mammoth Cave or something like that; everybody's so interested in the plans for the new church that they can't talk about anything else; I saw Enid Bennett discussing them the other day with Father Dodd; he's the rector of the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, you know, and has been the unrecognized chaplain of the motion-picture world out here for over a year; he's back of this plan to build a lovely little cathedral on Hollywood Boulevard, for people of all faiths. Interesting, isn't it?”

And—oh, how do you do!” as George Beban passed our table. “My dear, did you hear of what Sol Lesser, the man who took the Sennett bathing beauties traveling with ‘Yankee Doodle in Berlin,’ is planning? He's gone into the producing business, and has

had a brilliant idea for taking a star and his picture on the road together. Beban is the first one; he's to appear in person in his vaudeville act, ‘The Sign of the Rose,’ when his new picture, ‘One Man in a Million,’ is shown. And Annette Kellermann's the second star who'll appear in this way; she'll do her diving act and her new screen play. Quite a plan, isn't it?”

“It is—but I don't know that it's a good precedent to establish; people will want to see all the stars with their pictures, first thing we know. And it would be disappointing, sometimes. Oh, there's Tom Forman; I'm awfully sorry that he's to be a director now instead of a leading man; I'm sure he'll be a good one, but somehow I'd rather see Tom making love to the girl than know that he told somebody else how to do it.”

Fanny chuckled as she turned to survey a tray of pastry which looked quite indigestible.

“I don't blame him a bit for wanting to direct,” she observed. “Not since I had tea the other day at Casson Ferguson's bungalow. It's right near the Lasky studio, you know, and everybody has acquired a habit of dropping in there along about tea time for tea or cider or whatever else the Jap cook has on hand. Cas-

son, himself, wasn't there, but that mattered not at all. And then, suddenly, no less than three irate directors stalked in; it seems that their actors had turned up missing, and they knew without a moment's hesitation where to find them. But incidentally, the directors themselves sat down and had some cider before they shooed their charges back to the studio.”

“Speaking of cider reminds me that I had some with

Enid Bennett the other day, and she told me the funniest thing.” I contributed. “She's been taking a little rest, you know, and she said that she spent part of the time traveling about to different colleges with her husband's seventeen-year old son, trying to decide what would be the best place for him to go. She said that when she'd call him ‘Son’ the registrars or deans or whatever the people were, to whom she talked, would gaze at her in wide-eyed amazement, and she heard one man say ‘Isn't it remarkable how these actresses keep their youth!’”

“That would please Enid,” commented Fanny. “She's so proud of that boy of Fred Niblo's that she'd love having people think she was really his mother. Oh, there goes King Baggot. Isn't it nice that he's really back in pictures again? And House Peters is in the new Tourneur picture—did you know that?”

“No—but I did know that Rosemary Theby is the lost angel in ‘Michael and the Lost Angel,’ with Conway Tearle. Wasn't it funny about the Tearles? He's been tremendously popular as a leading man, of course, and then when he came out here to play opposite Clara Kimball Young, supposing it was just to be a one-picture trip and bringing his wife along, he got this starring offer and decided to stay and accept it. So his wife—she's Adele Rowland, the actress, you know—had to go home alone, because she had a stage engagement to fill.”

“These starring engagements get me awfully excited; here's ZaSu Pitts, who I'd supposed would be a Selznick light, agreeing to make pictures this spring for that new Smith syndicate. ZaSu's their first star, and says she's going to do the kind of pictures she did at Brentwood.”

(Continued on page 97)



Sardou's "Theodora" will take Louise Glaum to Italy, we hear.

# What the Fans Think

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

## An Usher's Point of View.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I have ushered for two years in one of Chicago's finest and highest-class theaters, so am in a pretty good position to answer some of the questions asked by The Observer. First, I think the average fan goes to see Mary Pickford or Charles Ray or Elsie Ferguson, the story having little value as a box-office attraction. The all-star picture, unless it contains big, well-known stars, does not draw as a rule. Take, for instance, Harold Bell Wright's "Eyes of the World," Longfellow's "Evangeline," and others of this sort. Very few theaters in Chicago showed them, because of the small box-office attraction. And so I think the majority of people go to see the star. I know I always go to see my favorites, regardless of the story.

T. M. P.—Chicago, Illinois.

## "Youthful Ladies with Mature Emotions."

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I have been very much interested in Mr. Howe's recent articles in PICTURE-PLAY concerning the future of the screen. I think he has a remarkable grasp of the tendencies of public opinion. As a fan, and an ardent one, I thoroughly agree with most that he says. But I must take issue with him when he says of Pauline Frederick, "At one time she was the unrivaled emotional star of the screen. Now competition is more keen and the public is alert for new personalities," and also, "youthful ladies of mature emotions are needed."

I do not believe that picture fans are quite so fickle that without some very good reason they are going to drop any star who has been a *real* favorite—not a sensation, or what I believe you call a "publicity-made star"—but an actor or actress who has actually won the public's heart. Nor can I be convinced that any newcomer, no matter how talented she may be, can act mature, emotional rôles with the skill of a seasoned player, whose art has been developed by years of experience. That is true of the stage, it must also be true of the screen.

As for "youthful ladies with mature emotions," how is that possible? Youthful ladies may be emotional—after the fashion of Betty Compson, Lillian Gish, or Clarine Seymour, but these young emoters keep their emotions youthful. Two very youthful actresses who make the mistake of acting mature emotions instead of feeling youthful ones are Alice Brady and Norma Talmadge, whose only fault is that they attempt too heavy rôles. As they are young and appear so, they cannot get thoroughly "under the skin" of their mature characters; sometimes they carry their emotionalism almost to the point of exaggeration, giving the audience merely the effect of the imaginary woes of very young womanhood.

Even if competition is keen, and the public is recognizing new personalities, as far as I know such stars as Pauline Frederick and Clara Kimball Young still hold a monopoly on the emotional honors of the screen, including, of course, the supreme Nazimova. These women, with Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish, are the true artists of the silversheet. Who would think of placing any younger or prettier actresses above them? Yet the majority of the fans do not seem as yet to be educated up to appreciating art in its truest form. And not until that defect is remedied will the screen play reach its highest development.

The main fault lies with this "idol" and "personality" worship of the feminine fans, especially the matinee girls. They add nothing to the betterment of the pictures. The majority

of women are too partial in their preferences to use much discrimination in their choice of favorites. And as stars are classed by their box-office value, this is the cause for many really great players being cast in the shade. For instance, Charlie Chaplin was never overly appreciated by the feminine set, though he is one of our greatest artists, and is king of the movies to the men and boys. And while the young misses place Eugene O'Brien above all others, the majority of masculine fans are inclined to laugh at him. The men are slower to pamper, more exacting, but the best choosers of talent, and the favorite of the masculine fans is generally worth while.

And there's where Nazimova comes in; she is a player who can count her followers in all classes—men, women, girls, and even the small boys—she satisfies all. She is doing more toward teaching the audiences of photo drama to appreciate and recognize histrionic art in its highest form than is any screen star to-day.

E. R.—Plainfield, New Jersey.



## A Minister Speaks.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

The article by Mr. Whitman Bennett in your March issue was very illuminating and pointed. I like the magazine—and even though I am a minister, have not as yet joined the condemnation of the movies by the pulpit. Rather do I appreciate the great merit of motion pictures in working for uplift of life and morals. In opposition to unmerited calumny, I have often wished I could go into motion-picture acting myself, but of course this is impossible.

E. L. E.

## What's the Matter with Comedies?

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

What is the matter with screen comedies? Nowadays custard pie, dough, and flour seem the recipe. They are all of a color. Why not try molasses or chocolate eclairs for a change? I saw a supposedly funny film the other evening, and all the comedian did was to throw pies and other soggy missiles at the "heavy." It ended with a fade-out—comedian kissing the leading lady. I suppose lots of people must enjoy meaningless gymnastics and a bedlam of swabblow and slapstick, or producers wouldn't keep putting them on the market, but why can't they give us a connected story? In the early days of the screen the novelty of the cinema excused that sort of comedy, but not now. Griffith, Tourneur, Ince, Terriss, and others have put into regular productions comic situations that convulse the audience through refined elements. Why can't comedy directors and comedians do the same? The Drews also proved that comedy isn't rough-house and horseplay or assinine antics. Even Charlie Chaplin, Larry Semon, Harold Lloyd, Fatty Arbuckle, and Mack Sennett fall under the temptation to exploit rough stuff of an ancient vintage. But their genius partially redeems them. Otherwise comedy producers have gone pell-mell up the side alleys of flub-dub film exploitation, and have abandoned all sensible methods. The endless chase in a car or on a motor cycle, with scenery racing past in a fuzzy mass, is not only a sign of their lack of new ideas, but a fairly good criterion as to the state of their minds. The possibilities in screen comedy have not yet been tapped. We are all waiting patiently for the day when we can see one that will give us a maximum of laughter with a minimum of darned foolishness.

S. O. S.—Brooklyn, New York.

## If You Don't Like It, Say So!

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I am sorry that all persons who are dissatisfied with the play they have just

{ Continued on }  
{ page 91 }



*Her eyes look the same color here.*

**I** DON'T believe I'd have the courage to do what Alice Lake has done if I'd been as pretty as she is—and I'm not sure that many girls would. For it must take a lot of courage to turn your back on just being lovely to look at, no matter how ludicrous the circumstances are, and for moments at a time lose all your loveliness for the sake of doing the kind of work you really want to do.

You remember Alice in comedy, of course, with Fatty Arbuckle: she was unforgettable. Why, when I first met her, last fall, I went home with the impression that she was just a natural-born imp of Satan—essentially a comedienne.

"She wasn't given that saucy chin, and tip-tilted nose,

## Why Alice Ceased to Smile

and wicked little wink for nothing," I reflected. "It must have been that wink that lifted her out of mob scenes into real parts—and she's certainly got fifty-seven varieties of zizz-z to go with the wink!"

Well, she still has—the wink and the paprika cast of character are still the joy of Alice's friends. But did you see her in "Should a Woman Tell?" her first picture as a Metro star? It was a revelation to me. In her big scenes, as the broken-hearted girl telling her mother of the wrong done her; and as the young wife who realizes that she must confess to her husband what she thought he already knew, even though the confession wrecks her happiness, she was an emotional actress who recalled the sudden transformation that used to remold Mae Marsh's charming girliness and make her face a tragic mask that wrung one's heart. It isn't always beautiful emotion, but Alice Lake has shown in her first picture as a star, that she is pliable and willing material in its grasp.

"Why did you do it?" I demanded of her the day after I'd seen that picture. "Why, in some scenes you're almost homely, and I don't see how you ever had the courage to make yourself all over that way."



*A glimpse of her one lapse from tragedy into laugh makers.*

As long as she was gay she had to stay in comedy.

By Jane McNaughton Baxter



*They used to think she couldn't do tragedy!*

"Well, in the first place, I'm happiest when I'm sad," she answered, quite cheerfully.

"They wanted to make an ingénue of me, you know, but I just wouldn't. I said 'Mercy, no! Anything but that—character woman or anything!' Just think

of being one of those indestructible ingénues with curls, and a lisp, and that awful dolly drawl. Why, they get that way and then after a while they can't help it." And she subsided with dancing eyes that suddenly made me forget the subject of her career.

"What color are they?" I demanded. "I've never noticed it before, but to-day they look—well, they look so odd."

"They are," she answered promptly, opening them wide so that I could see. "One's brown and the other's gray. But you can't notice it in pictures, except in some stills. I used to think they were tragic enough to get me out of comedy: I'd go around looking sad and droopy for days, hoping some one would notice them and cast me for a tragic rôle, but the most a director would do was to ask if I felt well and suggest a tonic. Then I'd smile—and a cutey part would be hurled at my head. And I did so want to get out of comedy. But I never was a bathing girl—no siree! And I stopped a pie only once. It was intended for Al St. John, and Roscoe Arbuckle threw it, but he just happened to be a bum shot that day. I guess I did some tragedy acting that spoiled the picture—anyway, it was never released."

"But you were in comedy a long time?"

"Yes, weep as I might it was no use, really—until Maxwell Karger saw me. Even then I came near to ruining my chances with him by laughing, I was so happy. My fate all hung by a thread for a minute. He saw me doing a weepy scene with Bert Lytell, and he praised me. I was so happy I laughed, and he paused a minute. 'But you'd make a wonderful ingénue,' he considered. I guess I must have worn an awfully tragic look at that, and he looked thoughtful, and said, 'No, I really think you should play dramatic rôles.' I became a real actress then and didn't smile, though my heart was beating in jazz time."

She paused and smoothed the back of one glove with her other hand. She was going shopping, I learned; that was why she had on her wine-colored gown, and trim little Napoleon toque.

"All crouched ready for a spring at the new styles," she explained. Now, most women bent on a shopping tour don't want to be detained while they answer questions about bygone days, but Alice Lake was as calm and unhurried as if she hadn't a thing in the world on her mind.

"I'm one of the Brooklyn gang, you know," she went on, vivaciously slangy. "There are a lot of us from Brooklyn—Norma and Constance Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Lucille Lee Stewart, Alice Joyce, Clara Kimball Young, Clarine Seymour, and lots of others. We all started in with Vitagraph. I was only sixteen, and I wanted to go on the stage, but father and mother wouldn't let me. Then I went visiting one day at the Vitagraph studio, and they took me in and let me play extras and bits. I used to go down to the studio dressed in long frocks, and hats with high things sticking out of them, and earrings, so I'd look old and they'd give me



*"I never was funnier in my life!"*



*Continued on page 100*



**"YOU should have GOOD HEALTH and a PERFECT FIGURE and you CAN" says**

### **Annette Kellermann**

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I could tell you all about my own experience; how, as a girl, I was puny and underdeveloped; how, by devoting myself to a study of my body, I gradually perfected my figure, health and appearance to such an extent that **I became known the world over, as the PERFECT WOMAN**—Think of it.

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*Miss Kellermann enjoys the distinction of being accredited the most Perfect formed woman in the world.*

## **"Angel Bloom"—Plus Madge Kennedy**

*Continued from page 31*

"Oh, but I *have*," I broke in, "I've seen every screen production of hers since 'Baby Mine.'"

"Oh, I don't mean her talent for acting," Mrs. Kennedy said earnestly. "I really consider that the least of her accomplishments."—Take that, you admirers of the inimitable Madge! "Why, she draws and cartoons and paints wonderfully! She hasn't much time for it now, of course; but when she was a member of the Art Students' League in New York City——"

Madge came back at that juncture, having disposed of the close-ups, and I pursued the subject of art—not, however, the screen variety.

"Oh yes," she said, brightening at once, "I loved art work—I still do, but of course I have no time for it now. When I was studying at the art school I had no idea of ever going on the stage——"

"But you were very talented as a child, baby," said her mother.

"Well, of course," Madge admitted modestly, "I was in amateur theatricals and things like that, then I took the lead in some of the performances given by the art students."

"And she had three offers from managers of local companies directly afterward," proudly finished Mrs. Kennedy.

"And while on the stage you played 'Twin Beds' and 'Fair and Warmer,' didn't you?" I asked.

"Yes, I did," she said, turning her velvety brown eyes upon me, "and I've been featured in that type of picture, too—you know, innocently risqué. I wouldn't mind that so much," she confided, "but lately they've been talking of giving me a picture with a sex appeal in it, and *I will not do it!* I don't believe people want to see me in that sort of thing and I don't want to do it."

"You're exactly right," said Mother Kennedy decidedly, and I chimed in and said I thought so, too, so we were all agreed.

"Don't you ever get nervous or temperamental?" I asked. She doesn't look as if she knew what the word temperament meant. She somehow gives the impression of being always calm, always gentle, and always well poised.

"No, I don't get excited in the way you mean," she answered. "I get terribly flustered at times, but I al-

ways hide it by an exaggerated dignity and dramatic calmness. For instance, once I was awakened by some one under my window screaming that the garage was on fire. Mother was terribly excited on the instant, but I rose from my bed with great dignity, tied a pink hair-ribbon around my braid of hair, then seized her hands and said, 'It's all right, mother—it's *all* right!' Meanwhile, of course, the garage was blazing away merrily. Then I proceeded to the phone, and in a haughty voice told central that I wished to report a fire, saying 'please, and 'thank you.' And when I heard a ring at the doorbell I opened the door, just dressed in a nightie, you know, and when the woman who was standing there told me that the garage was on fire, I said, 'thank you,' in an icy tone and shut the door in her face.

"Mother, all this time, was running around in circles. But I was calm—oh, *absolutely* so! By the time the fire department had arrived, Freda, my maid, had extinguished most of the blaze by spraying it with the garden hose, and I received the firemen with frigid politeness and told them it was 'very nice' of them to come. I *wonder* what they thought of me!"

"And the time the bear got up in the tree with you, baby," Mother Kennedy reminded.

"Oh, yes, that was funny, too. This bear was working with me in 'Through the Wrong Door.' We were out on location and I was up in a tree. The bear got playful and climbed up in the same one. The company was incoherent with excitement, and my chauffeur almost fainted. But I—oh, I gave the bear the haughty once-over and said, 'No, no—go away now—go on down!' And the funny part of it is that he *did!* Talk about mind over matter!"

Director Schertzingler came up again, determined to have those close-ups even if he had to kill an interviewer.

"Well, anyhow, you can watch them make these scenes," said Miss Kennedy as she was led away, almost forcibly.

And of course I could have, but I didn't. I went over and talked to Wilhelmina. One can see close-ups made any day. But pink elephants—well, once to every man——





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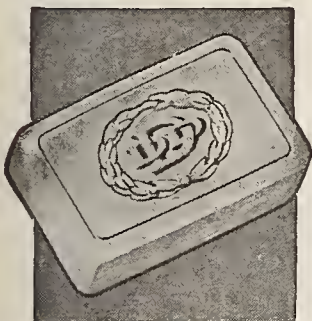
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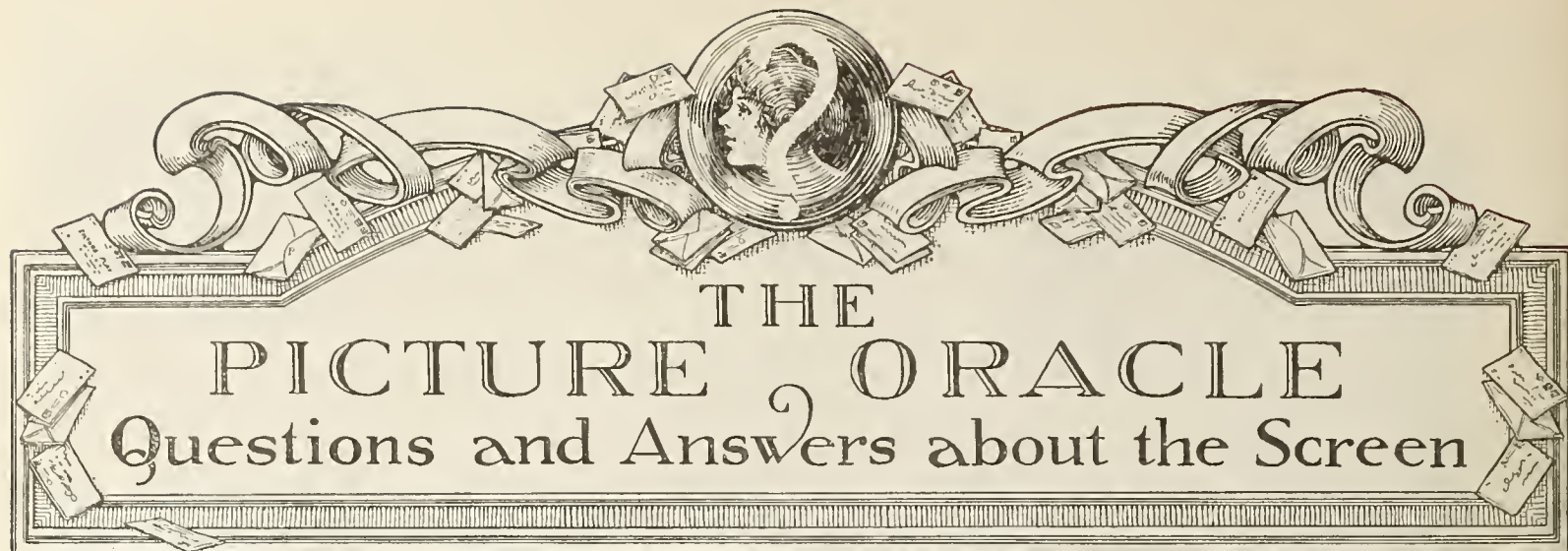
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# THE PICTURE ORACLE

## Questions and Answers about the Screen

**AGNES D.**—Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. Her hair is auburn. She has an older brother named George and an older sister named Grace; also a younger brother, Fred. Her first experience was at the age of six, when she played *Little Eva* in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show which was touring Missouri. They stopped at Greenridge, where Pearl was living, and the little girl playing *Eva* had the measles. Pearl had been hanging around the show, which was given under a large tent, and they rehearsed her all one day, and let her do the part the next. Her father found it out and put an end to her early career. Her next experience was seven years later, when she went with a traveling circus as a trapeze performer.

**LILLIAN S.**—Creighton Hale has just been signed to do a picture with D. W. Griffith. Wallace Reid's latest release is "Speed Carr." Eugene O'Brien's most recent offering is "The Broken Melody."

**CUCKOO KLOCK.**—The Studio Directory, published by the *Motion-Picture News*, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City, is the only book I know of giving the names and addresses of all the actors and actresses in motion pictures. See addresses at the end of this department for the ones you asked for.

**LOTTIE SCHOMER.**—I don't know whether Constance and Norma would have time to answer a letter, but I am sure they would send you one of their photos. The same with Jack Pickford. Now that you have been duly initiated into the realm of The Oracle, don't forget to attend our monthly meetings in PICTURE-PLAY.

**JIMMIE G. G.**—By all means inclose a stamp whenever you expect a reply from one of the players, or from one of the Los Angeles agencies. You may think that a stamp doesn't amount to much, and so it doesn't. But when you realize that these people get requests by the hundreds from all over the world every single day you can see what it would mean if they had to furnish the stamps for the answers. Even without that expense, it costs them a good deal to pay secretaries to handle all of this correspondence.

**I. F.**—PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE makes it a point never to recommend any

schools for acting or scenario writing to its readers. No book was ever printed which could make you a successful actor or writer. You have to have the ability. They can teach you the technique of acting or writing, but they can't give you that natural aptitude which you must have to make a success in either field. If

**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.

you have it in you—go to it; if not—leave it alone.

**KATHERINE B.**—Your other questions did not arrive soon enough to be printed in that number. Pearl White and Antonio Moreno had the leading rôles in "The House of Hate." Theda Bara and Mary Miles Minter are not married.

**MABEL IMELLI.**—Harrison Ford is not married. Vivian Martin is Mrs. Jefferson in real life. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone. Both Jack Mulhall and Wheeler Oakman are married.

**AN ADMIRER OF EDITH JOHNSON.**—"Smashing Barriers" is the latest serial with William Duncan and Edith Johnson. William and Edith are married—but not to each other. Yes, Edith has played in a great many pictures besides serials.

It was Margaret Marsh you saw with Houdini in "The Master Mystery." Edith gets quite a lot of publicity. What makes you think she doesn't? She was born in Rochester, New York, in 1895. William Duncan was ushered into this world in Scotland.

**INQUISITIVE.**—Shirley Mason, alias Leonie Flugrath, made her entrance into the Flugrath home at Brooklyn, New York, in 1901.

**W. R.**—Chaplin did not play both the city chap and the drudge in "Sunnyside." Park Jones was the city chap. Charlie's baby was a boy. Ella Hall has a little baby girl. J. Warren Kerrigan is not married. Beth Sully was Douglas Fairbanks' wife. He has a son ten years old. I can't say whether May will answer your letter or not.

**JAMES L. S.**—See answer to I. F.

**EVELYN MILLER.**—Didn't you like your old heading of "Bunchee"? I don't know the name of the cemetery where Harold Lockwood is buried. Nell Lockwood was his wife. Albert Ray was born in New Rocelle, New York, on August 27, 1893.

**ARDIENNE.**—Frankie Lee is not related to Jane and Katherine Lee. I am sure you can get their pictures if you send a quarter with your request. Write to the editor about any pictures you would like to see in PICTURE-PLAY.

**C. A. P.**—You have selected a very good collection of favorites, I should say. Pearl White has abandoned serials, and is now making features for Fox. She is quite pretty, and gets one of the biggest salaries in motion pictures. Norma Talmadge is one of our best actresses. I wouldn't be surprised if Arnold Daly would return to the screen at any time. Mary Pickford doesn't seem to be losing any of her popularity, judging from the bookings of her recent pictures.

**LOUISE S.**—We do not publish the home addresses of the players. They prefer to have their mail sent to the studios or offices, since they receive such bales of letters every day.

**MINNIE.**—There is no telling how long Jane and Katherine Lee will continue to play in pictures. You are wrong about their nationality. Virginia Lee Corbin lives in Los Angeles with her mother and

Continued on page 84

S

# SELZNICK PICTURES

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## The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 82



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Name .....

Address .....

Occupation .....

sister. "Swat the Spy" is the picture you refer to. Certainly children are allowed to play in features as well as in short subjects.

WELL-WISHER.—See addresses at the end of this department.

DE NORVILLE.—I don't know of that concern in Cleveland. Your other questions have been answered. No trouble at all, I assure you. You should see the research work I have to do on some of the questions I receive!

LOIS C.—Norma Talmadge is married to Joe Schenck. Constance is not married, and neither is Lila Lee.

BLONDE.—Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber are still making serials together. Their latest is called, "The Trail of the Octopus." Ben is not married to Neva. His wife is Jessie McAllister. I don't think that serial was ever published in book form. Thomas Meighan is now being featured in photo plays by Lasky. Harrison Ford does not play opposite Constance Talmadge any longer. He is single—yet.

TWO TALMADGE LOVERS.—Your questions regarding the Talmadge sisters you will find already answered in this issue. Norma was born in 1897. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are now touring the country in a melodrama produced by Oliver Morosco, called "The Master Thief." Darrel Foss had the juvenile rôle with Nazimova in "The Red Lantern." Beverly is Francis' second wife.

JUST ME.—Lucille Lee Stewart has been playing opposite Eugene O'Brien in his latest Selznick features. It is merely a matter of opinion. In some localities one will be the best liked, while in another an entirely different type of star will be the most popular. Herbert Rawlinson is married to Roberta Arnold. Mrs. Charles Ray was Clara Grant before her marriage. Herbert is now making a series of Craig Kennedy detective stories.

FLORENCE G. W. F.—William Farnum was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1876. He is thoroughly American. William Farnum is his correct name. He is married and is a brother of Dustin Farnum.

BROWN EYES.—Ruth is not married at the present time. We do not answer questions concerning religion.

ABIE.—See answer to "Just Me."

EVELYN M. H.—Mary Pickford's hair is natural. Bessie Barriscale has a son who goes to military school. Mildred does not wear a wig. She was born in Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1901. Bessie Barriscale does not have to wear a wig with her own wonderful crop of hair. Vivian was born near Grand Rapids, Michigan. She uses her own hair. Why all the questions concerning the top pieces?

AN ORACLE READER.—GRACE S.—You have the whole Dana-Mason family

wrong. The family name is Flugrath. Shirley Mason is married to Bernard Durning, and Viola's husband, John Collins, died over a year and a half ago with influenza. There are several postal-card companies and art stores who advertise photos of motion-picture stars. They will be able to sell you a photograph of Harold Lockwood. Jane and Katherine Lee started in playing extra parts, but their talent was soon discovered, and eventually they were starred.

EDWARD G.—Carol Holloway is not married, but William Duncan is. Eileen Sedgwick is not married to Eddie Polo.

M. F. & B. U.—Douglas MacLean is married, and is now being costarred with Doris May in a series of pictures by Thomas H. Ince. He was born in Philadelphia.

SISTER SUE.—Ruth Roland is doing a serial with her own company for Pathé at the present time. You refer to Harrison Ford, opposite Lila Lee.

OLE AND CHUBBY.—It is always best to send twenty-five cents with your request for any of the star's photographs. J. Warren Kerrigan was born in 1889. Mary Pickford is the liveliest girl you ever saw for a dead person. Who spun that yarn to you? Margarita Fisher is not married at present.

YVONNE E.—I'm perfectly harmless, I assure you. Why is it you haven't written before when you have been reading PICTURE-PLAY for so long? I think we'll get along fine. I have never heard of your friend Louise on the screen, so maybe when she got to California she changed her mind about becoming a motion-picture star.

HAZEL I. S.—Monte Blue was born in Indianapolis, in 1890. He has dark-brown hair and eyes. He is married to a non-professional. That's his real monicker.

G. B.—Here are your answers, so you see I am no myth. Betty and Harry are not married to each other. You can obtain the Robert W. Chambers novels at almost any bookstore. They vary in price. Mrs. Earle Williams is not an actress. Edith and Billie are both married. That serial was never published in book form. Eileen and Josie are sisters. An actress did not have her picture taken for that locket.

JUNE DAY.—I think the full name very pretty. Who picked it out for you? Certainly, I'll tell you who I am. I'm THE PICTURE ORACLE. I am sure you will get the pictures if you write for them. Better inclose twenty-five cents with your request to make sure. Theda sends her photos. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago. She recently married Herbert Sanborn, and gave her age on the marriage license as twenty-one.

L. M. K.—You will find all your questions answered by looking over the replies ahead of yours.

Continued on page 86

**Undressed Drama**

*Continued from page 72*

of his cast in "Shod with Fire." Usually it's a case of too much star, but this is one of too little. Perhaps Mr. Russell realized the rôle was not one of great interest, hence did not endeavor to keep it in the foreground. An interesting anecdote concerns this star's appearance as a negro waiter in "Hobbs in a Hurry." Mr. Russell cares not for the handsome hero stuff. He likes character. When the script of this play was given to him he announced his intention of wearing "black face." The studio manager was flabbergasted. He wired Charles Hutchinson, president of the company, and Mr. Hutchinson replied: "Don't let him do it. It will kill him with the public." Bill laughed at death, so to speak, and shuffled through one hundred scenes as a negro. What other star would do this? As for the public execution, "Hobbs in a Hurry" still makes records, and Mr. Russell, now a Fox star, is having a success as substantial as himself.

It appears that Lon Chaney, miraculous *Frog* of "The Miracle Man," is coming into his own. He has the chief rôle in "The Penalty," an Eminent Authors' production of the Gouverneur Morris story. He plays a man without legs. What disposition Mr. Chaney has made of his lower scaffolding he will not divulge. Mr. Chaney long has been listed as one of the finest of "character actors." Accordingly, he has never had a good leading part. I dare say his work in "The Penalty" will be a study commanding interest.

Incontrovertible proof that a character actor has drawing power is supplied by Frank Keenan. His magnetism on the screen seems equal in power to that he exerted on the stage. Channing Pollock says: "Wherever Frank Keenan sits is the center of the stage."

The star willing and capable of playing any one of the seven ages of man will endure, whereas the one who specializes on "the lover sighing like a furnace" is liable to have an existence as brief as that particular age.

It is reported that Florence Reed is planning to wear five reels of jewels and eight close-ups of late millinery creations in a forthcoming feature film.



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GEORGE McDONALD A.—You refer to Broncho Billy, with the Essanay several years ago. His name is Gilbert M. Aronson. He used the name G. M. Anderson for his screen work. He is a theatrical producer now, and although he recently returned to the screen, he has retired again, for the time being. Jack Pickford is being starred in Goldwyn features, but sister Lottie is not appearing on the silver sheet right now.

DOROTHEA S.—Your friend Ruby is not dead.

MISS A. D.—See addresses at the end of this department.

R. P.—Mary Pickford does not work for a fixed salary. She gets the big percentage of the profits from her pictures. Norma Talmadge's hubby is in the theatrical-producing business. He is the head of Norma's company.

E. M. K.—Alice Joyce did not play in "The Birth of a Nation." Edith Storey is now making features for the Haworth Company. She recently returned from France, where she has been driving a Red Cross ambulance during the war.

ETTA Z.—That's her own hair and not a wig. Ann's hair is auburn. Owen Moore is married to Mary Pickford and Tom Moore was married to Alice Joyce. George Walsh is Seena Owen's husband. Signe Auen used to be her screen name before she changed it.

MISS JOSEPHINE 76.—You should be able to get the book you want in any bookstore. Would you make a movie star if you had Mary Pickford's hair, Fannie Ward's eyes, Mary Thurman's figure, May Allison's teeth, Dorothy Dalton's smile, and Juanita Hansen's nose? Well, you would have a fine start, anyway. Jack Mulhall is still playing in pictures.

A. M. S.—It all depends on what kind of a show you intend to run, what the cost of operating a motion-picture theater would be. If you want to use first-run features they would cost you more than if you waited until the same pictures were shown in other theaters first. You can find the exact cost of the film rentals by getting in touch with the motion-picture exchanges in your city. They will give you information concerning the projector as well. The kind of pictures you should show depends entirely upon the neighborhood in which your theater is to be located. You must suit the tastes of your patrons.

HARVEY.—"The Invisible Hand" is the latest serial in which Antonio Moreno appears for Vitagraph. Pearl White is married to Wallace McCutcheon. Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888.

ELSIE B.—The first step in getting a photo is to ask for one. The stars are not mind readers.

DAN J. C.—Mary MacAllister was featured in a series of pictures by the Essanay a couple of years ago. She is not working in pictures at present, but is expected to make her reappearance soon.

VERA A.—Marie Walcamp is the young lady who had the leading feminine rôle in the Universal serial, "The Red Ace."

She is at present in Japan, making a new serial for Universal, but is expected back before long, as she has been in that country for several months.

NELLYE MAE.—William Farnum's picture, "The Jungle Trail," was not made in Africa. California furnished the setting for this feature. William Russell has not left the screen. He is making pictures for Fox. His latest is "The Lincoln Highwayman."

LESTER ALERAM.—Your friend Edward is not playing in pictures at present.

BRIGHT EYES.—Doris Lee changed her name. She is known now as Doris May.

PTE. PERCY LAIDLAW.—I can't give you the address of C. C., as the letter has been destroyed by this time. We don't file all the letters we receive because the building wouldn't be large enough to store them all in. Besides, they don't make enough filing cabinets to hold them all. If you have any questions you would like answered, just shoot them along at any old time, and I'll be only too glad to answer them for you.

KITTY.—I am sure Billie will send you one of her photos. Juanita Hansen was born in 1897.

ARLIE.—You're rather late this month, but as you are all laid up in bed with a bad cold, I'll forgive you. You refer to William Sheer with Fritzi Brunette. Look below for the addresses you want. Hope you have forgotten you ever had a cold by this time.

JULIET SHELBY.—"The Intrusion of Isabel," "The Amazing Impostor," "Mary O'Rourke," "Homespun," "Yvonne From Paris," and "The Bachelor's Wife," are the other Mary Miles Minter productions you didn't name. Her latest releases are "Ann of Green Gables" and "Judy of Rogues' Harbor." She hasn't any special leading man now. She changes with every picture.

LILLIAN GISH ADMIRER.—I am sure they will all send you their photos if you inclose a quarter.

RUBY G. D.—Maxine Elliott has not appeared on the screen for a couple of years. "The Spreading Dawn" was her last feature for Goldwyn.

MASTER REG ELLIS.—You can send the equivalent in your coin to twenty-five cents in American money. It may be that the stars never received the letters you sent. I know the one you wrote me came to the office with six cents due postage on it, and a notice to inform you to have your letters correctly stamped when sending to America.

M. A.—If I ever got the time to get tired I might, but answering questions keeps me so busy that I never have a chance to think about it. You will find all your questions already answered in this issue.

ESKIMO, IN AFRICA.—Some combination, either way you put it. Chaplin's feet are not the size they appear on the screen.

H. G.—"After the Bawl" was meant to be funny, and not an error of spelling

in the subtitle. Baby cries—bawls. Get it?

VAL MARCIEL.—Lottie Pickford and Irving Cummings are not married to one another, even if you did see it happen in "The Diamond From the Sky" serial. I can't tell you who plays that character in the serial, because it would tell you the whole secret, and every one else who read it, and your curiosity would be satisfied, and you might not even go to see the finish of the serial for that reason. It's lots more fun to guess who it is, and then follow up the serial and see if you are right.

MARGARET K.—You forgot to put a stamp on your self-addressed envelope for a personal reply. Fannie Ward was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1875.

E. C. L.—You forgot to inclose a stamp for a personal reply. Addresses at end of this department.

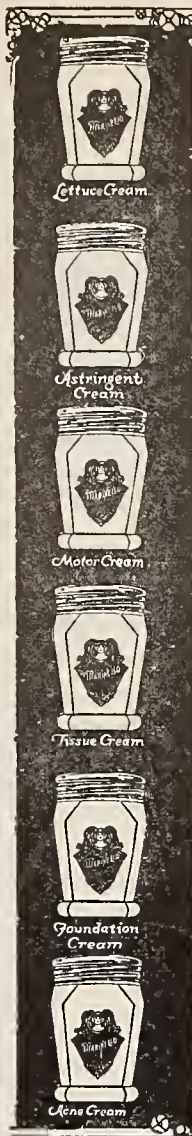
INQUISITIVE.—"The Daughter of the Wolf" is Elliott's latest picture. He has been dangerously ill for several months. He is married to Marie Doro. Alice Brady is married. She was born in New York City. She has brown hair and eyes. I don't know whether she would answer a letter or not. She gets hundreds of them, you know, and it would be impossible for her to find time to answer them all. Mrs. Vernon Castle is still making pictures.

CLEO.—Yes, Mabel Normand played with a company other than Mack Sennett's outfit, prior to her contract with Goldwyn. She was an artist's model at the time of her entry into pictures at the old Biograph Studios. Alice Joyce, who was also a model at the time, got Mabel to go down to the Biograph Studio, where she secured a job at five dollars a day—when she worked. When the company went to the coast, Mabel was left behind, and she went over to Vitagraph, where she played in some comedies with John Bunny, and a couple of dramas, too. She went back to Biograph upon their return and started in to work with Mack Sennett.

A MOVIE FAN.—He's the same William Carleton.

DEAF READER.—Metro produced the two pictures with Viola Dana. Yes, J. Warren Kerrigan had the leading rôle in "Landon's Legacy." The picture was made by the Universal. The names of all those reissues have been changed since reaching England, so you will have to tell me the plot of each if I'm to tell you who played the different characters. Kathleen Clifford and Cullen Landis had the leading rôles in "Who Is Number One?" Charles Richman had the leading rôle in "The Hero of Submarine D-2."

MARJORIE CHAMBERS, LUELLE KNAPP, KATHRYN EMMONS.—That's quite along heading the three of you have. Billie Burke is married to Florenz Ziegfeld. She is a very well-known and popular stage and screen star. Tom Moore was married to Alice Joyce. Roscoe Arbuckle is married to Minta Durfee. He weighs about two hundred and fifty pounds, but is very muscular. Antonio Moreno is



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- Whitening Cream for a sallow skin.
- Acne Cream for blemishes and black-heads.
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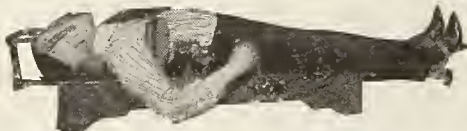
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not married. His latest serial for the Vitagraph is "The Invisible Hand." Roscoe was born in 1887. I think Milton will send you one of his pictures. Vivian Martin is married. Pearl White is married. Gladys Smith is Mary Pickford's right name. She was born in 1893.

J. AVE., P. I., PEARL OF THE ORIENT.—What does all that stand for? All I can make out is your name and Philippine Islands. Madam Muscle was not given in the cast. Baby Marie Osborne is not dead. Ben Turpin was not born cross-eyed. He got that way while playing Happy Hooligan on the stage. Harold Lloyd and Bebe Daniels are not married. The others are. I'll see about those serials for you. Mary Miles Minter was born in 1902. Phyllis is twenty. Bebe Daniels is nineteen. Marie Prevost was born in 1898. Priscilla Dean arrived in this world at New York, in 1896. You will find your other questions already answered.

F. M.—Richard is not playing in any pictures at present. He was a captain during the war. "The Splendid Hazard" is Henry Walthall's latest.

ANNA MARIE POWERS.—I'll bet the fudge will be good. Katherine MacDonald is her married name. She is a sister of Mary MacLaren. She hasn't a baby, as you think. Neither has Cleo. Irene hasn't played in any pictures for a long time.

GENEVIEVE.—Wallace Reid is married to Dorothy Davenport and has a son a little over a year old. Dorothy was born in 1895 and Wallace arrived on earth in 1892. Jack Pickford is with Goldwyn. He was born in 1896.

CHATTERBOX.—You must have overlooked a number, Chatter, because we had an interview with Gladys Brockwell in the August, '19 issue of PICTURE-PLAY. She was with the old New York Motion-Picture Corporation six years ago. She was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1894. Previous to her N. Y. M. P. C. engagement she was with the old Lubin Company. Her marriage to Harry Edwards was annulled by the courts. She has been married twice. William Scott is not married. Albert Roscoe was Doctor Max in "The Doctor and the Woman." Charles Ray is married. Billie Brockwell used to be a very well-known actress. She is the mother of Gladys Brockwell, but honestly, Chatter, they look more like sisters.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.—"When the Clouds Roll By" is the latest Douglas Fairbanks picture. Pearl White completed "The Black Secret" a long while ago. She has already finished her first Fox feature, "The White Moll," from the pen of Frank L. Packard, the man who wrote "The Miracle Man." Yes, I have seen some of "The Midnight Man." It is quite entertaining. "The Grim Game" was Houdini's last. Any scenario questions you may have, take up with William Lord Wright, who handles that department for this magazine. He will be glad to help you in any way that he can.

Continued on page 90



### The Busy Bath tub

*Continued from page 67*

her hair all stringy and wet and her face, all red, thanks Heaven nobody can see her, and hollers downstairs to mother to turn out the gas under the heater.

The picture heroine may not have time to write letters or play golf or order the groceries over the phone or practice her music lesson, but she always has time for that bath. She dresses and undresses for it, lingers in it in all the most becoming attitudes, does everything but get clean in it, and fools the public into thinking it's going to see as much of her as it could if she had on an evening gown. But it doesn't; there's always a maid on hand with a gigantic towel or a bath robe.

But accidents will happen, and some day that shielding towel is going to drop, or a conscientious camera man, feeling that something is being put over on the innocent—or at least pretty innocent—public, is going to do his duty, let the chips fall where they may. Then we shall see what we shall see!

I think it was dear little dimpled Betty Compson who started this wild bathtub-picture orgy when she revealed her pretty shoulders and blew smoke rings in the bathtub scene of "The Miracle Man." Then Gloria Swanson created a sensation by appearing in one of those luxurious baths in "Male and Female," and now it is said that after you've viewed Miss Swanson in the bathing scene of "Why Change Your Wife?" no studio in the business will be considered complete without its Pompeian bathroom.

Lasky studios appear, in fact, to be fitted up with as fine an assortment of professional bathtubs as could be seen anywhere outside an exhibition at a plumbers' convention. Billie Burke, you remember, in "Wanted, a Husband," appears in a shower bath, and Vivian Martin ditto. Mae Busch takes a ladylike dip in Von Stroheim's latest Universal picture, "The Devil's Passkey," and Mae Murray does something novel in "The A-B-C of Love" by bathing in the stationary wash-tub down in the kitchen; while Mabel Normand in "Pinto" dashes into a bathtub after some goldfish.

Dear, dear! Really, all that now seems to remain for the poor producer is the glass bathtub!



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F. M. D. S.—Dustin and William are brothers. Monroe Salisbury is not married. Pearl White and May Allison are not related. Your other questions you will find answered elsewhere in this department.

I. S.—Mary McAllister is the correct way to spell it. She was born in 1910, at Los Angeles, California. Your other questions have been answered.

Busy Body.—Valeska Suratt is now touring the Orpheum with her vaudeville act. I don't know whether Valeska intends to return to the screen or not. If she does, she has kept quiet about it.

FLOYD R. NOBBIN.—You should have sent a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wanted a personal reply. Roscoe Arbuckle has deserted the two-reel comedies for the present, and is making a feature at the Lasky studios, playing the part of the Sheriff in the well-known stage play, "The Round-Up." The part was originally played behind the footlights by Macklyn Arbuckle. I think he would send you a picture.

ALABAMA JO.—You forgot to inclose the picture of Charlie you mentioned in your letter. He looks better off than on, I should say. "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." is the latest picture with Lila Lee.

BIANCA.—I am sure both Niles and Bobby would send you their pictures if you inclose the two-bits you mention. Viola Dana is her stage name.

HOPS.—Thomas Meighan is married. Mee-an, with the accent on the "mee," is the pronunciation. Ethel Clayton was married to Joseph Kaufman, who died of pneumonia about two years ago. Kathryn Adams is five feet seven inches. So are Florence Billings, Ruth Blair, Adele Blood, Sylvia Breamer, Irene Castle, Dolores Cassinelli, Jane Cowl, Helen Eddy, Francelian Billington, and several others. Betty Blythe is one inch taller, and June Elvidge lifts the mark to five feet nine.

MISS JACKIE WOOD.—I guess it's merely gossip, for I have never heard of him. I think Marguerite would send you one of her autographed photos.

B. C.—Juanita Hansen is not married. Enid Bennett is Mrs. Fred Niblo, and Madge Kennedy is Mrs. Harold Bolster. Neva Gerber, Dorothy Gish, Douglas Fairbanks, and Marjorie Daw are not married. Jack Mulhall and Ben Wilson are. Jack Mulhall and Juanita Hansen have not played together since "The Brass Bullet" serial. You refer to "The Spite Bride," with Olive Thomas. Yes, Jack Mulhall played opposite Mary MacLaren.

PINKIE.—I don't think there is any chance of Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien playing together again. Constance is twenty years old. Natalie has appeared in pictures every so often. She doesn't seem to believe in them as a steady diet. Norma Talmadge is five feet two, and weighs about one hundred and twenty pounds. They have been married for about two years.

ANNA WEEDEN.—You certainly had a number of questions to get out of your system, didn't you? You will find your Talmadge questions already answered, and most of the others you ask. Billie Burke and Billie Rhodes are two different persons. Mrs. Charles Chaplin was Mildred Harris before she was married. "A New York Hat" was Mary Pickford's first picture with the Biograph Company. "Caprice" was her first big feature. Charles Chaplin was born in Paris, France, in 1889. Pauline Frederick was born in Boston, in 1889. Fannie Ward is now in England. "The Loves of Letty" is Pauline Frederick's latest. "The Fighting Shepherdess" is Anita Stewart's latest vehicle. "Two Weeks" is the current release of Constance Talmadge. Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896.

DO DE.—The sentences were very funny. You must have had a lot of fun correcting them. Nazimova sees just as well as any one. Pearl White has auburn hair. Eugene O'Brien hasn't.

MISS L. R.—I forwarded your letter to Mary Pickford, as you requested. I guess you must be some happy little lady to have your brother back again. Do you like your painting or writing best?

A. B.—Yes, I know Peggy Hyland personally. I don't know whether she would answer a letter or not, but there is no harm in trying. She has left Fox, and is now making features for an English producing firm, Samuelson Productions. She is making her first picture in California. It is understood that she will work there for six months, and will then go to England for six months.

C. A. U.—Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1891. He lives in Beverly Hills, California. "The Village Sleuth" is his latest picture. Bert Lytell is married. "The Right of Way" is his latest picture. He lives in Los Angeles, California. Jack Mulhall hasn't played in any serials since the "Brass Bullet." You are thinking of Neil Burns. Your other questions have already been answered elsewhere in this department.

ALGI.—Your question has been answered.

ELEANOR C. MCC.—You will find the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

A PICTURE-PLAY DEVOTEE.—Some one has been kidding you. Norma Talmadge hasn't any children. You can't compare her with Mary Pickford, because they are entirely different in every way, and don't attempt the same kind of plays.

EDITH.—Your stationery is very pretty, and goes well with the violet ink. The reason I don't like poor stationery is that it doesn't take the ink very well, and the writing is generally blurred and indistinct. I don't know whether Mary Fuller or Julia Dean intend to make any more pictures or not. Evelyn Nesbit has quit pictures for the time being. June is five feet nine. Frank Mayo hasn't any special make of car. He's always changing them. Thanks for all the compliments.

Continued on page 92

### What the Fans Think

Continued from page 77

seen don't write to the producing company or to some magazine devoted to such topics, and tell whether the story or the star was the reason they didn't enjoy the play. When I go to the movies it most certainly is to view the story, and not the star. And if, luckily, I see a good story, which is seldom, I persuade all my pals to see it, and we hold a conference afterward and discuss it.

E. S.—Bridgeport, Connecticut.

### The Simple Play Wins.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

It seems to me that the movie stars are divided into two classes—perhaps three, if you include the vampire, though the latter, thank goodness, is passé. But we still have the other two—the ingénue and the emotional type of star. I have always enjoyed looking over an audience between "flickers," and invariably find the star who portrays the simple and lifelike play wins the day. Middle-aged people, young girls, children, and the unsophisticated—there are some left!—watch eagerly for a visit from Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, and the Gish girls.

On the other hand, the emotional actress reigns in popularity with theatergoers, people who enjoy the problems in life, crave excitement, and like stunning clothes. This last statement has nothing to do with acting, but has much to do with an audience.

However, a good many of these stars will have to get better stories; if they continue in such mediocre plays their popularity will cease. So often the producers depend on the name of the artist to make the production perfect, even though the play is inferior; then again, we find a famous play or book thrown on the screen without a well-known artist, and such occurrences sometimes create a new star.

E. L.—Salem, Oregon.

### Make the Player Fit the Part.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

The Observer asks how people pick their plays. I have always been a great novel reader, so naturally go to see plays made from books I have read.

As for the stars, "what's one man's meat is another man's poison." I have my favorites, of course—yet "The Miracle Man" impressed me more than any other picture that I have seen, and not one of them was in it. But in this picture every actor fitted his part to perfection, and their work was so natural that you felt you were living the picture. Having the actor fit the part makes all the difference in the world with a picture. For instance, take Wallace Reid—he fitted his rôle in "The Lottery Man" to perfection, but to my mind he was not at all Bruce Cardigan in "The Valley of the Giants." I wish you could tell me whether the actors, the producers, or I am to blame for a disappointment like this one.

M. E. S.—Chicago, Illinois.

P.P.—6



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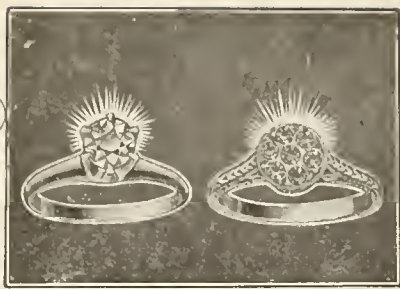
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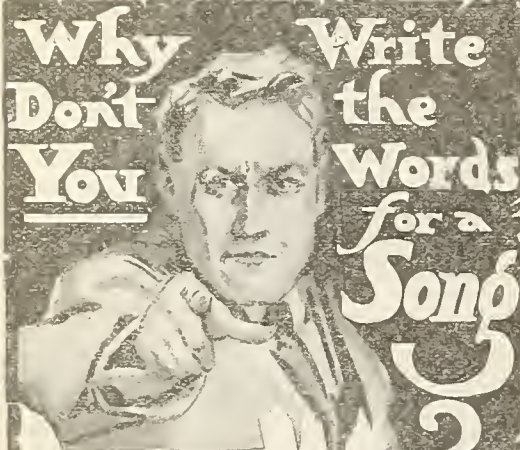
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KIWI, NEW ZEALAND.—I'm awfully sorry to hear about your extreme bad luck. It is certainly very discouraging. Cheer up, you'll get what you go after, if you go hard enough. There have been quite a few cases of the sleeping sickness in this country, too. I don't think you will ever see me unmasked. The shock would probably kill all our readers. You certainly received some fine photographs, and I don't wonder that you value them so highly. Maybe Dorothy Gish thought you would like a photo of her as she really is, so sent it minus the wig. Yes, that address will reach them all right. I hope, too, that your next letter bears more cheerful news.

DANIEL D.—Mahon Hamilton played the rôle of *Daddy Long-Legs* in Mary Pickford's play of that name. He was not in the army.

A. M. G.—Alice Joyce was born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1890. She was married to Tom Moore. Beverly Bayne is Mrs. Francis X. Bushman. All your other questions have been answered.

NURSE.—Dustin Farnum is not married to Winifred Kingston. Francis X and Beverly Bayne are on the stage in "The Master Thief" at the present time.

CONSTANCE DE LUXE.—Bert Lytell is an American. Hal Cooley has been playing heavies lately. His last nice part was in Rex Beach's "The Girl From Outside." Jack Perrin is not married. They can't all be starred, some one must play the supporting rôles. Haven't heard of your friend Doris for a long time. She manages to return to the screen every once in a while. You're thinking of her during the old Thanhauser days, aren't you? Ruth Clifford is in New York making a serial for the Frohman Amusement Company. She is being co-starred with Jack Sherril. Hedda Nova is not Suzette. Ann Pennington is busy with her stage work at present. Edna Mayo also has again deserted the screen. Your other questions have been answered.

FAIR.—I never heard of the people you mention connected with either the stage or the screen. They're new ones to me.

GERRY.—You are not going to try to write to all the players whose addresses you want, are you? You'll never get through if you try. Dorothy Dalton was born in Chicago, Illinois, on September 22, 1893. She was married to Lew Cody. I don't know whether Herbert Rawlinson and Robert Warwick answer all their letters or not. I don't see how they can. You are going to swell the addresses terribly with your long list. Look for them at the end of this department.

NATIVE DAUGHTER.—Your Charles Ray questions have been answered. Dorothy Gish was born in Dayton, Ohio. Do you mean Virginia Lee Corbin or Frances Carpenter? I never heard of Francis Corbin.

MISS ESTHER I.—If you saw an advertisement in The Oracle about a book containing all the names and addresses of the actors and actresses, you saw something no one else did. You must have gotten it mixed up with the Market Book-

let, which gives the names and addresses of all the leading film companies, with the names of some of their stars, and the kind of stories they are in the market for.

THERESA ANN.—You are quite right about Greenville, Michigan, being the birthplace of Vivian Martin. With Mrs. Robert Mantel, the opera singers, and the famous Naval Base Quartet, your town has turned out quite a list of celebrities, hasn't it?

W. P. H.—It is Benjamin Chapin—not Chaplin. Syd Chaplin and Charles are brothers. Casson Ferguson is not related to Elsie Ferguson. Benjamin Chapin died about two years ago.

WILLIAM DUNCAN 2ND.—Mary Pickford never played in any of Douglas Fairbanks' pictures. Edith Johnson was born in Rochester, New York, in 1895. Her screen career dates back to the old Lubin and Selig days. She was also with Universal before joining the Vitagraph Company to do serials with William Duncan. You must want to see me murdered. I can't name the best serial actor and actress. That is merely a matter of opinion. Undoubtedly the best known was Pearl White, before she left serials. Bill Duncan was a good wrestler, but I can't say as much for his baseball playing.

### NAMES AND ADDRESSES.

The following addresses are the ones asked for in the letters to which The Oracle has replied in this issue. If you wish to write to any one connected with the screen, whose address you are unable to find here, send your letter in care of either the Mabel Condon Exchange, 6035 Hollywood Avenue, Los Angeles, California, or of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, same city, and it will be forwarded.

William S. Hart, the Hart Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Douglas Fairbanks, the Fairbanks Studio, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Mary Pickford, Lottie Pickford, Peggy Hyland, Mary Thurman, Norman Kerry, Milton Sills, Pauline Starke, George Webb, and Bessie Barriscale, The Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Albert Ray, The American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California.

Ben Turpin, Phyllis Haver, and Harriet Hammond, Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Eileen Percy, Lew Cody, Mae Marsh, and Dustin Farnum, Gasnier Studios, Glendale, California.

Jack Pickford, Pauline Frederick, Madge Kennedy, Will Rodgers, and Tom Moore, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Lewis Stone, Marshall Neilan, and Marjorie Daw, Marshall Neilan Studios, Edendale, California.

Gloria Swanson, Wallace Reid, Jack Holt, Lila Lee, Thomas Meighan, Robert Warwick, and Elliott Dexter, Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Eugene O'Brien, Olive Thomas, and Lucille Lee Stewart, Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Mildred Harris Chaplin, Anita Stewart, Juanita Hansen, and Mary Anderson, Selig Studio, Eastlake Park, Los Angeles, California.

Nazimova, Viola Dana, Bert Lytel, May Allison, Emmy Wehlen, and Jack Mulhall, Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Charles Ray, The Charles Ray Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Robert Harron, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Carol Dempster, Ralph Graves, and Creighton Hale, The Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, New York.

Clara Kimball Young and Conway Tearle, Garson Studios, Edendale, California.

A Tabloid Review

Continued from page 73

a background of sawdust and canvas and elephants and peanuts and pink lemonade—the circus! It is Shirley Mason's first Fox picture and her playing is better than her best. Her small, lithe figure permits her to play the child to a degree of reality unattained by any other actress, and her talent for the expression of true emotional feeling, running through a series of changing moods, is brought out to its fullest in her portrayal of the child grown to young womanhood. "Her Elephant Man" has the glamour of the real circus, parade and all, and all the deep heart interest of a love story interpreted with the utmost appreciation. It is the big top and romance in one.

"Two Weeks"—What would our lives be without Constance Talmadge and her always mirthful pictures? Constance Talmadge, the female exponent of pep, so delightfully and naughtily sophisticated, so pretty, so charming, so approximate to mere man's idea of a mate to lay his slippers out for him at night; but then Constance Talmadge would never lay out his slippers—no, she'd be dragging him off to the theater, then to supper, cabaret, and all. Constance, the girl who irresistibly contradicts herself at each turn. As for "Two Weeks," it is one of her best—but then each is one of her best—they are all best. Conway Tearle is her leading man and George Fawcett and Templar Saxe have most congenial comedy parts.

"The Beggar Prince"—In which Sessue Hayakawa happily departs from the gruesome and the plot in which he was wont always to sacrifice himself for the happiness of lovers. This time he shows us what he can do in the line of comedy with a moral. It is a dual rôle he portrays here. An arrogant prince and a poor fisherman. An exchange of places, and presto! The fisherman cleans house diplomatically, while the prince gives his brain cells a moral airing. The story is a myth, but some of the best entertainment has come from mythology.

"The Right of Way"—Bert Lytell is the luminary in this, the second of Sir Gilbert Parker's novels. It is excellently done. No one can sit



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“I was making \$15 a week and every penny of it was needed just to keep us going. It went on that way for several years. Then one day I woke up! I found I was not getting ahead simply because I had never learned to do anything in particular. As a result whenever an important promotion was to be made, I was passed by. I made up my mind right then to invest an hour after supper each night in my own future, so I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course that would give me special training for our business.

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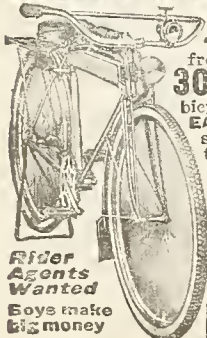
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unmoved while witnessing the old familiar scenes surrounding *Charley Steele*; his sensational defense of a murderer, his bold challenge of a God and his redemption through his strange experiences in the little Canadian village, scenes handled so that the fullness of their drama has been vividly realized. Gibson Gowland of "Blind Husbands" fame is the *Joc Portugais*, "guilty as hell," but not so guilty after all.

"Other Men's Shoes"—A thoroughly interesting melodrama produced with infinite care and taste by Edgar Lewis, who gained fame in "The Barrier" and its half brother "The Bar Sinister," and utilizing the always new and blooming situation of the strong brother who takes the place of the weak brother and triumphs over his enemies.

"What Would You Do?"—Well, just what *would* you do if you, having believed your husband dead, had married again, and seen your second mate painfully crippled for life and constantly calling for the blessing of death, and then, on putting the means of kind death in his hands, you were practically accused of his murder by his brother after your first husband had returned to the land of the living? It's a thousand-to-one shot it will never happen to you, but at the same time Dennison Clift has made an intense picture by working out this series of interrogations to a dénouement of sweeping power in which task he has been ably assisted by Madlaine Traverse, who herein proves her emotional ability beyond the flicker of a doubt.

"The Beauty Market"—If you enjoy gazing upon a series of pictures of a very beautiful young woman and if your appetite craves no more stimulating entertainment—but then a beautiful woman is stimulating—then see "The Beauty Market" in which Katherine MacDonald is all there is that is commendable. Seldom has a story of society life been misrepresented on the screen with such consistent incompetency.

"Greater Than Fame"—A production from Selznick's much advertised studio, in which it is proven, rather tiresomely, that love is greater than fame, though it is very nice to have them both hand in hand. Elaine Hammerstein is the principal

protagonist in the proving process which was evolved by S. Jay Kaufman, newspaper man extraordinary.

"The Cyclone"—A series of impossible thrills thrown into a Western setting with Tom Mix the chief interpreter of them all. It is slapstick comedy represented as melodrama, causing emotions which saw between the laugh and the thrill.

"The Walk-Offs"—A society comedy by the Hattons, authors of "Upstairs and Down." Seems as though you always had to move, off or up or down, to keep up with Frederic and Fanny. The picture is mildly amusing and has May Allison as the star.

"What's Your Husband Doing?"—The second picture offered by Thomas H. Ince with his new team, Douglas MacLean and Doris May. Not quite as good as "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave" but brisk, original, and highly laughable. Well worth seeing.

"Double Speed"—Wallace Reid in another automobile comedy with pretty Wanda Hawley as the lucky girl. The action travels on "high" from start to finish.

"The Cinema Murder"—Melodrama by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and the best picture that Marion Davies has appeared in.

"Piccadilly Jim"—Owen Moore in a screen version of P. G. Wodehouse's funny story which, in its present form, is mere foolishness that fails very often in getting over. The best things about it are the star's clothes, his scene on the elevated when he throws peanuts in his neighbor's lap, and a punching bag connecting with a fat boy's face while he is munching a pie.

"The Luck of Geraldine Laird"—A picture made from Kathleen Norris' story, which every woman is bound to enjoy. Bessie Barriscale again proves herself one of the screen's ablest actresses.

The death scene in that gripping, six-part Western drama of love and hate, "Shot In The Veranda," was utterly spoiled. The director forgot to order the boys to take off their hats.

## Why Change Your Wife?

*Continued from page 40*

too badly if I stayed. Was that—was that what you thought, too—that we'd better not be where we'd see each other?"

He nodded, not daring to speak.

"I know now what a silly thing I used to be, dear," she went on presently. "It just came over me last night that I'd been a fool not to appreciate you when I had you—not to love you as I should have when I had the chance."

"Oh, Beth." Gordon would have given anything in the world for the right to take her in his arms at that moment, but instead he moved back to his own seat and swore softly at himself the rest of the way back to New York.

At the Pennsylvania Station he saw her to the main floor, and was escorting her to the taxi stand when Fate once more interposed, this time through a harmless, insignificant banana peeling. Unable to catch his balance as he stepped on it, Gordon fell heavily, striking his head.

As the crowd gathered Beth turned cold with fright. And when the ambulance came and a doctor lifted Gordon's head from her lap, Beth spoke almost in a daze.

"I'll take him straight home," she said, and then, in reply to an inquiry from him, "I'm Mrs. Gordon."

And then, when the doctor had told her that everything possible had been done, and that they must simply wait, she got Sally by long distance, telling her what had happened.

Sally arrived on the first train, and lost no time in summoning an ambulance and hurrying to Beth's home. There was a vague dread in her mind—Robert was her husband, and she didn't want him to stay in somebody else's house and be nursed—by Beth.

"Why, give her three days at nursing him and she'd have him back again!" sputtered Sally, powdering her nose and straightening her hat as her taxi drew up in front of Beth's house.

"But you can't take him away; he's too ill to be moved," protested Beth, when informed of Sally's intentions. "I won't allow it."

"You won't!" And Sally tried to brush past her to the door of the room where Gordon lay. "What have you to say about it?"

For answer Beth locked the bedroom door and stood with her back against it. All that was primitive in each woman came suddenly to the surface. They were fighting for the most valued possession in the world—the love of one's mate.

With a scream Sally snatched at the key and, failing to get it, threw herself upon the other woman, only to be hurled back. Furious, she caught up a huge jardinière. A second later it crashed into the tall pier glass beside the door, while Beth, sinking to the floor, dropped the key.

A quick grab and the triumphant Sally was about to pass through the door when, as she paused, triumphant, she was frozen with terror as Beth seized a small bottle from a cabinet, held it aloft and cried:

"If you turn that key I'll fix you so that no man will ever want to look at you again! You'll be scarred for life!" Then, as Sally sank down into a chair, she added coldly, "Come in quietly if you want to—but he stays here."

It was long after dawn when Gordon awoke. As he saw Beth sitting beside him, he smiled feebly.

"Such an awful dream, honey," he murmured, "I thought I was married to somebody else—to a dreadful woman—"

"So, that's the way you feel about it, is it?" Sally blurted out, realizing that she had lost. "Well, she'll be dreadful, too—she'll be—" and furiously she threw into Beth's face the contents of the bottle with which she herself had been threatened the night before.

Gordon struggled to rise, and Sally cowered back against the door, frightened at what she had done. But Beth was calmly drying her face.

"Don't be alarmed, dear," she told her husband calmly. "It was only my eye-wash."

And then, as Sally turned and swaggered out of the room, consoling herself with thoughts of alimony, Beth drew her husband's head to her shoulder. Almost unconsciously her eyes rearranged the room. The dressing table would go there and the mirror there, when the other twin bed was brought back again. Other things would be different, too, she thought, with a feeling of satisfaction.

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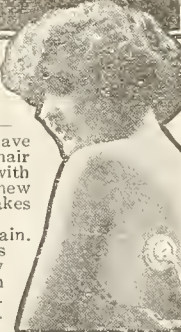
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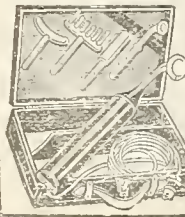
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# A Hoosier from Texas

Continued from page 63

won't just say 'Well, where'll we go to eat?' but will take away some idea about the picture instead, something that's going to carry over into the next day's work. But I'm afraid I've been preachy," and, because he's a big, likable boy rather than a successful man, he hid his embarrassment behind a menu card.

"Isn't it queer to realize that you can look back five years, or ten—I used to think I'd be frightfully old when I could do that," remarked his wife, coming to the rescue. "But just this morning I was thinking about how different things are now than they were when we came West five years ago."

"I was trying then to do what I'm making an effort to do now—put real human interest into pictures," Vidor chimed in. "I was writing comedies for Universal, and I'd take 'em in and they'd say 'You'll have to put some pep into this,' and then I'd go home and put in some slapstick stuff and take out the human interest."

They had come on from Texas in a flivver, I learned, with a few manuscripts and a great deal of determination. Both set to work, Florence Vidor as an actress—she already had a good start in pictures and got an engagement soon playing leads with Famous Players-Lasky—

and King as director and writer. He rushed around in his flivver, peddling his scenarios, and later directed the Judge Brown pictures for Universal, before the Brentwood Film Company gave him a free hand, and he made "The Turn in the Road," for the amazingly small sum of eight thousand dollars, by way of showing what he wanted to do.

"I don't say that I'm going to make better pictures than anybody else can," he declared. "But I'm going to make the best pictures I can." And, remembering his creed, which hangs in a little frame over his desk, I had a pretty good idea of what that "best" will be like.

We went to see Suzanne then. She's one of those friendly babies who likes strangers, and as she curled up in my arms I noted that she has her mother's elusive dimples and her father's light hair and eyes. Her parents had bought her a toy piano that morning, and if King Vidor could have stood in the doorway and photographed himself and his wife and the colored nurse watching the baby as that piano was unwrapped he'd have had a human-interest scene that he never can excel at the studio. It was as homelike and old-fashioned as any Rogers group, and as modern as—well, as a King Vidor picture.

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I will never picture evil or wrong, except to prove the fallacy of its lure.

So long as I direct pictures, I will make only those founded upon the principle of right, and I will endeavor to draw upon the inexhaustible source of good for my stories, my guidance, and my inspiration.

KING W. VIDOR.

King Vidor's pledge which hangs above his desk at the studio.

## FILM OBSERVATIONS

By Vara Macbeth Jones

THERE was a man in our town, And he was wondrous wise; For every church he quickly built A movie twice its size.



## Over the Teacups

Continued from page 76

"Well, what interests me is the revival of stories that have been screened once for new productions. Goldwyn's to do 'The Christian,' by Hall Caine, even though Essanay did screen it years ago—and they've bought 'The Slim Princess,' which Essanay did with Ruth Stonehouse and Francis X. Bushman, for Mabel Normand. Won't she be funny?"

"She will—and how interesting it will be to compare the new versions of stories like that with the old ones. And, speaking of old stories, Will Rogers happened on 'Seven Oaks,' which he's doing under the title 'Jes' Call Me Jim,' in an awfully funny way. His wife was reading it one evening, and Will saw her drying her eyes and wanted to know what was the matter.

"I can't help crying over this—but it makes me laugh, too; I'd like to see it on the screen," she said. And Will, recognizing the recipe for a good picture, promptly reported the fact to the powers that be, and now he and his four-year-old son are working in it."

"Well, it's nice to have a picture all in the family, so to speak, but that's not my heart's desire," I sighed. "I just caught sight of Louise Glaum, and every time I see her nowadays it's all I can do not to rush out and buy a ticket to Petaluma or Chico City or somewhere; she told me the other day that she's going to Italy to make Sardou's 'Theodora,' and I'm green with envy."

"What's she going to do with that house she rented, and the dogs and chickens and other livestock that went with it?" demanded Fanny. "Just leave them to somebody else? That's what makes me envious; why, every time I run up to San Francisco I have to call a quorum of the family first and see who's going to stay home with the goldfish. Everybody's going abroad now, though—Anita Loos and John Emerson, and everybody swears Mary Pickford's really going to accept Lord Northcliffe's invitation and rush off to England; she may play in the Christmas pantomime in London."

"Well, let's crawl humbly out and see if we can get a taxi to take us three miles or so; that's the limit of my traveling," I suggested.



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## A PLEASING LIKENESS

By Vara Macbeth Jones

SHE vowed she would never marry  
Until she should discover  
A chap closely resembling  
Some favorite screen lover.

But when I met her hubby  
No film charms could I trace;  
His was not a Tom Mix figure,  
Or Elliot Dexter face.

But the secret of his likeness  
A wise friend soon imparts;  
His income is exactly  
The same as William Hart's!

## The Day of the Male in the Movies

Continued from page 29

Upon the expiration of his contract he will be ready for single stardom.

Richard Barthelmess to-day is exerting a personal attraction no less than that of our highest-salaried stars. He has remained with Griffith at half the amount he could get elsewhere because he is laying up capital in the way of reputation. He's a shrewd business man, this boy. He knew he had a great deal to learn and that D. W. Griffith is, perhaps, the greatest mentor. Mr. Griffith has said that fame and fortune awaits Mr. Barthelmess at the fount head of 1921. There will be such strenuous competition for this young man's services when he quits Griffith that his stipend will be not less than \$3000 every Saturday, and star-sized type thrown in.

Tom Moore only came into his own last year. But he certainly came fast! Theater managers have told me his is the high ace of the Goldwyn pack, although he does not receive a fifth the salary of Geraldine Farrar. Will Rogers, the likable Ichabod of the screen, surprised every one by winning his way in competition with his more handsome competitors.

Each month, as I endeavor to make a schedule of interview subjects, I find the unfair sex monopolizing attention. There seems to be any number of young men making bids for popular favor—and only a comparatively few young women. I refer not to established stars but to newcomers, or "discoveries." Not all of them are winning on their merits as actors. Very few are. The movie-going public cares little about acting ability. The only requirements seem to be youth and

personality, or good looks. Perhaps my appreciation for such qualifications is a bit cramped. I must say I cannot discern acting talent, personality, or beauty in some of the young men I have mentioned, yet unquestionably they are attracting notice. To analyze their popularity is as profitable as to seek causes for a woman's love. And women, particularly young women, elect the stars of the screen. Examine any player's mail and you'll find few letters from men. They are from women and children. Since there is no rhyme or reason to a lady's love there's no rhyme or reason for a lot of the male favorites which feminine *amour* establishes. If men took sufficient interest in picture personalities to have patron stars, like patron saints, there would be a general shake-up of the whole system. Perhaps the Mack Sennett girls would then be crowned queens of the day, but even as it is, these one-piece models are doing fairly well. While men have favorites among stars, they are not so enthusiastic in their preferences. And most men past the "crush" age prefer male stars—such as Ray, Fairbanks, Chaplin, Hart, Russell, and Rogers.

Well, the clerk at my hotel served notice the other day: he's going in the movies.

"How come yoh get that way?" the colored porter inquired.

"Oh, I just got tired of seeing all these birds getting away with murder," replied the former key-taker. "So I'm going to get a checked coat and spats and a poiple shoit, and go after the jack myself."

It certainly is the day of the male in the movies.

## To the Purple Born

Continued from page 51

then together they presented "The Jest," Lionel playing *Neri*, the bully, a brutal, swaggering, merciless brigand, and John appearing as *Gianetto*, the delicate, artistic, romantic figure who taunted his enemy to madness. It was a drama of colossal force and undeniable beauty, and New York spent nearly a year going to it again and again, trying to decide which Barrymore was the better actor.

"The Barrymores are charming, but so lazy; too bad they won't work," I've heard people say. Yes, it is too bad, isn't it, that they can't work harder, when they can play such exacting rôles as they did in "The Jest" and at the same time make screen productions of the caliber of "The Copperhead," Lionel's first big picture, and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which John finished not long ago. Lionel's rôle in "The Copperhead" is no ordinary one, and the dual rôle which John assumes in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" taxed the nervous energies of Richard Mansfield when he did it on the stage.

We hear interesting rumors of what the Barrymores will do both on stage and screen. Of one thing we can rest assured—that, whatever they offer us, it will be notable, for the Barrymores have come into the royal purple which they inherited, and have won the right to refuse to be associated with a production unworthy of their talents.

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From early infancy you have learned to rely upon the good old hot water bag. It has soothed away your ear-ache, tooth-ache, and allayed griping pains in stomach and abdomen, and you may have used warm injections. These have been friends indeed, but with limitations. Indeed they were useless in the relief of, or making for a cure of bladder, kidney or prostate disorder, piles and chronic constipation.

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## Why Alice Ceased to Smile

Continued from page 79

a better chance. I made my own clothes, and I must have been awfully trick-looking in those days. I was always made up for a laugh. Maybe that's why they didn't take me seriously, I don't know."

Finally she left Vitagraph to work with Stuart Holmes.

"And there," said Alice, "I used to play the heavies, while Edith Haller, who is about two heads taller than I, played the ingénues! After that I went to Thanhauser, and from there to Roscoe Arbuckle."

"But you had one relapse into comedy after you'd made your way out and played in a straight picture or two with Bert Lytell, didn't you?" I wanted to know.

"Yes, with Al Christie, in 'Shades of Shakespeare.' He was wonderful to me during that picture—used to insist on serving me tea every afternoon at four. I was so embarrassed. Here was a mob of actors standing around, and I knew they were thinking 'Oh, she's so temperamental now since she's doing dramatic rôles that she just can't work unless she has her four o'clock tea!' And I wondered if any of them remembered a ludicrous thing that happened once before when I was making a comedy—certainly I'll never forget it. It was in an Arbuckle picture. There was an elevator—one of those cuckoo things pulled up and down by a horse—and sticking out of the elevator shaft was a broad board on which Fatty and I were sitting. And the elevator came down suddenly, hit the board, and threw us up in the air. I landed on the horns of an elk's head hanging above the elevator door, and there I had to stay; not one of the company even so much as offered to help me down. I shouted and screamed, but somebody yelled at me to go on acting—that it was fine stuff—so I did. Oh, I never was funnier in my life, I'm sure, and the people down below laughed and clapped and pretended they thought it would be great stuff on the screen. I don't mind admitting that I thought so, too."

She stopped for a moment and sighed. "That's always the way, isn't it? Your best efforts don't

count for anything. There I was, going around thinking I'd really done something that would amuse the multitudes and that maybe it was more worth while to make people laugh than to play heavy emotional rôles, and then, when we saw that part of the picture run off in the projection room, I found they'd cut out a lot of my stuff and that most of the time I was struggling and raving on the elk's head I was doing it just for the amusement of the rest of the crowd; they never intended to use it all. And to add insult to injury, they finally all went away and left me hanging up there in the air."

"But even so, don't you think comedy's pretty good training for the sort of parts you're doing now; in rôles like yours in 'Should a Woman Tell?' and 'Shore Acres?'"

"Wonderful," she answered. "You have to put over a thought or expression in double-quick time, in comedy, and it teaches you to think fast."

"Well, you may like tragedy on the stage, but I'll wager it's comedy that's most popular at home," I remarked as I rose to go.

"You're more or less right about that," she laughed. "Mother and I live in a little bungalow, with a canary and an Airedale, and my greatest tragedies are hats that disappoint me. Hats are my great, undying passion, you know—I'm simply crazy about them; in fact, when I called the roll last I had ninety-two."

"How about matrimony?"

"No yearnings in that line," she answered promptly. "My big ambition is——"

"Shakespeare!"

"No—musical comedy. Why, I'd be willing even to ingénue in that. You see, once for a whole summer I danced with a partner at the Waldorf, in New York, and we had a dancing act all fixed up with booking at the Palace, but mother interfered."

So if Alice ever does doff her tragic mask we'll have to thank that ambition of hers for restoring her wink to a place where it can be viewed by the public.

# A Jack-of-All-Arts

Continued from page 57

move hurt me. The ballet master said, 'how you dance with legs like that?' So my father say, 'It is to be the violin.' And I worked hard; but not for me was that chair in the orchestra that my grandfather and my father had spent their lives in. I wanted—what do you call it—a bigger life, and I left Moscow for Petrograd to study law. There I work all day and almost all night; I sleep only two—three hours. I get so thin in the face that I never get fat again."

But, let the scoffers say that miracles are no more; after Kosloff had taken his degree and was ready to practice law, the rheumatism that had stiffened his legs vanished suddenly. He could dance once more. And dance he did, with all the pent-up fervor of three years' enforced abstinence. He toured France with a company which was presenting the Russian ballet, and France went wild over the new Russe dancing. England was conquered next, and then the young Russian was signed for an American tour, with Gertrude Hoffman in "Scheherazade." He returned to Russia for a period, but came back to America on a vaudeville tour shortly before the revolution, and was induced by Cecil de Mille to play the part of *Prince Guatamatsin* with Geraldine Farrar in "The Woman God Forgot." Since then he has worked in other De Mille

pictures, including, "Why Change Your Wife," "The Tree of Knowledge," and "The Prince Chap."

But, somehow, it was not Kosloff, the dancer or the artist or the violinist, who appealed to me. It was Kosloff, the man. His lack of pretense and his naïve delight in the simpler things of life are charming. He took such pride in showing me his trained pigeon, "Belka," who has worked with him on the stage, and who will fly to him whenever he goes outside the house, alighting on his head or shoulder. And he was proud of the fact that he could cook; his housekeeper acknowledges that he can make better waffles than she can. Then, too, he looks so youthful—though if one counts up the years he has spent in study and in the dramatic world, one realizes that he must be far older than he looks—and indeed, he admits that.

"Hard work keeps me young," he said with his earnest yet youthful smile. "Work, and living—how you call it—in straight line. I do not smoke, I do not drink, I just work and play and *live*."

And then he gathered together Belka, his pigeon, and Pisca, the little yellow cat, who was "ver' thin and all hungry" when she came to him, and played with them and chatted with me like a naïve, grown-up child—which is exactly what Theodore Kosloff really is.

# A Hero in Homespun

Continued from page 55

David laughed, showing something amazingly like a dimple in one cheek.

"Being domesticated isn't necessarily synonymous with being married. I'll bet your wives don't think so. I just like to potter around my place down on Forty-seventh Street, to scrape the paint off old chairs and repaint them the way they belong, and all that sort of thing. And—if you *must* know the real truth—I went on the stage because I needed the money," he whispered, as though admitting a guilty secret.

"I was born in Wales," he went on, "but went to school in England, and later worked in London as a 'half commission man,' that is, a sort of bond salesman. Then I was seized with a desire to go on the stage, and succeeded in doing so,

by way of Sir Herbert Tree's dramatic school. Finally I secured an engagement with Ellen Terry, and came to America in her company.

"I broke into pictures at the old Biograph studio, working occasionally as an extra, but never took them seriously in those days. But since I appeared on the stage in 'The Outcast,' with Elsie Ferguson, I've been alternating between calcium lights and footlights, and now I'm signed up for a year at least of the movies."

David glanced at his watch.

"Now that I've been thoroughly interviewed," he said pleasantly, but firmly, "maybe you'll excuse me. This is my vacation and I've an engagement to skate in Central Park."

I excused him, of course; what else could I do?



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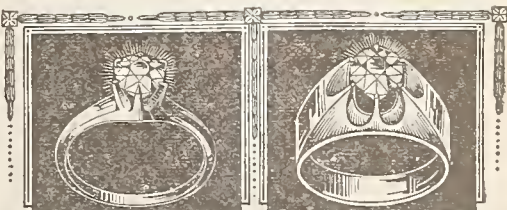
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THE LEON BECK CO., Dept. 5

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## Tom Forman—Lone Star

Continued from page 65

"And you went directly into pictures." I finished artfully, pretending to write it down. I found out that the only way to make Tom talk about himself was to let him correct my supposed errors.

"No, I didn't," he rose to the bait, all unsuspecting. "I was stage-struck, but I was kind of——"

"Shy?" I put in, and he nodded, running his hand through his mussed hair with an embarrassed gesture.

"Yes, I reckon I was," he admitted, "so all I did for quite a while was to tote a spear down at the old Belasco Theater here, and then I got some bits, and after a while I worked up to be a leading man; then I toured the country."

"And you were a director at Griffith's studio?" I inquired, when he showed signs of slacking down.

"No, at Lubin," he corrected. "First I was in pictures with Kalem, then I did some directing, and finally when George Melford began directing for Lasky, he wanted me to work here—and so I did." He finished with a look that begged me not to quiz him any more.

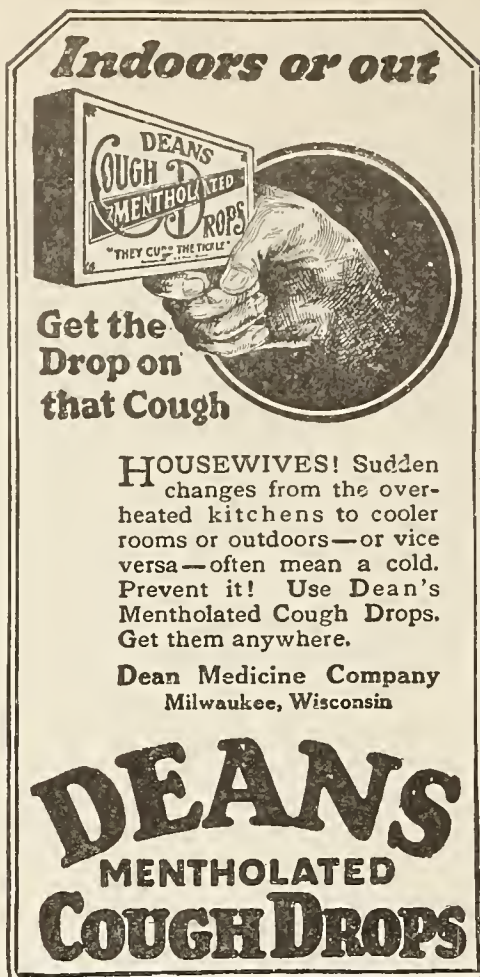
They tell me at the studio—believe me, Tom didn't give me this information—that he is one of the coming stars of the cinema, having a most engaging personality that "gets over" on the silver screen, besides possessing talent of a rare quality. "The Sea-Wolf" gives him a splendid opportunity, as will later Lasky features in which he is to appear.

"What do you do with yourself outside of pictures?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing much," he answered hesitatingly. "I don't jazz around much—no, I'm not married—I just go home at night and read—but I'm a nut on hunting and fishing," he added, brightening. "I have the grandest little ranch you ever saw up in the high Sierras, with two trout streams on it—and say, you ought to see my cabin, full of bearskins and deer heads——"

He was off. I found that he could talk out-of-doors as well as war. I think he forgave me for being an interviewer. Anyhow, a pleasant time was had by all, and I'd like to tell the world-and-his-wife and all the little worldlets, that I wish more screen actors were like Tom Forman. Still, if there were, he wouldn't be what he is at present—a Lone star.

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**You have never seen anything like this before**

## He Was Lured by a Vamp!

Continued from page 47

"Will you?" he brightened. "Thanks."

From that point on, Wes talked more easily. He seemed relieved by the harrowing confession.

"I used to hang around the studio looking for Miss Glaum, but I always ran when I saw her, so it didn't do me no good. One day, though, Mr. Neilan saw me and thought I was a type for a picture. When he went to Selig and put on the 'Bloom-Setter' series he sent for me and put me in them. Mr. Neilan never forgets his friends, you know."

"You have worked a lot for Mr. Neilan?"

"You bet. I was in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' with Mary Pickford. I played the ringmaster in that, and I worked in 'Amarilla of Clothes-Line Alley' with Mary, too. I played her brother, *Flamingo*, in that. Gee, it was a swell picture!"

"Which do you think is your best picture?"

"'Daddy Long-Legs.' Say, mums," he exclaimed suddenly, turning to his mother. "Matt Moore said yesterday that he looked just like me when he was a kid. He's got freckles still. Maybe I won't be too homely to be a leading man when I grow up."

Just now young Mr. Berry is busier than any leading man in Hollywood. He is under a long-term contract with the director who "never forgets his friends." He will appear in Tarkington's "Penrod" stories. And the name of Wesley Berry will be featured, I'm told, along with that of his pal, Mr. Neilan.

"What are your plans for the future?" I inquired.

"Well," he mused, "I gotta have more education, I s'pose. I've got a tutor now. When I'm a man I want to do Western stuff."

He thrust his hands in his pockets, and I heard the rattle of marbles. I knew the interview was over right there. So, after I had been shown the garden, the chickens, and the place where the gymnasium is to be built for Wes' training preparatory to doing "Doug" Fairbanks' stuff, I made my departure. The boy and his mother waved their hands in farewell from the porch of the house. And as I went down the path I caught myself whistling.

The Movies' Family Tree

Continued from page 35

into being and claimed the title of "the best yet." Meanwhile, similar theaters began to spring up in all the large cities. And now, for size and magnificence, all the previous show-houses have handed the palm to the great, new structure called the "Capitol," seating more than five thousand persons, which has been put on Broadway.

The old nickelodeon has passed away and the more high-priced and high-class show has taken its place. We think it is well worth while, nowadays to pay more for the privilege of watching the growth of our god-child. He has, in twenty-five years, come into full stature, become a fair competitor with the speaking stage, and has thrown the lure of the rest of his ancestors into the shadow.

The picture play has taken a prominent place in the state institutions, the school, the factory, the church, and in conferences, and gatherings great and small. The Federal government has recognized the value of moving pictures, and makes use of the industry in many ways—the latest step being to enlist the aid of the movies toward more rapid development of Americanism among our embryo citizens. The use of motion pictures in advertising is well known. "Film-your-own" machines are becoming more and more popular. It is even rumored that the Bible is to be interpreted in a film version. Where will it stop?

Now, while the industry is deeply indebted to each of the great men here mentioned, it also owes something to "all outdoors," and to each and every one of you readers—for, without the stimulus given by your keen interest and judgment, it could not have attained the degree of perfection which we recognize in the screen to-day. Moreover, each time you present your money at the ticket office window, an *increment*—as the mathematicians say—is added to bring to perfection the whole endeavor. Every dime or quarter spent by you for the movies makes all those who in any way work for the advance of the industry, strive just a little harder to please us all.

So you, you and I and every "fan" among us, are also little god-mothers and little godfathers of the silver screen.

# How Luxuriant Lashes Aid the Expression



Long, luxuriant, 'silken' eye-lashes that enhance good looks and charm

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Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs this stimulating tonic, then its life, color, brightness and abundance will return—Hurry!

## Wanted: Screen-Faces for the Movies

Thousands of All Types Needed—  
Beauty or Experience Not Necessary

For the first time in the history of moving pictures it is now possible for screen aspirants everywhere to get consideration from the big film directors. No matter where you live or whether you are considered good looking, we get your photograph before the directors, many of whom are in urgent need of new "screen-faces."

We do not teach "movie" acting. Ralph Ince, famous Selznick director, says: "There are many young girls who could make good in the movies. I will be very glad to take advantage of your service." Marshall Neilan, known everywhere for his work in directing Mary Pickford, says: "I am convinced that the service you render screen aspirants offers many new personalities to moving picture directors." P. A. Powers, of Universal, says: "A new crop of film stars will be needed at once to supply the insistent demand."

With the assistance of famous directors and motion picture stars we have prepared a printed guide, "The New Road to Film Fame," just off the press, which tells you what to do and gives full directions. It also contains endorsements of our service from famous people, statements from directors, portraits of celebrated stars and direct advice to you from Mollie King.

Remember that salaries in this profession are big—that beauty plays but a small part—that experience is not necessary—and that thousands of all types will be needed to meet the tremendously growing demand. Send ten cents (Postage or Coin) to cover postage and wrapping this new guide. Get it at once—it may start you on the road to fame and fortune. Address: **Screen Casting Directors Service, Dept. E-2, Wilmington, Delaware.**

If you are not sincere in your desire to get in the movies, please do not send for this printed guide.

## SCREEN GOSSIP

By The Film Colonist

Thomas Meighan is to star in "The Frontier of the Stars" by Albert Payson Terhune, following "The Prince Chap."

Al Christie is directing Chic Sale, vaudeville top-liner, in a picture named "The Smart Aleck."

"Hop O' My Thumb," by James M. Barrie, will be Mary Pickford's next play.

Louise Glaum has completed "Love Madness," her picture to follow "Sex," and will start production of Sardou's "Theodora," this spring.

Anita Stewart is said to have purchased "Saturday's Child," by Kathleen Norris, for production.

Elliott Dexter returns to the screen after a period of illness, in a Cecil B. De Mille production. Monte Blue and Gloria Swanson are also of the cast.

It is reported that Richard Barthelmess has signed a three-year contract to star at a figure close to a quarter of a million per annum. His contract with D. W. Griffith expires at the end of this year.

Tom Forman has certainly been doubling in brass. He is the author of the scenario for "The Round-up" from Edmund Day's stage play, and he also is the leading juvenile of the picture. Upon the completion of the picture Tom became director for Ethel Clayton in "The Ladder."

In Tourneur's production, "The Pavilion on the Links," adapted from Robert Louis Stevenson's story of the same name, you will see Jack Gilbert, Janis Wilson, Wes Berry, and J. Barney Sherry.

Bebe Daniels is leading woman for Wallace Reid in "Sick-a-Bed."

Bessie Love will have two directors, Joseph de Grasse and Ida May Parks, for the first of her own productions, which is from the novel, "The Midlanders."

"Burning Daylight" is the first of a series of Jack London stories in which Mitchell Lewis will appear.

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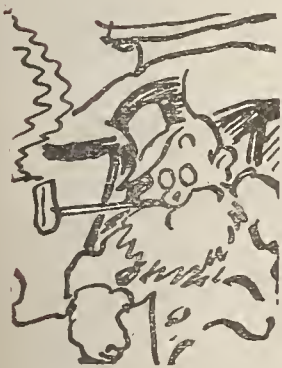
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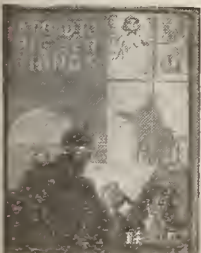
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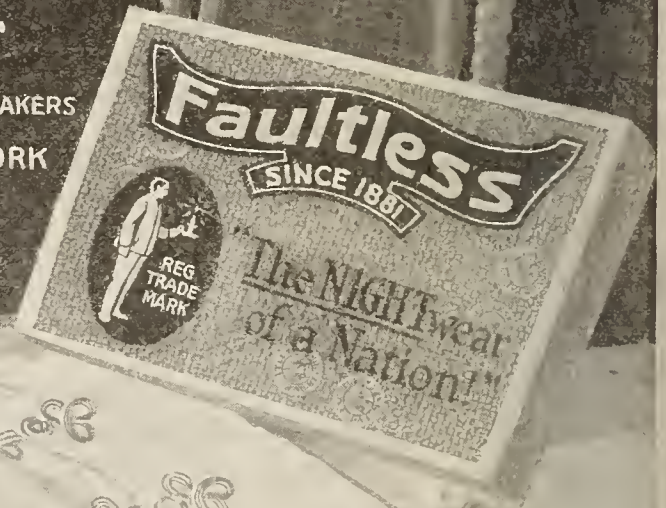
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ROTOGRAVURE SECTION OF FAMOUS PLAYERS

# PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE

MAY 1920  
20 CENTS



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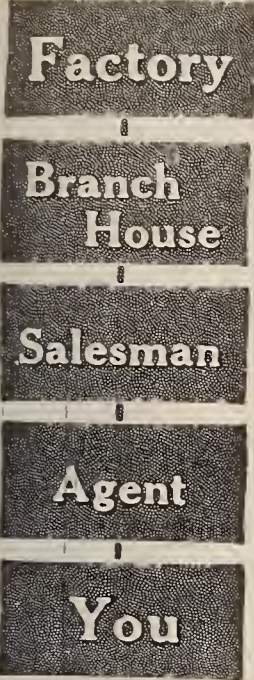
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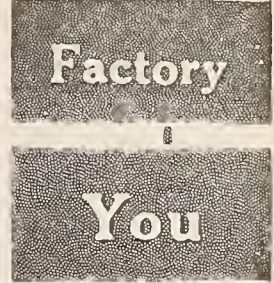
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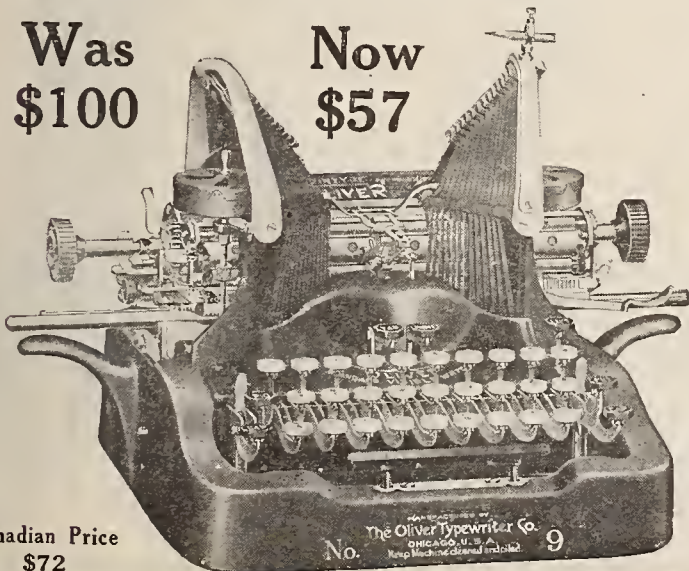
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# PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS

Owing to transportation tie-ups and delays due to the severity of the winter, the unusually heavy traffic, and other causes—and these delays coming on the heels of the strike which temporarily stopped our publication last fall—it has been impossible to get *Picture-Play Magazine* on the newsstands on schedule time of late. Every effort is being made to overcome this, and we expect to be making deliveries on time very soon. Meanwhile we hope that all our readers will watch for the publication so as not to miss any numbers.

**T**HE most beautiful woman in America—who is she? Since Lillian Russell retired to private life, there has been no one who has borne that title. But Herbert Howe believes there is a candidate among the movie stars upon whose shoulders the mantle of the distinguished stage star is about to descend. He has written an article about this present-day beauty, comparing her with her famous predecessor, and this article—accompanied by photographs taken especially to illustrate it—will appear in the next number of *PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE*.

You have read a good many times what it costs to make a movie production. But have you any idea of how much a successful picture earns? The figures are interesting, and some of them are astounding. For several weeks Al Cohn, who knows the movies inside and out, has been digging into this subject, and at last he has completed a review of it. It will likewise appear in the June issue.

And now—ah! Perhaps you thought we had forgotten that this was leap year. We have not. We have been very busy getting together a compilation of opinions from the male stars—those heartbreakers whose very profession keeps them surrounded with beautiful women—on the ideal types of the fair sex. There will be some very valuable suggestions in this article—suggestions which should be of very practical use to many a young woman in this eventful year.

By way of simple, human appeal, we are going to print a fictionalized version of "Shore Acres," which, next to "Way Down East" and "The Old Homestead," was the most popular of those dear old New England plays of a

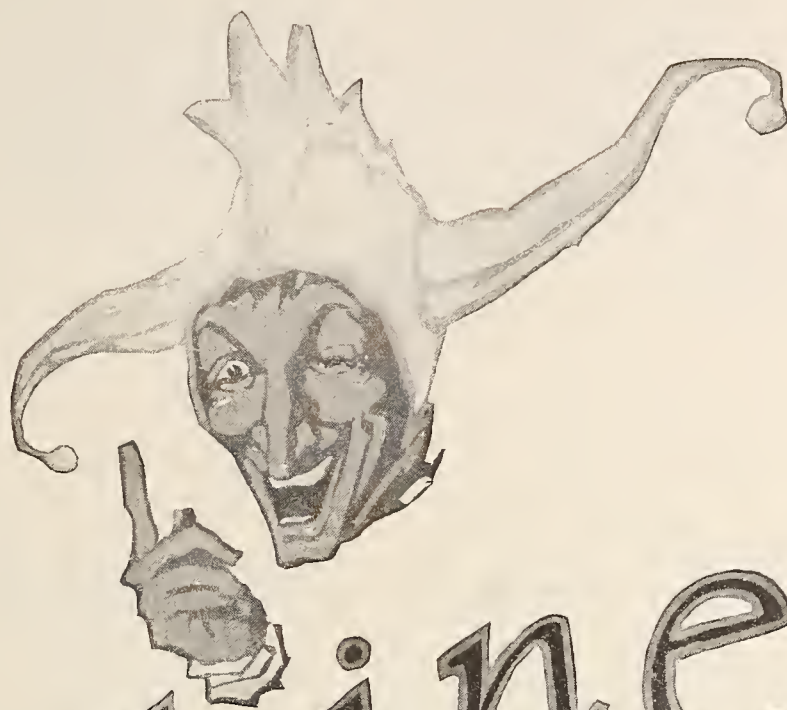
generation ago. This beautiful story of rural life has been filmed recently by Metro, and is about to be shown, so that the printing of the story is timely.

Theda Bara is appearing on the stage, as no doubt you are well aware. Perhaps that mysterious woman, who used to give us such thrills on the screen, has appeared in your city, and you have had a chance to see her. If not, you no doubt are curious to know something about her first stage appearance, which has created such a curious sensation in the cities in which she has been seen in person, and in the June issue of *PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE* you will find an account of it.

There will be a good many other interesting articles—a story about Clara Kimball Young and her "dad," to whom she is devoted; one on the blasé, cynical Conway Tearle, who has a personality quite all his own; an interesting account of the rise of Monte Blue; a story of how Zena Keefe was groomed and trained for stardom—which was a surprisingly exacting procedure. There will be a chat with Joe Martin by Emma-Lindsay Squier, whose interview with the Mack Sennett cat you will find in this number, and—several other stories which have not been finally decided upon as yet.

By the way, the new department on "What the Fans Think" has brought in a surprising and a pleasing response. There is still room, however, for more letters from fans who really have something to say—some definite opinions about the screen—about the new tendencies—about the shortcomings and the excellences of pictures. If any of the letters in that department in this number give you an idea of your own which you would like to express, why not sit down and send it to us?

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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 today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over

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

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!

**B**UT 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?*

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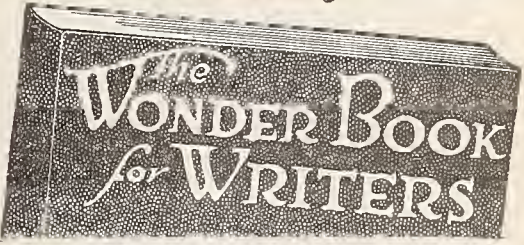
own Imagination may provide an endless goldmine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you **ARE** a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your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

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# NERVE EXHAUSTION

*How We Become Shell-Shocked in Every-Day Life*

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, Sexual Science and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve-Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement, or grief, or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

Nerve exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms, which, unfortunately, cannot readily be recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he cannot possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock and who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organs (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nerve Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weaknesses and disturbances in the digestion, constipation, poor blood circulation and general muscular lassitude usually being the first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. My investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every bodily ailment, pain or disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

The great war has taught us how frail the nervous system is, and how sensitive it is to strain, especially mental and emotional strain. Shell Shock, it was proved, does not injure the nerve fibers in themselves. The effect is entirely mental. Thousands lost their reason thereby, over 135 cases from New York alone being in asylums for the insane. Many more thousands became nervous wrecks. The strongest men became paralyzed so that they could not even stand, eat or even speak. One-third of all the hospital cases were "nerve cases," all due to excessive strain of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

The mile-a-minute life of to-day, with its worry, hurry, grief and mental tension is exactly the same as Shell Shock, except that the shock is less forcible, but more prolonged, and in the end just as disastrous. Our crowded insane asylums bear witness to the truth of this statement. Nine people out of ten you meet have "frazzled nerves."

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something is the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down" and need a rest. Or the doctor may give you a tonic. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.

Our Health, Happiness and Success in life demands that we face these facts understandingly. I have written a 64-page book on this subject which teaches how to protect the nerves from every day Shell Shock. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves; how to nourish them through proper breath-

your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again, and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have reread your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

## The Prevention of Colds

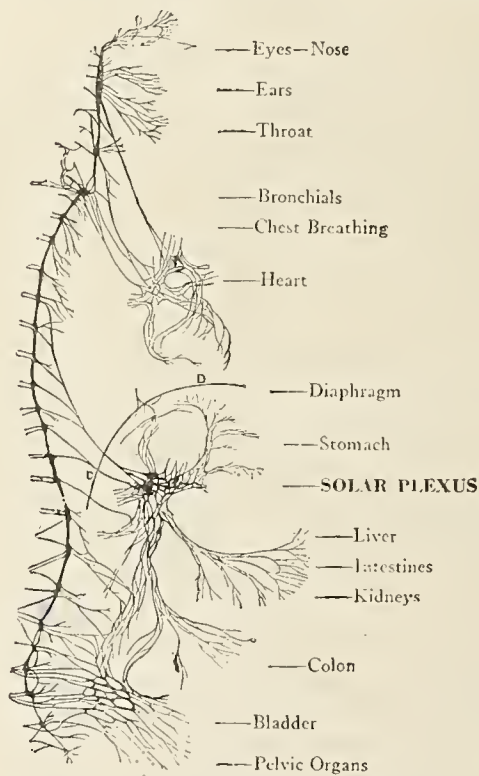
Of the various books, pamphlets and treatises which I have written on the subject of health and efficiency, none has attracted more favorable comment than my sixteen-page booklet entitled, "The Prevention of Colds."

There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds. However, people who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds—factors that concern the matter of ventilation, clothing, humidity, temperature, etc. These factors are fully discussed in the booklet above mentioned, and I shall agree to send this booklet free to purchasers of NERVE FORCE.

No ailment is of greater danger than an "ordinary cold," as it may lead to Influenza, Grippe, Pneumonia or Tuberculosis. More deaths resulted during the recent "Flu" epidemic than were killed during the entire war, over 6,000,000 people dying in India alone.

Send for a copy of the booklet "The Prevention of Colds." You will agree that this alone is worth many times the price asked for both books.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN  
Studio 461, 110 West 40th St., New York



The Sympathetic Nervous System

Showing how Every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal Brain, is the Great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force

ing and other means. The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Bound in cloth, 50 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of the page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage.

The book "Nerve Force" solves the problem for you and will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice given will be of incalculable value to you.

You should send for this book to-day. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with

# An Amazingly Simple Secret that Makes Every Voice Perfect

**A pleasing voice is the birthright of every man and woman. Imperfect and defective voices are the result of improper control. The Feuchtinger method can improve the most unpleasant voice**

The world estimates your worth largely on the first impression. If a voice is unconvincing and wavering, its owner is adjudged unimportant and lacking in character. If it is harsh and rasping, he is considered tiresome and disagreeable. Many failures in all walks of life can be traced directly to the handicap of an imperfect voice and the resulting wrong impressions. On the other hand, remarkable success has come to others—the direct result of the perfect voice. Riches and fame come to the man whose voice proclaims a steadfast power and assurance. The destinies of nations have been moulded by the power of speech.

Consider such a success as Sarah Bernhardt, the most famous actress France has ever produced. Blasé indeed is the man or woman who can sit dry-eyed through Mme. Bernhardt's performance of Camille. What is it that has enabled her to gain such a remarkable hold on an English-speaking public? How is it that great crowds who cannot understand a word of French, throng the theaters whenever she appears? The secret is her wonderful voice. Rich, powerful and resonant, its very sound has stirred the hearts of a million people. Perfect control of every tone that expresses human emotion has made Mme. Bernhardt the wonderful artist she is.

Recall, if you can, the phenomenal success of Adelina Patti—the prima donna who had the world at her feet. There have been other singers of greater versatility, other voices of greater musical technique, but none have equalled that beautiful perfection of tone quality. On her opening night in New York, she received the greatest ovation any singer has ever known. Men and women in evening clothes, with tears streaming down their faces, stood up on their seats and shouted for the sheer wonder of her voice.

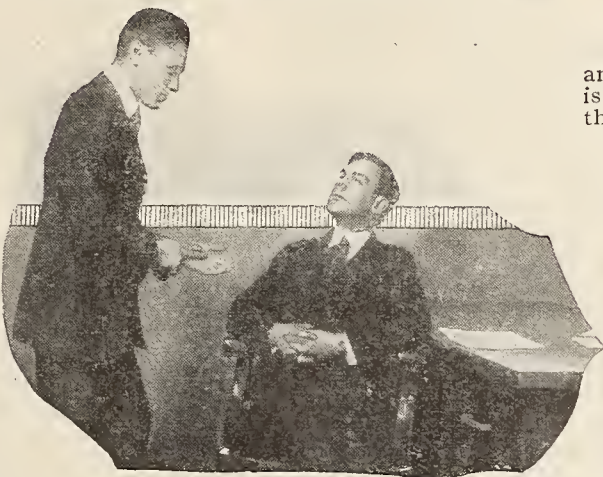
Take such noted speakers as William Jennings Bryan, the silver-tongued orator, most noted speaker in the world to-day. Those who have heard him can realize to what extent his remarkable voice is responsible for his success. Every word, every syllable is uttered with perfect control. Through the magic power of his voice he has the ability to sway great throngs of men at will.



*Nothing can convince others more strongly than a clear, resonant voice. Any man who expects to speak in public should take advantage of this remarkable offer.*

## DO YOU STAMMER, STUTTER OR LISP?

No longer is there any need of suffering from the disadvantages and embarrassment of a defective voice. Stuttering, stammering and lisping can be banished forever by this remarkable new method. If you have any defect of speech, you owe it to yourself to take advantage of this opportunity to correct it. Neglect is almost criminal when there is such an easy and simple way to obtain a perfect voice. Write Prof. Feuchtinger to-day.



*You may acquire a powerful, commanding voice which will be one of the greatest business assets you can have.*

When you stop to think of the remarkable power of the human voice it is inevitable that you realize the value of vocal perfection. Other people base their first impression of you largely on the sound of your voice. A clear, resonant tone produces an instant impression of power. First impressions are lasting—if people put you down as unimportant at first meeting, they will likely hold to that opinion always. Personality is largely a matter of voice quality—and personality is now acknowledged as one of the greatest success factors in modern life.

## Why Don't You Have a Perfect Voice?

Whether you use your voice for singing or speaking, or whether you use it only in the everyday course of your social and business life, you cannot afford the constant handicap of a voice of inferior quality and power. In the United States there are more than four million persons who possess imperfect and defective voices. Scarcely anyone knows how to control the vocal organs which govern the voice. Unless you know the fundamental principles which underlie this mechanical control, you cannot hope to attain a perfect voice.

But a perfect voice can be yours. Eugene Feuchtinger, A.M., the famous voice culturist, has proven that any voice may be made perfect. No matter if your voice is weak, harsh, wavering, nasal, droning, stammering, stuttering or lisping—this amazing new method will improve it in a surprisingly short time. This system has received the endorsement of European opera stars, public speakers



*A beautiful singing voice can be yours through this marvelous, new method of voice culture.*

and men and women in every walk of life. Here is just one of the hundreds of grateful letters that have been received from students:

Pittsburgh, Pa.

My Dear Professor Feuchtinger: I want to write you a line to tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from your method of voice production after only a few lessons.

I had previously been engaged in church and light opera work but after a time was forced to discontinue because my vocal training had been inadequate. I was quite discouraged until I began to study with you. Now I am delighted with my daily improvement, for your method is precisely what you claim—infallible. No fault can escape your notice and all vocal defects are corrected by your ability.

I am preparing to take up professional work again in a very short time and feel that the strength and brilliancy which my voice is acquiring will help me to attain the goal of success for which we are all striving.

In conclusion let me say that I have studied under some of the celebrated teachers of New York, but their methods did not help materially, for unlike your method they were not based upon actual science.

Believe, your grateful pupil always,  
SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH, JR.

## Send for Free Voice Culture Book

We will gladly send you our free book on Voice Culture without obligation or cost. Find out how you can make your voice your greatest business asset. Learn how you can obtain a clear and beautiful singing voice, vibrant and true. Make your voice a success-magnet. Don't let others misjudge and underestimate you because of a vocal defect. Let Prof. Feuchtinger show you the way to a perfect voice. Mail the coupon at once for this great free book. It tells you how easily you can obtain a perfect voice through a few moments of practice each day. The cost of the Feuchtinger method is unusually small, the book—"Voice Culture" is free. Send for it today.

### PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE

STUDIO 1585—1922 SUNNYSIDE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

### PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE

Studio 1585—1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me without cost or obligation, your free illustrated book—"Voice Culture" and facts about the amazing new Feuchtinger method. I have put (X) opposite the subject which interests me most.

- Singing                       Stammering  
 Speaking                       Lispering

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

## THE MISSOURI WALTZ

### Little Lessons That Mean Fortunes to Those Who Learn Them—History Repeats and Fame Is Achieved—An Old Story Retold

During the summer of 1914 John Valentine Eppel, who leads the Eppel Dance Orchestra at Oskaloosa, was a visitor down in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri, and while there he heard the natives humming a bit of a waltz tune that was a part of their very life. He brought it forth and tried it out as a dance offering. It was a waltz and the wise people all said that a waltz was impossible—that people wanted nothing but the fox trot or a one-step; but that is the way people generally say and do when a good thing is about to be started on its onward march.

Frederick Knight Logan took that little theme and arranged it for the piano. He then tried to sell it to the Barnhouse Publishing Co., of Oskaloosa, Ia. And, by the way, one real reason why Barnhouse just naturally turned it down was found in the fact that this same Frederick Knight Logan also lived at Oskaloosa.

Young Logan found that it was quite easy to compose music, but it wasn't so easy to sell it to a publisher. So he proceeded to publish it himself. That was in 1914. He first got out the arrangement for a piano, then he put it out for eleven parts and piano as an orchestra; then as a full orchestra. It was later arranged as a band number. By that time this young local venturer found himself swamped with orders, and he had about worn out the family wheelbarrow transporting his output to the post-office, so one day he got on the train and came to Chicago, determined to find a real publisher.

Of course the usual thing happened. The big city publishers pronounced it too cheap; it was really musically rotten to all of them—except F. J. A. Foster. That hustling, pushing plugger soon saw his judgment rewarded with orders. The more orders he received the more advice he also received, most of which was to the effect that he had picked a flivver.

Ask your dealer to show you how many ways the "Missouri Waltz" has been published; see if you can find any sort of arrangement that it hasn't been put thru; see if your player piano doesn't offer it in a half dozen different styles, then run it down and see how many different kinds of talking machine records you would have to buy if you would own one of each kind. These household necessities have the "Missouri Waltz" in every conceivable style, from its own original instrument, the mouth organ, to a symphony orchestra record. Grand opera stars and cabaret singers, soloists and choristers have all taken a trial at presenting this number. More than 2,000,000 records have been made of the "Missouri Waltz."

Not long ago we were sitting in at a little conflag discussing music and its re-

lation to the lyceum and chautauqua movement when a cablegram was received by the publisher, asking for 100,000 copies of this same international favorite and with it the sales rights for the German-speaking countries.

Yes, the "Missouri Waltz" is an international affair. Not simply because F. J. A. Foster holds an international copyright on it, but because the people all over the world sing it, play it and listen to it. More than a million copies have been sold abroad, and it is still raging.

This is more than mere boost for a song for the "Missouri Waltz" does not need boosting—to boost it is like attempting to paint the lily. What we have written is for those who want to learn the lessons that this wonderful success has to teach.

Don't think that Frederick Knight Logan grabbed this success right out of the air. He worked for it. He earned it. It didn't come to him—he went after it. For years he worked to prepare for his service. Those who saw his mother at the convention and saw her efficient help, saw the talented, inspirational assistance that she rendered, didn't need any one to demonstrate that song poem with words that tells of the "lingering moments divine" that animate her work and her very life as she collaborates with her talented son in the work that has made Frederick Knight Logan, "The Waltz King" of our day.

Reprinted from *The Billboard*  
Feb. 14, 1920



**SELECT** your own subject—love, patriotism—write what the heart dictates, then submit your poem to us.

We write the music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Our leading composer is

**Mr. Leo Friedman**

one of America's well-known musicians, the author of many song successes, such as "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "When I Dream of Old Erin," and others the sales of which ran into millions of copies. Send as many poems as you wish. Don't Delay. Get Busy—Quick!  
**CHESTER MUSIC CO.** 920 S. Michigan Ave., Suite 170 Chicago, Ill.

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Headaches  
Neuralgias  
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Women's Aches and Ills  
Rheumatic and Sciatic Pains

Ask Your Druggist for A-K Tablets  
(If he cannot supply you, write us)

Small Size **10c**  Dozen Size **25c**

See Monogram **AK** on the Genuine  
The Antikamnia Remedy Company, St. Louis, Mo.  
Write for Free Samples

## Inside The Movies— —The Secrets!

Have you heard about The Photoplay Associates, the powerful organization of motion picture lovers that is spreading its membership all over the country?

The Photoplay Associates is a co-operative organization which supplies its members with inside information on every phase of the motion picture business. Since it has no scenario courses, books, etc. to sell, it is enabled to give members honest, candid advice on scenario writing, acting, business ventures, etc. and data on pictures and players.

Any advice or information requested by members is supplied them at all times free of charge and by personal letter.

Membership in The Photoplay Associates will also bring each month the spy publication of the organization "Film Truth," exposing movie frauds, giving inside studio news, advance tips on pictures, worth while helps on writing, markets for scenarios and stories on stars.

Photoplay Associates are on the inside—they KNOW. They are the "wise ones." Associates are able to tell their friends:

### HOW OLD IS MARY PICKFORD?

Is Charles Ray married? Where is Theda Bara? What is Norma Talmadge's married name? What will Charlie Chaplin's next picture be? What salary does Mary Miles Minter really get? Is the picture advertised at the local theatre tonight a good one? What's it about?

You can't imagine the thrill of being "one of the insiders" in the fascinating movie game until you have learned about The Photoplay Associates. Four cents in stamps will bring you full details. Address:

**THE PHOTOPLAY ASSOCIATES**  
Dept. B, 2255 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



ALBERT E. SMITH presents

# "THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE"

BY

## JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

*A Vigorous, Fighting Photodrama of Breathless  
Mystery and Red-Blooded Adventure!*

*Directed by* David Smith

**I**T begins on a Transcontinental train, snowbound on the edge of the Arctic—a scene that already summons a thrill. David Raine, a young man who has "lost himself" is running away from the misery and tragedy of a shattered romance.

Then comes thrill on thrill, adventure toppling on adventure in that vast white arena of the frozen North—that breaks the hearts and sinews of men. It is a smashing story of surprise and suspense, of primitive men, beautiful, courageous women, fierce huskies and male-mutes, a thrilling fight between grizzly bears, a gruelling battle between men for the possession of a woman, the flight with the girl, the last stand—and then a thundering climax beyond all anticipation.

A masterpiece of dramatic writing that has been turned into a masterpiece motion picture.

*A Northwest Classic!*

*See It at Your Favorite  
Theatre*



*A Vitagraph Special Production*



Cecil B. De Mille      Thomas H. Ince      Louis Weber      Rob Wagner

## 5000 New Photoplays Wanted this Year

Producers and stars are searching the country for new, motion picture stories. The industry is face to face with a famine in good photoplays. More men and women must be trained to write for the screen if the industry is to survive. Literary genius is not a prime factor to success. Learn how you can now master this new remunerative art more easily than you may believe.

### \$250 to \$2,000 For Motion Picture Stories

If you have a spark of creative imagination—even if you have any story-ideas—even if you have never written a line for publication, the motion picture industry now offers you an exceptional opportunity. Big prices are being paid for ideas and stories that can be used for motion pictures—\$100 to \$500 for short comedies; \$250 to \$2,000 for five-reel dramatic scripts.

A little over two years ago the famine in photoplays began to become acute. Public taste changed. Play-goers began to demand real stories. Plenty of manuscripts were being submitted, but most were unsuitable; for writers did not know how to adapt their stories to the screen. A plan for home study had to be devised. So Frederick Palmer, former staff writer for Keystone, Triangle, Fox and Universal Studios, and writer of hundreds of scenarios that have been produced, was induced to organize a correspondence course in photoplay writing and selling. The leading producers enthusiastically endorse the Palmer Plan as the one proven method for developing new photoplay writers.

#### \$3,000 for One Story

One of our students sold his first story for \$3,000. The screen success, "His Majesty the American" (starred by Douglas Fairbanks), and "Live Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan starred, were written by our students. James Kendrick of Texas has sold six stories since enrolling less than a year ago. Many of our members have taken staff positions in studios and many of our successful members begin to sell their stories shortly after enrolling. For you start work on your picture play almost immediately.

Palmer students are entitled to the free and unlimited use of our Consulting Service for one year. This service gives our members the privilege of calling on our staff for help and counsel at any time desired.

#### Special Contributors

Included in the PALMER Course is a series of printed lectures by prominent motion picture people, whose pictures are shown in this announcement. They cover every technical phase of motion picture production.

#### Advisory Council

The educational policy of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is directed by the biggest figures in the industry. (See the four illustrations at the top of this advertisement.)

#### Send for this Free Book

For those who are really interested in this great, new opportunity, we have prepared an elaborate book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." It lays before you the PALMER Course and Service in greater detail. Mail the coupon for it now.

**Palmer Photoplay Corporation**  
 Department of Education  
 552 I. W. Hellman Building,  
 Los Angeles, Cal.



Frank Lloyd



Jeanie MacPherson



Clarence Badger



Denison Clift



Al E. Christie



Jasper E. Brady



George Beban



Kate Corbaley



Hugh McClung



Eric Howard



Adeline Alvord

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Please send me, without obligation, your new book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Also "Proof Positive," containing Success Stories of many PALMER members, etc.

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# HAWAIIAN MUSIC THE RACE



## FREE INSTRUMENT

### Can You Play? Are You Popular?

LET this famous player be your instructor. Let him teach you to produce wonderful, sympathetic melodies on the Hawaiian Ukulele. No more exquisite music was ever given to mankind.

Draw to your home and yourself charmed circles of friends and admirers—know the delights of popularity. Sing and dance to the tender strains of Hawaiian music.

Write us at once for information how you can obtain ABSOLUTELY FREE a genuine Ukulele, which we are giving away to introduce Harry J. Clarke's new and wonderful easy system of instruction by mail.

**Small cost—great results!**

Write Mr. Clarke personally today.

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## Write the Words For a Song

Write the words for a song. We revise song-poems, compose music for them, and guarantee to secure publication on a royalty basis by a New York music publisher. Our Lyric Editor and Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Mail your song-poem on love, peace, victory or any other subject to us today. Poems submitted are examined free.

**BROADWAY COMPOSING STUDIOS**  
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# Why Don't You! Write the Words for a Song?



Our Composer will write the music—we'll give complete song printed and copyrighted in your name according to our special plan.

**Submit Poems to Us on any Subject**

Edouard Hesselberg, Our leading Composer is a world's famous pianist, appearing in concerts with such celebrated singers as Sembrich, Nordica and de Reszke. Among his greatest song successes are, "IF I WERE A ROSE" of which a million copies have been sold.

*Don't let another day go by without submitting a poem to us. Do it today.*

**The Metropolitan Studios**  
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FORTUNE'S  
GOLDEN  
APPLES  
\$3,000.00

OFFERED TO THE  
FILM FANS OF AMERICA BY

HOPE  
HAMPTON

the dazzling star of

"A Modern Salome"

Distributed by METRO

- brush up on your history!
- whet your critical faculties!
- sharpen your eye for beauty!
- exercise your descriptive powers!

Then answer these questions:

- 1—Who was Salome in Biblical history and what did she do?
- 2—What is the strongest dramatic situation in the plot of "A Modern Salome"?
- 3—How would you describe Hope Hampton's type of beauty?
- 4—What is your ideal of what a motion picture star should be?
- 5—What is the lesson taught by the story of "A Modern Salome"?

WIN THESE CASH PRIZES

- 1st Prize—\$1,000
- 2nd Prize—\$500
- 3rd Prizes—5 winners at \$100 each
- 4th Prizes—10 winners at \$50 each
- 5th Prizes—20 winners at \$25 each

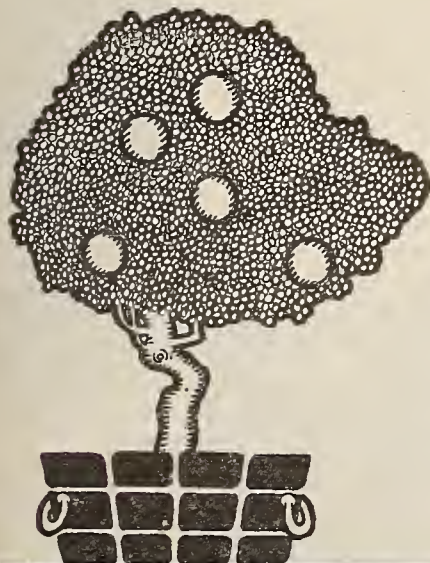
The judges guarantee the contest:

Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, publisher of M. P. Magazine, M. P. Classic and Shadowland.

Mr. Burns Mantle, dramatic critic of the N. Y. Eve. Mail and contributor to Photoplay Magazine.

Mr. Penrhyn Staplows, one of the foremost artists of America.

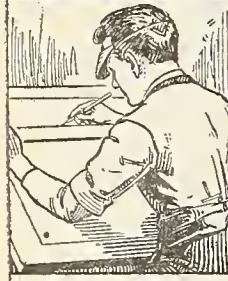
YOU can be among the 37 prize winners—Your exhibitor will help you—Give him your essay.



# Do You Know How Rich You Are?

## Do You Realize that Your Photoplay Ideas, if Brought to Life Upon the Screen, Might Make You Wealthy?

**N**O matter what your profession, vocation or trade, be it lawyer, teacher, doctor, newspaper-man, engineer, editor, advertising writer, accountant, clerk, stenographer, salesman, or telephone girl, etc., you have ideas for Photoplays which, if put into proper form, as we can teach you to do, may be worth anywhere from \$500 to \$5000 each.



### A PROFESSION OPEN TO ALL

Photoplay writing is a profession of the first rank, from the standpoint of enormous earnings, and yet it is open to "unknowns" and persons without previous writing experience, to a degree which no other profession is. It is not limited to "Geniuses" and so called "Born Writers"; no one has a monopoly of it. We are bringing forward a new army of photoplay writers, recruited from the ordinary walks of life, and they are producing screen plays of amazing quality. Producers, Artists, and Directors are searching for the man or woman who can contribute a fresh note or new idea, and are ready to reward them handsomely.

### ADRIAN JOHNSON FORMULATES SYSTEM

The profession of photoplay writing has been brought to your very desk. Adrian Johnson, the master scenarist of the entire profession, whose name you see, almost weekly, thrown upon the screen, or in electric lights over the theatre entrance, as author of the play, has reduced the science of screen writing to a teachable, learnable system of simplicity and accuracy. The person of average intelligence can master and put it to practical application.

His system covers the basic rules of photoplay writing which experienced writers invariably follow and which beginners must know to get their material in required form. It comprises 20 lessons, 2 model scenarios of successful productions, to study and imitate, a Dictionary of "Studio Language"—the very words, terms, expressions and phrases used among artists, directors and producers, besides a wealth of necessary inspirational and developmental material gleaned from the personal experiences of this famous writer in his meteoric rise from an unknown to the highest pinnacle of success in his profession. With this material at hand you know when your scripts measure up to professional form, and that they will reach the producer in condition to invite reading and not rejection.

### "THE MIRACLE OF LOVE"

That remarkable photoplay the "Miracle of Love," featuring the brilliant young star, Miss Lucy Cotton, "April Folly" with Marion Davies, and "Checkers," Mr. Johnson's latest three successes, are now being shown from coast to coast. Mr. Johnson has written more than 300 additional produced photoplays.

### ADVISORY AND SALES BOARDS

Mr. Johnson heads the Advisory board which reads, criticizes and suggests the necessary improvements to make your scripts salable. Our Sales Department exists on commissions earned by the sale of successful scripts. It is an expert organization with entree to all producers, artists and directors who buy plays, and is as eager to receive a salable script as you are to write one.

So unqualified is our confidence in our System, and the service we provide, that the complete system is sent you on approval, allowing you several days to decide whether it can teach you photoplay writing.

### SEND NO MONEY

"A FASCINATING CAREER" is the name of an interesting book that is absolutely free to you, for the asking. It tells what the famous artists and directors shown here think of our System. The Adrian Johnson Photoplay System, Inc., 257 Am. Theatre Bldg., New York City.

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257 Am. Theatre Bldg., New York City

Please send without obligation free book "A Fascinating Career."

Name .....

Address .....

### ADRIAN JOHNSON NOTABLE SUCCESSES

- "Miracle of Love"
- "April Folly"
- "Checkers"
- "The Typhoon"
- "The Ruse"
- "Camille"
- "Honor"
- "The Devil"
- "Wrath of the Gods"
- "The Marriage Bond"
- "Tiger Woman"
- "A Royal Romance"
- "A Small Town Girl"
- "Romeo and Juliet"
- "Lure of Heart's Desire"
- "Darling of Paris"
- "Madame du Barry"
- "Every Girl's Dream"
- "Three Musketeers"
- "Heart and Soul"
- "Her Greatest Love"
- "Daughter of France"
- "Battle of Life"
- "Cleopatra"
- and over 300 others

New York City, 2-25-20.  
Dear Mr. Johnson:

Your system is proving what I have always contended,—that there is ample genuine writing talent in any group of men and women in any vocation, if it can be organized. What they lack is a knowledge of the mechanics of writing, and that you can teach this there is not the slightest doubt.

Sincerely,

*Robertson Cole*

Dir. for Robertson Cole in forthcoming Georges Carpentier productions.

New York, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1920.

Dear Adrian Johnson:

I have spent several hours nosing through your photoplay system. It is at once, the most complete, comprehensive and satisfying thing in correspondence instruction that I have seen.

It is amazingly simple and I am not at all surprised that usable scripts are coming in from lawyers, teachers, newspaper men, and folks who have never written before, as your correspondence shows. We need this new infusion of writing blood.

Very truly,

*Lucy Cotton*

Star "Miracle of Love."

New York City, 2-14-20.  
The Adrian Johnson System, New York City.

Gentlemen:

I have critically read your Photoplay System and consider it the most concise and satisfying textbook produced up to date, on how to write photoplays.

It deals clearly with fundamental principles of writing for the screen, and any one who has a good idea and possesses a little common sense, is assured of a good margin of success by following this valuable system.

Very truly yours,

*Edward Bell*  
Dir. Parlor, Bedroom and Bath.

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- TOM TERRIS "Fortune Hunter"
- R. WILLIAM NEIL "Yes and No"
- E. H. GRIFFITH "O. Henry Stories"
- GEORGE D. BAKER "Cinema Murder"



FAMOUS STARS IN FAMOUS ROLES



LUCY COTTON  
"Miracle of Love"



CATHERINE CALVERT  
"Romance of Underworld"



LEAH BAIRD  
"The Capitol"



CARLYLE BLACKWELL  
of 100 Successes



EVELYN GREELY  
"Aladdin's Lamp"



EMMY WEHLEN  
"Miss Robinson Crusoe"



## Tonight the daughter of an earl—tomorrow you marry a cowboy

**P**RESTO—you are in Normandy. You wear a velvet gown and flirt with dukes. Your lovers duel in the moonlit garden.

Tomorrow night the same magic may transport you to Wyoming. In khaki you gallop over the plains—sheriffs—horse thieves—fights at the water hole and up into the saddle with dare-devil Dan and you are off into the night.

\* \* \* \*

Whenever you are tired of yourself and your work-a-day life—when you wish to be whisked away to other worlds—go to a Goldwyn picture.

Gone are your troubles. You are the heroine—you can lead a thousand lives.

One day you are a young girl blushing at her first sweetheart—the next a woman detective stalking a spy—a mother—a princess—a pampered New York wife.

Goldwyn pictures are true to the simple human feelings. You laugh, you weep, you love, hate and pity.

So fine are Goldwyn stars—so real are Goldwyn settings—so absorbing Goldwyn stories—you are lost in their fascination at the first flash of the picture.

Never miss a Goldwyn picture. They open the door to a thousand new worlds.

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# SELZNICK PICTURES

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OLIVE  
THOMAS

**I**NFINITE CARE in the production of Selznick Pictures gives you the assurance that *any* Selznick Picture is good.



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refuses to be merely the wife of the famous Charlie, and accomplishes her object by means of such productions as her picturization of Marie Corelli's novel, "Thelma."

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Hoover

### LOIS LEE

is a comparative newcomer to the screen, her beauty having handicapped her efforts in the beginning, when she learned that some feminine stars don't favor screen aspirants who are too pretty.





Bradley

### JEAN PAIGE

is now enduring all the hazards of a serial—her first—in which Vitagraph is featuring her, and getting acquainted with the Pacific coast at the same time.



Hartsonk

### ANTONIO MORENO

is a romantic young Spaniard whose fame as a serial star didn't satisfy him—hence he has returned to five-reel feature films and is trying to forget that he was ever "continued next week."



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### ANITA STEWART

wears butterfly gowns of pearls and tulle when she's at home, to make up for the less ornate frocks she'd had to don for so many of her pictures of late.



Bradley

### MARGUERITE COURTOT

has been a favorite with the fans since the days when she appeared in Kalem productions. At present she is adding to the success of a Pathé serial, "Pirate Gold."



Alfred Cheney Johnston

**ALMA RUBENS**

is now an International star, and grows up on the screen in "Humoresque," a tale of life in New York City, which is said to be the best thing she has ever done.



Evans

**BETTY BLYTHE**

is a cosmopolitan who, after living in Los Angeles, New York, and Paris, is back on the coast, starring in a First National release, "The Yellow Back."

# A School for Stars

Thomas H. Ince says that such an institution is needed for developing new talent, and that he is planning the establishment of one.

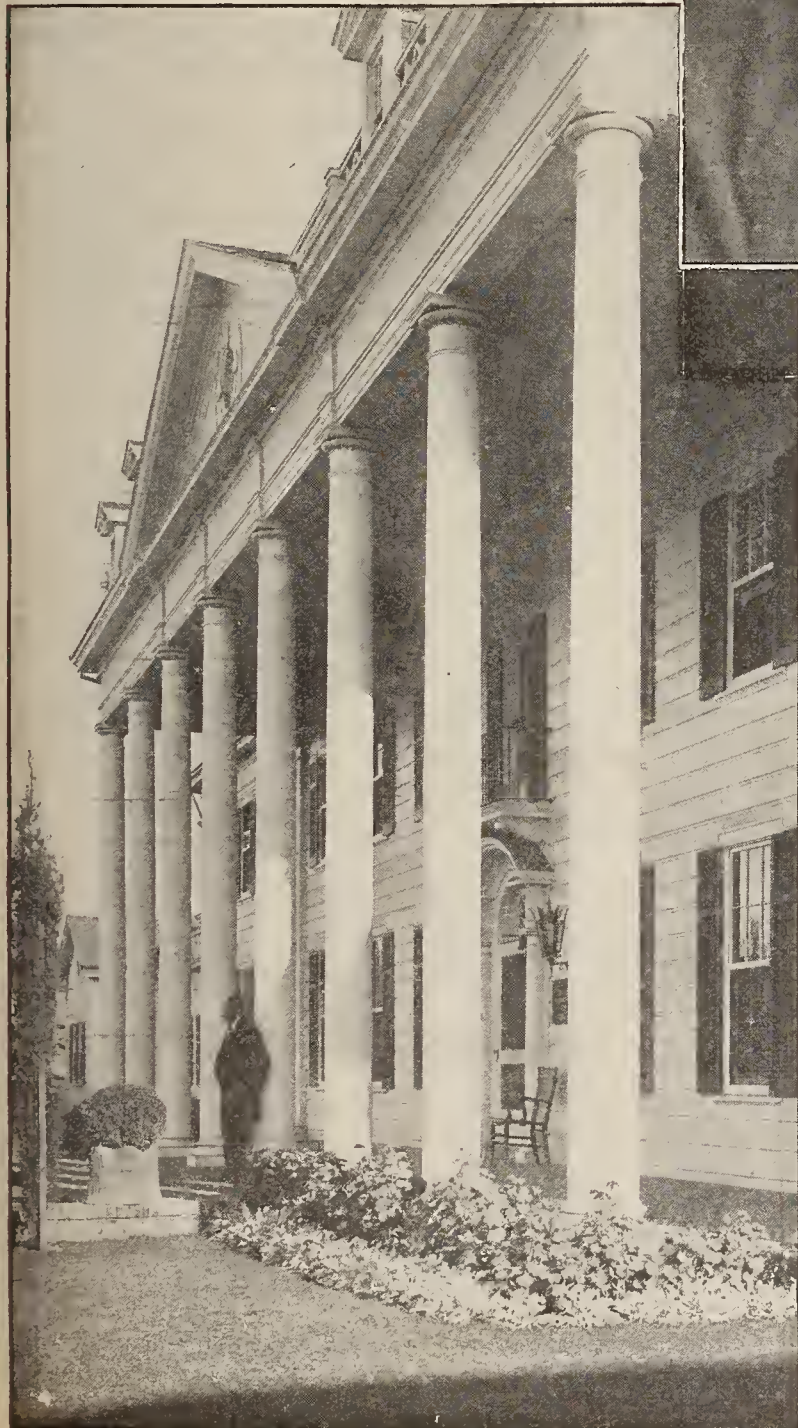
By Herbert Howe

**M**OTION-PICTURE opportunity knocks to-day at the door of American youth."

Such is the statement of Thomas H. Ince, the most expert of all picture producers in detecting talent in the rough and in polishing it to stellar brilliance. His dictum is authoritative and commands interest because:

Thomas H. Ince is a gambler in talent who has never lost.

He has never engaged a ready-made picture star.



*"There is a magnificent opportunity for young men and women in pictures to-day," said Ince.*

He has developed ten great stars of to-day. He knows what the public wants.

He is an artistic creator as well as a shrewd business man.

*And he plans to swing open the doors of picture opportunity to all American youth.*

I sought an interview with Mr. Ince for the purpose of learning his patent formula for picking star winners and for developing them.

He was seated before a massive mahogany desk piled high with manuscripts. His office resembles a drawing-room. The walls are paneled and of French gray. The woodwork is enameled cream. An old-fashioned clock on a mantel ticks off the precious money-making seconds. A colonial mahogany chair upholstered in blue was brought forward for me.

I looked at the clock and wondered if I would be granted any of those high-salaried minutes.

Mr. Ince seemed also to be considering. It was not a pecuniary consideration.

"Mrs. Ince is downstairs," he explained. "If you will excuse me I will see her. She has first call on my time."

When he had returned to the room and took his place behind the desk I stated my question:

"What is your method of picking talent and developing it to permanent success?"

"It is hardly a method," he replied reflectively. "I think it is intuition. I like to deal in terms of human nature. I am a gambler in talent. And so far"—he paused to knock on the wood of his desk—"I have not had a single loss."

*Entrance to the Ince studios in Culver City, Cal.*



Louise Glaum, one of the early Ince stars.

"But there are certain definite requisites for success as a picture player?" I ventured.

"Certainly," he replied. And he gave these:

1. Intelligence—Mind.
2. Breeding.
3. Naturalness.
4. Photographic fitness.
5. Natural expression.

"And the greatest of these is intelligence," he emphasized. "It is my opinion that a man can accomplish anything if he knows how to draw on the resources of mind. Without positive mentality a player is never more than an automaton."

"But *aren't* most of them automatons controlled by the director?"

"No. I have no such star. Charles Ray is and always has been a serious, conscientious student with a fine mind. Douglas MacLean is conversant on most any subject. His mind is alert and adaptive. Doris May has a remarkable intellect. She is well-read. I know of no woman more cultured and intellectual than Enid Bennett.

"Intelligence is essential to motion-picture acting because thought photographs. It is that which gives individuality to the face and makes it attractive or unattractive. Features—eyes, nose, mouth, chin—are of less consideration. Without an imaginative mind a person can never create a character before the camera.

"Naturalness is scarcely less important. I would not gamble on a person cumbered with affectations. It takes too long to make them forget acting and learn how to act naturally. Naturalness is even more essential on the screen than on the stage, because everything is real in a picture—real scenery, real properties, real atmosphere. Personal artificiality glares in contrast with such background.

"By breeding I mean deportment. I would not expect an ice peddler to be able to play a society gentleman. And he couldn't be taught.

"I have no rigid rules as to photographic qualities. Beauty of feature is by no means essential, as I explained when I discussed intelligence. Of course, a person positively homely or of freakish appearance would be difficult to cast. It would be harder to secure proper stories. I now speak

"Look Within Yourself!"

Says Mr. Ince.

Have You These Requisites?

1. Intelligence—Mind.
2. Breeding.
3. Naturalness.
4. Photographic Fitness.
5. Natural Expression,  
or Talent.



of stars. As a character player he might serve for various types.

"As for dramatic talent, all human beings have it in a greater or less degree. Those of high intelligence and refined feelings usually are able to express thought. And that is motion-picture acting—reflection of thought on the face. There are some people who have mobile faces. They speak through their eyes as well as their mouths. Or, they may have mimetic gifts. Fine! But all these are valueless unless they can be controlled and directed by a creative mind."

Mr. Ince explained that those six requisites were not before his mind when he picked a potential star, but they did have a place in his subconscious thought.

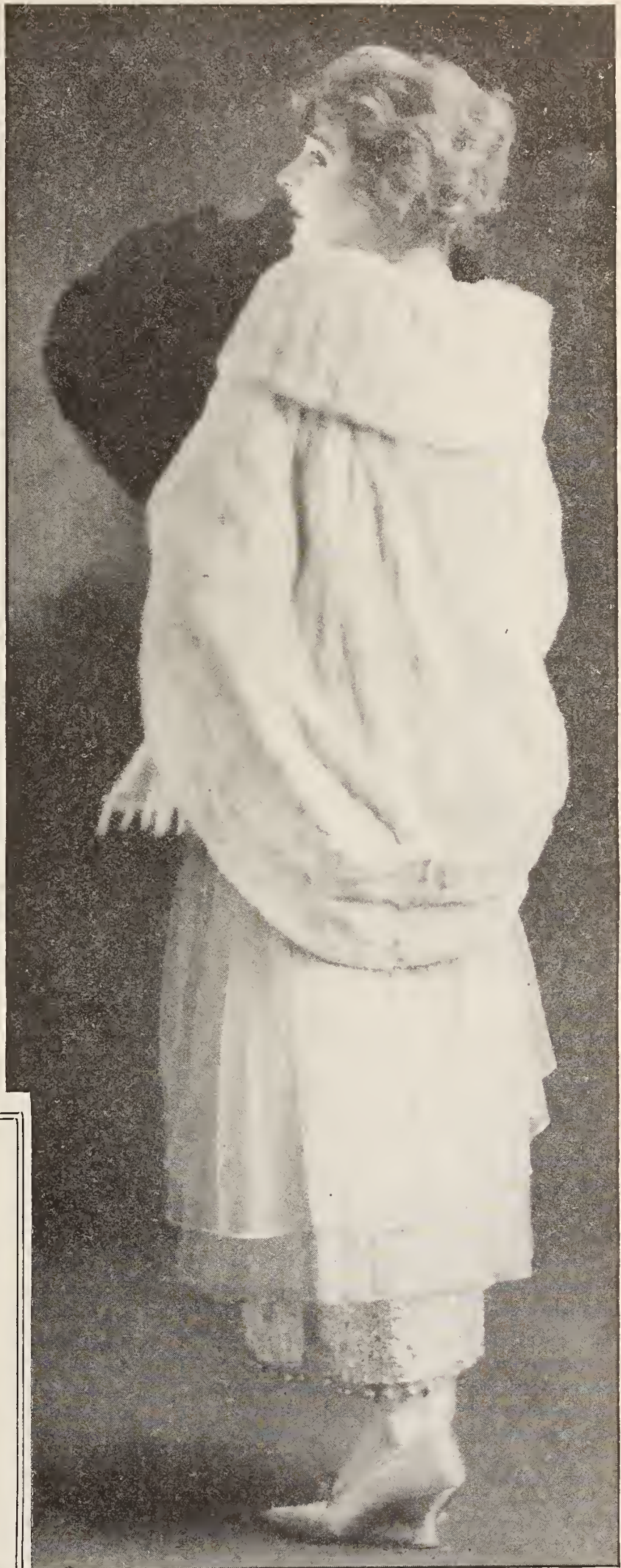
I wanted to ask him outright whether he really was a discoverer or whether he was just lucky. His analysis seemed convincing. Nevertheless, I asked:

"Have you always seen stellar possibilities in your stars at the outset of their careers with you?"

"Yes. When Charles Ray came to see me years ago, I said 'There's a boy who will do something.' When I saw his work and knew his sincerity I was sure that some time he would rise above the average. I was so sure of Douglas MacLean that I placed him under contract for a year, eight months of which I was unable to use him. He had been playing in stock around Los Angeles. No one else seemed to see anything unusual in him. In fact, the betting was five to one that I would lose on him. He became a star overnight. The year for which he was under contract I spent in looking for proper stories. It is more work putting a star over than it is discovering them—easier to kill them than to make them. I saw in 'Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave' the sort of rôle MacLean could excel in. He could play any rôle well, but not any rôle would bring forth his best points.

"If you want further proof of my gambling combination," said Mr. Ince with a smile, "I'll offer a bet that another boy, whom you don't know so well, will be a star within six months or a year. He is Lloyd Hughes. His first part here was in 'The Haunted Bedroom.' My casting director

*Continued on page 88.*



### Ince Epigrams

"Motion-Picture Acting; Reflection of Thought on the Face."

"Don't Listen to Friendly Advice; It Usually Proves Unfriendly."

"Talent Will Out—You Can't Hide It."

"A Man Can Accomplish Anything If He Knows How to Draw on the Resources of Mind."

"Without Positive Mentality, a Player is Never More Than An Automaton."

"Look Within Yourself!—Know What You Are—If You Don't Know You Will Never Be a Success in Any Business."

*Enid Bennett, on whose success Ince gambled.*



## Miss Friendliness

Her real name is Helen Ferguson, and she's especially partial to the male stars she has played with.

By Willie Goldbeck

**I**T was in the ghastly, greenish lights of the Metro studio that I first met Helen Ferguson, on the set with Mitchell Lewis. She was playing stenographer to his Tired Business Man in the first scenes of Jack London's "Burning Daylight," and before we'd talked two minutes I learned that she simply loved the story and everybody with whom she was working, and greatly admired Mr. Lewis.

A few minutes later, as we strolled off across the studio to luncheon, I discovered that that's a habit of hers—liking everybody and setting up a sort of little altar for impersonal worship of the male stars with whom she has worked. She even gave me a list of her heroes, beginning back in the days when she started as an extra at Essanay. And as I listened it occurred to me that it must be nice to receive even impersonal worship from any one as pretty as Helen Ferguson. She has big brown eyes—the kind that inspire

novelists to write frenzied paragraphs about "unplumbed depths" and "still forest pools." She is small, just nineteen, and pretty as—well, as these pictures declare her to be. And she's charmingly frank about herself.

"It was a question of high school or studio with me," she said, prodding the oil cloth with her fork. "Art or education—so to speak. Examinations came on the same day as my first call for Essanay. It was a dreadful struggle; I was only twelve, and the decision looked awfully big to me. But art won hands down in the end, and I've never regretted it. In the vernacular of the boys—Fate rolled the bones that day, and they sure were good to me!"

"And did you step right into a part——" I commenced.

"Part?" she interrupted. "I should say not! I started as an extra, and an extra I remained until two years later when I made my way past the general manager's secretary and into his office. There I pleaded for a



*She's small, and just nineteen.*

chance, and, strange as such an occurrence is, I got it.

"Do I remember the names of some of my pictures? I'll never forget the first. It was 'Temper' with Henry B. Walthall, and I watched him like a cat looking at its favorite king. I did nothing remarkable as you can tell from the two long years that followed, but it would be impossible to forget it. Then there was 'Sundaying in Fairview,' my first feature picture—a two-reel comedy. That was a success, and I followed it with 'Seventy and Seven.'"

"That was a two-reeler, too, I suppose?"

"Yes. I didn't get to five-reelers until just before I left Essanay. Then I did 'Fools for Luck,' with Taylor Holmes. He was so nice!" She sighed a little.

"You never played with him again?"

"No. I went to New York, and he was busy with some new cinema or legitimate production. But I didn't really get a chance to mourn him much. The problem of living kept me busy. I worked during the period following for Vitagraph, McManus, Metro, Goldwyn, Fox, and a few others. Some of the pictures I did were 'The End of the Road,' for the government, 'Safe for Democracy' for Vitagraph, and lately, 'Shod with Fire' with William Russell for Fox. He was a dear, too, William Russell, the nicest man to work with I think I have ever met. I'm going to appear with him again in a dramatization of the book 'The Iron Rider.' It's by Parker, I think."

"And you've never met an honest - to - goodness 'bad man'?"

"That's perfectly ridiculous, of course. I've met a few men whom I don't care for particularly, but never one whom I hated."

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

"Don't let's talk about bad things. Ah!" as the waitress returned, "pie à la mode! I love it!"

I can only remark, that I hope that she classes interviewers with leading men and pie!

*Helen has big brown eyes—the kind that inspire novelists.*





Ryan was born at the foot of the Devil's Tower, Wyoming.

## The Real Thing

a fair start for "the wickedest man in the movies"—eh? Jones was born in the effete commonwealth of Indiana, but was carried in a bundle to the Osage country in Indian Territory while it was still a place where boy babies played with Winchesters in their cradles and it was bad form to ask any man where he came from or why—especially why.

Jones and Ryan in essentials are as like as two bullets—in fearlessness, chivalry, spirit, ambition. In looks, speech, and part of their thinking they are as unlike as only brothers can be.

Buck Jones looks the typical Westerner. Remington painted his type frequently.

Jones speaks the Western lingo, short of letters, rich in slang. Ryan speaks like a college professor, in the softest voice. He talks always of motion pictures, never movies, and says "eyther," not "eether." Some of his male forbears have been in Congress, and his mother was an elocutionist.

**W**ALK up, ladies and gents! Roll up, tumble up, any way to get up and see a close-up of the only real live cowboy stars in captivity!

Here's where you meet Joe Ryan and "Buck" Jones, the beatin'est pair in the pack. A pair of brand-new shooting stars.

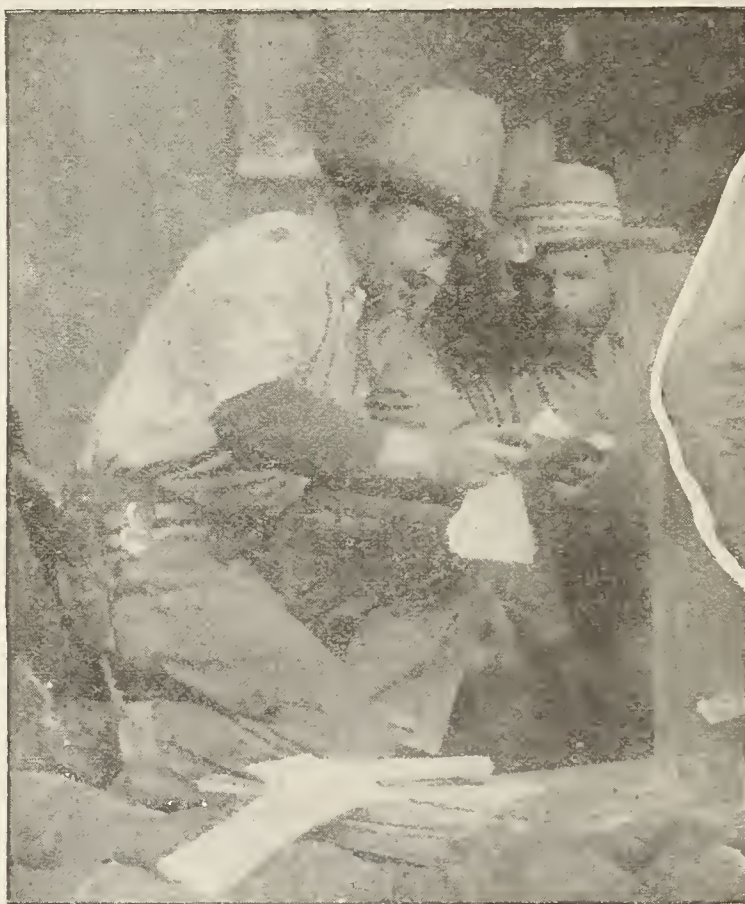
Meet 'em alive—alive—alive!

On every movie lot round Los Angeles you stumble over a fellow in cowboy clothes every step you take. But, between you and me, most of 'em never spent a day on a cattle ranch, wouldn't know a short-horn from a tin-horn, a maverick from a prairie schooner. They can ride like a whirlwind, cut circles with a rope, and make a fearsome racket with blank cartridges, having learned these tricks to get a job in a wild West show.

They wear the biggest hats and spurs, the loudest bandannas and fussiest chaps, but if you know anything about cowboys they are just about as convincing as Caruso in "The Girl of the Golden West."

But when you bump into Buck Jones of the Fox studio and Joe Ryan of the Vitagraph, you're bumping into the real right thing.

Ryan got the edge on Jones in the get-away, for he was born on his grandfather's Campstool Ranch by the Devil's Tower, in Crook County, Wyoming—



He's been called "the wickedest man in the movies," thanks to his Vitagraph villainy.



They, Joe Ryan and Buck Jones, don't tote guns or wear fussy chaps—they're real cowboys.

By B. Henry Smith

Both are so full of broken bones and bullet holes they couldn't squeeze into the war as volunteers or past the draft board. Between intervals of cow-punching, Buck Jones served three years in the regular army, chasing renegade Indians and taming Igorrotes in the Philippines. He never got a cent of pay the first year, being a regular member of the court-martial for such pranks as swiping a sergeant over the head with a wet mop when he was laying for another bird, and riding a bronc to drill, and breaking up the formation. But he left the army as regimental sergeant major.

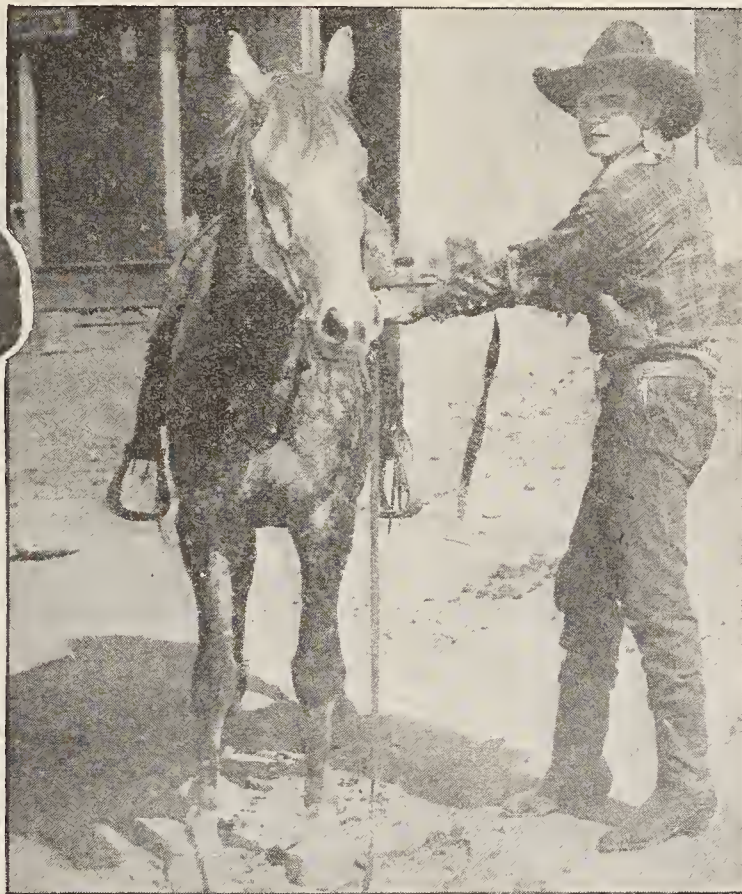
While the war was on, Joe Ryan had two exciting years in Mexico, but he's mum as a clam about those years.

Each has robbed the pictures of a beauty and made said beauty think it more fun to fry eggs and darn socks than ride or dance before the camera.

*Jones says "when you say cowboy you're talkin' about the real American."*



*Jones hails from effete Indiana, but grew up in Indian Territory.*



Maybe you'd like each one to tell you a bit of the story of his life? Listen then, to Joe Ryan:

"At twenty I weighed one hundred and ten with my saddle under my arm. I was at every stampede with some rancher's string of racing ponies and always finished in the money. I've 'repped' every wagon outfit in Wyoming—that is, ridden with the wagon outfit at a round-up to pick out stray cattle from neighboring ranches."

"How then, were you exposed to the movie fever?" I queried.

"One day they began to fence Wyoming. When Mondell went to the Senate and put through an act giving homesteaders three hundred and twenty instead of one hundred and sixty acres—you should have seen them

coming across the prairies. I rode to the top of a hill and watched them coming, clear from the horizon, on everything with four legs and two or more wheels—except automobiles. There was just one rattletrap auto in the procession. For me that spelled the doom of Wyoming.

My brother, Chet, and I had the address of our people in Denver, so we headed for there, but decided on the train to ask no questions of anybody. It must have been five miles from the station, but we walked it, and we certainly attracted attention along our line of march. You see, we'd had some snappy clothes made back home before we started. We had enough weapons

on us to take care of ourselves if anybody started anything, but they only looked. Imagine us among fellows with peg-top trousers, plenty of tail to their coats, and hard little city hats screwed on their heads—us in our tight trousers, little, round-cornered coats, and Stetson hats!

"We didn't walk the streets of Denver again in our snappy clothes. Early next morning we hunted a fellow we knew in a clothing store and told him to fix us up right. A Wyoming cowboy never buys ready-made clothes. He wants stuff he can roll up in his blanket with his war kit—containing soap, razor, and tobacco—and be sure it will not be wrinkled when he goes to a dance. But we couldn't wait for a tailor, so friend picked us out suits, shirts, ties, and socks to match. I screwed a little hat on my head, but Chet, after trying on every hat in the store, declared his old John B. was good enough for him.

"In these clothes we tried Denver again, but I only stood it three weeks, then went back to Wyoming to break a bunch of horses.

"Those wire fences were too much for me, and when mother got sick I went to Denver and stayed. This time aunt Jess, about three years older than myself, took me in hand to make a gentleman of me, teach me when *not* to use my knife and a few other little things.

"Aunt Jess did such a good job that when, one summer day, we went to a wild West show at Lakeside I was in white trousers and shoes, blue coat, and straw sailor. There was a standing offer of fifty dollars to any one who could ride the wild bull 'Dynamite.' When they called for a rider, I put my blue coat in aunt Jess' lap and went into the ring. I had fixed it with a friend in the show to have my saddle, bridle, chaps, and spurs, and while the showmen threw and saddled the bull, I donned my togs, the audience roaring 'Kill the tenderfoot.' With the bull down I slipped into my saddle—then the Dynamite went off. It wasn't a cinch, but I won the fifty.

"In thirty days I owned that show. From there it was but a step to vaudeville, and I had the greatest vaudeville act ever got together all ready for the road when along came Otis B. Thayer, of 'Cherry Blossom' fame, and picked me for the feature of some Western pictures planned by the Colorado Motion Picture Company.

"When the war came on and I couldn't go to the front, I went to Mexico—but we won't talk about that."

There's a merry twinkle in Ryan's eye when he tells of going to California later, expecting to find the motion-picture world stock-still awaiting his return from Mexico and found instead that nobody had ever heard of Joe Ryan.

"I told the Vitagraph people what I had done and could do, but when it came to the money, W. J.—that's Manager Smith—shook his head and said he couldn't see me as a heavy. Two weeks later when I began work in serials with William Duncan, he saw me on the lot with a two weeks' beard and the clothes I wore out of Mexico, and said to my director: 'That's the sort of fellow I had in mind for this part instead of Ryan.'

"That's the fellow you've got," said the director and W. J. almost hugged me.

"The other day when I signed as a star for serials, they wanted me for five years. I told them that looked like a lifetime to me; that I meant to work in pictures just long enough to be able to buy a hundred white-faced cows and land enough to run them on—perhaps in South America, some place unspoiled by wire fences; and I told Marjory we'd tear up the still and go back to the only life worth living."

The way Marjory looks at him when he's talking, I believe that whither he goest, thither goest she.

Knowing Buck Jones' idea of life, I quizzed Joe Ryan about his.

"Every cowboy's a bit of a gambler. I'll go into a crap game if I can feel the dice first, and if there's a heaven where they play harps and ride gray horses. I'll take my chance riding any they pick for me, but life is just what a fellow makes it."

"Life's just luck," is the dictum of Buck Jones, who suddenly jumped from cow-punching at twenty-five dollars a month into a movie job with a salary that scales quickly to a thousand a week.

"I'd left my uncle's ranch in Texas to go with Miller's '101 Ranch' show to New York. Back there I heard fellows talkin' about gettin' five a day in pictures. So I beat it for California.

"I was standin' round watchin' a picture at Universal one day when a director asked me if I was workin'. I told him no,

and he asked if I wanted a job.

"Sure!" I said, tryin' to look easy.

"Then go an' make up as a shepherdder."

"Now, shepherdder to a cowboy means fight, so I went over to a fellow I knew and asked if the director was kiddin' me. He said no, so I decided it was all right, and, while I didn't like the part of a shepherdder, it was a job—see? After that Monroe Salisbury put me in three of his pictures. He taught me a lot of things, and they paid me forty a week—more'n I'd ever seen in my life.

"And there's another reason I say life's all luck. As soon as I got to earnin' real money I won more at craps. Sometimes I cleaned up as much as one hundred and fifty dollars. But somehow, when I was earnin' real money, I couldn't take my winnin's."

"Will the other fellows take it back?" I asked.

"Well, there's ways o' doin' it. You can lend it or put it all on the table for a high throw. I used to wish somebody'd do that when I was broke, and I remember that feelin' now.

"When you say craps you say cowboy, and when you talk about a cowboy you're talkin' about the real American."

At last! Like Diogenes, I'm always abroad with my little lantern, hunting this much-vaunted thing. "And what is the real American?"

"It's a fellow that's square, and if the other fellow isn't, it's a fight."

Some little dimensions I think, don't you?

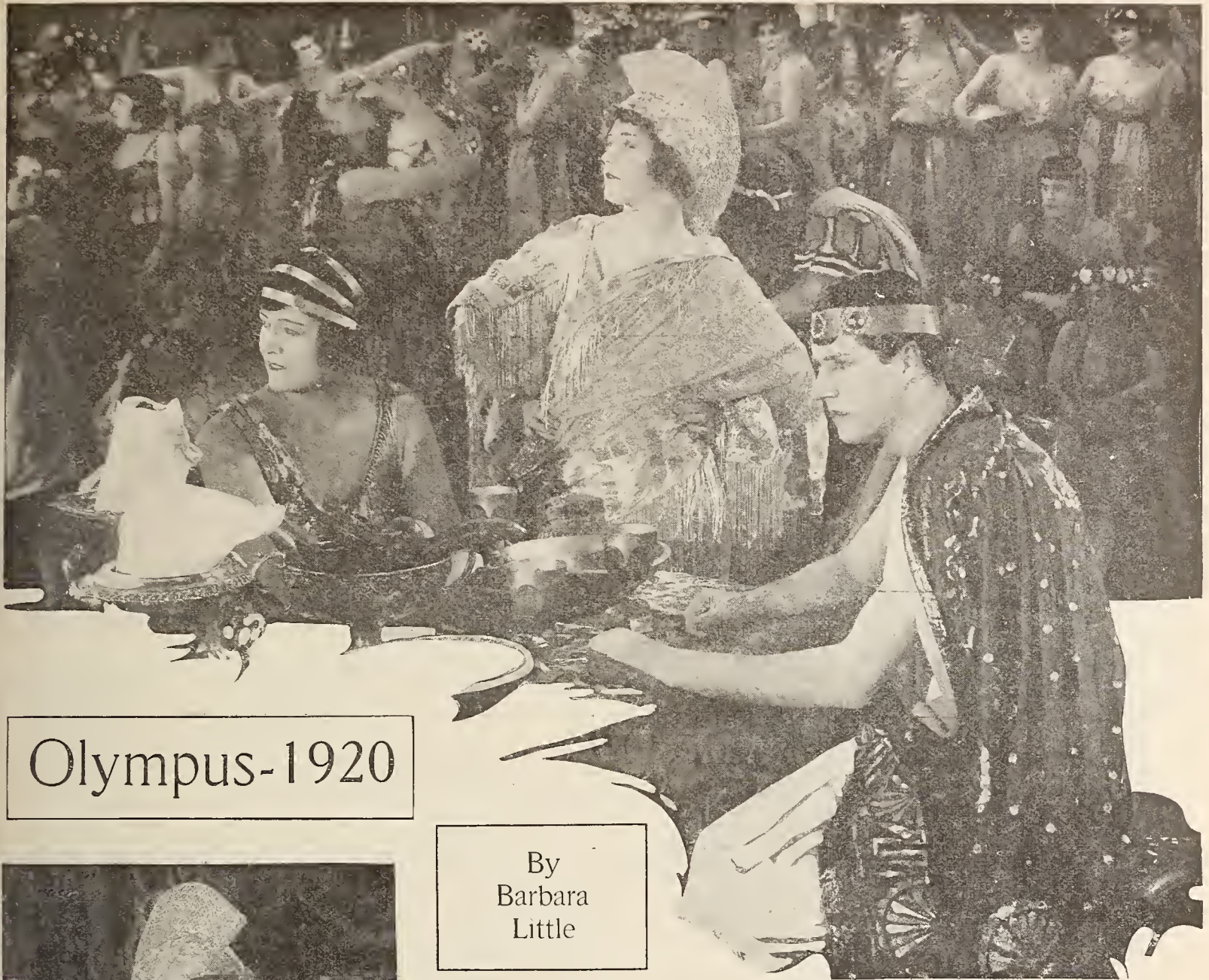
"Speaking of fights, do you wear a gun off the screen?"

"No," said Buck Jones. "Never did. A gun's a fellow's worst enemy. If I can't lick a man with my fists, he's the better fellow, and I'm ready to shake hands with him.

*Continued on page 86*

### *Who Is Lillian Russell's Successor?*

**FOR** years Lillian Russell was generally conceded to be the most beautiful woman in America. There is a famous movie star who will be considered as her successor, in a brilliant article by Herbert Howe, in which the charms of these two celebrities are analyzed and compared. This article is to appear in an early issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. Don't miss it!



Olympus-1920

By  
Barbara  
Little



**N**UBIAN slaves, whirling across the floor, clear it of dancers; then come groups of maidens bearing peach-blossom wands. Next, a nymph dances out, pursued by satyrs, and then Apollo, mounted on a white horse and accompanied by warriors, leads the way for a chariot in which ride the gods, come down from high Olympus for the revel. Athena, goddess of wisdom, Mars, the war god, and Venus, goddess of beauty—they come to this ultra modern ball in all their glory.

The gods feast, but when the revelry is over, you will find that their nectar and ambrosia are far less satisfying than the sandwiches which Marion Davies, resting in a far corner of the studio, offers you. She is *Athena* in this "Ball of the Gods," which is part of an International picture based on Robert W. Chambers' story, "The Restless Sex." And she is resplendent in a gown made of rhinestones and silver ornaments sewn to silver cloth, and a helmet fashioned of sequins and brilliants.

Worthy of special mention are the sets for this picture, for they were designed by Joseph Urban, an artist, who has made the beautiful settings for such theatrical productions as "The Follies" and so is known all across the country and has been widely imitated. The fact that his first motion-picture sets are seen in "The Restless Sex" makes the picture doubly interesting.

# A Maud Muller Movie



Maud Muller, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay.

She combed the fragrant crop until  
The Judge came, panting, down the hill.

He doffed to Maud a silken lid  
And whispered, breathless, "Hide me, kid!"

"The Blackjack Gang I sent to jail  
Is out again and on my trail!"

"Lie down!" cried Maud. "I'll save you, Judge.  
Quick! Hit the hay, and dontcher budge!"

The Judge, outstretched upon his back,  
Became a rich alfalfa stack.

With such a gusto where he lay  
Did Miss Maud Muller pile the hay.

And then with pistols' bang-bang-bang  
There came the dreadful Blackjack Gang.

"Hast seen, you girl, a judge pass by?"  
"No," answered Maud, and it 'twas no lie.

For the Judge, like the boy who attended sheep,  
Was under the haystack fast asleep.

"They've gone," said Maud in a joyful tone;  
The Judge embraced her and cried, "My own!"

He married Maud in the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down.

But the gay life palled, and a vague unrest,  
And a nameless longing filled Maud's breast.





(As John Greenleaf Whittier might have been asked to prepare it for the screen.)

By Harry Hamilton

Moreover, the Judge's female folk  
Regarded Maud as an awful joke.

They made her feel, from the very start,  
As a fifth wheel feels on a four-wheel cart.

One night, when the Judge gave a formal ball,  
She fled from the house in an old plaid shawl,

Fled through the night, and of course you guess.  
'Neath that old plaid shawl was a rich ball dress.

She left but a note—it was found next day—  
Which said she'd gone back to the fields of hay.

A heart-throb close-up; house all light,  
And Maud, alone, in the pitiless night.

The morning comes; in her ball dress still,  
Maud rakes the hay on the sun-kissed hill.

She stops and looks, then looks again,  
For the Judge comes chugging down the lane.

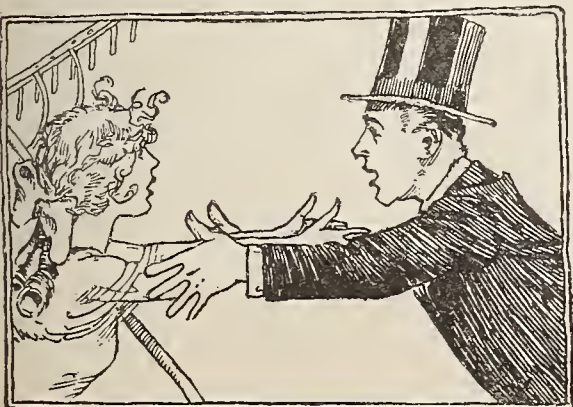
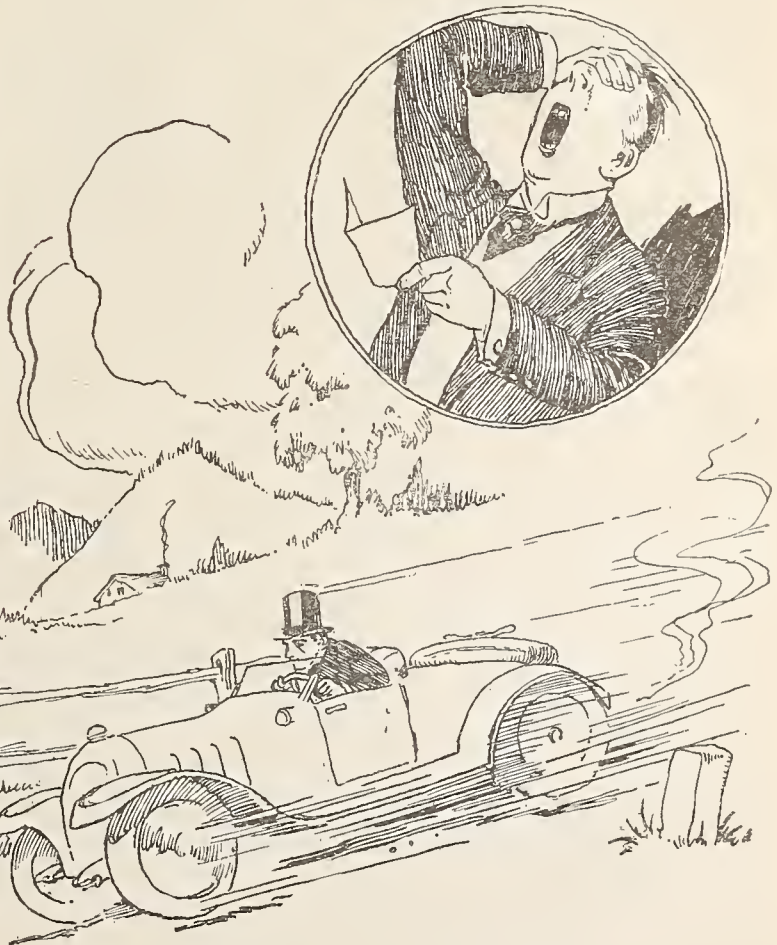
He runs to meet her; arms go round,  
And a hunch you have that Maud is found.

An effective picture, standing there  
With the breeze aplay in her golden hair.

The Judge, unmindful of female kin,  
Cries, "Nix for me on the Might-Have-Been!"

"I've burned my books on tilts and torts;  
I've left the bench and I've canned the courts."

And then, at the finish, a fade-out view:  
"I've come to make hay—here—with YOU!"





# The Virgin of Stamboul

Among the intrigues of the city streets she walked unafraid; and when her lover was in peril, she rode across the desert sands to rescue him.

By Robert W. Sneddon

*Seeing that she was fair to look upon, the sheik took counsel with himself.*

I SAT in the dim store of Yusef, merchant of Stamboul, that city of mystery which we of the West call Constantinople, dreamily noting him as he muttered over his rugs, pulling his long beard in perplexity as he set those in order which had been unceremoniously handled by a tourist in search of bargains.

And, as I sat there sipping from my tiny cup of coffee, so thick that a spoon might have stood upright in it, for as the Eastern custom is where men bargain there also is found the coffee cup and a lounging place, the conviction grew upon me more strongly with each moment that here, about me, pulsed romance, adventure, love, mystery. At my back was the grilled window looking onto the narrow street swarming with the peoples of the East, Moslem, Christian, and Jew, passing in an endless stream, making way for the porters with their warning cry of "Varda! Varda!"

A beggar whined for alms and thrust a claw through the bars, and I gave him a piaster and called down upon my head the blessings of Allah.

At this Yusef came out of his business and seated himself beside me, lighting his chibouk.

"Verily, there are beggars and beggars, effendi," he said, "and of all kinds whose history bears not retelling, being one of weakness and misery, but there was one of whom I have a tale to tell wherein love was not suffered to be slain by many evil mischances.

"I speak of a beggar maiden, by name Sari, and in beauty she was like a young gazelle, wandering the streets of Stamboul, unveiled yet modest, touching evil at every turn yet herself untouched, so that men called her the Virgin of Stamboul. I knew her mother, an honest creature who strove against poverty as feeble women do without much avail, so that the few coins which Sari brought home were to her more precious than the treasures of Suleiman. Sweet as honey was the voice of Sari, yet within it as within the bee lurked a sharp sting for those who would profane her. Such she would greet with scoffing, so that they went their way confused and shamed. In fact, effendi, a woman,

the most welcome was the American, Pemberton. You marvel glibly I speak the Frankish name. I am a merchant, and it is my business to speak glibly a smattering of all tongues. Pemberton Effendi was young and goodly to look upon, a man of adventure and courage, and he commanded a troop of the Black Horse. Irregulars they were, men who chafed at discipline, perhaps even evildoers, wherefore were they stationed in the desert that they might learn to obey. And in time, as Allah willed, their commander brought them from being jackals to be lions. Many things he taught them and they bent to his will, even as a son to his father, loving and respecting. His second in command was one Hassan, between whom and himself were the bonds of friendship, and him he left in command when he came to visit Stamboul, growing weary of the desert. For he was a man who loved cities, crowds, and strange peoples.

"And here in this very spot would he meet his friends, an Englishman who served the customs, and one Hector Baron, a young man of light mind whose thoughts ran ever upon love and secret meetings and strange intrigues forbidden by the law. Ah, they knew not that I listened with the ears which were given to me by my father, to whom Allah give peace, and marked what they said. Ever Pemberton Effendi dissuaded Baron from his doings, but he laughed lightly and scorned to heed him. Wherefore misfortune fell upon him, as I shall tell you in time.

"Mark how strangely things fall out, effendi. One night Sari, in her rags, yet more beautiful than the beauteous ones of paradise, peeped within my store and came shyly within. Verily, the heart of a man dwells close to his eyes, and I did not fail to note that seeing Sari, Pemberton lost his weary look and smiled with gladness.

"Baron thinking her a light woman, a gypsy, for she went unveiled, would have spoken lightly with her, but Pemberton stopped his speech and gave to her a coin, a silver dollar. Like a child with a new-found toy was she, for this meant much to her, and

young in years as she was, I let her come and go within my store without reproof.

"It came to pass, as ever it does, that there came into her life two men, and of these I must speak in turn.

"Then, as to-day, there were those who did not disdain the coffee of Yusef, even those from far lands, such as we call giauxours, and of these

she wrapped it in a napkin and set it next her heart. With such warmth of good will was it given that it warmed her heart to the giver, and indeed for all his courage he was a gentle and kindly man. And this coin she showed to her mother, but would not give it to her, whereat her mother was sore distressed, as is the way of women with daughters unmarried. And many times thereafter Pemberton would follow Sari secretly, watching how all creatures loved her, the dogs who live in the street, the doves in the market place, the oxen in the carts, the sheep going to slaughter, and from much watching of her love, love came to him. Yet was she a beggar maid and he a commander of horse, and set above her in station.

"Now it befell that there dwelt at Broussa a sheik, by name Achmet Hamid, blessed with many wives, of which the first and fairest was Resha. This foolish woman had forsaken the love of her husband for the love of Baron, and not once, but many times in the absence of her husband had she admitted him to the haremlik and abandoned herself to his embraces.

"One time in the sweet forgetfulness of love-making they paid no heed to the passage of time, until there sounded a knocking at the gate, and behold without stood the sheik. A panic-stricken slave bore word to her mistress, and Baron, there being no escape, was hidden by Resha in a cupboard.

"The sheik entered, and Resha greeted him with dutiful words of love, and all might have been well, but fatal mistake, there still smoldered upon the low table a cigarette.

"'Since when, light of my life,' demanded the sheik, 'have you taken to smoking, a thing unfamiliar to you?'

"'Since my lord went away my heart has been consumed with weariness, so that I sought this means to free my mind from longing,' answered Resha.

"The sheik stood with wrinkled brows, for he saw that she lied, and the cigarette was such as Americans smoke, and he knew that surely within the room some one was hidden.

"'Then is the longing at an end,' he said, smiling with his lips. 'And to reward thee for thy love I shall give thee as a present what thou most desireth as a good wife.'

"Whereupon, womanlike, she besought him with questions, but he smiled, bidding her be patient, and hastened from the haremlik. No sooner had he done so than Resha released Baron from his prison, and he escaped, as he thought, secretly. But one saw him go, and by means of spies gained the knowledge of his name and where he might be found.

"One night Sari, gazing through the grille, this very grating at our backs, effendi, heard talk of herself.

"'What do you want to bother with that beggar girl for, Pemberton?'

"'Sari? She may be poor in money, but she is rich in so many other things. She is as pure as—'

"'As the streets of Stamboul. What can you expect from a Turkish girl who goes unveiled?' said the other with an evil laugh. 'Nonsense. The girl has no soul. I do not believe she ever said a prayer.'

"'Then she can be taught to pray,' said Pemberton Effendi, and hearing the other laugh scornfully, poor Sari could not forbear from uttering a sob and running away.

"But not so swiftly that Pemberton did not hear and follow. Times without number he thought he had lost her, so swift of foot was she, but he came upon her house just as she closed the door. There, seated at the barred window, she within and he without, he taught her to pray. Whether it was a prayer of the Christians or the Moslems I know not. All prayers are good, effendi, and if for guidance, go not unanswered, Allah be praised.

"Consider what cometh out of evildoing. Baron Effendi receiving a letter bidding him meet Resha at the door of the mosque, as he stood waiting, saw one enter whom he thought was she, and followed her within. As he stood looking about him for the woman who had gone before him and whom he saw not in sight, from behind a pillar stepped one who stabbed him to his death. None saw the face of the murderer. Ah, yes, forgive the trick of the story-teller, one wit-

nessed the deed, that one a woman, and that woman, Sari, seeking a place where she might learn more of prayer.

"Of all this I learned in time, as Allah pleased so to grant.

"Meanwhile Sheik Hamid returned to Resha and gave her a knife red with blood!

"'Here, then, is what most a good wife desireth,' he said, 'the blood of

him who would dishonor her husband. Speak no word of this, else thou, too, shalt die.'

"And Resha promised, being but a weak woman and fearing the anger of her lord.

"What fear was now in the heart of Sari! Pale she was and trembling, so that she started at shadows, yet must she save her mother from want. And as she went about her begging she came, in a café, upon one she knew, he whose arm had been upraised in murder, the Sheik Hamid, who thought himself safe from discovery, albeit the police sought the criminal. Moved by what spirit of mischief I know not, for effendi, there was still much of the child in her who had become woman, she begged for a cup of coffee, and when he refused, made known that she had witnessed his crime. And seeing she was fair to look upon, the sheik took counsel with himself. There were two things to be gained by his taking her to himself, one, that he would silence her so that his life might be safe, and second, that his harem would be made more beautiful by her presence. Wherefore, being a man of craft, he sent for his lieutenant, and gave him instructions to seek out the girl's mother and pay a dowry to her, the marriage to follow.

"But before this came to pass Pemberton had gained the confidence of Sari and heard her tale, that she could not declare this crime since she, a woman, had set foot within the shrine of the mosque. Whereupon seeing her peril, he decided he must go back to his troop of wild horsemen and take leave of them, then return to marry and take her away. And Sari was glad, for she loved him with a love exceedingly great.



"The Virgin of Stamboul"

written from the Universal picture based on the story by H. H. Van Loan, and played by the following cast:

Sari.....Priscilla Dean	Achmet Hamid.....Wallace Berry
Captain Pemberton, Wheeler Oakman	Yusef.....E. A. Warren

And eagerly, when he had gone, did she look for his return.

"One day there came to Agia, mother of Sari, the well-spoken emissary of the sheik, and dazzled her eyes with gold and her ears with the promise that her daughter should have a rich wedding, a wedding dress fit for a sultana, and precious jewels, and the poor woman, who knew nothing of her daughter's heart, gave her consent. For as you know, effendi, marriage with us is so arranged, and dutiful are the daughters of Turkey. The lieutenant was to act as proxy for his master who kept well out of sight so that he might not frighten away the bird which he had ensnared. Agia was bent upon the wedding, since she had tasted the savor of gold for which she had starved so many years. And all went without obstacles. The wedding day was fixed, and the bride sat at home with misery for company.

"Now you may wonder how I knew of this. I got it from this same lieutenant, a talkative fellow, who gossiped with me over his coffee and pipe. And indeed all had fallen out as his master desired, had not Pemberton Effendi walked in upon us. By Allah, his heart was torn in two at my tidings. Now I had marked that the fingers of this servant of the sheik twitched for gold, and that he had no scruples about his service. I took pity upon Sari and her lover. So, cunningly, I led the matter to a point of agreement, and for twenty lira in gold the lieutenant promised that he should stand proxy, not for the sheik, but for my effendi. Behold, I loved Pemberton even as that son which Allah willed should not be mine and the comfort of my old age.

"Came then the wedding day. The lieutenant and I repaired to the house of Agia. Behind the curtain, where she might not look upon the bridegroom's face, stood the poor girl in her bridal finery, as he had said, fit for a sultana. The holy iman asked the marriage questions thrice, and the contract was signed, but I, Yusef the merchant, was clever. Yeah! While none watched I changed the contracts—for I had two—and that which was signed and attested as the true one bore the name of Pemberton as lawful husband of Sari. Then the lieutenant bore the false contract to

the sheik who waited outside, for that we could not hinder, and he with greedy eye leaped from his carriage and entered the bridal chamber. As Sari beheld her bridegroom she shrank away and plucking off her jewels, his gift, cast them at him with scorn and reviling. It was then that Pemberton Effendi entered and threw himself upon the sheik displaying his legal claim to Sari.

"What then, you ask? Verily, evil is hard to overcome and the wicked prosper, but only for a time, praise be to Allah.

"As happiness was in the dawning, certain of the sheik's men came upon us, who were unarmed, and without delay snatched up bride and bridegroom and flinging them on speedy animals bore them off. Whither we knew not, and for days they were lost to us as though some evil jinn had carried them into the air.

"What befell this pair of lovers I learned from each in turn.

"The sheik conveyed them to his stronghold on the desert's rim, and cast Pemberton into a cell. This was his threat to Sari:

"Thou shalt come to me a willing bride—for until thou dost, shall thy lover starve!"

"Little did the sheik know that in Sari he had caught a hawk, and not a dove, but she had learned much from the streets—cunning, adroitness, quickness of mind and body. Waiting her chance she overpowered a

sentry and leaping on a swift Arab steed fled to Stamboul, pursued by the sheik's soldiery. What a chase across the sands, yea, and even up to the very gates of the city! But here, indeed, she found aid. For by the blessing of Allah, there was in my store, Hassan, captain of the Black Horse, and he, hearing her tale, without delay bore her with him to rally his wild riders to the rescue of their beloved commander. And, too, Resha, greatly daring, had gone to the chief of police with her tale, and he dispatched a troop of horse to smoke out this wasp from his den.

"What a galloping of brave men when Hassan roused his two-legged lions! At their head rode Hassan—and beside him Sari.

"A distant outpost bore word of their coming to the sheik, and he gave instant orders to close the great gates and arm every man.



*She went to him and he drew her to him in the manner of lovers.*

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# An Actor by Inheritance

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By Charles Carter

**H**E'S the youngest member of the largest group of stage celebrities in America connected by blood and marriage ties—the Drew-Barrymore-Rankin families. Through Doris Rankin, his aunt, he becomes the nephew of Lionel Barrymore, and was thus connected with the other two members of that famous family, Ethel and John. Through another aunt, Gladys Rankin, who was the first wife of Sidney Drew, he became the nephew of that best loved of all screen comedians, and could claim a distant sort of kinship to John Drew.

His mother, Phyllis Rankin, and his father, Harry Davenport, are both of the stage, while his grandfather, McKee Rankin, was one of the best-known actors of a generation or two ago.

With such family traditions it is not surprising that Arthur Rankin has taken advantage of the opportunity to which he has fallen heir, and has entered the profession himself. And it is interesting to note that he has chosen the screen, despite the fact that most of his celebrated rela-



Arthur Rankin. In the picture below he may be seen at the right, as he appeared in "The Copperhead" with Lionel Barrymore.



tives are better known for their work before the footlights.

Perhaps you remember him as *Joey*, the son of *Milt Shanks*, in "The Copperhead," in which he played with his uncle, the famous Lionel Barrymore. If not, you probably will see him in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in which he is also cast with his equally famous uncle, John Barrymore. And, lest you should think that he only acts with his relatives, it might be well to add that he's also to appear in the forthcoming Griffith production of Doris Keene's "Romance," for, so far as I know, he hasn't a relative in the cast—nor did he have in Irene Castle's "The Amateur Wife," in which he also played.

It will be interesting to watch the career of Arthur Rankin, for the indications are that he will carry on successfully the traditions to which he is heir.

# By Way of a Model Throne

Yvonne Gardelle found that  
taking one job led to another.

By J. B. Waye



**T**HERE are as many ways of tumbling into the movies as there are recipes in a French chef's cookbook for preparing eggs. You never can tell what is to be the stepping-stone that will help you to a place in the lens light. For Yvonne Gardelle, it chanced to be a model throne.

Yvonne's father, Carton Gardelle, is a sculptor, and he was chosen to make the statues which are shown in different stages of completion in William De Mille's picture, "The Prince Chap"—supposedly the work of Thomas Meighan, who, in the title rôle, takes the part of a sculptor.

Now, Gardelle needed a real model to work from, and Meighan needed a screen model for the picture. So when De Mille saw the girl whom the sculptor had chosen for his work it occurred to him that she was quite attractive enough and quite talented enough to take the part on the screen as well. For she has not only been a professional model, but has also had a great deal of stage experience as a singer and dancer.





# THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics  
concerning the Screen

*There's  
One*

What a small business is the speaking drama compared to motion pictures! The United States government knows exactly—from its amusement tax reports—how much stronger pictures are in their universal appeal; but the government won't tell.

Make a guess in your own town. How many persons go to see pictures every night? How many go to stage plays?

Few persons appreciate how insignificant the speaking drama is, compared to motion pictures, and therefore great surprise is being expressed over the plans of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation to make the speaking drama work for it.

The Famous Players plan, which undoubtedly will be followed by Goldwyn, Metro, and other companies who are in search of the best dramatic material available, is to finance plays for the speaking stage and take in return the moving-picture rights.

The stage always tries its plays "on the dog," taking them to New Haven or Atlantic City for first performances. If at the try-out they don't seem to take, they are abandoned. If New Haven and Atlantic City like them, the plays are taken to New York.

The Famous Players idea is this—to make the speaking stage the "dog" for the try-out of motion-picture material. If a play fails on the speaking stage, it probably won't do for pictures. If it does fairly well on the stage, the trial production affords an opportunity for the dramatist to make changes that will strengthen it for pictures.

In other words, before the picture fans are given a play, that play will have been tried as a speaking drama, rewritten and strengthened and polished until it is fit for the films.

It is a good plan for the producers. A speaking drama can be staged at a nominal sum—often for as little as five thousand dollars. It is easily altered after it is first produced.

A motion picture costs from fifty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to produce, and after it is made it cannot be changed very much.

The speaking stage will get the temporary production, the motion picture the permanent one.

To carry out this idea, Famous Players bought Charles Frohman, Inc., and is said to be entering into deals with the Shuberts and other producers.

It's kind of tough on the poor old stage, but it's rather good for the moving-picture fans.

*An Endowed  
Moving-  
Picture  
Theater*

It has been suggested that some person with money, who is keenly interested in the success of the moving picture—some person like George Eastman or Adolph Zukor—contribute a fund for maintaining an endowed moving-picture theater

in New York, Chicago, and perhaps one or two other cities.

The Observer forgets now who conceived the idea, but it seems that the plan would be something like this:

A committee of the most cultured persons in the community would look at all the pictures produced and would select the ones they believe would be a great credit to the motion-picture art.

If advisable these persons would cut and edit the pictures to make them fit their standards.

The theater would remain open only when a fine picture was available. When nothing suitable could be found, the house would be dark, and the endowment fund would pay the rent.

The programs selected by the committee system would serve as a model for other theaters throughout the United States, so that the programs selected could be shown everywhere, and the influence of the committee of cultured persons would be felt in every city and town.

The persons who feel that they take a chance on seeing a stupid show every time they go to a motion-picture theater would thus have a guide. When the stamp of the cultured committee was upon a film, there would be no reason for hesitating.

Thus, it is pointed out, an enormous audience would be created for every picture that played in one of the endowed theaters, and, therefore, producers would find it worth their while to make pictures suitable for the O. K. of this committee.

Eventually, it is the boast of the proposer, these cultured persons would be the court to decide exactly what sort of pictures should be released.

How do you like the idea?

*It's Great  
for  
Somebody*

It's a wonderful idea, except that it won't work. In effect it is now being used in Pennsylvania, where the censor board acts as the cultured committee that decides how pictures ought to be altered, and that agrees that it is not proper to show pictures that would give intimation that there is social unrest going on in the sovereign State of Pennsylvania.

In the first place, there would be trouble in selecting the cultured committee. Then the cultured committee wouldn't agree as to what is cultured. Even the Pennsylvania censor board seldom has a unanimous vote as to a production. No body of men and women will agree exactly upon a novel, a play, or a picture.

Recently we discussed five moving pictures with six men and women of genuine culture. The pictures were "The Miracle Man," "Blind Husbands," "Male and Female," "The Brat," and "The Great Air Robbery." Had a unanimous vote been necessary to pass these pictures as good entertainment, not one would have been reported favorably. Each picture failed to appeal to one or more of the persons who were engaged in the discussion. In each picture nearly every one found

something he or she would have changed—a few agreed on these changes.

The general public knows that it is impossible for any committee to decide what is good entertainment and what is not. And so do producers.

But if a picture is really good, the public finds out about it without waiting for any indorsement of a cultured committee. Any good picture will draw the crowds most of the time. And that's the real test.

*Is England Right?* The relations between the American motion-picture producers and the English and Canadian motion-picture fans are rather strained. Our cousins are getting fed up on American films and want to do something about it.

Here's the way it stands:

Ninety per cent of the pictures shown in Canada and England are American. British film production was nothing during the war, while during those same years American films had their greatest development. Griffith, you remember, completed "The Birth of a Nation" within a few weeks of the time the great war started.

With a five-year start on the film producers of England and France, it is only natural that American films should at present dominate.

The British don't care why their own pictures are not giving their competitors a battle. They only know that nearly every picture they see is American, and they're getting mighty tired of American heroes and the American flag and American boasting. To make it worse, they're getting our pictures of a year ago.

We don't blame them. We'd set up long howls if all our pictures were English. It's human nature. You may like your relatives, but, if when they come to visit you, they talk of nothing but their own business and their own prosperity and their own virtues, you might soon want to throw them out.

England complains that we are circulating propaganda that the United States won the war. Personally the Observer believes the more modest way for us to state our case is that "the war couldn't have been won without us." Neither could it have been won without England and her colonies or France or Italy.

Just because we came up in a pinch and knocked the ball out of the lot we should not forget what happened in the game before we went into it.

And so we should use some diplomacy in presenting American pictures to our Allies. Let's edit our pictures to make them suitable and acceptable, just as we edit our conversation in talking things over with a British friend.

The Observer believes that England has a just grievance. He is especially proud of Famous Players and Goldwyn, who are going to produce pictures in England and bring English-made films to America and to give England a chance to say a few words in this heretofore one-sided film conversation.

Let's encourage all the good English films as we encouraged the good Italian ones before the war stopped Italian production of such spectacles as "Cabreria."

We're not braggarts. We're not trying to force our ideas upon the British people. We have made pictures for our own people, and, because the foreign market was good, we have sold them "as is." England and France and many other countries have demanded American pictures. We never have forced them to buy.

But since we control the market, let's be generous and diplomatic, and give Canada and England what they want, even if it does take receding and a few

retakes of some of the perhaps too American scenes. Business experts say that the reason we have failed in the South American market in sales of machinery and other goods is that we have tried to force South Americans to take what we wanted to give them, instead of making the goods they want. Let's not jeopardize film business by doing the same thing in England and her colonies.

*How Do They Do It?*

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, and D. W. Griffith—the Big Four—are seeing the light. Big names, they realize, can no longer pull in the crowds. The production is the thing, with the story as the starting point.

There was a time when any of these four could pack theaters with any sort of \$500 scenario that they could find. Griffith rather boasted that he made up his stories as he went along.

Things have changed and we are inclined to think that the Big Four are changing, too. Mary Pickford is paying tremendous prices for the best available material of her sort, such as "Pollyanna." Fairbanks is using great care in choosing his stories. Griffith—as is noted elsewhere—has bought "Way Down East." Charlie Chaplin, reports have it, is working on definite plots, altering his old-time system of making his pictures only a string of "gags."

Some persons ask how these big people continue to be big. The answer is that they are right up in front with ideas and they realize that the production—story, direction, and star—is the unit now.

*The Five-Reel Comedy*

The cost of comedy production is causing a general rush toward four and five reelers, instead of the two reelers—the former standard length. It isn't that there is a special demand for five-reel comedies. It is merely a case of where the producers have to make five reelers in order to get their money back.

In the old days a two-reel comedy could be made for from \$5,000 to \$10,000, and no theater thought of paying more than \$5 or \$10 a day for a comedy. Most of them paid about \$3. But competition became keen. Mack Sennett and Fox and Harold Lloyd and Larry Semon and several other producers found that in order to keep up with Chaplin and Arbuckle they had to put more time and money and expensive stunts into their comedies, with the result that costs ran high. Nowadays it often costs as much to make a comedy as to make many a five-reel feature. But they can't get the theaters to pay as much for two reels as they will pay for five.

The result is that the comedy, if it is to be made profitable, must be the feature of the bill. So Mack Sennett is coming along with "Down on the Farm," "Fatty" Arbuckle has made a comedy-drama out of "The Round-Up." Chaplin, keeping up with the bunch, is said to be planning a five reeler, and Fox has a five reeler all made.

The thing to be learned is whether the public wants a five-reel comedy, or whether they want their laughs confined to two reels. If they like long comedies the producers will be able to get high rentals for them and will prosper. If not, the comedy producers will go back to two reelers and will have to be content with being classed as second in importance and receive second money.



# Snapped About the Studios

An odd assortment of pictures, each of which carries a rather unusual and—we think—an interesting story.



In the snapshot above you see the beginnings of a tragedy; a woman and her gifts have come between these hitherto devoted brothers, Pat and Micky Moore, and what the outcome will be nobody can tell—least of all Mildred Harris Chaplin, who presented the Teddy bear to Micky, the young man on the left, when he was working with her in "Polly of the Storm Country." Pat, who had just completed work in "The Heart of a Fool," felt impelled to let the bear get acquainted with his live relations at the Selig Zoo, and Micky's objections precipitated the thrilling scene pictured above. Despite the fact that they're not related to the famous Moore trio—Owen, Tom, and Matt—these youngsters come from an old theatrical family, and so inherit their ability. You've seen them often; Micky names "The Big Little Person," "The Unpainted Woman," "A Divorced Wife," "Parted Curtains," with Henry Walthall, and "The Mask," as some of his recent releases. Pat's list includes "The Squaw Man," "Fires of Faith," "Sahara," "Luck in Pawn," "The Turning Point," and "Their Mutual Child."

He's Francis X. Bushman's eldest son, is less than twenty years old, stands six feet something, and is now appearing in Christie comedies. That should properly introduce the young man on our left to picture fans old and new. His name is Ralph Everly Bushman, sometimes abbreviated to "Eves," and until a short time ago he made his headquarters at the Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Virginia. He looks like his father, who is now appearing on the stage in "The Master Thief;" also like his young brother, familiarly known as Giddy-Boy. The gap between the boys is filled by Josephine, Virginia, and Lenore, and now that Ralph has taken to the movies like a duck to water it seems possible that the other young Bushmans will feel the urge and do likewise. Ralph used to insist that he'd never be an actor, despite the fact that when he was very young he had played in some Essanay releases with his father. But the family home in Baltimore seemed tame after he left school, so he went West and got a job on his own merits—which speaks well for his future.



Notice, please, the care with which Our Mary clings to the dog's tail, for thereby hangs a long, long story. When "Pollyanna" was begun a dog was needed, and Howard Ralston, who played the part of *Jimmie Bean*, volunteered to let his Airedale, Cootie, face the camera. But when the picture was half finished a tragedy took place; there was a fire at the studio, and Cootie took the long trail from which no traveler returns. Miss Pickford and young Ralston wept, and the casting director almost followed suit, for Cootie's main beauty had been an exceptionally long tail, and the prospect of getting another Airedale with a similar appendage was no joke. Eventually, after harrowing experiences, he engaged an otherwise suitable canine and wired several additional inches of tail to the dog. Then began the trouble, for the animal was quite likely to take a stroll between scenes and return minus his extra tailage. Mary took no chances with his make-up in this "still," as you can see.

Here you have Fred Niblo, husband and director of Enid Bennett, and Thomas H. Ince, peering through the latter's field glasses at Miss Bennett, who is enjoying her morning flight high over their heads. That's for publication. And strictly for private edification is the snapshot in the far corner of the opposite page, which shows how the lovely Enid and her husband looked a few moments earlier, before she "hopped off." There's just one thing missing, and we can't remedy the lack—why not make public the reason why Fred Niblo laughs so heartily in the first picture?



Dummies are of great importance in motion-picture making nowadays; every star must have one. Constance Talmadge acquired the lady whom John Emerson is holding upright to pose for her while the camera man was getting the proper focus and the electricians were trying out the lights, and Olive Thomas engaged the gentleman in riding clothes to take a dare-devil ride which she didn't care to risk.



If you've missed the vaudeville appearances of the famous Singer midgets, take heart—they're in the movies now, making a five-reel "Sunshine Special" for William Fox. There are nineteen of these miniature men and women, and they have brought into pictures with them their entire troupe of animals, which includes a four-year-old midget lion. It's a full-grown woman who sits on the toe of the shoe—measure them with her, if you're interested in their size.





*She's no longer a twentieth-century Bacchante.*

## The Beautiful Faker

ONE more swindle exposed! And the usual verdict—acquittal—all because she's a beautiful girl.

When she was the water nymph of Sennett comedies we thought her a twentieth-century Bacchante; plainly speaking, a wild woman! Of her swimming championship we were assured.

And during all that time, we were in reality seeing a demure little ex-schoolma'am from Richfield, Utah, who couldn't swim a stroke. But such is life in the movie colony—just one delusion after another.

And now she's climbed out of the comedy pool and plunged into the deep waters of serious productions. She's learning the dramatic stroke under Allan Dwan. And she has learned to swim in the ocean, too. When I asked her for one of her old Sennett bathing pictures, she said:

"Oh, please don't use any of those. I'm in much better trim now. You see, *I've learned to swim!*"

We were having lunch at the Brunton studio when red-headed Mary Thurman exposed her swindle.

Now it's quite a step cross-country from grade three of the Richfield public schools, where Mary presided at the teacher's desk, to a leading woman's dressing room in Hollywood—via the squad of bathing beauties that did for Mack Sennett what the Nevada divorce laws did for Reno.

"But it all came about quite naturally," this paragon of beauty-plus-brains—who is, by the way, a University of Utah product—assured me. "When I finished college, my family gave me a trip to California for a graduation present. I landed in Los Angeles with two other girls, early in July. After we had admired the climate and the scenery, we did just what ninety per cent of the tourists do—headed for a motion-picture studio. It wasn't so hard in those days, to enter the sacred portals, as it is now, and I never will forget the afternoon we spent at the Sennett studio. As we were leaving, a man said to me, 'How'd you like to be a comedienne, sister?' I told him in fun that I'd love it, and when he asked my name and address I shocked the girls by giving them to him. Imagine how I felt when he phoned the next morning to our hotel, asking me to report for work in half an hour. When I hung up the receiver, I turned to the girls, who stood staring at me as though I'd suddenly gone insane, and

Mary Thurman who has been deceiving us for years—at last tells the truth.

By Jerome Weatherby

Photographs taken exclusively for PICTURE-PLAY by Hoover.

said, trying hard to be humorous, 'Here's where Richfield loses a school-teacher and gains a celebrity!'

"I just couldn't stand the prospect of teaching school all my life," she finished, her red-brown eyes very serious. "And"—with an emphatic little nod—"I'm glad I didn't!"

"But wasn't comedy making terribly strenuous?"

"Oh, dear me, yes. It meant hard work from eight until four every day. But it was always colorful. Many's the pie I've had thrown in my face," she said, dreamily reminiscent of custard and meringue. "But I wouldn't have missed it for anything; neither," she added conscientiously, "would I return to it for anything."

"Hello, Brick!" interrupted a shrill little voice.

"'Hello, Brick,' yourself!" the erstwhile schoolma'am inelegantly replied. "Come over here and meet the lady." And mine was then the pleasure of presentation to one small boy yclept Wesley Barry.

"Have a ham-an'?" Miss Thurman invited.

"Nope," ungratefully replied this animate edition of a Briggs cartoon. "A guy just told me about a new kind o' dope for freckles. S' long!" And he dashed meteorlike past us.

"Poor kid," mused Mary, "his freckles are the bane of his young life. You know, we're sort of kindred spirits with our scarlet locks, Wesley and I," she added whimsically.

But Mary Thurman's bobbed hair is *not* scarlet—it is exactly the shade of burnished bronze; just auburn enough to guarantee her the creamy complexion that lucky redheads have.

"And how did you happen to leave comedies?" I inquired, as, luncheon over, we strolled across the Brunton lot toward her dressing room, where she had promised to show me some 'perfectly gorgeous gowns.'

"Well," she told me, lowering her voice as if about to divulge some deep, dark secret, "I got ambitious! And I couldn't seem to get away from that idea of becoming an actress. So I stopped Sennetting as suddenly as I began. No, I hadn't another 'prospect' in the world," she went on naively, "I was simply tired, after three years' comedy making. So I treated myself to a trip to New York. I used to dream of that trip, too, in the days when my favorite indoor sport was correcting examination papers."



Mary's learning the dramatic stroke now.

"And did New York come up to your expectations?"

"Oh, absolutely!" Mary remarked with enthusiasm. "And when I came back to Los Angeles, I found the big opportunity waiting for me. Isn't it funny how things happen?" she mused, forgetting, I am sure, that she was being interviewed. "I guess it's true that when you want something badly enough—and long enough, it's bound to materialize."—she religiously "knocked wood."

"Oh, I haven't really done very much," she assured me, when I asked for details. "First of all, I played opposite Bill Hart, in 'Sand.' Now, out here at Brunton, we've just finished William Allen White's 'The Heart of a Fool,' and next week we're going up in the Big Tree country to begin 'The Scoffer,' with James Kirkwood. I'm going to love that picture—a lot of action"—and then she giggled—"sort of a return to Sennett days, as it were; but don't say I said that, please," she begged me—and now you see that an interviewer is utterly devoid of honor—"the picture is really very dramatic. And I do hope people will like me it it."

I'm betting that they will!



## “Fifteen Men on a Dead Man’s Chest—

A CLEVER cartoonist once drew, as a “thrill that comes but once in a lifetime,” a picture of a boy propped up in bed, excitedly reading “Treasure Island.”

To all of us who have enjoyed the wondrous treat of reading that greatest of all adventure tales, there comes now the opportunity of another thrill—the chance to see on the screen that famous crew of pirates—*Billy Bones*, *Black Dog*, *Percy*, the blind man, *Long*



Yo, ho—and a bottle of rum!  
 Drink and the Devil had done for the rest,  
 Yo, ho, and a bottle of rum.”

*John Silver*, and all the rest—and to feel the shivery terrors of boyhood again, as we set sail with the doctor and the squire on the quest of buried treasure, and, like *Jim Hawkins*, discover that we’re sailing with as murderous a crew of cutthroats as ever sailed under the black flag!

That it’s a picture of rich backgrounds, color, and tense moments is assured by the fact that it was made by Maurice Tourneur.



# HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William

Lord Wright

## Prices Are Going Up

I have often predicted that the author of plays was coming into his own—at least so far as the writing for the motion-picture screen was concerned. The good old days of the "five hundred dollars maximum" for movie plots is about over, and writers, whether "inside" or "outside," so-called, within a year or so will be receiving one thousand dollars as a minimum price for their stories.

Along this very line comes a recent New York letter from Harry Carr, studio manager for D. W. Griffith, which I take the liberty of quoting in part:

"Although the price paid for 'Way Down East' fairly takes your breath away, it is evident it will not remain the high-water mark very long in screen purchases. When you reflect that the standard price for motion-picture writing only ten years ago was \$25 a reel, the prices seem to be rising a little, but they are due to rise still further.

"It has begun to occur to the author that the girl actress and the directors in puttees are getting an unfair share of the proceeds. The fact is Edward Sheldon's 'Romance' brought \$150,000 last month, and the Lew Wallace estate is asking \$500,000 for the rights to 'Ben Hur.' The rights of this latter play have risen to that figure from \$50,000 in the course of four or five years."\*

The old-time plays—those still protected by copyright—are not many, and the supply will soon be exhausted. The classics are being done—the works of Dumas, Dickens, et cetera. And after they are all utilized, what then? The popular author cannot supply all the movie plots, and the producer must, sooner or later, turn to the great army of writers now striving for the movie market. Those who have originality will cash in very soon—the demand will be greater than the supply.

## There's a Reason

There is a reason for the fact that George P. Warner never experiences trouble in having rejected manuscripts returned. I will wager that he incloses a self-addressed and stamped envelope, and that he has his name and address on the first page, at least, of the manuscript, and that he uses a typewriter. It is absolutely amazing—the number of scripts that come into every scenario editor's office without

\*The play "Ben Hur" has been the goal many movie producers have striven for for years. Col. Selig offered \$200,000 for the film rights to the Wallace story five years ago, and J. A. Berst, when he was general manager of Pathé, offered a half million. But I understand that a clause in the Wallace will mitigates against this play being picturized. This may or may not be true. Mr. Carr is in error, however, as to the price for "Ben Hur" four or five years ago. It was never so low as \$50,000.—W. L. W.

means of identification. Even the professionals do it at times. Now to Mr. Warner's letter:

"I was surprised to read that some of us would-be photo-play writers are having trouble in getting synopses returned. I have sent out quite a few myself and have always had each one returned promptly. If any picture concern ever holds one of my stories for six months, I shall then believe that I am getting good; that the plot is getting more than one reading.

"As organist at the Orpheum Theater, I have a very fine opportunity of judging pictures. Nine out of every ten pictures I see encourage me more and more to keep on writing

with hope of future success; and nearly all of the pictures taken from books and plays are so different from the original that about all one can accuse the producing companies of doing, is using the idea. I believe that eventually the picture taken from the book or the play will pass. We see practically no stage plays taken from the pictures; therefore, why should pictures be adopted from the stage? Furthermore, the charm of many stories lies in not knowing the finish beforehand.

"Eventually, when more photo-playwrights have been developed I believe we shall see all, or nearly all, original photo plays. I also believe that the amateur author will fill the demand, as there certainly must be more original ideas among the new writers than among those who are gradually exhausting their invention."

**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.*

## Plot Material

Too many beginners depend on newspapers for plot material. The editor of experience learns to anticipate a deluge of manuscripts affected by the current news. For example, during the Great War, we had the deluge of "spy" plots; now we get the high-cost-of-living plots, the League of Nations stories, et cetera. Anything of timely interest that fills the columns of the newspapers can confidently be expected to turn up in the editorial mail sooner or later, disguised as a photo-play plot. It is better to let the timely news events alone. If a story is wanted on the League of Nations, the "Bone-Dry" situation, or the like, the movie producer will order a staff writer to prepare it. Remember that the producer has in his employ persons who are as alert at reading the daily prints as you are—former newspaper men and women to whom the studying of the news is a daily habit.

Rather learn to look through the newspapers for the unusual item that may furnish the nucleus of a story that would be good any time.

Henry Albert Phillips, a pioneer in the film field, in an article recently printed in *The Writer's Monthly*, tells about news clippings that count. He says:

A sublime deed of a poor shoemaker is of greater impor-

tance, as a piece of plot material, than the crowning of an emperor. The following are intensely interesting items of news, but contain little dramatic value:

Antwerp Surrenders. Wilson Defers Talk on Treaty. Call Governors to Confer on Coal.

On the other hand, the following, less vital news items, are highly dramatic:

Boy Causes Burglar Scare, Locked in Dumbwaiter. Heir to \$400,000 Is Found:

Even cartoons display almost as much plot construction as a piece of fiction. They are dramatic illustrations sharpened by satire or made to become bludgcons through irony. Comic and satirical publications contain many worth-while reflections of dramatic life. You will find that wherever red-blooded life is discussed, reported, or reflected in the penciled line or the printed word, there you will find excellent material wherewith to build life anew in play or story.

### Concerning Originality

Fundamentally, there is nothing new under the sun. All the basic plots have been done, including every possible variation of the time-worn triangle—two men and a woman, or two women and a man. All we can hope to do is to make some little twist or turn in one of the ancient plots that will give it seeming freshness. Even Shakespeare had to do this, and Shakespeare was writing some time before the movies demanded plot material. Here is an example of how a motion-picture plot often is developed. Some time ago a story was needed for Mr. Dustin Farnum. The material was needed at once, and there was nothing on hand. Mr. Berst, Mr. Farnum, the scenario writer, and Mr. Berst's Western representative sat down together and built a story. There wasn't a thing new in it. But the story opened fast, built right along, carried love interest and diversified atmosphere, two reels in the East and three reels in the West. It was the old stuff of the one brother who shouldered the blame of another, served a sentence in the penitentiary and returned with the stigma of a felon's stripes. Then he made a man of himself. Old stuff? Certainly. Yet it carried action, color, love interest, and conflict. The picture, when made, proved highly acceptable to the exhibitors and to the public, and, after all, this is the final judgment.

Now, though this was "old stuff" fundamentally, the men who put it together—knowing, as they did, so much about the movies—were able to devise situations and touches which were novel, and thus made the story attractive and interesting. And it is the inability to do this that makes for so many failures on the part of beginners. The beginner puts together a story which, to him, seems like a very marvel of originality. But the scenario editor, who has followed the screen for years, sees instantly how hackneyed the story is. The same thing holds true of nearly all forms of writing. I know a newspaper man of unusual writing ability who decided to break into fiction. He conceived an idea for a novel—a mystery and adventure story—which he said was certain to be a hit because it was "so original and new." Nothing like it ever had been done, he felt sure. But the reader on the first magazine to which he submitted it said, "If you had read our magazine for the last ten years, as I have, you would never have written this plot, for you would have known that it was one of the most common ones which occur to writers. We have printed at least six serial novels along the same line."

On the other hand, originality run riot is of no use. The limitations of the story form demand that certain formulæ be followed always. The problem is this: Adhere to the form demanded by the photo play, but strive for novelty in treatment.

### How to Train Them

Elizabeth Warfield writes that she is conducting a class of pupils in the art of preparing plays for the screen. "Have you any suggestions to offer which would help me to train them efficiently and also to get the best of their work before producers?" the letter concludes.

Yes. Give them this advice. Use the typewriter. Write your story in synopsis form, clearly and concisely as possible, taking into consideration that the editor must be given a fair idea of what it is all about. Eliminate "padding," such as descriptive paragraphs regarding some particular locality with which you are familiar; a word picture of a sunset; or of how the sweet girl looked as she wended her way through the pine trees to the trysting place. Write action, love interest, and color. Always inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with every manuscript, and it is better to place your name and post-office address at the top of every page of your manuscript. Don't write long personal letters to editors. Read the motion-picture trade journals, movie magazines, and attend the picture shows. Sit through a picture twice: First to absorb the story, the second time to watch the characters, the manner in which the plot develops, the "long shots," the foregrounds, the close-ups, the titles, in short, all the details of construction. Never try to write a picture-play plot in continuity form, meaning by numbered scenes, et cetera. Learn to observe. If possible, spend a year as a newspaper reporter.

### Failed to Start Fast

"A young writer in California has tried hard for six months to sell a story and has failed," writes Wm. Wright Farmer who continues: "I came to the conclusion that he needs encouragement. His story, remarkably good, stamps him as one who possesses ideas that could be worked into worth-while stories for the screen. However, he has the failing of starting his story in a very conventional manner."

It is fatal to start a movie story conventionally or slowly. The day of the reel of atmosphere and introductions before something happens is gone. The one salvation of the motion picture in the aggregate is action—starting the story with a bang and keeping up the pace, building and building until the final wallop. The stuff may be conventional to start, *but it must be fast action*. If there is a let down it should be along in the third reel somewhere, but there should be no sagging. It is not conventionality that causes this beginner's story to fail; failure is caused by one or two things: the story starts too slowly, or there is not enough plot for five or six reels of stuff.

If this young writer has original ideas, as Mr. Farmer asserts, he will land sooner or later.

Mr. Farmer has written an interesting letter concerning his own experience which we think will prove encouraging to others struggling to succeed.

William Wright Farmer is my name. To write screen plays is my ambition. My experience started with a one-reel drama of sixteen scenes back in the days of Pop Lubin. Phil Lang sent me my first rejection slip. Biograph, Selig, Lubin, Kalem, Crystal, Bison, Edison, Smallwood, and a dozen others who have passed into the everlasting land of slumber, each joined in wishing me well by crowding the mails with neatly printed rejection slips. August, 1915, was the date that Essanay bought my first story—"The Market Price of Love." Then, like hundreds of other writers, my typewriter worked overtime, and my brain lagged far behind, dreaming over the flood of checks that were to come. "Alas: What fools ye mortals be." The fact that I was writing for checks killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

*Continued on page 87*



## An Alaskan Interlude

Marjorie Rambeau talks of the one which preceded her present success.

By Jane McNaughton Baxter

SO I taught dancing to the children in the afternoons—waltz, two-step, and polka—and evenings their parents came to my dramatic school. Really, those Alaskans were wonderful to me; I'd be stranded in Dawson again for the sake of meeting such people as they were."

"But Miss Rambeau—I thought they were all sort of savage up there!" It was a protest from a New Yorker for whom "Farthest North" means Boston.

"Savage! Why, they go abroad once a year to buy clothes, and—well, go to Alaska and meet them for yourself." Marjorie Rambeau curled up in one of the chairs used in her set for "The Fortune Teller"—she was doing it for the screen, after having made a great success in it on the stage—and chuckled at my ignorance.

Incidentally, this is the first time that Miss Rambeau has appeared in the screen production of one of her stage successes; she's clung to the theater, her first love, and Clara Kimball Young has fallen heir to the screen versions of such interesting plays as "Cheating Cheaters" and "Eyes of Youth," in which Miss Rambeau was a sensational success. But she couldn't resist playing in the screen version of "The Fortune Teller."

"Of course, mother and I wouldn't have been in Alaska if the theatrical company I was touring with hadn't failed. I thought I was an old-timer; I'd been on the stage since I played 'Camille' at the age of twelve, you see—but being stranded in a brand-new country was too much for me, and I don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for the kindness of the people in Dawson. When they realized that I just wanted to earn my living, and wasn't an adventuress, they gave a benefit performance—at which I performed—and took in seven hundred and thirty dollars for me. Mother and I worked like slaves after that—hired a hall for my dancing classes and dramatic school, got advertising for the programs of the theatrical perform-



Copyright Strauss-Peyton.

*It's impossible to imagine her shifting scenery.*

ances we gave, shifted scenery—sometimes my hands would be so full of long slivers that I couldn't bend them! But even so, it was wonderful—and when I came out across the ice on the way to the States I could have cried at leaving Dawson."

Now, Marjorie Rambeau is very beautiful and has a gracious way about her which makes it perfectly impossible to think of her shifting scenery. She is very charming and very natural, but your imagination supplies a gilded cage for her without any effort at all. I gave up the struggle to picture those early days.

"But you bought wonderful furs, of course." To me that has always been the main reason for going to Alaska—to buy furs.

"We did; we traded at the different posts on the way out, and among other things I bought silver-tipped ermine—the kind kings' robes are made of—for a coat. It was wonderful, of course. After I got to San Francisco, a furrier offered me a wonderful price for that coat, but I wouldn't sell it. And then—the boarding

house where I was living, burned down, and my coat with it—uninsured!"

"Ready!" Capellani, the director, was waiting for her, and as she went away to finish a scene of "The Fortune Teller." I talked with a friend of hers about her.

"She deserves every bit of her success!" I was told emphatically. "She worked so hard for recognition—even turned pirate, you know, and produced successful plays under new titles, without giving credit to any one, hoping that the managers who owned the plays would sue her and thus realize that she existed. But things didn't turn out quite that way. Some of the big managers did come to see if the rumor that she was putting on stolen plays was true, saw her act, and promptly offered her engagements. She accepted one from Oliver Morosco, and played in San Francisco, at the Alcazar Theater, for nearly a year, before coming to New York."

"And now what?" I asked Miss Rambeau, as she joined us just in time for the end of the recital.

"Now I'm going abroad, for the very first time! Hubby's going to take me," she told me as rapturously as any youngster going to a Sunday-school picnic. "I love making pictures, and 'The Fortune Teller' isn't to be my only one, by any means, but I'd like to begin a new way of doing things—screening a play before

it's done on the stage. You see, in a picture so many things are included that must be left out when a play is produced in a theater; on the screen the story can begin many years before it does in the stage production, and this gives the actors the real atmosphere of the play, and creates a foundation on which they can build up their character portrayals. I've seen it work out with 'The Fortune Teller.' I thought that after playing that so long on the stage I knew it backward, yet since we've been screening it I've got quite a new idea of the whole story. Plays would be less inconsistent if they were thoroughly worked out in this way."

"But wouldn't the actors get frightfully tired of the play then? And aren't you tired of this one, when it makes you wear that white wig and make up as an old woman?"

Marjorie Rambeau's blue eyes twinkled as she drew the white wig down farther over her own brown hair.

"I don't believe they'd be tired, and I'm not," she answered. "And I've an idea that even when I'm sailing the seas I'll sort of miss 'The Fortune Teller.'"

And then, catching a glimpse of "hubby"—who happens to be Hugh Dillman, the actor—who appeared in the offing, laden with steamship catalogues, she rushed away to decide whether she'd rather land first in Naples or Liverpool.

## A Star from Lotus Land

By  
Freeman Henderson

Tsuru Aoki blends America  
and far Japan.



*Her countrymen act  
with her in pictures.*

**N**O, siree! When the sweet soprano voice says "hello" in a perfectly all-American tone over the telephone, you'd never believe that the aforesaid S. S. V. belonged to a petite person whom we've grown to know in the films as a contemporary Madame Butterfly—as a child of the cherry blossoms, who wears kimonos and dances little graceful geisha steps, and who eats with chopsticks so deftly before the camera.

In short, you would never be at all convinced that Tsuru Aoki were Japanese if your acquaintance were restricted to over-the-phone conversations.

And yet, when Goto, the manservant, opens the door, and Lily, a diminutive Japanese girl, invites you to await the coming downstairs of Miss Aoki, you are more apt to be convinced, because the room in which you find yourself seated is a peculiar admixture of the Orient and the Occident—a sort of crossroads of the West and East, as it were.

You see the colonial decoration of the reception room—the ceiling and walls adorned with coats of arms of England's oldest families; the mahogany fur-

niture, the Brussels carpet, and, through the doors leading to the music room, the baby-grand piano. Exactly the sort of abode you yourself would want, you think—and then your gaze is captivated by the queerest, most samurai-looking Nipponese print of a geisha dancing before some pagan idol, that ever was evolved by the fertile brain and brush of some artistic son of the Rising Sun.

And you glance at the book rack upon the table, expecting to see some unreadable volumes of Japanese poetry, and find—Shakespeare.

And, at length, enter Miss Aoki unobtrusively from a far portal of the room. She is hardly five feet tall, and is dressed in the very height of Occidental fashion. Her hair is marcelled. You think it strange that she makes no sound as she enters the room. You look at her feet; they are in Chinese house slippers.

"A few hours' rest from work," she vouchsafes. Perfect English! Another illusion gone up in smoke.

Tsuru Aoki, in private life Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, is quite decidedly the most American member of the Hayakawa family. She has been in this country since she was a mere child, having come here with her aunt, the renowned Mme. Sada Yacco, perhaps Japan's most famous actress, and her uncle, Kawakimi—who, until his death, was owner of the Imperial Theater of Japan—when the duo made a stop-over in San Francisco some fifteen years ago while on their way to the Paris Exposition.

And ever since she has been in the United States, Tsuru Aoki has studied, studied. First her ambition was to return to Japan and work in the Japanese theater, uplifting it—following in the footsteps of her uncle, continuing his work. Later, she became attracted to motion pictures when the late Fred Mace wanted her for a part at the Kay-Bee studio half a dozen years ago.

Still later her whole life was taken up with Hayakawa, and now, having seen "Ses-shoe" definitely launched as one of the big dramatic stars of the film world, she has branched out as a Universal luminary herself.

But the studio, with its myriad Klieg lights, its tinsel, and hurry-scurry, business air, lacks something which Miss Aoki says she cannot describe.

"Perhaps," she remarked, "it is the quiet of the home that I must have. I love my home. Sessue and I are fond of our friends. We like to entertain. But then, there are my books—Shakespeare, Suderman, Hauptmann, Strindberg, Oscar Wilde—old friends that no human beings can really supersede; soulmates, as it were, that open one's heart to the beauties of everything about him."

Shakespeare is something, says Miss Aoki, that interests her more than almost anything else. And Shakespeare, she adds, she will translate into modern Japanese—"modernize" the bard—so that her countrymen in Nippon can get his viewpoint through associating him with their own history and traditions. And, perhaps in a very few months, she will journey across the Pacific to her land of lotus and supervise the production of "Macbeth" and "Othello" in Tokyo. And, when Iago, Rosalind, Cordelia, and Falstaff become popular by-words abroad, she will, she says, endeavor to present other great masterpieces.



*You will find her dressed in the very height of Occidental fashion.*

Ever since they've been married, the Hayakawas have kept up their study. He is of a naturally poetic bent of mind; she is more musical. She has had her voice cultivated and now sings little lilting ballads while Sessue rests from his camera work.

And every once in a while, when she is not unduly occupied with the costumer or in reading her scenarios, Tsuru dons her apron, instructs the gardener to kill a chicken, and proceeds to make chop suey. Or again, she will attend to the row of lily bulbs planted in the rear garden of her home. Or still again, she will take her dancing lesson from Ruth St. Denis or journey to Leopold Godowsky's to hear the master pianist.

The Hayakawas, in their magnificent Hollywood home, live a life of retirement and ease. The entire house has that atmosphere of art—even in the arrangement of the bowls of flowers Mrs. Hayakawa keeps on the tables and in the corners of the rooms.

It has been nearly six years since Tsuru Aoki first stepped before a motion-picture camera at the old Mutual Kay-Bee studio, and in that time she has appeared in Ince, Triangle, Essanay, Lasky, Haworth, and Universal plays. Those she likes best have been "The Soul of Kura San," "Bonds of Honor," and "The Call of the East," with her husband; opposite Henry Woodward in "The Beckoning Flame," "The Wrath of the Gods," an Ince feature; and lately, as the star of her own special productions at Universal City, of which "The Breath of the Gods" is the first.

When Tsuru Aoki talks, you are carried back to the sound of the gentle ripple of quiet waters. It's exactly as if the lotus flower were to open its heart and give you a peek at the world-old culture of wise Japan.

## "Romance" Comes to the Screen

**I**N London half the world knelt at her feet—men in the uniforms of many nations, women who make their bow at the Court of St. James'. New York, Chicago, and Boston had long since paid homage to *Rita Cavallini*, the lovable, wondrously beautiful little opera singer whose story, told in "Romance," makes a play that has been performed almost continuously for over six years, ranking as one of the theater's great successes.

And Doris Keane, who has played *Cavallini* during all the play's unequalled run, and for

whom it was written by Edward Sheldon, has brought this famous character to the screen at last. Brilliant as a bird of paradise, elusive as quicksilver, with a genuineness which leads her to lean from the window of a fashionable rector's study and sympathize with the organ grinder below, over his children who are sick, and his monkey who has fleas—Doris Keane's *Cavallini* is sure to hold your heart in her slim hands when you have seen her. And the canvas of your memory can never be drab if a bit of it bears the glorious color of "Romance."



# Why I Paid \$175,000 for "Way Down East"

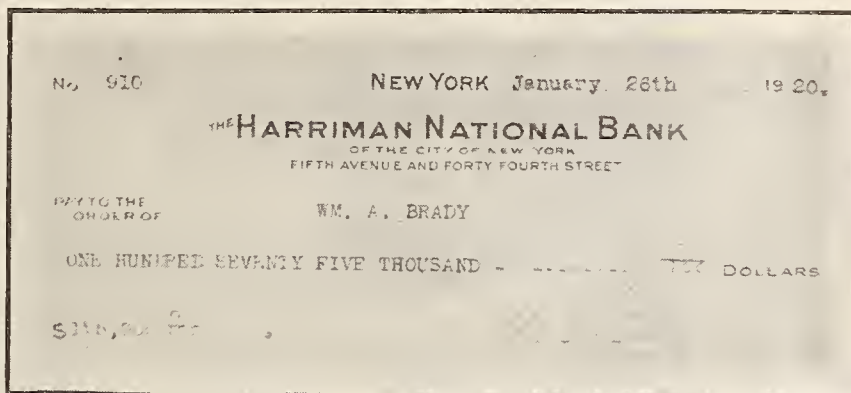
By David Wark Griffith

The purchase of "Way Down East," for the screen rights of which Mr. Griffith paid William A. Brady \$175,000, is, up to date, the record price for a transaction of this kind.

"Way Down East" is one of the classics of the American stage. It has been played in almost every town and city in the United States and Canada, and no play holds a more tender place in the hearts of those who have seen it.

It will be of interest to the older fans that John Bunny was a prominent member of the original stage production, a picture from which is shown below.

Above is Griffith, at work on the screen production, with "Billy" Bitzer, his famous camera man, and below them is a reproduction of the check by which the transaction was made.



**A**RT and money have little in common; but, unfortunately money has become a kind of standard these days. We are accustomed to hear on all sides, "How much did it cost?" When we have been acquainted with the price paid, we very often base our judgment of values accordingly, and if we purchase it we value it all the more, because it cost so much.

Now there is a certain justification for all this. We have been taught from childhood to regard more highly those things upon which the greatest money

value has been placed. The finest candies in the corner store always brought the biggest price; the doll that had the lovely hair and the eyes that opened and closed, always seemed to be just beyond the reach of mother's or father's pocketbook, and the little baseball that fitted so snugly into the palm of our hand cost so much more than the large, loosely wound one that could be had for a nickel. When we became older and went to the circus or to the theater, the best seats always cost so much more than the others, and the costly seats were always the best ones.



And so, when I was asked the quite natural question: "Why did you pay \$175,000 for 'Way Down East,'" I realized that the value of the little I am able to accomplish in the world of the motion picture may, after all, be judged by the money invested or the money expended, rather than in the more lasting reward of accomplishment.

While \$175,000 is in itself a small fortune—though perhaps others may consider it quite a large one—it is the least significant feature in connection with my desire to immortalize this classic of the American stage, to immortalize it in so far as immortality can be established by the motion picture.

As the years pass by, there is a phase of American

life that is rapidly disappearing. In but a very few years now we will have passed beyond that most delightful "rural America" which, even to-day, is but a remnant of what it used to be in our grandfather's time. The passing of "Old Dobbin" and the one-horse shay in favor of the more modern motor car is removing one of the most treasured of American customs. In but a few years there will be no "Way Down East" and no "Way Down South," no deep-tangled wildwood and no old oaken bucket. Instead, we will become quite modernized, and the old log fire will have given place to the electric heater or the steam radiator. Even to-day the farm hand has about been replaced

*Continued on page 91*

## An Interview with Pepper

By Emma-Lindsay Squier



I HAVE been kicked by Theda Bara, bitten by Mary Pickford, and cursed by Lew Cody. But never—until recently—had I ever met a star who was so rude as to *spit* at me when I was introduced. That's the kind of treatment I was subjected to out at the Mack Sennett studio when I went to interview one of their lady stars who is a *cat*.

But before I bring upon myself a libel suit, I will mention in passing that Theda Bara is a trained mule, Mary Pickford is a pet bear, Lew Cody is a parrot with a profane vocabulary, and the spitting star is Pepper, the feline comedienne, who lends her Maltese charm to the Sennett comedies.

She didn't want to be interviewed, and she didn't give a darn who knew it. When I addressed her in the honeyed tones reserved for cinema twinklers, be

they possessed of four feet or two, she slunk away from me with the undulating motion of a vamp, lowered her ears to half-mast, and when I persisted in my request for her nine lives' history, she arched her back, narrowed her eyes, and actually spat at me. Then she walked away, her tail in a perpendicular quiver that fairly dared me to come on and try to get fresh.

The Sennett publicist suggested that Pepper's temper and temperament were improved by food, so I obtained from the cafeteria a supply of meat scraps which I proffered the gray lady, and which she accepted with a dainty twitch of the whiskers and a resigned shrug of the tail.

"Well, sit down, won't you?" She invited almost graciously. "Can I offer you a saucer of milk?"

I declined with thanks, and Pepper settled herself on her haunches to nibble at the scraps of meat while I humbly nibbled at the scraps of wisdom flung in my direction by the renowned screen artiste.

"I've been starring with Mack Sennett for three years," she told me in a voice that finally subsided into a purr as the meat scraps diminished. "I was just an extra at first—oh, yes, I have no objection to speaking of my humble beginnings. I was born of poor but honest parents—father was a traveling man, so I saw very little of him, but mother thought I had a good figure, and that I would do well in the movies."

She began complacently to wash her face.

"I strayed into the studio when I was—well, much younger than I am now," she said kittenishly, "and Mack Sennett saw me and recognized my screen talents. He tried me out in a picture—I've forgotten the name—one can't keep track of all one's starring vehicles—and he declared that I could 'register' expression as well as a human being—and, of course, I can," she added affably.

"Then he used me in almost every picture he made. I have starred in 'Back to the Kitchen,' 'Down on the Farm,' and I have been supported by Louise Fazenda, Charlie Murray, Ford Sterling, and Teddy the dog—all very clever beginners," she interpolated graciously. "except Teddy who is a Swede—or maybe a Dane—anyway, he's a foreigner, and I consider him a regular hound."

"Cat!" thought I, but I didn't say it; her claws were too near.

"I have had to do some very trying stunts," she continued, bringing her tail around to be polished up a bit. "I have had to go into a tank of water—which I thoroughly detest—and I've had to work with a mouse and restrain my natural cravings.

"No, I'm not one of those cheap performers called trick cats—I simply do what I'm told to before the camera, and, though they accuse me of being tempera-

mental, I am always on the lot, ready for my part. I never leave the studio; in fact, I have my summer and winter bungalow here."

And she indicated, with a padded paw, a wire inclosure with an ultra-modern, though miniature house which was labeled with a sign, "Villa Paprika."

"And have you—er, that is, have you ever thought of deserting the screen in favor of domestic life?" I hesitated, with one eye on the paw that was being buffed by Pepper's pink tongue.

"Oh, dear me, yes," she replied promptly. "I have raised a large and flourishing family—but"—she suspended the paw in mid-air while she gazed at me with melancholy green eyes—"one of the sorrows of my lives is that none of my children inherit my genius. I regret that I, their mother, should have to say this, but they can't act, they're afraid of a camera, they prowl around with low companions, and to speak categorically, they are just plain—bums!"

I expressed my sympathy as best I could, with the suggestion that other artists had to bear the same cross.

"Yes," she sighed, "it is certainly a disappointment. And Mack Sennett regrets it, too. He expected to star some of my progeny, but they prefer the commoner alleys of life rather than an artistic career.

"I suppose you know that I am heavily insured?" She went on, standing up and stretching herself as a polite hint that the interview was over. "Oh, yes, indeed. I can't say just how many thousand dollars my lives are valued at, but I've heard my friend Mack say that there are just two things he'd never forgive; one is to burn down the studio, and the other is to kick me. So you can see for yourself how important I am. Those bathing girls and those comedians are well enough in their way, but they don't weigh much!"

"What a catty thing to say!" I remonstrated, but Pepper merely flicked the end of her tail at me and walked away. So that's why I say she is a cat, and I don't care if she knows that I think so.

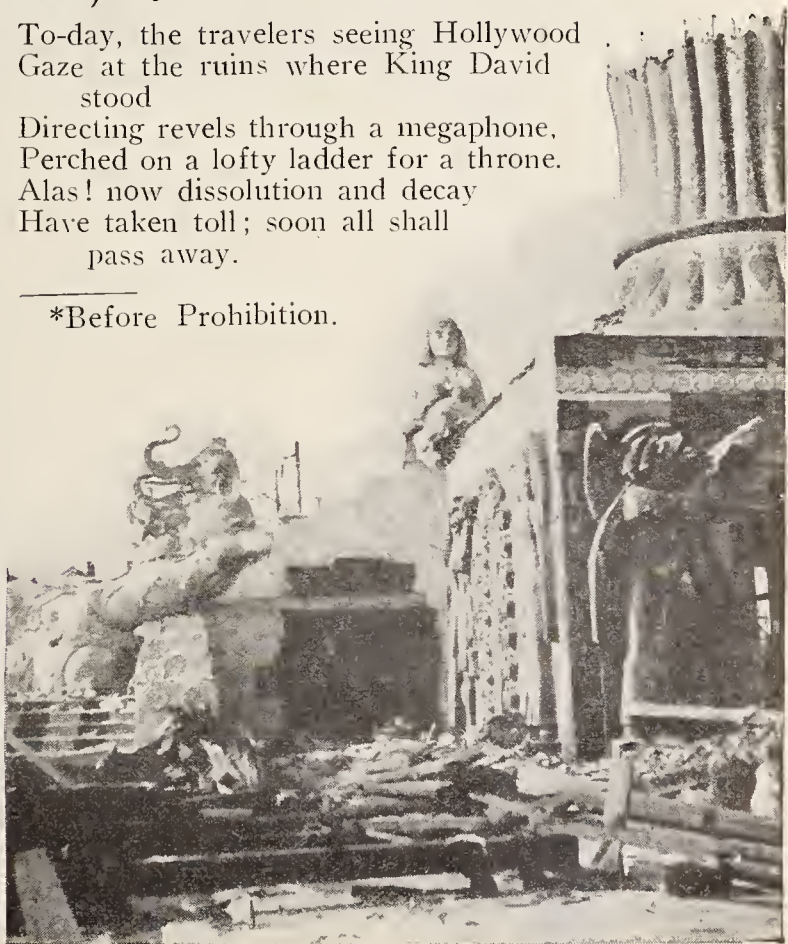
## Hollywood Ruins, by Clara Orwig

A KING of Movieland in 4 B. P.\*  
Erected divers ornamental walls,  
Statues and columns. In his gorgeous halls  
He staged a spectacle most sumptuously  
And had it filmed for all the world to see;  
He was more thoughtful than most royalty  
Who left no pictures of their famous balls,  
Fiestas, carnivals, and revelry.

To-day, the travelers seeing Hollywood  
Gaze at the ruins where King David  
stood

Directing revels through a megaphone,  
Perched on a lofty ladder for a throne.  
Alas! now dissolution and decay  
Have taken toll; soon all shall  
pass away.

\*Before Prohibition.



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# Glimpses of a Magic Garden

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ONCE, in a garden above the blue sea, I stood and gazed into a silver gazing-ball—a great, shining globe, half the size of the circle of my arms. In it was mirrored all the beauty of that fragrant, far-off corner of the world—the tall, flaming lilies, the Oriental poppies, flaunting their brilliancy, the hedge of old-fashioned white daisies, grown to mammoth size.

Nazimova is like that silver ball; one by one, in her screen portrayals she has reflected for us, through her witchery, characterizations whose beginnings were found in distant lands, strange and varied, and yet as natural as the flowers in that garden.





you want to see how she looked in it, look at the portrait of her on this page. Not that she's wearing the wig in that picture, but when she does wear it, it's so like her own hair that there's hardly any difference.

"I wear this for much the same reason that society women wear paste imitations of their diamonds—for protection," she explained, as she tucked the mass of fluffy hair back into her dressing-table drawer. "Motion-picture work is so hard on the hair; the strong lights are dreadful. Then, too, the serials I used to make were bad for it; my hair would be soaking wet when we were making water scenes, without a wig to keep off the moisture, and then, too, the



*These youngsters make up for her unhappy childhood.*



wig kept my hair from being burned when we worked in an awfully hot sun for hours at a time or from getting horribly dusty when we were out on location in a sandy country. It's not unusual nowadays for a motion-picture actress to wear a wig, though, you know. I just happen to be the first one who did it."

"But this one is just the color of your own hair!" I protested; a wig always suggests a radical departure from Dame Nature's scheme of things to my mind.

"Of course, it's the same color—it has to be, because, especially now that I'm making five-reel pictures instead of serial thrillers, I nearly always just appear with my own hair in evidence; the wig is a rare indulgence nowadays. So it has to match. And another reason is that a girl who was meant to be blond looks simply ludicrous if she tries to change her coloring and have darker hair—just as a brunette does when she attempts to turn blond. Why, if I had to wear a wig all the time, I'd choose one matching what my own hair ought to be."

And she knows whereof she speaks; *Pearl and her assistant hostess.* her own buttercup-yellow hair and brown eyes make a perfect combination.

The important matter of the wig settled, we proceeded to the party which had just arrived. It was a borrowed party—that is, the guests were all imported from neighboring homes, and had been asked by the little daughter of one of the neighbors, as they were much younger than Miss White and not very well acquainted with her—not when they came, at least. By the time their frantic parents were telephoning to have them sent home for dinner they were calling her "Pearl" and getting her to help stage a circus in Hughie James' barn the next afternoon.

"You know this is just part of what's been coming to me for years and years," she told me, as she ladled out ice cream in the butler's pantry, and I

*Continued on page 90*



# Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

SKETCHES BY  
H. L. DRUCKLIEB



## Putting The Punch Into Matrimony.

In "Wanted—A Husband," Billie Burke, as the heroine, decides to fare forth and yank a man into wedlock.



And she starts off by taking boxing lessons!

Chasing our memory, rearwards we can see

now that our first wife—or was it our second—must have had the same idea of preparedness.

—o—

## Have You A Little Censor In Your Town?

Do you wish to have a lot of fun with him? Write him a note stating that in the picture to be shown at the "Gem" next Saturday night, you understand that one of the actresses appears in a bombycinous costume.

Betcha he rushes right around to the "Gem" to kibosh it! Huh? No—he'd never think to look up the meaning of the word! If censors had anything to think with they'd be in other business than other peoples' business!

—o—

## "Seize That Woman!"

I've never known a Theda vamp,  
Because my life is proper,  
And if I met one on the street  
I'd holler for a copper!

—o—

## Careless Of Expense.

Often have we stood aghast at the prodigality of production—see back numbers, for sale by all dealers. Inasmuch as we, personally, never had over three and a half in negotiable copecks on our person all at once to spend, we continue to be aghasted at the sight of chrematistic movie magnates spending money with both hands and three shovels.

Lookit what they did in "The Copperhead"! You noticed the hound that follows Lionel Barrymore in the play? Well, sir, in order to get that hound to properly and enthusiastically hound Lionel through the plot, the producers filled Lionel's pockets with ground beefsteak!

BEEFSTEAK—mind you!

Right there our aghaster blew up with a thundering *zow!*

Money talks—but when it yells like that it kinda scares us!

—o—

## Woe and Water.

We have become thoroughly acclimated to aridity. We had but one thirst to give our country, and we gave it—up. Our only regret is that we didn't want more of The Awful Stuff when we could get more than we wanted!

Also, we were curious to know what sort of a substitute scenario writers would find to supplant booze as a destroyer. Well, they found it all right! 'Tis water!

Yes, sir, water, in recent film plays, has caused more damage and cut up more devastating didoes than all the previous alcoholic dramas recorded by the camera!

Lookit what happened in "Male And Female," "Wait Till The Clouds Roll By," and "The Sagebrusher"!

—o—

## A Light Suit.

We have seen Clara K. Young in a picture, wearing a fragmentary leopard skin, sixteen dimples, a coat of tan, and a harassed expression. We've seen Annette Kellermann in a costume consisting chiefly of Atlantic Ocean. We've seen various Bathing Beauties who appeared to have nothing on them but the camera.

And after viewing these optromatics, we decided that the girls had about reached the apex of undressyness. Until we read this ad of Constance Talmadge in "Two Weeks": "her filmy costume—made of moonshine and midnight witcheries!"

—o—

## Novelty.

Usually, in plays and stories, 'tis the mother-in-law who puts the crimp into the happy marriage. Refreshed and surprised we invite your attention to Bessie Barriscale's "Beckoning Roads."

Therein you'll find the loving couple sundered by father-in-law. Betcha a woman wrote that play!

—o—

## Mountains Are Scarce In Some Towns.

"The Blindness Of Youth"—a beautiful love story based on a thrilling romance of the mountains. It has happened in your own town!"

There's a merry ha ha contained in that ad for folks who happen to be flat in Cleveland or on the level in Chicago.

—o—

## Random Remarks.

(Suggested by current titles).

"His Wife's Friend"

Hubby's pay-check.

"The Hell Ship."

Hope we miss it—when our time comes!

"Flames Of The Flesh"

Hives?

"The Cup Of Fury"

When its filled with N. B.

"Mary Minds Her Business."

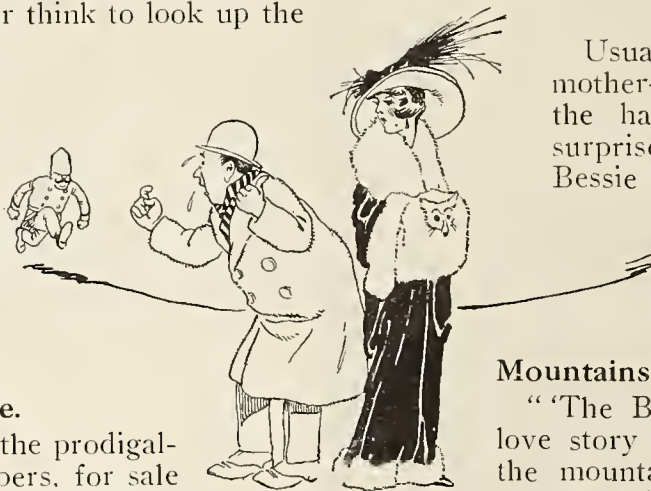
But Ma Pickford looks after it.

"The Copperhead."

The Chief.

"The Round Up."

The full moon—tee, hee!



**A Goldwyn By-Product.**

Thrift being at all times commendable, we hereby ap a loud plaud for Goldwyn. Upon adding Will Rogers to their roster of hired men, they commissioned a chap to follow Will around with a block of scratch-paper and a No. 2 lead pencil.

His duty is to jot down the impromptu gems of wit and wisdom that Will ejaculates during the day. These are afterwards used for subtitles.

Those of you who are acquainted with the inimitable Mr. Rogers know, too, that he is keeping this pedestrian person fairly busy.

But this idea would not work so successfully with some other masculine skylights we have in mind—oh, dear, no!

We know at least three you could follow around thataway from St. Patrick's Day to The Day Of Judgment, and when you got through, all you would have would be some calloused feet, an unused No. 2 lead pencil and a block of scratch-paper—still white!

—o—

**Bill Belongs In He Films.**

Our most recent melancholy hour was the one during which we viewed Bill Farnum fiddling and emoting through five reels of sticky, sobby "Heart Strings."

What would "The Riders Of The Purple Sage" have thought could they have seen Bill acting thataway! They sure would have felt like spanking him!

—o—

**Horrorculture.**

Writers of subtitles for society plays ever insist upon referring to the dear little ingénue as a "bud." We wish they would not do this, for the expression always fills us with bleak dismay—which is the most depressing style of dismay you can possibly have.

Especially at this time of the year do we sadden when we see the word "bud" poulticed to the dear little ingénue. You know, in this, the gladsome spring-time, buds invariably swell up and bust.

Now, you wouldn't wish that to happen to the dear little ingénue, would you?

—o—

**C'mon Fellows—A 4% Brew.**

Mae Murray in "On With The Dance":—"Into the great Manhattan cauldron are poured the destinies of four lives, there to brew as their wills and the fates decree."

—o—

**Advice To Girls**

From "Lost Money" (Fox) —"It was then that she learned to wash dishes for the first time. And it was then that she learned what true love is!"

There you are, girls:

"Don't the apron — dishes cleanse,

"That's the way to win the mens!"



**Card Of Thanks.**

To all scenario writers, directors, producers, and actors: In the April issue of this clutter of chronicle we asked you to lay offen something that annoyed us very much.

We are pleased to see that you beware of our warning, or were warned by our beware—or whatever you did—and we're still friends.

With the sincerest gratification and all its synonyms—which we haven't time to look up—we chronicle the fact that during the past month we have viewed about sixty-eight dramas, comedy-dramas, comedies, and comedy-tragedies, and NOT one of them made fun of the manner in which we absorb our soup! Folks, we thank you.



(Signed) "Fade Outs."

—o—

**P-L-A-Y B-A-L-L**

(With remarks from the bleachers.)

"Batteries."

Douglas Electricity Fairbanks  
Dorothy Galvanic Gish.

"A Hit!"

Charlie Chaplin.

"A Double!"

Lyons And Moran.

"Three-Base Hit!"

Charlie and Mary and Doug.

"Triple Play!"

Lionel, Ethel, and John.

"Good Sacrifice!"

Missing a meal to see Fatty.

"Out!"

F. X. B.

"Error!"

Billie West.

"A Bunt!"

Snub Pollard.

"Take A Good Lead!"

Harrison Ford, for instance.

"Wonderful Curves!"

Marie Prevost.

"Assist."

The usher.

"Three Outs!"

Exit! Exit! Exit!

—o—

Turn Over!

Jobyna Howland, who appeared with Norma Talmadge in "The Way Of A Woman," is one of the tallest actresses upon the screen. She is so tall that her gowns have to be

(Continued on page 85)



## A Few Plain Facts

## About Gladden James

By Edna Foley



With Gladys Leslie in "The Midnight Bride."



**I** HATE  
gushers  
—not oil  
gushers, the in-  
terview kind."

Gladden James told me, confidentially. "Just the plainest kind of plain facts are the joy of my soul." So here are the very plain facts—as plain as they can be about an attractive-looking young man—about him.

He has yellow hair and blue eyes, and the unaffected manner that marks lawyers or brokers or—well, any sort of successful man who isn't actory, in the unflattering sense of the word. And he seems like a very-old young man when he gets to reminiscing, because he's been on the stage since he was six.

"Why, I remember when Connie Talmadge and Allie Lake were just youngsters and set the Vitagraph studio by the ears a dozen times a day," he remarked. "They'd black their faces, dress up in outlandish clothes, and dash across a set just as the camera began to grind. That was in the days when Commodore Blackton and Albert E. Smith took a hand at everything in their studio, from painting the sets to turning the camera—and chasing the youngsters. I was making pictures during my vacations then and acting on the stage during the winter—and the motion-picture business was conducted entirely with an eye to the foreign market; if they could make expenses over here, that was all they hoped for."

"And nowadays you play things on the screen that you've done on the stage and consider the two productions on a par," I commented, remembering him in both versions of "The Third Degree."

"Yes—or we desert the stage altogether, as I've done, because pictures offer so much better opportunity."

That sounded interesting to me, but he veered gently away from the subject, and I found that we were discussing our favorite actresses, with Mr. James coming out strong for Norma Talmadge. Perhaps the facts about the stage weren't plain enough!

"Norma Talmadge is the most wonderful person to work with!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "She's so generous; if you 'give' her anything—play up to her in a scene, you know, or do something that makes her action more effective—she reciprocates, always. And she never monopolizes a scene because she's the star and could get away with it."

So I went away with a few plain facts about Norma, as well as about the very honest Mr. James.



In "The  
Third Degree."

# Over the Teacups

That's where Fanny the Fan tells  
the gossip of the film colonies.

By The Bystander



*Mary's divorce started a deluge of matrimonial speculation.*

**W**EREN'T you surprised?" demanded Fanny, almost before she'd reached the table where I awaited her. And then, before I could answer, she rattled on. "Of course, it's the news about Mary Pickford that I mean. Somehow, even though every one knew that she and Owen Moore had been separated for a long time, there was a general feeling that they'd make things up sooner or later. They'd actually been married twice, you know; once by a justice of the peace, and the second time just four years ago, at the old mission church down at San Juan Capistrano, when Alan Dwan and Pauline Bush were married. And wasn't it funny, the way she had had her divorce two days before people knew about it? She had bought a little farm near Minden, Nevada, and she and her mother went there, just saying that Mary was going away for a rest. And then, when Mary went to court, she put on her old clothes and goggles and wept while she was giving her testimony, and nobody knew her. Then somebody said that she certainly looked like Mary Pickford, and somebody else began to wonder about things—Owen Moore was in town, you see, pretending to be making a picture—and finally the townspeople put two and two together and made about six—and out came the whole story!"

*Alice Joyce is  
now Mrs.  
James Regan,  
junior.*

"Did you see Mary when she got back to Los Angeles?" I asked, as Fanny stopped for breath.

"No—she wouldn't see a soul, but a very near and dear friend of hers told me then that she was going abroad to



*It's rumored that Lois Lee is headed toward stardom.*

make a picture, 'Hop o' My Thumb,' and that we needn't be surprised if we should hear the news of a second matrimonial venture made by Mary and a man whom every one knows has been devoted to her for a long time."

"Wasn't it odd that Alice Joyce should have married again so near the date of the Pickford-Moore divorce? Some one told me just a little while ago that she and Tom Moore were going to be remarried, and then, the first thing I knew, I heard that she was married to James Regan, Jr., of New York. Know anything about him?"

"Oh, yes." Fanny always knows something about everybody! "His father is the proprietor of the Knickerbocker Hotel, right in the center of the theater district, in New York, and Caruso's home in the bargain. And young Regan is to take his father's place soon. Interesting for Alice to marry a hotel man, wasn't it, when she's made such a success of her own hotel—the Hotel Joyce? I went there one afternoon

last summer to see Betty Blythe, and she had the loveliest little apartment, way up high, where you could look out over Central Park and see half the city. Well, they say Alice wore a mauve suit and orchids at the ceremony and looked perfectly beautiful—and I hope both she and Little Mary will be riotously happy, don't you?"

"Yes, but between the people who are revising their wedded—or unwedded—states, and those who are emerging into stardom, life moves too fast for me," I confessed. "Ora Carew is one of the new crop of stars—she's signed with Mr. Spitzer, who's starring Conway Tearle. And I can remember Ora as a bathing-suit beauty of the Sennett crop of a few years ago. She's been doing awfully good work with Universal since then, though—her rise to glory isn't so sudden as some of the others. And Betty Compson has blossomed out not only as a star, but with her own company, too, think of it! There she is over at that table by the door now—who's the man with her?"

Fanny squirmed around in her seat, gazed long and earnestly, and turned around again with the information that it was a young, red-haired chap.

"But she never wastes time on just men before seven-thirty, so who can this one be; some one in the new company?" she went on.

"Art Rossen." I also had squirmed around. "He's her new director—he directed Henry Walthall in a big feature, and he's smart as a whip. Maybe he's been helping Betty to pick out a car—she says that she'll have to get one now be-

cause stars always have cars, though really she'd much rather use a taxi, because then she hasn't any sense of responsibility, no matter what happens. Even a bad smash-up doesn't scare her, because she knows some one else will have to face the judge and foot the bills."

"She feels just as I do," declared Fanny, "and so does somebody else, about another subject. The somebody is Anna Q. Nilsson, and the subject is what to do when you're rich and famous. We both think the thing to do is to go back to your own home town and talk to the people who didn't think you'd succeed. And Anna's going to do it, now that she's a Hampton star. She came to America from Stockholm, Sweden, you know, just for a vacation, and while she was here she posed for a famous artist in New York and liked it so well that she kept right on. Then somebody asked her if she wouldn't like to be a motion-picture actress, and she thought it over and said she would if they'd give her forty dollars a week. That was a good deal for a beginner to ask, but finally she got it—and she's

been in the movies ever since, though not at that same salary. So now she's going back and tell the home folks about it—if she can still speak Swedish!"

"There'll be some more new stars before long," I prophesied. "Mona Lisa—whoever she may be—has just signed up with Lois Weber, who brought Mildred Harris Chaplin into the limelight; and Lois Lee, that awfully pretty brunette, is another girl whom people are watching for budding signs of stardom, though she's been leading lady in only one picture, with Bill Russell."

"Lucille Cavanaugh, the dancer, is in Fox pictures now—she married a San Francisco merchant and left the stage, you know, but now she's decided that the attractions of the screen are irresistible."

"I wonder if that's what will happen to Peggy O'Dare? She was in Eddie Polo's last serial, you know, and a nice, sane business man, named Pegge, saw her on the screen and fell madly in love with her. Then he came to Los Angeles, a friend introduced them—and now they're honeymooning far from the studios. Romantic isn't it?"

"Yes—and, speaking of romance, I had a post card from Harlan Tucker the other day, from the Philippines, where he and Marie Walcamp are finishing their serial. They fell in love shortly after they left the States, you know, and were married in Japan—and now they're on the way home to display their happiness."

"Romance or a raise in salary always excite me equally," I confessed. "And when I realized that ZaSu Pitts' weekly check has leaped from seventy-five to a thousand, I was as overcome as if my best friend had eloped. Being a star certainly has its advantages."

"It *has!*" agreed Fanny warmly. "And think of the people who want to find out what they are. Why, Mrs. Frank Gould, who before her divorce was one of the great and only Goulds of American society, has signed a contract with a London film company. And I hear that after one of the matinées of Theda Bara's play, 'The Blue Flame,' in Boston, five thousand people crowded into the alley leading to the stage door and refused to leave till they saw her come out and start for home. So I do hope she'll go on tour with her play instead of just appearing in the East—I wouldn't miss it for anything."

The waiter interrupted with Fanny's hectic choice of a conclusion for her tea—I wouldn't be surprised to see her order ham and eggs instead of sandwiches and mints—and by the time he'd left her ice cream and gone, she'd discovered a new relay of people.



"The Miracle Man" brought Betty Compson a company of her own.

"There go Nazimova and her husband," she announced, nearly tumbling from her chair as she watched them. "He's having her house remodeled for her, you know, after the design of one she saw in Italy a long time ago. There's to be a pergola in the breakfast room, with real vines climbing over it, so that it'll be quite like eating out of doors. Nazimova says she's always intended to have a house like that, but never has been sure of staying in one place long enough to make it worth while to do a house over. That looks as if she'd stay out here for some time, doesn't it?"

"Agnes Ayres is staying on the Coast, too," I offered. "She came out to play a part in one De Mille picture, and now has signed up with Al Kaufman for several years. And that reminds me—did you hear that June Caprice is really a Pathé star under the terms of her new contract? She's just played leads and been featured till now. And Corinne Griffith has signed again with Vitagraph. That's interesting, isn't it, for she's been with them ever since she first went into pictures."

"It is," agreed Fanny. "I'd had an idea, somehow, that perhaps she was to be the new Realart star whose name was kept a secret for so long, but when the news came that that was to be Wanda Hawley it seemed perfectly obvious that she should be it, of course. And weren't you surprised, even though such things never ought to surprise any one, when Geraldine Farrar announced that she'd left Goldwyn? And isn't it nice that little Ann May is signed up to play opposite Charles Ray? By the way, she insists that she *isn't* engaged to marry Ralph Graves—and a friend of her best friend's told me she was!"

Whereupon Fanny stopped for breath, and I took advantage of the chance to give the rest of my news.

"Have you seen Wallie Reed on the stage?" I asked. "Oh, yes, he's been appearing at the Little Theater in Los Angeles, in 'The Rotters,' an English play. But it's just a short engagement, and didn't interfere with his picture making at all. And did you hear that Madge Evans has gone into business? A hat company was formed for her, and now you can buy Madge Evans hats for your nine-year old sisters and cousins and nieces at most any milliner's."

"Somebody was telling me about that at Anita Stewart's birthday dinner," Fanny cut in. "Oh, yes, Anita had a party—twenty-three candles on the cake, too. And during the evening her brother, George, told me that he is to play juvenile leads with Douglas Fairbanks. His first picture was 'Shod with Fire,' with Bill Russell, you know."

"I hear that Bill has packed up his wild West togs and taken to light comedy," I commented, searching in my bead bag for a tip for the waiter. "In 'Leave It to Me' he's all dressed up, and some of the scenes were made in beautiful homes in Santa Barbara."

"Well, I week-ended up there once, and didn't know my hostess well enough to ask her where she got the wall paper on the living room," declared Fanny, following me out to the street. "I'm going to rush straight to my wall-paper man and ask him to go to that picture with me—perhaps he'll recognize it and order some for me."

"I hear that Eileen Percy signed up with Fox a while ago,"



*Anna Q. Nilsson's going home to Stockholm to celebrate her stardom.*

she went on, as we turned down the street. "She's to make six pictures according to her contract—and speaking of Fox reminds me that Elinor Fair, who used to be costarred in Fox plays with Al Ray, is working over at the Brunton studios in a production starring Kathleen Clifford. Wasn't little Miss Clifford cute in that Fairbanks' picture—'When the Clouds Roll By'? But they say that from the little ouija board scene she had with Doug she caught the popular craze.

"Well, I can't contribute anything on that subject, but I do know that a Mayflower star is in our midst. She's Nancy Deaver, and they say she has a wonderful part in 'The Law of the Yukon'—which sounds like some of Dorothy Dalton's releases, doesn't it?"

"Yes—the first thing I ever saw her in was a Farthest North story. And did you hear that she's making a picture called 'This Woman and This Man,' by Avery Hopwood, who's a regular playwright. She seems to be wedded to New York; I don't believe she'll ever come back to the Coast even after 'Aphrodite' gives her a chance to leave the stage if she wants to."

"My, but Wanda Hawley must be happy!" I commented, as we passed a billboard advertising the new Realart star. "Do you know her husband? He's Burton Hawley, and they're building a beautiful new home, right between William Hart's and Wallace Reid's. Wanda says there's going to be an aviary in the back yard, where she can have every sort of bird imaginable, and her husband is planning a duplex garage, big enough for two zoo cars and a couple of saddle horses."

"Well, Wanda deserves her stardom," declared Fanny. "I knew her back in the days before she went on the screen, when she was studying for opera. Then her voice failed, and she was so plucky about it that she certainly had success in some other line coming to her. And she's played leading lady to just about every male star on the Lasky lot, which ought to bring her some sort of recognition!"

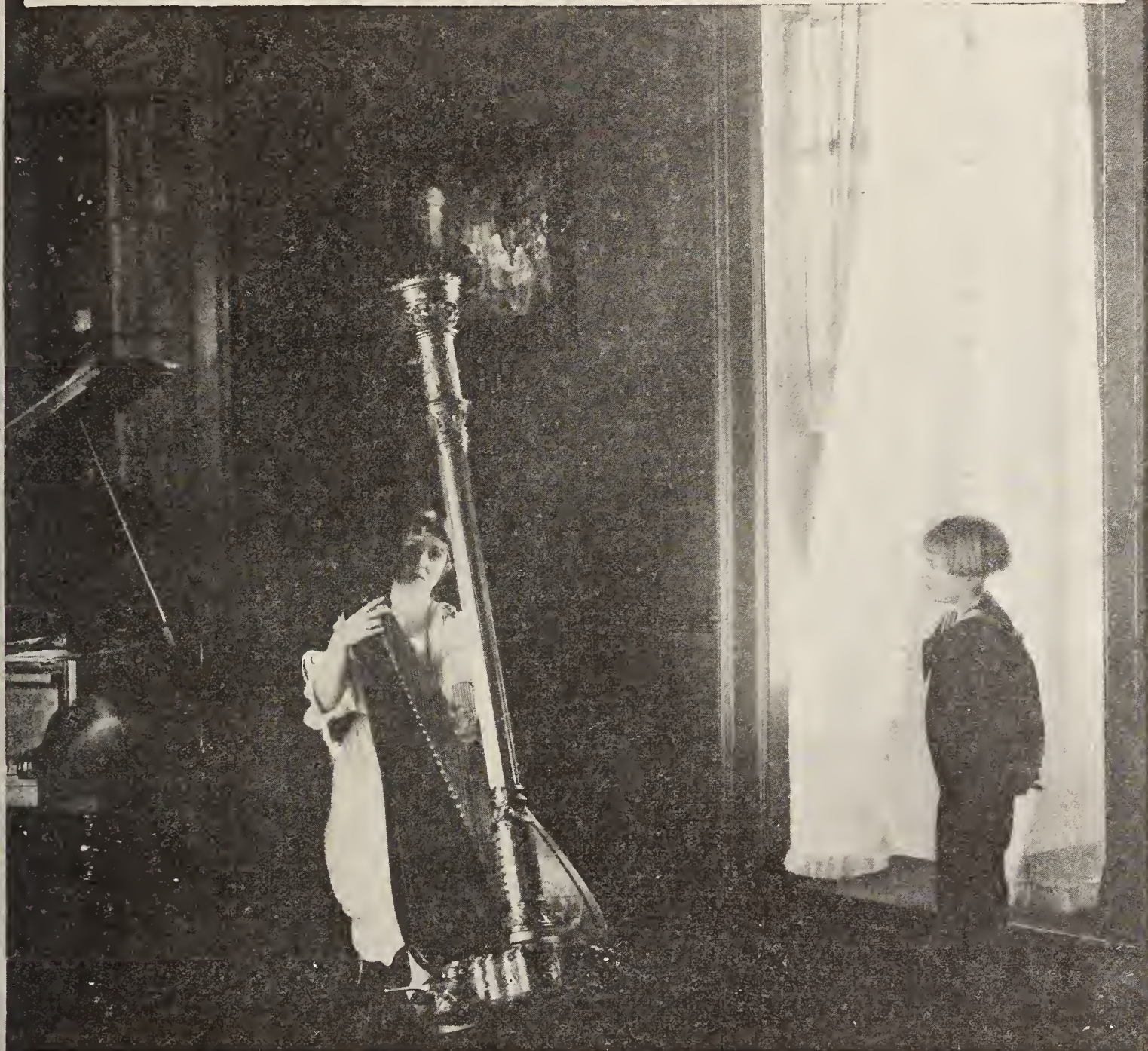
And, spying her wall-paper shop, Fanny departed abruptly with her invitation to the proprietor to attend the movies with her.



# The Healing Drama

A symposium of faith pictures, including previews of some unusual forthcoming productions.

By Herbert Howe



*There is an interior scene in "The Family Honor" which some old master might have called "The Lady at the Harp."*

**A** LADY of my acquaintance, who is a disciple of the movies, has such faith in the salubrity of pictures containing faith cures that she exclaimed to an ailing friend:

"My dear, throw your medicines out the window and go to the movies!"

Evidently the friend is an infidel so far as pictures are concerned, for her retort was:

"I'd rather take the medicine."

I condemn her not. I have the same preference at times. Castor oil is downed swiftly. A picture lasts an hour.

The healing drama, however, happens to be the most palatable of present picture prescriptions. Jaded with sex problems, Martian spectacles, black studies of white slavery, and dramas about Bolshevism—a subject of which the producer knows less than the spectator, film devotees welcome the fresh thought emanating from "The Miracle Man" and the King Vidor plays. While these entertainments may not cause one to substitute prayer for pellets, they do exalt thought from things material to those spiritual.

As I predicted in my "Forecast of Future



*A scene from De Mille's new production—unnamed at this writing—celebrating the recovery of Elliot Dexter and his return to the screen.*

Films" in the January issue of this magazine, the spiritual drama is multiplying. It is the screen's reflection of contemporary thought. Spiritualism, particularly the phenomena described by Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge, has become a daily newspaper topic. Naturally the sensitive celluloid has registered this spiritual fermentation.

Thus far, none of the photo plays have had the taint of propaganda. They have been as nonsectarian as the Bible. Their primal motive has been, as it should be, entertainment.

King Vidor, the director, interprets life much as does Charles Ray, the actor. He portrays the homely realities, threading them with themes of moral truth. I awaited "The Family Honor," his first 1920 picture, with greater interest than any other photo play of the year. It is the first of his independent production for First National. Last year, working under supervision and with pecuniary restriction, Mr. Vidor created such excellent tableaux as "The Turn in the Road," "Better Times," and "The Other Half."

"The Family Honor" is a family picture. It is for the family, of the family, by the family. It is as difficult to analyze the charm of Vidor plays as it is the charm of personalities. They have a humanizing influence. I would call it "style." Daudet once said, "It is style that perfumes a book." The "Family Honor" is flooded with the fragrance and beauty of the old South. With Vidoric simplicity the story un-

folds in an atmosphere perfumed with traditions. In a crumbling manse of Dixie a girl strives to hold the family honor above degrading poverty. Her brother is a slacker in the fight. He is brought to trial for a murder committed in a gambling joint which he frequents. With his sister at his side he faces judgment. The courtroom is filled with a miasma of lies. From without it is darkened by lowering clouds, into this atmosphere comes a bright-faced youngster, the little brother of the family. As he enters the room and moves down the aisle, the sun smiles through the clouds and casts a halo over him. The false witnesses turn to gaze into the face of the child—index of purity and right thinking. A strange disturbance occurs. Right thought, like a spiritual alchemy, purifies the air. Perjury melts in its radiance. One by one the evil-doers confess. The elder brother is acquitted, and, with chastened mind, sets forth on the right way.

The significance of the scene is delicate, but, when understood, is emotionally stronger than the physical climax which we know as "the punch." The action leading to this climax might be swifter. Less time could be devoted to laying the foundation of character and situation. Yet the Vidor style is such that you are absorbed constantly.

Florence Vidor, who plays the girl, has a quaint loveliness that suits the rôle. She is one of the most beautiful women of the screen. In "The Family Honor" she proves also to be one of the best actresses. Young Ben Alexander, as the little brother, never did

better work. Roscoe Karns, the erring brother, is entirely real. So, too, are Charles Meredith and the other players. Nature plays an important part in the beauty of the picture. The boat scene on the river at night is "a nocturne in blue and gold," as rich in color as a Parrish painting. There is an interior scene which some old master might have done and called "The Lady at the Harp." "The Family Honor" is a simple melody of life, the expression of a fine composer who will produce yet greater symphony.

So efficacious was the "Miracle Man's" faith cure that producers were at once converted. They promptly tried it. As my friend, the exhibitor says, "It sure *heeled* the box office."

Mary Pickford tried it in "Pollyanna." True, she mixed it with medicine, and in that way she suited all tastes.

Peggy Hyland offers another testimonial. In the William Fox production, "Faith," she is raised from a mortal swoon by the ministrations of a healer. This scene was evidently thrown in as "good business." It was not in consonance with the general theme, although capitalized in the title.

In the skeptic yesterday we might not have been receptive to such a scene as Alan Dwan presents in "The Scoffer," wherein James Kirkwood, as the agnostic physician, prays for light that he may perform an operation at night in a backwoods cabin. As a divine answer comes the lightning to enflame a pine near the cabin window. By this heaven-sent glow a life is saved. While this is not faith-healing, it is the element of faith in divine aid, which makes the scene emotionally potent. This is the climax which reclaims the atheist and gives him a glorified faith. James Kirkwood, of rugged masculinity, obtains an emotional reaction from the spectator by his honesty of feeling. Mary Thurman strikes out into the dramatic deep with as much skill as have other Mack Sennett swimmers. The cast in totality, including Teddy-Whack, the canine cripple, is excellent. The settings are of Dwanesque realism.

"Judah," by Henry Arthur Jones, parallels "The Miracle Man." When it is released in film form as "The Cheater," many perspicacious ones will proclaim it a "steal." In fairness to "The Cheater" may it be known that "Judah" was on the stage before "The Miracle Man" was on the bookstands. May Allison is seen as a quack faith healer, who with her male partner gleans *beaucoup d'argent* in return for her abracadabra. The climax occurs when a little girl, beloved by the fraudulent healer, begs relief from a mortal affliction. The faker repents her deception. She cannot confess without destroying the love and faith of the child. So she prays with a fervency which, before, was only simulated; and because both she and the child do according to the commandment—"What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them" the child is healed. Directed sympathetically by Henry Otto and enacted by competent players, "The Cheaters" is worth an hour's devotion.

Even Cecil B. De Mille, who has been occupied principally with changes of matrimonial relations, such as "Don't Change Your Husband," and "Why Change Your Wife?" and with such physical revelations, as "Male and Female"—particularly by Gloria and Bebe—is creating within his secret sanctum at the Lasky studio, a celluloid in which faith plays a part. This is the "welcome home" reception for Elliot Dexter, who re-



May Allison, as she appears in "The Cheater."

turns to the screen with new vigor and understanding. He plays a cripple. On the histrionic committee with him are Mlle. Swanson the Glorious, Monte Blue, and Theodore Roberts.

Allen Holubar, another of our directorial stars, plans production of a story treating of spiritualistic influences. Whatever one's persuasion as to the theory of which Conan Doyle is now the world protagonist, the picture should interest. Mr. Holubar has made a thorough study of his subject, and he is earnest. He will have the advantage of an excellent star, Miss Dorothy Phillips, his wife.

What could better fulfill the prophecy of spiritual drama than a translation of the Bible to *la langue cinemese*? The rumor was bruited for some time. I wasn't interested at first because I was told that the play would start with Genesis and continue to Revelations—all at one sitting! I felt that by the time the fade-out came I'd be in the place of final revelations. Then I heard it was to be modernized. That *was* exciting! Fancy Herod's party being censored by the Pennsylvania board! But plans changed. We hear now that the great book will be filmed in episodes,

Continued on page 95



*"The Six Best Cellars," with Bryant Washburn and Wanda Hawley is a distinct novelty, and deliciously funny, to boot.*

## A Tabloid Review

Of some recent screen plays offered for your guidance.

By Peter Milne

**M**Y colleague and coreviewer has been expounding what he is pleased to call "the spiritual drama."

I have chosen as the anti-prandial cocktail to precede my own celluloid feast, an example of "the drama of spirits"—ardent spirits, to borrow a phrase from our forefathers.

In these days when the prohibition question seems to have come very much to life again—judging from the activities in various State legislatures, and elsewhere—"The Six Best Cellars" is very timely.

But don't be alarmed—the picture is no argument for either side of the debate. It is sheer amusement, and if you have a sense of humor you'll laugh at it, no matter what your politics or moral attitude on the question may be.

The story concerns the very amusing attempts of a young couple, moving in the very best circle of a suburban town, to make a stock of home-made wine. As all of us have known of some very amusing experiences along this line—if we haven't had them ourselves—this picture is bound to strike a universally responsive chord. It is deliciously funny—as entertaining as a bottle of wine—and with no after effects. Moreover, it's a novelty, and that is always a treat. Bryant Washburn and Wanda Hawley represent the two principal characters in this very timely comedy.

"His Wife's Money"—A husband who objects to living on his wife's millions is the central figure of this engaging drama, which is by all odds the best Selznick picture that has been awarded Eugene O'Brien since he achieved star's estate. Zena Keefe appears as the wife who couldn't understand her husband's feelings. Their conflict is always very human and interesting.

"The Sporting Duchess" Drury Lane melodrama again with the familiar but always useful race-track finish, made sustaining and often thrilling, despite plot absurdities, by the splendid acting of Alice Joyce, Percy Marmont, and Gustave von Seyffertitz.

"Silk Husbands and Calico Wives"—Utilizing the situation of the homespun wife unable to keep stride with her ambitious husband. A realistic work, but one which the author, Monte Katterjohn, has piloted to no dramatic conclusion. House Peters is effective as the silk husband.

"The Stolen Kiss"—Which traces the life of one of those ever "glad" heroines from early girlhood to maidenhood. An ample vehicle for Constance Binney in the way of characterization, but one which is episodic and at times quite false in conception.

"The Road to Divorce"—An elemental story based

*Continued on page 94*

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In which it is explained why  
so many blondes are seen on  
the screen nowadays.

By Celia Brynn

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rued the day she'd heard of chemicals. It just happened that her new coloring photographed somewhat muddily—she was essentially a brunette, you see—and now she's in an awful fix. You can't paint the lily—or bleach the rose—without running risks."

From another source I had it that one reason for the blondes' popularity is not because there are so many of them, but because so few of our leading men are light.

"The law of opposite attraction works even on the screen, and with a dark-haired man we must have a light-haired woman," was the explanation. "Then, too, a blond girl seems more appealing; no one expects belligerency of a fluffy-haired little blonde, you know, and that helps the audience to appreciate the hero's efforts in protecting her."



H ver.

*Charlie Chaplin's heart was won by  
golden-haired Mildred Harris.*



M. shkin.

*Anna Q. Nilsson is one of our most  
beautiful blondes.*

It would be foolish to assert that blond popularity is an entirely new thing, for cinematically speaking, we have always adored yellow tresses. Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Lillian Gish, and Kathlyn Williams are among the "old-timers" whose golden coifs have helped make them famous. But until recently—within the last year, says my friend the casting director—there has been no indication of an overpowering urge on the part of producers to illumine the screen with yellow hair exclusively.

The unheralded "blond wave," to quote the casting director again, has brought into the limelight many ingénues who, heretofore have done little except lend their youthful beauty to the silversheet in minor parts and "bits," and who are now in demand for the most important rôles.

Louise Lovely is back on the screen after a period of private life, recalled to cinema's arms by the insistent demand of producers and public for her blond Lovely-ness.

Mildred Davis, a demure little Quakeress from Philadelphia, who, a few months ago was furnishing "atmosphere" for Universal pictures, has now come into prominence as Harold

*Continued on page 86*

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# What the Fans Think

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

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

We assail the plots of the movies,  
Calling them hackneyed and stale;  
We sneer at their "utter sameness,"  
And their "passé style" bewail;  
We plead for original stories—  
We beg for plots "fresh" and "new,"  
And we really think we mean it,  
But I wonder whether we do?

Yes, I wonder if we would relish  
A change from the usual plan;  
Huh! I prophesy that "different" plots  
Would soon be under a ban!  
For instance, suppose that the villain  
Won the heroine for his bride,  
Or the vampire's sinuous tactics  
Lured the hero to her side!

Suppose the spy passed undiscovered,  
Or the "wrong" horse won the race;  
The dishonest cad was triumphant,  
And the honest chap died in disgrace;  
Or the angel child's sweet pleading  
Failed the parents' hearts to unite,  
And no kindly hand saved the "old folks"  
When the mortgage loomed in sight!

Do you think we would thrill at such "newness,"  
And admire the "original" theme,  
Or demand that henceforth our movies  
With such new style plottings must teem?  
No, sir! we would beg for the old kind  
Where virtue's reward soon is seen,  
Where the wicked go down to destruction,  
And a kiss and a clinch end each scene!

R. G.—Chicago, Illinois.

## Let the Leading Men Alone.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Here's something that strikes me as peculiar. Why is it that as soon as a leading man has shown himself entirely capable, his producer takes him out of his natural and proper environment, and makes him a star? Here are Eugene O'Brien, Elliott Dexter, and now Conway Tearle, doubtless three of the most popular leading men that ever graced the screen. O'Brien is a star, Dexter will be seen in his own pictures, Tearle is now working on his first starring picture.

Wouldn't a boxing promoter be censured if he took a champion lightweight and called him a heavyweight just for the additional publicity such an act would receive? Not that all our screen leading men are lightweights in any sense of the word, but they often are not "heavy" enough to stand alone without the support of a feminine star. To cite a case in point, I have seen all the pictures in which Eugene O'Brien has starred, and not one of them even approaches anything he ever did when he was appearing in support of Norma Talmadge.

Of course, there is a distinction in being a star instead of merely a supporting character. But when better performances are given in support, why make pictures weaker by separating a crackling good team like the Talmadge-O'Brien combination? And good leading men are all too scarce on the screen to-day. Wouldn't a way out of the difficulty present itself by having the producer costar his feminine luminary with his masculine lead? Or won't most of the famous ladies permit it?

A. FAN—San Francisco, California.

## "Boys! Boys! Boys!"

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

After reading Mr. Herbert Howe's forecast in the February number of PICTURE-PLAY, I just had to write and tell you that the article suited us to a T.

We love boys! You know, some of us mothers and fathers have boys! And what is more interesting than a boy's face, full of life, earnestness, and promise? We are movie fans, and, like all other fans, have our favorites. Charles Ray heads the list. He has a plaintive, appealing look in his eyes which seems to ask us to love him, and we do. How different from Gloria Swanson, who has a haughty look which seems to ask us not to like her—and we don't. Dick Barthelmess is our next favorite, and Cullen Landis after Dick. Of course, John Barrymore is perfection. His face often comes before us as he appeared in "The Test of Honor." But then, he can't be counted as a movie actor. Why can't we get some of these boys' pictures on the front pages instead of so many girls with so many curls?

B. F. H.—Nashville, Tennessee.

## A Plea for the Costume Play.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

It is apparently one of the superstitions of the motion-picture producer that the public doesn't want costume plays. The chief basis of the belief is the fact that several produced a few years ago were failures.

Those who remember these early efforts at "period" pictures will recall that they were ugly and graceless, that the wigs were obviously wigs, and that the costumes looked as though they had been rented from firms that specialize in furnishing garments for masquerade balls. Certainly these plays were put on without any regard for pictorial beauty of either costume or scenery.

But since that time both stage and studio decoration has advanced marvelously. Art directors are achieving pictorial effects that were unimagined only a few years ago. Many modern stories are photographed in backgrounds that would be appropriate to medieval dramas.

Even when a producer buys a story that properly should be photographed "in period," he tries to make it as modern as he can instead of attempting to retain the flavor and charm of the original. For instance, it would be preposterous to film Dickens with a modern atmosphere, and yet plays and novels that date back to Dickens' time are spruced up and varnished.

The successes of the eighties and nineties should be filmed with full regard to costume and manners. When these dramas are modernized we find a curious conflict between the clothes and the ideals. Some of the old-fashioned stories are ridiculous in their new clothes. If they were presented "in style," they would gain a certain appeal and charm.

Modern lighting, modern costuming, and the skill of the art directors can do away with the ugliness and artificiality of the costume play. Why doesn't some producer give the costume play a chance?

JOHN R. DANIEL—Brooklyn, New York.

## A Plea for the Screen Father.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

There is a certain thing in pictures that strikes me as being rather peculiar, and I've never heard it explained.

Why is the screen father so old? While the heroine is invariably depicted as being eighteen or twenty, her father is generally shown to be sixty or seventy.

In real life all around us we find daughters of that age whose fathers are only forty or forty-five—which is not considered old these days. Why do we not see them on the screen?

Is the screen father shown aged just to give the character actor a chance? Respectfully,

G. D.—Lake Forest, Illinois.

## Comedies Again.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I am so glad of your invitation to offer a word concerning comedy in pictures. How many, many times have I hoped against hope that a story was coming when a promising scene was thrown on the screen at the beginning of a comedy, only to settle back with a feeling of disappointment when, as you put it, a series of "gags" was flashed before me. I do believe most of us love fun; I believe most of us feel wonder-

{ Continued on }  
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**A new era in teeth protection**

These new discoveries mark a new era in teeth cleaning. Tooth beauty comes through removing the cloudy film coat. But that also means vastly more. It means safer, cleaner teeth. And it doubtless will mean, in the years to come, a vast reduction in tooth troubles.

Dentists everywhere are urging people to adopt this new protection.

# Why Teeth Glisten

## Millions of Them Now

*All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities*

You see glistening teeth in every circle now. For millions of teeth are being cleaned in a new way. They are not only whiter, but cleaner and safer. And leading dentists everywhere are urging this method's adoption.

A ten-day test, which costs you nothing, will show what it means to you.

### To end the film

The purpose is to end the film—the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is that film-coat which 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.

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve film. So brushing has left much of it intact. Millions of well-brushed teeth, on this account, dis-

color and decay. Few people escape tooth troubles, and it is largely because of that film.

### Now a combatant

Dental science, knowing these facts, has long sought a film combatant. It has now been found. Convincing clinical and laboratory tests have proved it beyond question.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste in all ways meets modern requirements. Millions of people have already tried it, and the results you see on every hand show what it means to teeth.

### The vital facts

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumen. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So this method long seemed barred. Now science has found a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Pepsodent accomplishes two other great results. But its all-important quality is this action on the film.



### Mark the results in ten days

One cannot question the Pepsodent effects. They are too conspicuous.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Compare the results with results you get now. Then read the reasons for them. After such a test, neither you nor yours will be content with old methods of teeth cleaning. Cut out the coupon now.

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*The New-Day Dentifrice*

A scientific film combatant, now advised for daily use by leading dentists everywhere. In three great ways it meets modern requirements. Druggists supply the large tubes.

<b>10-DAY TUBE FREE</b> <small>377</small>
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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to
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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

THE  
PICTURE ORACLE  
Questions and Answers about the Screen

**WESTERN DOLL.**—I never heard of your friend Mabel. Gloria Swanson was married recently in California to Herbert K. Sanborn, president of the Equity Pictures Corporation. She gave her age as twenty. Natalie Talmadge has played in several pictures, but has never stuck to it. She plays in one of Norma's recent films, "The Isle of Conquest." "A Daughter of Two Worlds" is Norma Talmadge's latest film.

**LOUISE L.**—Constance Talmadge is not married. "Susan Rocks the Boat" is the name of Dorothy Gish's newest picture.

**MISS SOPHIA S.**—Marie Walcamp has been in Japan making scenes for her latest serial, "The Petals of Lao-Tze." She married her leading man, Harlan Tucker, while over there.

**S. J. F.**—Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, on January 14, 1901. She is not married. Antonio Moreno arrived on this earth at Madrid, Spain, in 1888. William Duncan is married. Harold Lloyd was born in Nebraska in 1893. His most recent comedy is called "From Hand to Mouth." Sorry, but I can't help you to get into pictures.

**NORMA TALMADGE AND WALLACE REID ADMIRER.**—We give no personal addresses of the players. Your only chance to communicate with your favorites is by sending your letter to their studio addresses given at the end of this department. Your letter will be received by them O. K. I am sure that Norma Talmadge is quite too busy to make a personal call on you. Between work at her studio and attending to her enormous correspondence she is kept hustling, and as Wallace Reid is in California, I am afraid you will have to forgo that pleasure from him. Miss Talmadge was born in Niagara Falls, New York, in 1897.

**ALICE BRADY ADMIRER.**—Your favorite was born in New York City. You will find her address at the end of this department.

**I. W.**—William S. Hart has his own producing company, and is making films for Famous Players-Lasky. He was starred in "The Silent Man," but it was a feature and not a two-reeler, as you think.

**MISS CATHERINE T.**—Juanita Hansen has just finished work on her new serial, "The Lost City," for Warber Brothers. She appeared with all the famous Selig wild animals. Jack Mulhall is not married to Juanita.

**JOHN N.**—Jane Novak was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1896. They are Americans. Eva is her younger sister. Eva

played the lead opposite Tom Mix in "The Feud."

**ANXIOUS MAIDEN.**—Frank Mayo has not left the screen. He is being featured by Universal. Ruby de Remer was born in Denver, Colorado. That ought to tell you her nationality. Edith Johnson is not married to Bill Duncan. Evelyn Greely was born in Lexington, Kentucky. John Bowers has not left the screen. He is under contract with Goldwyn, and is appearing in Pauline Frederick's latest film.

**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.

**BRIGHT EYES.**—Wallace McCutcheon, Pearl White's husband, played with her in "The Black Secret." The subscription price to PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE is two dollars a year.

**LILLIAN B.**—Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896. Her real name is Marion Doris. She began her career as a member of the chorus in "Chin Chin." Her first success on the stage was in the popular play, "Stop Look, Listen." She went from Ziegfeld's well-known "Follies" to the screen. She has been starred in nine features. She is a regular blonde and is five feet four and a half inches tall.

**LOIS L. B.**—Lillian Gish was born in 1896. Baby Marie Osborne is making

features for her father, Leon T. Osborne. They will be released by the Republic Pictures Corporation. There is no studio which uses children more than any other at present. They all use them.

**HAROLD C. A.**—Harold Lloyd is now working on his new contract for Pathé, making a series of special two-reel comedies. Harry Watson of Bickle & Watson is the fellow who appeared in the Musty Suffer series of pictures for George Kleine some time back. Harry is now headlining on the Orpheum circuit with his Battling Kid Dugan act.

**HARTWELL B.**—Constance Talmadge mails pictures to her admirers, but I don't see how she could possibly answer all the letters she receives. If she did she'd have enough corresponding to do to keep her busy day and night. She probably didn't receive your letter. Write again and find out.

**PEARL K.**—The Scenario Booklet has been mailed to you.

**ANGELA B.**—You should have sent a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wanted me to mail those addresses to you. You will find them all at the end of this department.

**"CATCH ME."**—Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896. That is her correct name. Enid Bennett is Mrs. Fred Niblo in real life. Her hubby directs her in her productions for Paramount. It isn't a case of where one wants to go, it's Where can one go? What was the lock of hair for? The *Motion Picture News*, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City, publishes a directory with the names and addresses of all the actors and actresses. You can get any address you want by writing and asking yours truly. Yes, you could sing in the movies, but no one would know it. You certainly have some wonderful plans mapped out for yourself, haven't you?

**FRANCES A.**—Smiling Bill Parsons died several months ago. Look at the end of The Oracle for the addresses you want. Your taste seems to run to comedies.

**IRENE MCM.**—What did you write there for? Mabel Normand is not dead. She is busily engaged making comedy dramas for Goldwyn at Culver City, California, at the present. Neal Hart is appearing in two-reel westerns for the Capitol Film Company. It isn't Harold or Howard Graves. The young man's name is Ralph Graves. You will find the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle. Marguerite Clark was born in 1887. Geraldine Farrar is five years older than Marguerite, and Douglas Fairbanks is one





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# GRAY HAIR TELLS TALES



*Banish It!*

AS discordant as a costume of pink and orange, or as a precious jewel set in a tarnished mounting, is a youthful, piquant face framed in gray, faded hair.

Inattention to this important detail of the toilette is responsible for the failures of many women of otherwise impeccable appearance to win recognition in society or advancement in the professions or in business.

Gray, mottled or streaked hair may not be any more readily condoned than soiled linen or a shiny nose. To be well groomed the hair must be neatly coiffed and any gray spots or streaks must be tinted.

## BROWNATONE

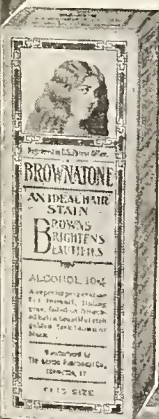
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COVINGTON, KY. U.S.A.

# The Strange Boarder

Continued from page 77

that she held a highly responsible position, and that her honesty had never been doubted.

"Why didn't you tell me," the inspector said to Gardner, "that you had a perfectly good alibi?"

Jane and Sam left the station together. But before they departed, Inspector Ryan gave Sam this parting advice: "Stick around town, old chap, for that alibi might blow up, and then we would want you again."

And sure enough it did blow up. But not before it had cost Jane her position in the bank. The bank officials said they were sorry, but for the sake of the bank, she would have to be dropped. They didn't relish the sort of publicity she brought them. The next day the police found witnesses that had seen Sam Gardner in the vicinity of Jake Bloom's place immediately after the murder. Sam was returned to prison.

Jane Ingram, now almost insane with her troubles, started to the jail to talk with Gardner in his cell. It seemed incredible that she should have permitted herself to be dragged so low. She, a well-bred, comely, and brilliant young business woman had wrecked her career, perjured her word by false swearing, and had become the intimate of gamblers, thieves, and murderers. Jails had become almost as familiar to her as the filing cabinets in her own office. She foresaw the life imprisonment, possibly the hanging of Sam Gardner, and there was no one to take charge of little Billy unless she did it herself. Hence she nerved herself to pass once more within the prison portals and learn from Sam what property he really had—and how he wanted poor innocent little Billy cared for.

As she entered the visiting room of the cell house, she saw the snake-faced Mr. Hinch talking through the bars to Gardner.

"You're the strangest man I ever knew," Hinch told Gardner with a peculiarly significant accent to his words. "And you just sit tight until to-morrow afternoon."

When Hinch left, Jane stepped forward and began thrashing out her bitter business with the jailbird. She demanded the truth from his lips now, if ever he told the truth in his life. She showed him the clipping of the advertisement for suckers that she had found in his room.

"Yes," Sam said, "that's how big a fool I was. That advertisement lured me from my Arizona ranch. I brought ten thousand dollars with

me, and in your own bank, the confidence men got it and walked out."

"Was that you?" Jane exclaimed in her surprise.

No wonder this man, after his treatment by the city sharpers had become embittered, and finally, in his effort to win back his losses at the gaming table, had shot the crook who balked him when he was winning.

"This fact will help mitigate things at your trial," Jane said.

"They ain't gonna be no trial," Gardner replied with his same childish candor and good humor.

"Why not?" Jane demanded with startled hopes and fears.

"Because the man that did this murder will stand up in court and confess it. He will tell the whole story and say he was justified."

Jane thought this was the best way out of it. Sam's confession would not let him off scot-free, but it would gain him an indeterminate sentence, and he could hope to be paroled after serving a year. So she busied herself trying to get his money matters in hand. He told her he owed nothing in Chicago except his current week's board bill. He gave Jane nineteen hundred dollars which the police were keeping for him, and told her that he would be out before she had used up that money. Jane told him not to worry, as she had four thousand dollars in a savings bank herself.

Jane went home and began arranging her affairs. She would take her money and Sam's and remove to some smaller town where Billy could ride a pony in safety, and there she would find another job in a bank or an office.

Two evenings later, as she was packing her trunk, some one came into the room and, putting one hand over her mouth for a gag, blindfolded her with the other hand. She could not scream nor see who her assailant was. Strong arms lifted her clear off the floor. Then the hands slipped from her face, and she was turned about and let down gently in the embrace of Sam Gardner. Her face, white with surprise, now flamed red. Sam boldly kissed her.

She could not find her tongue. Sam realized then that she had not heard the news. He held an evening extra before her eyes, and she read:

Gardner spent half the night with me pleading for me to forgive Bloom. This guy Gardner is the best man that ever lived. He forgives his enemies as fast

as they do him dirt. But I couldn't never forgive Jake Bloom for ruinin' my home. I went and shot him as soon as Sam Gardner left. You police are nuts right in arresting a man like Gardner and trying to hang this crime on him; a whiter man than him never trod the earth. I'm in Canada now, and I'm going to turn square.

(Signed) CHARLES HINCH.

Tears of joy gushed from Jane's eyes as she read the lines, and, turning to Gardner, she threw her arms about him and said:

"I knew it, I knew it, I knew it."

Sam smiled, and his own tears seeped out on his eyelashes.

"You're all packed up," he said. "We're going back to Arizona."

"But how about your big business interests in Chicago?" she asked.

Sam laughed. "Didn't you read in that sucker-baiting ad? I invested my ten thousand dollars in hot air. I'm a permanent stockholder in the sucker-plucker business, ain't I?"

"It's a pity that a noble man like you should come to the city to be swindled," Jane commiserated.

"Swindled!" Sam's laugh rang out as carelessly as a child's. "Do you call it being swindled when a fool rancher comes into a great city like this and goes into the leading bank and walks off with the biggest treasure in it?"

And Jane was too modest to reply.

**Fade-Outs**

*Continued from page 65*

The plot of "Anne Of Green Gables" is termed "simple and clean."

Reminds us somewhat of our physical and mental condition Sunday mornings.

—o—

**Poor Season for Princes.**

"The Prince And Betty" teaches us that even a pauper can become a prince, but, as Mike Kelly, the mail man, says: "W i h w t b a p?"

—o—

**Can You Answer: "Yes" or "No"?**

In Taylor Holmes' "Nothing But The Truth," it is demonstrated that a man cannot tell the truth for twenty-four hours and get away with it.

How utterly, ridiculously silly. Why, we've told nothing but the truth all our life and we doubt if any of our readers doubt we doubt they doubt it. Do you?

—o—

**Puzzle Picture.**

In "The Day She Paid," the heroine, to cleanse her soul, confesses her sin, although it rent her heart in twain.

Which leaves us a bit in the dark—whether the day she paid was Wash Day or Rent Day.

# Bonnie-B VEIL

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## The Real Thing

Continued from page 34

"Bein' a star's just luck. Monroe Salisbury was goin' to let me do three more pictures when Selig offered me seventy a week to come over there, and after my first picture was shown I had three offers in a week. That was too much for me, so I hired an attorney like they all do out here. Think o' me, just a cowboy, with an attorney! He told me how to play the game to get the best offer, and before I got through with it I was pretty scared for fear they'd all blow up, and I be a dead bird. But they didn't and here I am doin' drama. Last month for the first time in my life I had money to put in the bank. The first time I had an extra two hundred, I started buyin' an automobile, and now I'm beginnin' to look at bungalows. It's the first time in my life I ever felt satisfied to settle down."

It's my guess that Mrs. Buck Jones and a quite new little Miss Jones have had something to do with this feel-

ing. Mrs. Buck is described as "just a regular girl" who found life in Philadelphia dull and ran away to ride in the 101 show. She must be a pretty good sport to marry a cowboy who never knew what it was to have anything coming to him on pay day, but she did it and took chances with him in the pictures.

"I've picked out a great bunch of boys, champions at rope throwing, bulldogging steers, fellows that can ride all over a horse. A lot of these fellows may not like to talk about their past—my own uncle would go just so far back and then stop, for you know the law's a thing you can't bend when you get up against it, and fellows come out to the cattle ranches from everywhere—but if they don't play square when they get among cowboys, they don't stay there, see? So if I want a square deal, I'll go to a cowboy every time."

After talking with Buck Jones and Joe Ryan, I believe I'd do that same.

## Golden Gleams for the Silversheet

Continued from page 79

Lloyd's leading woman, and Doris Baker, a blond sub-deblet of fifteen, who until a year ago was only heard of in occasional child parts, is now playing with Margery Wilson, and also has a contract with the Santa Monica Film Company to be featured in future productions.

Juanita Hansen, who is one of the screen's most popular baby-doll blondes, used to have "bits" that suited her type, and every one was satisfied—until public sentiment turned golden and demanded more of the fair Juanita, so now she is playing the leading rôle in Selig's serials, and promises to be as popular a leading lady as she was an ingénue.

Winifred Westover, Anna Q. Nilsson, and Clara Horton are three other beauties of the silent drama whose golden locks have boosted their popularity several notches by reason of the great "blond wave" as the casting director would call it. Winifred has just finished "John Petticoats" with William Hart—who, by the way, has a penchant for blondes.

Such red-blooded masculine stars as Douglas Fairbanks, Bill Duncan, and Jim Corbett all maintain that their best work is done when the

lady in the case has fair hair. Doug has fairbanked for such blondes as Wanda Hawley and Pauline Curley, while Bill Duncan maintains that a blonde is the ideal heroine for a serial full of thrills and throbs. Edith Johnson has been his leading woman for the last three serials he has made for Vitagraph, and if her health holds out under the strenuous job of being rescued by the doughty Bill, she will continue to be the rescuer of many other serial episodes. Jim Corbett had Kathleen Kirkham for a leading woman in his "Midnight Man" serial, made at Universal, and in making other pictures, promises to have a fair-haired leading woman—if he can find one who isn't working.

But oh, little girl with the golden curls—don't think that this means that you could walk straight into the studios and find wonderful rôles waiting for you: Old Dame Fate always tucks a joker into the pack, and in this case it takes the form of one little word—"capable." So don't begin hunting up time-tables for Los Angeles or New York, and begin fitting on the imaginary halo of stardom. Everybody wants blondes—but they must be actresses first and blondes afterward, so to speak.

### How to Find the Cream You Need

Stand in a good light—examine your face carefully in a mirror, and then—

#### Study this Chart

**Acne Cream**—for pimples and blackheads.

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**Foundation Cream**—for use before face powder.

**Lettuce Cream**—for cleansing in place of soap and water.

**Motor Cream**—for skin protection, before exposure.

**Tissue Cream**—for wrinkles and crows' feet.

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Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 52

It was a fact that the first sale brought one hundred and fifty-seven rejection slips as a reward for the many months labor over a typewriter. But that was, of course, before I learned that my typewriter could not write stories, and that the little machine must be employed by busy fingers that moved at the request of a creative brain. Thanks to the grand old characters of the old days who never failed to lend a helping hand where it was deserved, I learned my little lesson. William Lord Wright gave me some advice that set me on my feet. The result of that advice was the sale of "Nadine of Nowhere," "Leap and Look Thereafter," "Married for Revenge," "Bluffing Father," "A Jitney Driver's Romance," et cetera. With the realization that scenario writing was a serious business that required serious thought, study, and work, came the small measure of success that has crowned my efforts. I have yet a long ways to travel before I can reach the desired goal, but my pathway is strewn with the roses of bitter experience, and I know that some day my reward will come. I hold a soft spot in my heart for those who offered aid and advice in my struggles to make good, and among them all there is not one who I could accuse of ever stealing an idea. Whatever success I may attain I shall never forget that I owe a debt of gratitude to Grace Emerson, Monte Katterjohn, William Lord Wright, Epes Winthrop Sargent, Shamon Fife, Allen Curtis, Jasper Ewing Brady, Phil Lang, and a score of others, each of whom have did something to aid me in the struggle to make good. Twenty produced stories sounds good to most young writers. To me it is merely the bright spots in a hard fight to gain recognition.

I hope some day to make my name stand for honest, creative effort that will help to make the new art something bigger and better than we even dream of to-day. If I succeed in my ambition it will be because I am not afraid of work and because I am always willing to learn from those who have traveled the same road before me. Youthful writers will do well to earn the respect of the editors by submitting careful work and spending less time in condemning men and women who are just as anxious to discover merit as you are to attain it. Help the youthful and aspiring writers by showing the editors that only a small per cent are hopeless boobs. To do that you must work and study the art before you flood the studios with conventional trash. Make your 1920 resolution read—WORK, WORK, WORK, AND MORE WORK. That's the "open Sesame" to success. There is no other.

The "Go-Get-'Em" Girls.

"I'll Get Him Yet!" said Dorothy,  
 "Nor rest until I weddum!"  
 And after smooth and peppy work  
 She to the altar leddum!  
 "I'll get him yet!" piped Lillian,  
 As little "True Heart Susie"—  
 And so she did—but had to wade  
 Through doings sad and bloozey!  
 Can you imagine any chap  
 A-going 'gainst their wishes?  
 They'd have it easy getting ME—  
 These go-and-gettum Gishes!

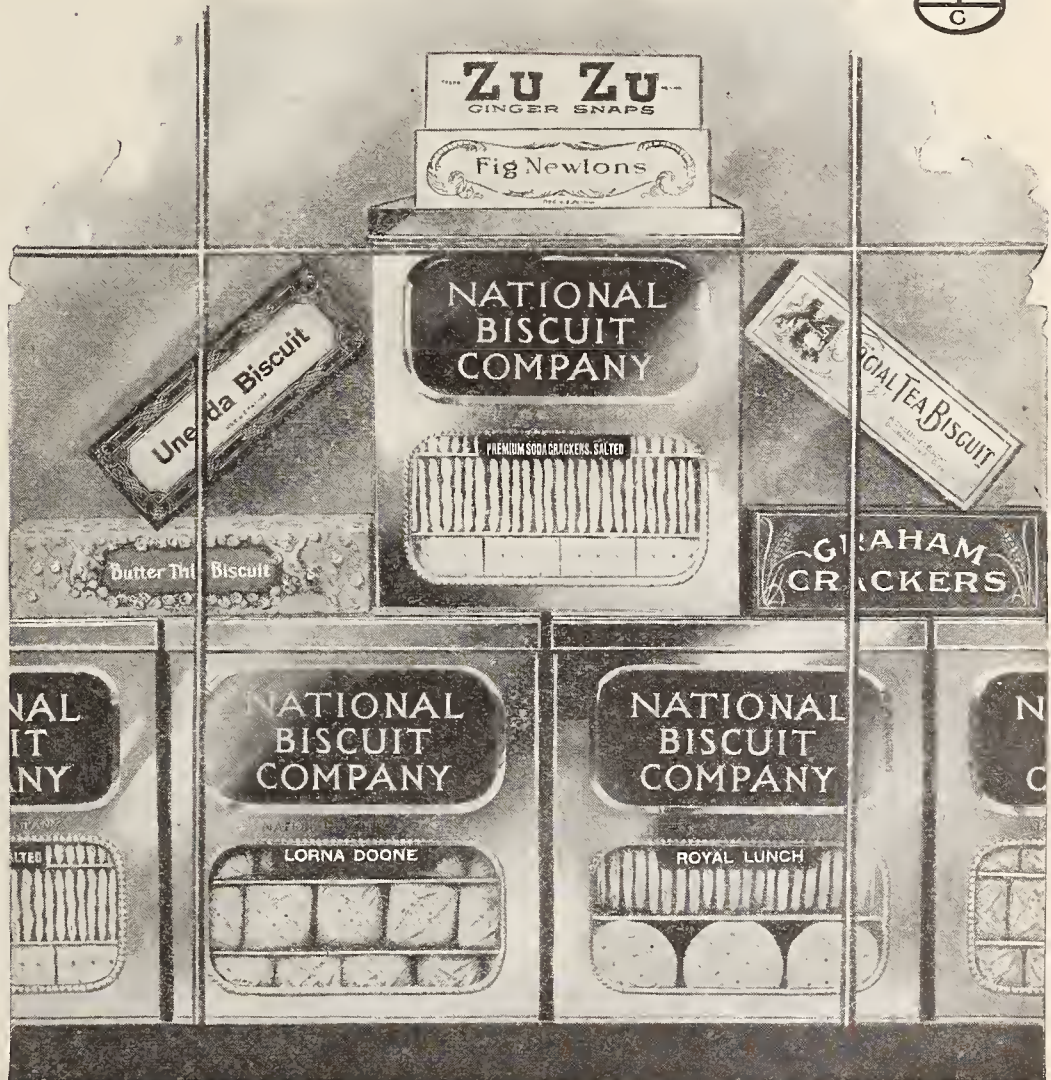


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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



A School for Stars

Continued from page 29

recommended him to my attention. When he came through that office door I exclaimed to myself, 'Gee, I wonder if that kid can act?' A single glance and I knew he had personality, intelligence, breeding, and a certain amount of good looks. I am now looking for the proper plays for him."

There are reasons for Mr. Ince's gambling apart from zest in the game. It is almost impossible to engage established stars, because they are under contract. Then, too, the public is fickle. It constantly demands new favorites.

"So far as money is concerned it would be cheaper to engage a ready-made star," said Mr. Ince. "If you intend to make a star from an unknown player you must put him under contract for a long term, and you must devote money and time to getting him the right plays and exploitation. By the time he has arrived as a star and is valuable his contract is up, and you have to pay him as much as you would had you engaged him ready-made.

"There is a magnificent opportunity in pictures for young men and women. There is a dearth of really good players. True, the field is overcrowded—with those who have no chance—as are all fields of worthwhile endeavor.

"It is not so difficult to determine whether you can be an actor or not. Just be fair with yourself. Look squarely into the mirror. Don't mistake the *desire* for *ability*. That's something that so many do. Don't listen to friendly advice; it usually proves unfriendly. Above all, *look within yourself.*"

The appraising blue eyes of Mr. Ince were directed on me.

"Look within yourself! You know what you are, your strength and your weakness, your assets and your liabilities. If you don't know, you will never be a success in any business. Look within yourself!"

I wanted to protest that I had no desire to examine my interior, that I never did want to be an actor. Thank the gods! Because after I got through looking within myself—with the Ince eyes looking at me—I'd have done a Sarah Bernhardt lachrymal scene.

"Suppose you are pleased with the panorama of your inwards?" I countered. "Suppose you have confidence that is not conceit, how in the name of Christopher Columbus and

1852  
AUGUST

W.L. DOUGLAS PEGGING SHOES AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE

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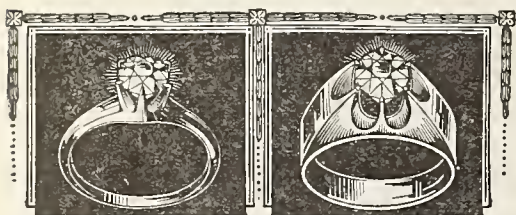
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are "as a cloud before the sun," hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

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Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet—

"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?"  
Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. Sold by all druggists.

STILLMAN CREAM CO.  
Dept. 11 Aurora, Ill.

Thomas H. Ince do you set about being discovered?"

"Ah, there's the rub." The Ince eyes twinkled. "It's difficult, but talent will out. You can't hide it. I am a strong believer in dramatic schools—well and honestly run. My father conducted one. I often taught classes between road tours. The training required for the stage is the same as that for pictures. Perhaps it is a little more arduous, because the voice must be cultivated. Working as an extra in pictures is a long hard road to parts, unless you are so striking as to impress a blind man, and most directors are blind to the individual in the mob."

Then Mr. Ince made the revelation which will sound like a divine message to screen aspirants. He said:

"I am contemplating the establishment of a school for motion-picture acting here in Los Angeles. There are no schools at present that I could recommend. I intend to interest other producers in such an institution and form a board of supervising directors. It is not a money-making project. There is enough money to be made in pictures. Any time spent elsewhere is loss to me. However, this school would not be altogether for the benefit of the aspirants. It would be profitable to all producers because it would be a market where they could get what they badly need—new talent. A person with ability would not be in such a university two weeks before a producer would grab him. As for the rest, they would have a chance to work until they definitely proved their ability or their inability. At present it is obviously impossible for me to see all applicants at this office. It is impossible even for my casting director. So many mistaken ones come to us. At a school with a good examining director in charge they would be given a definite answer. There is much talent going to waste now for want of a chance. At a school it would be under constant observation of instructors who would be in a position to recommend it to our attention. Then when we needed a particular type of player either for star or for minor parts, the big chance would come."

I can think of no one better qualified to be founder and dean of such an academy than Thomas H. Ince, from whose tutelage have been graduated to stardom Charles Ray, William S. Hart, Dorothy Dalton, Frank Keenan, Sessue Hayakawa, Louise Glaum, Bessie Barriscale, Enid Bennett, Douglas MacLean, and Doris May.

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**M**ORE than half a million women keep their skin and hair beautifully youthful by a once-or-twice-a-week home treatment with The Star Electric Massage Vibrator. Quick. Convenient. Eliminates "beauty parlor" worries. Skin, scalp and hair respond surprisingly soon to this delightfully soothing method.

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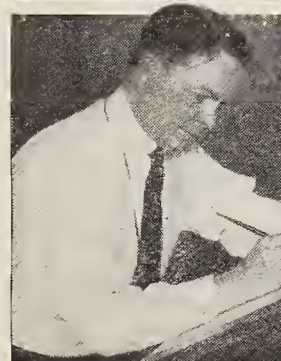
At all drug, department and electrical-goods stores. Price, \$5 for complete outfit. (Canadian price, \$7.50). If your dealer hasn't the "Star," send price, with his name and address, to us, We'll ship direct to you. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co. Dept. 223, Torrington, Conn. Get a "Star" today!

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If you have ideas and like to draw, you may have in you the making of a great cartoonist. Developing natural ability is the surest road to success.

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Genuine—Original

BY actual test genuine DeMiracle is the safest and surest. When you use it you are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

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Three sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00  
At all toilet counters, or direct from us in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, \$1.04 or \$2.08, which includes war tax.

**DeMiracle**  
Dept. N-30, Park Ave. and 129th St.  
New York

## The Virgin of Stamboul

Continued from page 40

"Ah, many a one fell never to rise! The smoke of powder rose thicker than the fumes of Eblis.

"Hassan's men made a staircase of their bodies that their comrades might climb the walls, but all was in vain. Then Sari in her turn climbed up the living ladder, and biding her chance when one within fired, dropped over as though shot. Lying in wait till none watched she crept to the gates, and with her slender hands still torn and bleeding she put forth all her strength and turned the windlass which revolved the swinging portal.

"Two of the sheik's men sprang upon her like hungry wolves upon a lamb, but it was too late.

"Through the open gates dashed the troop from Stamboul, horses steaming, and in a moment swords were flashing and heads falling, even as the leaves of the late tree in paradise.

"By Allah, that must have been a fight for men to see!

"A stray shot passed through a window and killed the man who stood guard over Pemberton. Then my effendi dragging the body over by the rifle still in the clutching hand, took the keys from the dead guard's belt, and passing his hand through the wide grating of his cell set himself free. But not wholly, for upon him leaped the sheik who had come upon the scene. Long they struggled, man to man, yet unfairly on one side for the sheik held a sharp and crooked knife.

"Now while the fight without was coming to a close, Sari stole within the inner halls and searched wildly for her lover. How fiercely beat her heart when she found the cell empty.

"Suddenly she heard a sound, a sound of horror, of one gasping and groaning, and down the stairway stumbled one gory and terrible who

grimaced at her with bloody features.

"It was the sheik.

"Held to the spot by horror she stood unable to stir as he came nearer, hands groping at her garments. He was upon her, when, without warning, he fell forward upon his face, dead.

"Then looking up she beheld another, gory with wounds, but smiling down upon her as though undismayed, Pemberton Effendi. She went to him, and he drew her to him in the manner of lovers. As he did so they heard, without, the triumphant shouts of the victors, crying aloud their thanks to Allah the All Merciful."

Yusef ceased and drew a long puff at his pipe. Suddenly he withdrew the stem from his mouth and listened intently.

From the minaret of the neighboring mosque the muezzin was chanting in a thin voice the azan or call to prayer.

"Allahu Akbar! Allah is most great! Come to prayer. I bear witness that there is no god save Allah. I bear witness that Mohammed is the Prophet of Allah. My sins are great, greater is Allah's mercy. Allahu Akbar!"

Gravely Yusef bathed his hands then turning toward the holy city of Mecca, repeated his prayers to Allah, Lord of the Universe, the Merciful, the All Compassionate.

When he had finished his prayers he turned to me and, nodding his head with an expression of simple content, said:

"Of a truth Sari and Pemberton Effendi, although he be a giaour, have found favor in the eyes of Allah. May they be blessed as is the fruitful fig tree. May Allah preserve them in happiness and peace as he will all who truly love each other."

## "Does Pearl White Wear a Wig?"

Continued from page 63

cut the cake. The maids were having a holiday; they don't like parties. "When I was a youngster I lived on a run-down farm in Missouri; it had been the show place of the town when my mother came there as a bride, but she died before I was old enough really to know her, and my sister and brother and I had a bleak, drab childhood without any bright spots at all. I joined a traveling circus when I was just a kid—couldn't stand the other life any longer, but later on, when my

career as a tumbler was ended by a broken wrist, and I'd joined a dramatic company and was traveling with them, I missed even the sort of home I'd known. I spent my seventeenth birthday in Buenos Aires—the loneliest birthday a girl of that age ever had, I believe—at least, I hope it was! I'd hate to think any other youngster had ever been as unhappy as I was that day. So that's why I love having these youngsters around me—it's just what I'd like to have had!"

## STAMMER

If you stammer attend no stammering school till you get my big new FREE book and special rate. Largest and most successful school in the world curing all forms of defective speech by advanced natural method. Write today. North-Western School for Stammerers, Inc., 2365 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

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And that made me reflect that if the fans only knew it, there are lots of more interesting questions they could ask about her than the one about her hair.

They could ask about that home of hers at Bayside, for instance. It's an interesting old house, one of the oldest in that part of the country, and the grounds stretch away for miles. She has furnished it herself, scorning to engage a decorator to do it for her, and going through it with her is like taking a personally conducted tour through the countries where she's lived.

"This is my trophy room," she told me when we came to a little den at the end of one of the upstairs halls. "All those screens, and the walls are covered with especially nice little notes and remembrances from my fan friends all over the world; I just couldn't bear to tuck them away somewhere out of sight."

I didn't blame her for that, but I wondered if even she really knows how widespread her popularity is. It's a curious fact that, though she shares honors with many another screen favorite in this country, in foreign countries she is usually the most popular of the stars. That is partly due to the fact that serials are especially well liked by the South Americans, Europeans, and fans of countries still farther away, and partly to her daring, which particularly appeals to them. Then, too, she screens unusually well, better than some actresses who perhaps have stronger claims to actual beauty, and her stunning appearance in pictures has been no mean factor in shaping her success.

### Why I Paid \$175,000 for "Way Down East"

*Continued from page 58*

by machinery, and the milkmaid finds her occupation gone through the introduction of the electrical milking machine, the old oaken bucket has been thrown into the discard, and filtered water runs through modern pipe right into the farmhouse.

Rural life in America is a sacred memory. It should never be forgotten.

For many years I have received innumerable requests for a production that would recreate those "good old days down on the farm." I believe, in selecting "Way Down East," I have come upon the most representative story. It will be a work of pleasure and love to place it upon the screen, and for the realization of that opportunity the cost does not matter.

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They work naturally and form no habit

They work naturally and form no habit

They work naturally and form no habit

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**Rexall**  
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8 for 10¢  
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Don't send a penny. Upon your simple request we'll send you a genuine Lachnite gem mounted in either of these solid gold rings on 10 days' trial. These exquisite gems have the eternal fire of diamonds. Over 150,000 people have accepted this offer and have found the way to own beautiful jewelry at a trifling cost.

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## GIRLS! A MASS OF WAVY, GLEAMY BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Let "Danderine" save and glorify your hair



In a few moments you can transform your plain, dull, flat hair. You can have it abundant, soft, glossy and full of life. Just get at any drug or toilet counter a small bottle of "Danderine" for a few cents. Then moisten a soft cloth with the Danderine and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. Instantly, yes, immediately, you have doubled the beauty of your hair. It will be a mass, so soft, lustrous, fluffy and so easy to do up. All dust, dirt and excessive oil is removed.

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**"Hair-Dress"**



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**Send for Trial Jar** Send fifty cents today for a trial jar. Use it five days. If it isn't just what you have been looking for—send it back. Your money will be cheerfully returned to you. Send United States stamps, coin or money order. Your jar of delicately scented, greaseless Hair-Dress will be promptly mailed postpaid. Send for this wonderful toilet necessity today. **Send \$1.00 for Three Months' Supply.**

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## Screen Gossip

By the Screen Colonist

T. Roy Barnes, vaudeville star, appears in the Eminent Authors' production "Scratch My Back," by Rupert Hughes. Helene Chadwick has the leading feminine rôle.

Johnny Jones is the boy selected to play *Edgar* in a series of Booth Tarkington stories, "The Edgar Comedies," now being produced by Goldwyn.

"The City of Masks," by Harold MacGrath, is Robert Warwick's next picture.

Marie Doro has signed a contract to appear in Pioneer productions.

Grace Darmond has the leading rôle in Goldwyn's "The Great Accident."

When "Nothing a Year" is released by Jans Pictures, Inc., Lucille Lee Stewart, Anita's sister, will be seen in an important rôle.

In Metro's production of "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, May Allison is the star.

The first motion picture prepared under the direction of the Centenary Conservation Committee of the Methodist Church is now being shown.

Jack Sherrill, costarring with Ruth Clifford in "The Invisible Ray," recently plunged from an aeroplane into the St. John's river, fifty feet below, by way of adding one more thrill to this Frohman serial.

Margaret Shelby is appearing in "Jenny be Good," with her sister, Mary Miles Minter.

Sylvia Breamer has left the J. Stuart Blackton Company and signed a contract with Mayflower, for whom she will star in a series of Robert W. Chambers stories.

A film entitled "In the Days of Saint Patrick" has recently been made in Ireland, all the characters being played by Irish people.

Gladys Leslie appears in "A Child for Sale," an Ivan Abramson production.

Universal has engaged Alon Bement, a Columbia professor, to make for its Screen Magazine a

series of pictures in which he will reveal the secrets of palmistry.

Kitty Gordon and her daughter, Vera Beresford, are appearing on the stage in a musical comedy called "Lady Kitty, Inc."

Another opera singer is joining the motion-picture ranks—Margaret Namara, of the Chicago Opera Company, who will appear in American Cinema Productions, her scenarios being written by her husband, Guy Bolton, a well-known playwright.

Billie Burke, feeling that she can't make pictures days and appear on the stage evenings, has left "Cæsar's Wife," her stage production, and is making a picture called "Away Goes Prudence," with Percy Marmont as her leading man, before she begins her stage production of "A School for Scandal."

David Butler, who now heads his own company, announces "The Cheer-Up Boy" as his first production.

Robert Anderson, remembered as *M'sieu Cuckoo* in "Hearts of the World," and *Paul Patricia* in "The Heart of Humanity," is acting in and directing two-reel comedies for Universal.

Winifred Westover has signed a two-year contract with a Swedish motion-picture firm, the pictures to be made abroad.

Bessie Love is to play *Little Nell* in "The Old Curiosity Shop," as one of her 1920 rôles.

"Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," George Cohan's great stage success, is Charles Ray's first picture under his new First National contract.

Madame Yorska's most recent screen appearance is in "It Happened in Paris," based on a story by Sarah Bernhardt, whose protégé Yorska is.

Barbara Castleton has the leading rôle in "The Branding Iron," a story of tremendous interest, now being filmed by Goldwyn.

Mother Goose is at last coming into her rights on the screen, in a series of two reels now being filmed.

## What the Fans Think

Continued from page 80

fully relaxed, and then benefited, by hearty, spontaneous laughter, but the foolishness now so prevalent in comedy can, it seems to me, provoke nothing really mirthful or satisfying. And it does seem, at this point in picture-play evolution, that even comedy should be made to satisfy a certain need within us.

J. L. A.—McCook, Nebraska.

### Why Not Experiment?

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Not long ago the head of one of the large motion-picture companies said that the "movies" were beyond the experimental stage. He meant, I suppose, that most of the companies can gauge pretty accurately the commercial status of a picture, a director, or a star.

But it will be too bad when the movies stop experimenting. For when they do they will cease to advance as an art. They will simply become an extraordinarily successful industry. A few years ago the theater was in the same situation. It was sure of itself, and managers had stopped experimenting. Then entered the "little theater," or the art theater, if you care to call it that. The art theater ventured in paths that the commercial theater was afraid to tread. It was sponsored largely by amateurs—a word derived from the French word for love.

It is not likely that motion pictures will develop a group of loving and zealous amateurs. And yet the screen is in need of such a movement. Hundreds of good ideas in drama, acting, and staging are rejected every year because producers are afraid that they "are not what the public would care for," and that they would be a commercial failure. The public never gets the chance to decide.

The commercial theater has benefited immensely by the art-theater movement. Managers have adopted the methods of Reinhardt and Gordon Craig. Broadway producers are no longer afraid of Ibsen, Tolstoy, or Shaw. The art theater has been responsible for the revolutionizing of stage decoration and lighting.

If the men at the head of some of the big companies would sponsor an experimental company, they would find that the results would repay them. They would be able to test new methods and original ideas. The experimental company would be in a position to go on the adventures that the commercially successful director or player cannot afford to undertake. The best of the results brought forth could be placed at the disposal of the commercial companies.

Any such organization would also bring to motion pictures a finer type of brain and a higher idealism than is to be found among those who are just now attracted by what seems a good money-making proposition.

C. N. L.—Oakland, California.

### A Tribute to Little Mary.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I want to add my say about movies—for I'm a typical fan.

Of course, Mary Pickford is the best actress on the screen. She's the dearest, most human person there. There are people who prefer Nazimova, of course, but to me she doesn't seem like a real person. I shall go to see Mary Pickford when I'm so old I have to be carried to the theater!

MARY'S FAITHFUL ADMIRER, Washington, D. C.



## Cupid says: "Secure a Satin Skin"

A girl likes a fair faced, clean looking, manly fellow. The same fellow prefers natural beauty, a girl with satin skin. The secret of a satin skin is found in Satin Skin Cream (Cold or Greaseless), an essence of perfuming flowers, healing herbal extracts, beautifying balsams. You can make your skin a smooth, satin skin, free from blemish, add to your attractiveness, comfort and charm, by daily using Satin Skin Cream.

SATIN SKIN POWDER is dense, "holds tight," clings with the tenacity of the true friend that it is to your skin. Bestows refined fairness, a "smart" well groomed appearance. The best party and theatre powder, because it stays on. Satin Skin is stunning in street effect, neutralizing the brightness of day and sunlight, with a satiny soft glow. Made in five finest shades: Flesh, white, pink, brunette, naturelle.

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- II. Day and evening use Satin Skin Greaseless Cream.
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My book tells how, what, where to send, encourages talent, gives model and valuable pointers that every beginner should know, also tells about the copyright laws that bother so many beginners. For \$1.00. Lester de Frates Dept. B, Box 1461, Boston, Mass.

## Learn How to Write Short Stories

There is a big demand for short stories, photoplays and feature articles. You can learn how to write at home in spare time. Jack London said so. He and other great writers have endorsed our home study course. Course in fascinating and takes only a few of your spare hours. Write for free book and details of our Limited Introduction Offer. No obligations. Hoosier Institute, S. S. Dept 1585 Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Women say La-may stays on better than any other face powder.

UP to the present time it has been almost impossible to get a face powder to stay on the face longer than it takes to put it on. You powder your nose nicely and the first gust of wind or the first puff of your handkerchief and away goes the powder, leaving your nose shiny and conspicuous, probably just at the very moment when you would give anything to appear at your best. A specialist has at last perfected a pure powder that really stays on; that stays on until you wash it off. It does not contain white lead or rice powder to make it stay on. This improved formula contains a medicinal powder doctors prescribe to improve the complexion. In fact, this powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and irritations. It is also astringent, dis-



couraging flabbiness, crow's feet and wrinkles. This unusual powder is called La-may (French, Poudre L'Amé). Because La-may is pure and because it stays on so well, it is already used by over a million American women. All dealers carry the large sixty cent box and many dealers also carry the generous thirty cent size. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. We will give you five thousand dollars if you can buy a better face powder anywhere at any price. There is also a wonderful La-may talcum that sells for only twenty-five cents. Herbert Roystone, Dept. V, 16 East 18th St., New York.

## A Tabloid Review

Continued from page 74



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on the simplest version of the eternal triangle—selfish man, hard-working wife, and the butterfly. A great credit to the author, Grubb Alexander, the director, Philip Rosen, and the star, Mary MacLaren. Not as rich in production as "Stepping Out," but a companion piece in realism, entertaining quality, and fine effect.

"The Adventurer"—Adapted from, but not credited to, the romantic costume play, "Don César de Bazan." An excellent comedy-drama, a relief from the modern story, in which the observer is transported back to the swashbuckling, dueling, conniving, romantic, and adventurous days of old Spain, and which shows William Farnum in his exactly appropriate environment.

"The Blue Pearl"—A criminal mystery story raised to its *n*th degree of sustaining charm by skillful writing and direction and revealing the talents of three beautiful women, Edith Hallor, Florence Billings, and Faire Binney.

"Huckleberry Finn"—Mark Twain's rare humor and characterization on the screen in all its fascination and never-ending glory, produced in fine spirit by William D. Taylor and bringing out Lewis Sargeant as the ideal *Huck*. Put it on your "Must" list.

"The Virgin of Stamboul"—Turkish—tempestuous heroine—covetous sheik—gallant young American. Juggled and served with frills and thrills by H. H. van Loan, who has the "best seller" prescription down to a nicety. Priscilla Dean as the *Virgin*. You'll probably see it advertised as "best" and "greatest" and "most stupendous." It's one of that kind, and a fine sample.

"April Folly"—From the general incompetence displayed in all departments this might well be subtitled "Producer's Folly." Marion Davies seen as *April* with Conway Tearle opposite.

"The Forbidden Woman"—A very hackneyed woman-with-a-past plot, laid in handsome settings, with Clara Kimball Young in the title rôle.

"The Devil's Riddle"—And here the hero suspects the heroine is a woman with a past! Remarkable conventionality and artificiality dis-

played. Not worthy of Gladys Brockwell's talents.

"Easy to Get"—Very delightful little comedy in which the new wife, hearing her husband boast that she was easy to get, teaches him a severe lesson. Marguerite Clark back in her proper element again, praise be to the finally awakened intelligence of the producers. And Harrison Ford is the husband.

"Deadline at Eleven"—A newspaper melodrama in which the sob sister solves the murder mystery and frees the man she loves, from suspicion. Newspaper stories, when properly handled, as is this, always attract and so does "Deadline at Eleven," despite an inadequate plot. Corinne Griffith is the star.

"Black Is White"—This production's caliber may be measured by the fact that a man marries the same woman twice and fails to wake up until she tells him. Such men need alienists, not plots, particularly when the woman is Dorothy Dalton.

"The Fortune Hunter"—In which Earle Williams steps into the shoes worn by John Barrymore on the stage. Figuratively their feet are not the same size at all, but Winchell Smith's comedy comes to the screen with all its humor reënforced by appreciable handling while the star delivers a good performance and leaves a pleasing impression.

"The Woman Game"—Naughty society on the screen once again to the tune of a romance started in jest, but concluding seriously and happily, and which shows a cleverly maneuvered plot. Elaine Hammerstein is the central and very engaging figure.

"The Daredevil"—An array of thrilling and unusual stunts, a Western atmosphere and Tom Mix. By all odds his best picture to date, and be it all to his credit, as he wrote and directed it.

"In Search of a Sinner"—The irresistible Constance Talmadge again. Herein she searches for a naughty life after her husband, whose idea of a good time was a trip to the museum, has passed on. Spirited and funny but not quite as good as we expected from the title and the talk about it. John Emerson and Anita Loos prepared the scenario and titled it.

## The Healing Drama

Continued from page 73

each a story complete and true to time. Complementary to each biblical tale will be a modern parable.

That a right thought constantly held before the retina of the mind will strengthen a weakling will is proved by Charles Ray in "Alarm Clock Andy." Andy's intentions are clear, but his tongue and initiative are stuttering. He represents the multitudes who cannot achieve success, because they lack faith in themselves.

"Alarm Clock Andy" is a bright brochure on the business of gaining success by the right mental attitude. It is genuine comedy with a thought. Mr. Ray's impersonation is so vivid you forget you are viewing a shadow. In the theater where I saw it, the spectators applauded, unmindful that the screen actor lacks auditory sense of appreciation. Happily Mr. Ray was in the theater and could enjoy the tribute which his screen self could not. I detest alarm clocks, but I like Andy.

It would be unfortunate, indeed, not to include in this article a review of Famous Players-Lasky's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," with John Barrymore in the leading rôle, and since this picture was not shown until after Mr. Howe's article was completed, this really notable production must be made the subject of a special note.

Within its own bounds it is not a healing drama, of course—yet its sharp differentiation between a man's finer and grosser natures has a more far-reaching and salutary effect than does the theme of many a more obviously uplifting picture.

John Barrymore's acting is the dominating force of the production; it depends for its success almost entirely on his remarkable work. His characterizations are built not merely with his own talent and personality as material; *Hyde*, scuttling through the dark streets of London on his sinister errands, is molded with all the spectator's power to imagine evil and fear it. And in contrast with the moral and mental disintegration of the monster, *Jekyll*, keenly intellectual, tender, sympathetic, stands out like a fine-cut cameo laid on a mud-smear rag.

For those able to appreciate its symbolism, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" will be as effective a spiritual tonic as was "The Miracle Man." For others it will be one of the most gripping and unforgettable pieces of acting they will ever see.

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# The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 82



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**LAWRIE LEASK.**—You should have the correct postage on your letters mailed to the United States. There was six cents postage due on the one you sent me.

**PEARL WHITE FAN.**—The leading male rôle in the Pearl White serial, "The Black Secret," was taken by Walter McGrail.

**FRANCES R.**—Your questions will not be answered in PICTURE-PLAY because you did not inclose a return stamped envelope with them. By the time you sent me the envelope your letter had been answered and destroyed. Send the question again if you want a personal answer.

**MRS. F. B. K.**—You are quite right about the leading lady for Elmo Lincoln in the serial "Elmo the Mighty." It is Grace Cunard, the same Grace who used to be featured with Francis Ford.

**ARLIE.**—Here you are, punctual as usual, I am always certain that I shall receive about one letter a week from you at least, telling me all the new plays you have seen and what you think about them. Your letters are always very interesting, Arlie. Florence and Billie are one and the same. Yes, all three sisters have their hair bobbed now. H. B. Warner was born in London, England.

**WM. A. S.**—Yes, the James J. Corbett, who stars in the Universal serial, "The Midnight Man," is the same James who used to be heavyweight champion pugilist of the world.

**LENA C.**—Fred Stone was *Johnny Wiggins* and Mary Anderson was the maid in the Arcraft Picture "Johnny Get Your Gun."

**A MOVIE FAN.**—Lucille Lee Stewart is the girl you refer to in "Sealed Hearts" with Eugene O'Brien.

**ORACLE LOVER.**—Francis X. Bushman is on the legitimate stage at the present time, being costarred with Beverly Bayne in Oliver Morosco's "The Master Thief."

**BILLIE G.**—The Fairbanks twins are not playing in pictures. They are dancing in Ziegfeld's Follies. There is always a demand for actresses, but I'm afraid the supply far exceeds the demand at the present time. There is a great big demand for stories for pictures right now, and if you can deliver what they want you can practically name your own price. William Lord Wright handles all the questions dealing with scenarios. I am sure that he will be very glad to advise you regarding your story. Jess Willard is not acting in pictures now. He made a feature before his fight with Jack Dempsey, but has retired to his ranch for the present, at least.

**AMELIA B.**—I'm sorry I can't help you, but I never heard of your friend in pictures. You say he played in several pictures with Universal, but they have no record of him on their books, so that's the best I can do.

**I. C. N.**—Kay was an American citizen. Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri. Olive Thomas first saw the light of day in Charleroi, Pennsylvania. Creighton has plunged. Charles Ray is married to a nonprofessional. Tommy Corrigan was "Checkers."

**MARJORIE McE.**—Pearl White is not dead. She has just finished her first

Fox feature, "The White Moll." She has auburn hair, but always wore a blond wig in her pictures. Do you win or lose your bet?

**L. A. R.**—George Loane Tucker will keep right on producing. He has had some trouble in the courts over "The Miracle Man," which has slowed him up a bit in production. His latest picture is called "Ladies Must Live." "Peg o' My Heart" will be Wanda Hawley's latest picture if the injunction placed on the picture by J. Hartley Manners, author of the stage play, is ever lifted by the courts. Fred Stone made three pictures for Lasky, "The Goat," "Under the Top," and "Johnny Get Your Gun." He has since made two pictures for his own company before returning to the stage.

**LEO J.**—Yes, the actresses and actors send their pictures to their admirers upon request. It is customary to inclose twenty-five cents with each request, as photographs have gone up like the high cost of living and everything, and it costs a player even more than that to send out a fair-sized autographed photo. Betty Compson is not married to Tom Meighan.

**GUS.**—It is not required that one take lessons in acting to become a motion-picture actor. Nor will taking lessons help you in the least with a producer. They want people who have had some kind of experience, and as there is always a good supply of capable artists on hand, the producers choose from them. It is very hard these days for a person with no experience to break into the game. The player furnishes all of his or her wardrobe except for costume plays.

**FREDA WELCOME.**—You are as welcome as your name. You certainly figure things down to their smallest degree, don't you? The above answer to Gus will tell you what you want to know about movie acting. Mabel Normand, Lew Cody, and Wheeler Oakman were the principals in "Mickey." Theda Bara is now that lady's correct name. It used to be Theodosia Goodman, but she had it changed legally by the courts. "John Petticoats" is William S. Hart's latest. "When the Clouds Roll By" is Douglas Fairbanks' newest film. Jack Pickford is Mary's brother. They lead a pretty strenuous life making motion pictures, and a little thing like a roll down a hill means nothing in their young lives.

**HELEN MAE H.**—Received the six cents in stamps. The Scenario Booklet is being mailed to you.

**LEO V.**—If you will give me the names of the producers of those pictures I may be able to tell you who played in them. They are about six or seven years old. Olive Thomas and Norman Kerry had the leading rôles in "Toton." Alla Nazimova and Charles Bryant had the leading parts in "Revelation," Mary Pickford and Conway Tearle in "Stella Maris." "The Narrow Trail" was a William S. Hart feature.

**BABS.**—Why in awe? There aren't any toe dancers who are employed regularly by any studio. They are just engaged when there is a scene in a picture which calls for toe dancing. There aren't enough child stars to fill even a tenth of an issue, much less devoting the whole magazine to them once a year. There was quite a bit of kid-picture producing two

years or so back, but the public didn't take to them any too well, and so the producers quit making them.

**KINZO NOJUSHI.**—Welcome to The Oracle! Glad to hear that you like PICTURE-PLAY so well in Japan. Pearl White has written an autobiography called "Just Me." It will shortly be placed on the market. You can probably find out when by writing to the publicity department of the Fox Film Corporation, Tenth Avenue and West Fifty-fifth Street, New York City, when you read this answer.

**DORIS MAY FAN.**—Doris Lee and Doris May are one and the same person. She is being costarred in a series of pictures for the Paramount program by Thomas H. Ince. She started with Ince as an extra girl, and has worked rapidly to the top. Neither Doris Lee nor Doris May is her right name. Both were given her by Ince. In private life she is Helen Garret.

**L. F. W.**—The only place to get original photos is from the stars themselves. You will find the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

**MARJORIE MOORE.**—Ruth Roland first came into prominence with the Kalem Company years ago in a series of comedies directed by Marshall-Neilan. She is now making serials for her own company. George Larkin is married to Ollie Kirby.

**AN ADMIRER OF ANITA STEWART.**—Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1898. Rudolph Cameron played opposite her when she was with the Vitagraph Company. "In Old Kentucky" was released in January. She has a sister, Lucille Lee Stewart, who also plays in pictures. Lucille has been playing opposite Eugene O'Brien lately. You can get a photograph of Anita by writing to her for one. Better inclose a quarter with your request to make sure of getting it.

**M. J.**—The Pathé and the Bell & Howell cameras are the two most popular makes used by the various film companies. You can get the prices of these cameras with equipment from the two firms. Some of the studios may have an extra one on hand that they would be willing to sell you.

**ETHEL B.**—We do not give the personal addresses of the players. Look for the studio address at the end of this department.

**J. W. B.**—Violet is still making pictures and has not retired from the screen. You will find her address below.

**SIGNET.**—I am very sorry, Signet, but I can't help you any. Wardrobe is one of the real big items with a screen actor and actress, and they hold on to all they get, as they can never tell when they will need the same kind of clothes again. They do not sell them when they have finished with them in a picture, but keep them for further use.

**E. VINILIA S.**—You mean retired from the screen, not the stage, don't you? Doris is still working in pictures. PICTURE-PLAY does not recommend any school of acting to its readers. That is something for you alone to decide. Just going to a school of dramatic art will not make a motion-picture actress out of you. You must have the ability and not merely the desire. "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" is the title of Jack Pickford's latest picture for the Goldwyn Company. His next one will be "Officer 666."

**MRS. MARIE D. W.**—The Market Booklet is being mailed to you under separate cover.

**BROWN-EYED MARY.**—Yes, it is true that Mildred Harris Chaplin and Charles Chaplin had a little son which died three days after its birth. Marie Walcamp is really married. George B. Seitz began his career with Pathé as a scenario writer. He later directed Pearl White in her serials, and then branched out for himself as director, author, and costar of "Bound and Gagged," the Pathé serial. Outside of that he had nothing at all to do with it.

**H. J. G.**—You will find your questions already answered in this issue.

**RUTH R. H.**—Mary Pickford is a blonde. Beauty helps a good deal with any actress. Both the Gish girls are blondes. Dorothy wears a brunette wig in her pictures, because she thinks it photographs better than her own hair. Your other questions have been answered.

**THELMA DAVIS.**—Dustin Farnum and William Farnum are brothers—not cousins. I think both Mae and Carmel would send you their pictures. Albert Ray was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1893. He started in pictures with the Biograph Company before Griffith went with that concern. His latest pictures are "Vagabond Luck," "Tin Pan Alley," and "The Honey Bee." All of the Moore brothers are on the screen with the exception of Joe. He used to be before he went to war. Carmel Meyers is her right name. She is the daughter of Rabbi Meyers of Los Angeles, California. She first went into pictures with Fine Arts, Triangle, and then went with Universal. The "o" is long in Roland Mildred Moore was Ruth Clifford's schoolgirl chum in "The Game's Up." "April Folly" is Marion Davies' latest picture. You will find your other questions answered in this issue.

**VIOLA A. P.**—There is no vacancy on the staff of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE at the present time, so I can't tell you how you can get a job that isn't open. The magazine is always ready to consider any worth-while material that may prove of interest to its readers.

**MRS. LESLEY B. A.**—Address all scenario questions to William Lord Wright, who handles that department for PICTURE-PLAY. He will be only too glad to help you in any way that he can. Send six cents in stamps for a copy of the Market Booklet, which will give you the names and addresses of all the producing companies, and a list of the type of stories they are in the market for.

**ALICE V.**—Ethel Clayton was born in Champaign, Illinois, in 1890. She has golden-red hair and blue eyes. I agree with you. Ethel is a very attractive lady.

**RUBY WALKER.**—Julian Eltinge is not dead. He is now making a tour of the world with his road show. Tom and Owen Moore are brothers. Niles Welch was the man in "Stepping Out." Mary Pickford's home is in Los Angeles. June lives in New York. Antonio Moreno was born in Spain—not Italy. Bessie Barriscale's husband is Howard Hickman.

**O. P. B.**—It is all right of course to feel the way you do about sending money with your requests for a photograph of a player, but look at it from this angle: Photographs cost the player about twenty-five cents up to send out to an admirer—even more when you figure that they must pay some one to send them out,



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MOLLY O. B.—I'm sorry, Molly, but I can't help you get into pictures. I only wish I could, because then I could also help thousands of my other readers to accomplish the same desire.

IKE.—Does it take that much courage to write me? I always thought I was pretty easy to get acquainted with. Grace Cunard recently finished playing opposite Elmo Lincoln in the Universal serial, "Elmo the Mighty." George Walsh was born in 1893. Kitty Gordon is Lady Beresford in real life. She has a grown daughter.

CHAS. P. R.—No, you don't have to be rich to break into the movies. Very few of them are—when they start. Tom Mix lives in Hollywood, California.

B. V. D.—I like blondes and brunettes. Harrison Ford is not married. William Russell was married, but isn't now. Yes, Milton is. Mrs. Vernon Castle has married again.

E. Z. MARK.—Elsie Ferguson is still making pictures for the Artcraft program. Elsie Ferguson was *Stella Derriek*; Vernon Steel, *Dick Hazelwood*; Warner Oland, *Captain Ballantyne*; Wyndham Standing was *Henry Thresh* and George Fitzgerald was *Wigney Derriek*. Yes, I have quite a few readers in Japan who write me regularly. The Japanese are great picture fans. Benjamin Hampton and Jesse Hampton are running entirely different companies. Warren Kerrigan was with Jesse but is now with Ben.

POLLYANNA.—Clifford Bruce played opposite Viola Dana in "Weaver of Dreams." Jack Pickford was born in 1896. Olive Thomas arrived on terra firma in 1895. Cleo does a great deal of traveling, and doesn't seem to be in any one place long. Doris Lee is now Doris May, and is being co-starred with Douglas MacLean by Thomas H. Ince.

MARY V.—William S. Hart is six feet one inch tall. When he isn't acting he lives in an apartment house in Los Angeles. That is his correct name.

AMOS.—Things are not always what they seem. It was a piece of trick photography with John Barrymore playing both parts, and not his double as you supposed. You will have to admit now that his double isn't a better actor. You must say that you liked John better in his second part, eh?

JUNE FAIREST.—May Allison has golden hair and blue eyes. She is one of the screen's beauties. She is five feet five inches tall. Violet Mersereau is one inch shorter than May, and weighs but one hundred and fifteen pounds. Yes, I get enough inquiries to keep me busy all the time.

VALKYRIEN.—Ask one of the managers if he will run "Ramona" for you. That is the only way that I know of to get it in your local theater. Matt Moore with Mae Marsh. Crane Wilbur writes under his own name. "The Finger of Justice" was written by Reverend Paul Smith. Grace Darling is not dead. Marion Fairfax is not Grace. She is a scenario writer at Lasky's. Yes, we heard the explosion.

LILLIAN B.—That's the best way that I know of to insure your getting a picture.

PETER VAN KLUCK.—Clarine Seymour was born in Brooklyn, New York. Pearl White is not dead.

G. L. GARRISON.—Write the editor about any interviews you would like to see in PICTURE-PLAY.

BILLIE D.—Your questions have all been answered in this issue.

FLIMSY FAN.—Roscoe Arbuckle hasn't been with Mack Sennett for several years. He has his own company and is making comedies for Paramount. He is president of the Vernon Baseball Club, which won the pennant in the Pacific Coast League. Roscoe is naturally smiling all over these days. Jewel Carmen has not appeared on the screen since she left the Fox Film Corporation. She was with Keystone in the early days, and was at that time known as Evelyn Quick. She first played opposite William Farnum at the Fox Studios, and was later starred by that concern. She is said by the camera men to be one of the easiest photographic subjects on the screen, being equally well photographed from any angle of the camera.

TEDDIE.—I should say I'm flattered, although when I went to school, I would much rather have written to some one than study Latin. You write a jolly little letter and one that makes me feel as if we were friends instead of mere correspondents. How did you ever come to get the nickname of "Scrapper?" It doesn't sound like you at all. You must be Irish, eh? I think that Harold Lloyd would send you one of his pictures. Write and ask him. Yes, True Boardman is dead. He died a year ago in Los Angeles, California. He was best known for his work in the "Stingaree" series of films produced by Kalem, and then for his work with Mildred Harris in "The Doctor and The Woman."

HOPE.—Your letter showed up fairly early this month. I never received that poem you mentioned, so how could I answer it? That's a good one on the editor. It handed me quite a laugh, Hope. I shall now have something to hold over his head. You mean Ruby de Remer, not Sylvia de Remer. You must have her confused with Sylvia Breamer. "Pals First" was a very interesting story. It made a good play on the stage, too. "Mickey" was an exceptionally good picture, especially if you happen to know that it lay for two years in the vaults in New York waiting for legal entanglements to be straightened out before it could be released. Compare it with other films produced three years ago, and you will think all the better of it.



SESSUE'S FRIEND.—Ha-ya-ka-wa, accent on the third syllable. Na-zim-o-va, is correct. Accent on the second syllable. She was born in Yalta, Crimea, Russia. Hayakawa was born in 1889. He weighs one hundred and fifty-seven pounds. He is five feet seven and one-half inches tall. Certainly, it would be all right to write him for his picture.

RED.—You don't worry me at all. I rather like it. Go right ahead. I think Dorothy Dalton would send you one of her pictures if you asked her. That's the only way I know of. She was born on September 22, 1893.

CLIFFORD R. B.—Crane Wilbur is no longer in films. He is devoting his time to playwriting, and is making quite a success of it. A. H. Woods is going to produce three of them. The first one, "Arabian Nighties," is now in rehearsal. Owen Moore is now starring for Selznick. His first release is called "Piccadilly Jim." Helen Holmes is making a serial for the S. L. K. Company. "The Fatal Fortune," is the title of it. Lou-Tellegen is appearing opposite his wife Mrs. Tellegen in Goldwyn pictures. Mrs. Tellegen used to be Geraldine Farrar. June Caprice is doing features for Pathé. Paralta is no more. Marc MacDermott and William Clifford are still playing in pictures.

B. C. BETTY.—Sherman is not playing in pictures any longer. J. Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1889. He received his education there. He was with Essanay, American, and Universal before going with Paralta. He is six feet one inch tall, and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. His hair is black and his eyes are hazel. Yes, he is musical. She answers all the mail that she can. It is impossible to give personal answers to all admirers. Write any old time you like.

JACK E.—You will find all your questions answered.

THESSALIS.—I can't help you the least bit in getting a job as a motion-picture star. I wish I could hand out these jobs to my readers, but I can't. Theda Bara is not dead, and she is not with Fox. Chicago would be the nearest place.

UNCLE BOB.—Yes, Zoe Rae has been featured in pictures. Mary Jane Irving plays right along in different pictures. She is a very clever little tot. Zoe Rae was born in Chicago, July 15, 1910. Shirley Mason is playing the leading rôle in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island," under the direction of Maurice Tourneur.

A LOVELORN LASS.—Richard Barthelmess was born in 1895. No, he is not married. You might write him and see. He made his first appearance on the screen in a small part with Nazimova in "War Brides." Your description is correct with the exception that he is not tall and slender. Richard is just five feet seven inches tall.

EVELYN H.—Winifred Kingston played the leading feminine rôle opposite Dustin Farnum in "Davy Crockett." You are quite right about June Elvidge. She is five feet nine inches tall.

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**YOU.**—I am still the same person you wrote to last time. How could I ever forget that name? Certainly they are life-sized people. Made small in the reproducing. You will find your other questions answered.

**CURIOS.**—Carrol Dempster is in her teens. Yes, she was a Los Angeles girl. She studied under Ruth St. Denis, the dancer, before going into pictures with D. W. Griffith. I guess she is the same girl you refer to. She has auburn curls.

**RAE.**—Yes, Bert Lytel is married. He was born in New York City. He weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds and is five feet ten and one-half inches tall. Write to the editor about that. Be sure and make up your mind about the company you want to be with. I haven't seen any girl extras chewing tobacco, and I've seen lots of them. Who's been telling you such tales? So you want to be a girl on the stage? That certainly is a funny ambition for a boy.

**ANNA MAY M.**—Molly Malone was born in 1897. Helen Gibson arrived on this earth three years before Molly. Carol Holloway's birthplace is Williamstown, Massachusetts, and the glad event happened in 1892. She was married to Jack Holloway, but has since been divorced. Molly Malone isn't married.

**WALLACE AND CLARA.**—There will always be room for you in The Oracle, so fire away. Harry Hilliard opposite Peggy Hyland.

**FREE-LANCE.**—You are full of the philosophy of life, aren't you? And such compliments about myself! But where were all the questions?

**MARSHMAN.**—I can't help you get into pictures. I get hundreds of such requests every month, but my position is as Oracle and not booking agent.

**YVONNE.**—Ruth Stonehouse recently finished playing opposite Hale Hamilton at Metro. That is a question for you to decide.

**PUDGE.**—Mary Pickford began her career in motion pictures with D. W. Griffith as an extra on five-dollar checks. Yes, it's quite different with Mary now, but she always looks back on that time as the good old days. Lillian and Dorothy Gish are not twins. There is two years difference in them. Norma is two years older than Constance Talmadge. Billie Burke was born in 1886. Jack Pickford is now starring in features for the Goldwyn Company. Theda Bara was born in 1890.

**INQUISITIVE.**—William Duncan was born in Scotland. I don't know why you haven't had more of his pictures. That lies entirely with the manager of your local theater. He books the films he thinks his patrons want to see. Yes, the actors and actresses like to have the fans write to them. That is the only way they have of telling how the public like their pictures.

**CATHERINE B.**—You will find all your questions in The Oracle.

**FLORENCE DEF.**—Can't do a thing to help you.

**LETTUCE.**—You might try and see. Elsie Ferguson was born in New York City.

**A. B. C.**—Wallace Reid and Florence Reed are not related. Their names are not even spelled the same. That is his correct name. Yes, Wally is married to Dorothy Davenport, and they have a little Wallace junior. That is her right name. Yes, a good many times.

**JACKIE.**—Your questions have been answered.

**E. D. H.**—I didn't miss the "flu." It hit me pretty hard, but I came out of it all right. Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture is "When the Clouds Roll By." John, Ethel and Lionel Barrymore are brothers and sister. Robert Harron, Robert Anderson, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, George Seigman, Kate Bruce, and George Fawcett had the leading rôles in D. W. Griffith's, "Hearts of the World." You are excused. Yes, I remember you.

**JIM, VANCOUVER, CANADA.**—Clara Horton was born in 1906. Madge Evans came three years later. Bobby Connelly arrived at the same time as Madge. I was born—well not so long and not so short, either. I can't help you get a job as a motion-picture actress. I'm sorry.

**J. R. B.**—How did it look to you?

**KIWI.**—Your questions have all been answered.

**O. U. KID.**—You will find all your questions answered in this column.

**PETER PAN.**—At least that will do. Write to the editor and inclose six cents in stamps for a copy of the Market Booklet. English money will do. Norma Talmadge is five feet two. Irene Castle is five inches taller. No, it does not matter. There are all kinds of eyes on the screen. Blue, gray, violet, brown, black, etc. I answer the letters in the order in which I receive them. "First come, first answered," is the motto of The Oracle.

**914.**—Miriam Cooper had the leading rôle in "The Honor System" with Milton Sills as her leading man. Yes, George Walsh had a small part in it. It was Raoul Walsh who directed the picture, and not D. W. Griffith. He never was with Fox.

**WARD McDONOUGH.**—Grace Cunard's latest picture was the Universal serial, "Elmo the Mighty." Joe isn't working in any pictures at the present time. Arthur Ashley was born in New York. Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron, her former leading man at Vitagraph. Millard K. Wilson was born in Louisville, Kentucky. D. W. Griffith and J. Warren Kerrigan were also born in Louisville. William A. Brady is the father of Alice Brady, and not Anita Stewart's papa. Niles Welch was born in 1888. Cleo Madison still uses that name on the screen. Mary Fuller has deserted the screen. Once in a while he does. Clara Kimball Young is not married. Bert Lytel is with Metro. Mahlon Hamilton's latest picture is "Her Kingdom of Dreams" with Anita Stewart. Send six cents in stamps to the editor for a copy of the Market Booklet. Your other questions have been answered.

**THEODORE.**—Do you mean Olive Frances? She is known on the screen as Gloria Hope. She has a cousin by the name of Durham. Carol Holloway is the lady's correct name.

**B. N.**—Violet Mersereau isn't working on any picture at present. She was born in New York. She has a sister named Claire. Her hair is always curly, so it must be natural. That is for you to decide. There is two years difference in the ages of Jane and Katherine Lee.

**E. J. K.**—Yours too.

**PHOOLISH.**—As a rule any of them will send you a picture. Of course it would be perfectly proper. Why not?

**LUCILLE R.**—If I should tell you, it would not only give the plot of the serial away to you, but to two hundred thousand other readers, and the exhibitors want them to come to their theaters showing the serial to find out. They need the money, so I won't tell. Ruth Roland has her own company now.

**MARION Y.**—Marguerite Clark is the young lady's correct name, or it was, I should say. She is now Mrs. Palmerson Williams. You will find the rest of your questions among the answers to B. N. Bessie Barriscale was born in New York. She has been in pictures for several years. Her first picture was done with Lasky, "The Rose of the Rancho," was her first motion picture.

**JAMES B.**—Eddie Polo is an American. He was born in Los Angeles, California. Eddie's early career was spent with circuses, doing stunt work on the trapeze. I can't help you any to get into pictures. The nearest studio to you is in New York City.

**ANITA STEWART FAN.**—Your questions for the most part have already been answered in this issue. The first picture that Anita Stewart appeared in was "The Wood Violet," in which she supported Earle Williams. It was directed by her brother-in-law, Ralph Ince. She had just left high school in Brooklyn, New York.

**DELIA LEE DUGAS.**—No, that was not Virginia Lee Corbin. She is still under contract with the Fox Film Corporation, although not working in any pictures lately. She has not appeared in any of Harold Lloyd's comedies either. Rhea Mitchell is the daughter you refer to in the Fox picture, "The Blindness of Divorce." Bertha Mann played the mother. Miriam Cooper had the leading rôle in the "Woman and the Law." Doris Lee has never played in any of Bryant Washburn's pictures. You must be thinking of Mildred Davis in "All Wrong." George Fisher opposite Lois Wilson in "Alimony." The rest of your questions have been answered.

**WAITING.**—You couldn't make the work any harder, so go right ahead. Your course in movie acting won't get you a job. It might help you to act, but getting a job on the strength of it is an entirely different proposition. I can't advise you to do that, because I know it wouldn't do you any good. You will have to use your own judgment in the matter.

**S. G. L.**—Antonio Moreno is still with Vitagraph. PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE is published only once a month.

**MARY, MARY, MARY.**—That is quite too personal. I am afraid that you will have to ask Mary that question yourself if you want to, but I am sure that you would be wasting your time, because she might think it a bit too forward.

**GEORGE B.**—You will find your questions already answered.

**H. K.**—Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, and D. W. Griffith are all very much alive. Where did you hear that rumor?

**THE TWIN BOOBS.**—Yes, those are their correct names. Lottie plays on the screen herself every once in a while, but is not working at present. Crane Wilbur played opposite Pearl White in the first Pathé serial ever made. "The Perils of Pauline." "The Adventures of Kathleen," was the first serial ever made. It was produced by Selig, with Kathryn Williams and Tom Santschi in the leading rôles. It made a mint of money for its producer, and is the reason the other firms began making them. Yes, Earle Foxe is married, and so is Douglas MacLean. Madge Kennedy is married to Harold Bolster. Jackie Saunders is Mrs. E. D. Horkheimer in private life. "Shoulder Arms," was taken in and around Los Angeles.

**NORMA T. ADMIRER.**—G. M. Anderson was the first leading man in motion pictures. He played the lead in the first picture ever produced, "The Great Train Robbery." It was made by the Edison Company, and made four hundred thousand dollars for its producers. It cost nine hundred dollars to produce. Because Eugene O'Brien is now a star in his own right and no longer a leading man.

**G. G. G.**—She doesn't play in any special company. She works by the picture. Don't know what has become of her. Pauline Frederick was born in Boston. Lillian Walker was born in Brooklyn, New York. Ann Pennington is in "Scandals of 1919," on the stage. Mary Thurman left Sennett's to break into drama.

**RALPH M. K.**—You will find your questions already answered.

**SENIOR.**—Lila Lee's hair is black. Jesse L. Lasky's name is his real one. Lila Lee was known on the stage as "Cuddles" Edwards. She was adopted by Gus Edwards, the theatrical producer. Miriam Cooper is still with Fox. Douglas Fairbanks is working at his own studio.

**CLARA B.**—You had better not fall in love with Alice Brady's leading man in the play "Forever After," because that's her husband, James Crane. You are quite right about Anna Q. Nilsson. She played in both pictures. I guess I'm doomed always to remain a mystery. You haven't asked too many questions. Tom Meighan has started work on a new picture.

**BERNICE, P.**—We haven't any book such as you mention. Where did you get the idea?

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**ABIE.**—I thought I would hear from you before I had answered this month's mail. Your questions have already been asked and answered by other readers, so you will find them ahead of your own heading in this issue.

**CLEO.**—I never know what to expect from you; so, consequently when you write on different note paper every time, it is hard recognizing your letters until I have opened them. I used to be able to tell you by your orange and black envelopes, but now you change all the time. Wallace Reid's latest picture is "The Dancin' Fool."

**R. S.**—I never heard of your friend Leah. Are you sure you have the last name right? Gloria Swanson was a member of Mack Sennett's bathing squad before she joined the Triangle Company, leaving the latter organization to go with Lasky. She was with Essanay before joining Sennett, playing in Ruth Stonehouse films and also in the Sweedie comedies with Wallace Beery and Ben Turpin.

**THE VAMP.**—I don't know the three gentlemen you mention. What did they ever do? There is a camera man by that name. Theda Bara is now appearing on the stage in a play called "The Blue Flame." Albert Roscoe and Thurston Hall had the leads with her in "Cleopatra." Marguerite Clark's picture, "Easy to Get," has been released. It was made in New York.

**E. A. B.**—There is Elizabeth Risdon, but she was not born on September 9th.

**MARGARITA FISHER FAN.**—Grace Darmond is the name of the young lady who had the leading rôle opposite Wallace Reid in "The Valley of the Giants." Nell Shipman was the leading lady in "Back to God's Country." Margarita Fisher has finished her last picture for the American Film Company, and will now start out at the head of her own company. She used to change her leading men with each picture. Nigel Barrie, King Baggot, Forrest Stanley, and Emory Johnson have been her opposites lately. Jack Pickford was in the navy for about a year. Norma is older than Constance.

**MARJORIE B.**—The editor has mailed you the Market Booklet.

**H. S. W. W.**—There are quite a few Elsie's in pictures, so you will have to tell me more about her than that before I can tell you her full name. What company does she work for or what picture have you seen her in? There is no studio in Johnstown. I never heard of any picture being made there on the date you mention.

**Miss E. H.**—The best way to get the photos is to inclose a quarter with your request. That's probably the reason you have not received more than you have.

**MARY A. MUELLER.**—Thanks very much for the copy of your witty little paper you sent me. More power to your enterprising little club.

**G. U. Y.**—I don't know the names of those two children who appeared in Charles Ray's picture. They were only extras, and they don't remember their names at the studio. Your Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark questions have already been answered in this issue.

**THE MYSTIC ROSE.**—It was after "The Black Secret." The Wallace McCutcheon Pearl White married is the same Major Wallace McCutcheon who was invalidated home because of wounds. He played in "The Black Secret" in New York.

**KAY GETTINGS.**—It was Harrison Ford who played Wallace Reid's friend in "Hawthorne, U. S. A." Bert Lytell is married, and his mustache is a real one, not one made from crape hair. What were the names of the pictures he played in with Bessie Barriscale and Clara Kimball Young? It might have been Nigel Barrie.

**E. L.**—Give them a little time to send their photographs. It takes more than a few days to send out the stack of photographs they mail to their admirers. I don't know that I have any favorite name. They all sound pretty good to me. The writing paper was very nice.

**EDWARD B.**—The editor is mailing you a copy of the Market Booklet.

**L'ANDASE.**—They were extras—not regulars in the cast. I don't think people have forgotten Harold Lockwood. His son looks quite a bit like him. It is hard to say whether he will ever go into motion pictures or not. That is up to him—not me. John Bowers is playing regularly in Goldwyn films. We have had the interview. You must have overlooked it.

**MURIEL F.**—Eric von Stroheim was born in Austria, and was educated in a military school there. He was an officer in the Austrian army before coming to America, where he began his career as a newspaper man and also a magazine writer. He was on the Orpheum circuit for a while in a dramatization of a novel by himself, and was also coauthor of a stage play called "The Mask." He was with Fine Arts and Griffith for a long while before going east to do "Panthea" with Norma Talmadge and "Draft 258" for Metro. He is at present acting and directing his own stories for Universal. His first picture, "Blind Husbands," has made quite a big hit throughout the country. House Peters' last screen appearance was in "Silk Husbands and Calico Wives," for the World Film Corporation. I don't know what his future plans are at the present time.

**MISS MARIE T.**—I have received the six cents in stamps, and the editor is mailing you a copy of the Market Booklet.

**CYRIL O. B.**—You should have your Market Booklet by the time you read this.

**ROBERT D.**—You don't think PICTURE-PLAY prints enough about Wallace Reid? We have had quite a bit in our pages concerning the Lasky star. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. That's the surest way I know of to break into pictures.

**O. H. R.**—Gloria Swanson is in Los Angeles at present.

**ANXIOUS.**—Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, Illinois. Your other questions have been answered.

**LIGHTNING RAIDER.**—Eugene Acker was born in Stockholm, Sweden, on May 13, 1889. He received his education there. His stage career was in European productions. He is five feet one inch tall and weighs one hundred and fifty-six pounds. He has light hair and blue eyes. Does he sound like your long-lost brother.

**Miss MAUD S.**—Look at the end of this department for the list of addresses you wanted. If you want a personal answer you must be sure to inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your letter.

**EARL S.**—The back numbers of PICTURE-PLAY which you ordered have been mailed you by the editor.

**X. AND Z.**—You, too.

M. K. D.—It is not necessary but quite polite to acknowledge the receipt of a photograph from a player. Henry Walthall, Miriam Cooper, Lillian Gish, Robert Harron, Josephine Crowell, Jenny Lee, Elmer Clifton, George Seigman, Mae Marsh, Walter Long, Mary Alden, Ralph Lewis, Wallace Reid, and Joseph Henaberry all were in "The Birth of a Nation." Elmo Lincoln, Enid Markey, Cleo Madison, Thomas Jefferson, Kathleen Kirkham, Colin Kenny, and Gordon Griffith had the leading rôles in "Tarzan of the Apes" and "The Romance of Tarzan." Your other question has been answered.

GYPSY DALE.—Ruth Roland was formerly Mrs. Kent. Irving Cummings had the leading rôle in "The Whip." Gladys Leslie was the featured lady in "Too Many Crooks." Your other questions have been answered.

HURRAH FOR PAT MOORE.—Pat is no relation to the Moore brothers, Tom, Matt, Owen, and Joe. "The Man in the Moonlight" is an earlier release. Your other questions have been answered.

PEP.—Conway Tearle is playing opposite Clara Kimball Young in her latest release, "The Forbidden Woman." Lucille Lee Stewart is playing opposite Eugene O'Brien. Your other questions have been answered.

DIMPLES.—The stars receive and read their mail, except when they receive so much that they have to have the aid of a private secretary. Wallace MacDonald is not married. I think he would send you one of his photos.

EDITH ADELLE CUMMINS.—Dustin Farnum is older than William. He was born in 1874. I don't blame you a bit for wanting to go to pictures to get your mind off things. Monte Blue is all of that.

TALL TIMBER.—They all seem to like PICTURE-PLAY in its new size. It certainly has grown, hasn't it? Gail Henry is with the Model Comedy Company. Robert Warwick is starring for Lasky. "Wolves of the Night" was taken at Palm Springs and Los Angeles, California. You are getting to be quite a critic of film. More power to you!

ARLIE.—You have certainly been making up for lost time. Yes, it was Robert Edson who played Eugene O'Brien's father in "Sealed Hearts." Richard Barthelmess has certainly developed into a mighty fine actor.

KYLE F. J.—Mary Pickford made "The Hoodlum" for her own company. I don't think that Peggy Hyland resembles Marguerite Clark. Madlaine Traverse is still with Fox. Lottie and Mary are sisters. Write to Mary Miles Minter for her photo.

MISS BERT S.—The scenes for that Nazimova picture were taken in California, and not at Palm Beach.

IZZY.—You will find everything you asked already answered in the replies ahead of yours.

B. M. H. M. D.—You, too.

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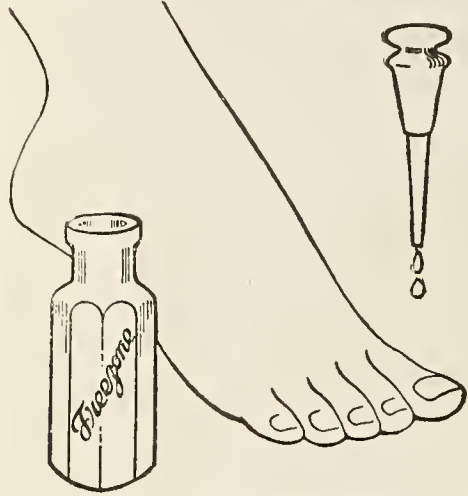
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JOHN E. MCG.—I can't say as to that. You would have to write them and see for yourself. You will find all the addresses you asked for at the end of The Oracle.

V. D. M.—It doesn't make any difference how long a reader of PICTURE-PLAY has been writing to The Oracle, the letters are all answered in the order in which they are received. The Oracle plays no favorites. "First come, first served" is my motto. Yes, I like them all, because I know all of them. You forgot to ask any questions. Auburn hair is very pretty. Write again when you think up your questions.

ESSIE KNIGHT.—I never forget a correspondent. Thanks very much for the booklet. Blanche Sweet's latest picture is called "The Deadlier Sex," from the original story by Bayard Veiller. She has had several releases lately, so you should look them up. "Fighting Cressy," by Bret Harte, was her preceding picture. Bryant Washburn's newest film is called "The Six Best Cellars."

LAWRENCE-COOLEY-DEARHOLT FAN.—Hal Cooley was born in New York in 1888. Hallam Burr is his correct name. He is six feet tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is married to a nonprofessional. He played with Charles Ray in his last picture for Thomas H. Ince. Ashton Dearholt was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-eight pounds. He has dark hair and eyes. In private life he is the husband of Helene Rosson, the former American Film Company star. Ashton is not working in any new film at present, but will shortly return to the screen in a new production.

W. S. HART FAN.—Your questions have all been answered in this issue.

WINIFRED M.—No, the parents of the Lee children, Jane and Katherine, do not play in pictures. I have never heard of your friend Violet on the screen. The Fairbanks twins, Madeline and Marion, are about nineteen years old.

QUIS TIFF.—Cullen Landis started with the Balboa Company as an extra. He then played in a couple of pictures for the American Film Company, after which he went with Christie comedies, until he was signed up by Goldwyn.

MISS INQUISITIVE.—Your questions regarding Pearl White already have been answered in this issue.

DOROTHY W. K.—Paul Willis is not married. He is just twenty. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City in 1895. "Scarlet Days" is his latest release with D. W. Griffith.

ANITA K.—Mary Pickford's correct name is Gladys Smith. Yes, Marguerite Clark wore a wig in that film. She is American born. Darrell Foss had the leading male rôle in "Under Suspicion."

RALPH M.—The Market Booklet has been mailed you.

TWO LONELY SOLDIERS.—I'm awfully sorry, but it's against the rules of The Oracle Department to publish names and addresses of any of its readers.

MARY P.—There were no motion-picture stars in 1903. There were two versions of "Romco and Juliet." The Metro Company made one with Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, and Fox, not to be outdone, produced the same thing with Theda Bara and Harry Hil-

liard. Both pictures were released at the same time. Olive Thomas was born in 1898. Elaine is her middle name. She began her screen career with Triangle. "Upstairs and Down," "The Spite Bride," "The Glorious Lady," and "Out Yonder" are the four Olive Thomas releases for Selznick that you inquired about.

ARTHUR M.—Jewel Carmen had the leading feminine rôle opposite William Farnum in "When a Man Sees Red." Lew Cody played with Ethel Clayton in "Men, Women, and Money."

## Addresses of Players.

THE following list, which is changed each month, is made up of names selected from the month's inquiries. Taken collectively these lists give a cumulative directory of screenland's players. If you wish to write to any player whose name you fail to find in this directory, in any of your numbers of Picture-Play Magazine, you may address your letter to the player in care of either Willis & Ingalls, Wright and Callender building, Los Angeles, Cal., or in care of the Mabel Condon Exchange, 6035 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, and it will be forwarded.

Gloria Swanson, Wallace Reid, Elliott Dexter, Bryant Washburn, Lois Wilson, Rebe Daniels, Theodore Roberts, and Thomas Meighan, at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Eugene Acker, The Greenroom Club, New York City.

Albert Ray, Charles Ray, Owen Moore, and Antonio Moreno, Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

Viola Dana, Alla Nazimova, Bert Lytell, and May Allison, Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Molly Malone, George French, and Jay Belasco, Christie Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Frank Mayo, Mildred Moore, Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, Tsuru Aoki, Priscilla Dean, and Edith Roberts, Universal City, California.

"Slim" Summerville, Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Betty Compson, Warren Kerrigan, Bessie Barriscale, Lottie Pickford, and Roy Stewart, Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Sessue Hayakawa at the Sunset Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

William S. Hart, Hart Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Shirley Mason, George Walsh, William Farnum, and Tom Mix at Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

William Duncan and Edith Johnson, Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Charles Hutchinson, Anne Luther, June Caprice, Juanita Hanson, Ruth Roland, and Frank Keenan, Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, Rolin Film Company, Culver City, California.

Marguerite Clark, Elsie Ferguson, Dorothy Dalton, Ann Little, and Billie Burke, Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, Cline Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Mabel Normand, Geraldine Farrar, Madge Kennedy, Pauline Frederick, Tom Moore, Cullen Landis, and John Bowers, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Neal Hart, Capitol Film Company, Los Angeles, California.

Norma and Constance Talmadge, 317 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Conway Tearle, First National Exhibitors' Circuit, 6 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Ralph Graves, and Robert Harron, Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, New York.

Any stars whose addresses are not given here may be reached either through Willis & Ingalls, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, or Mabel Condon Exchange, Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

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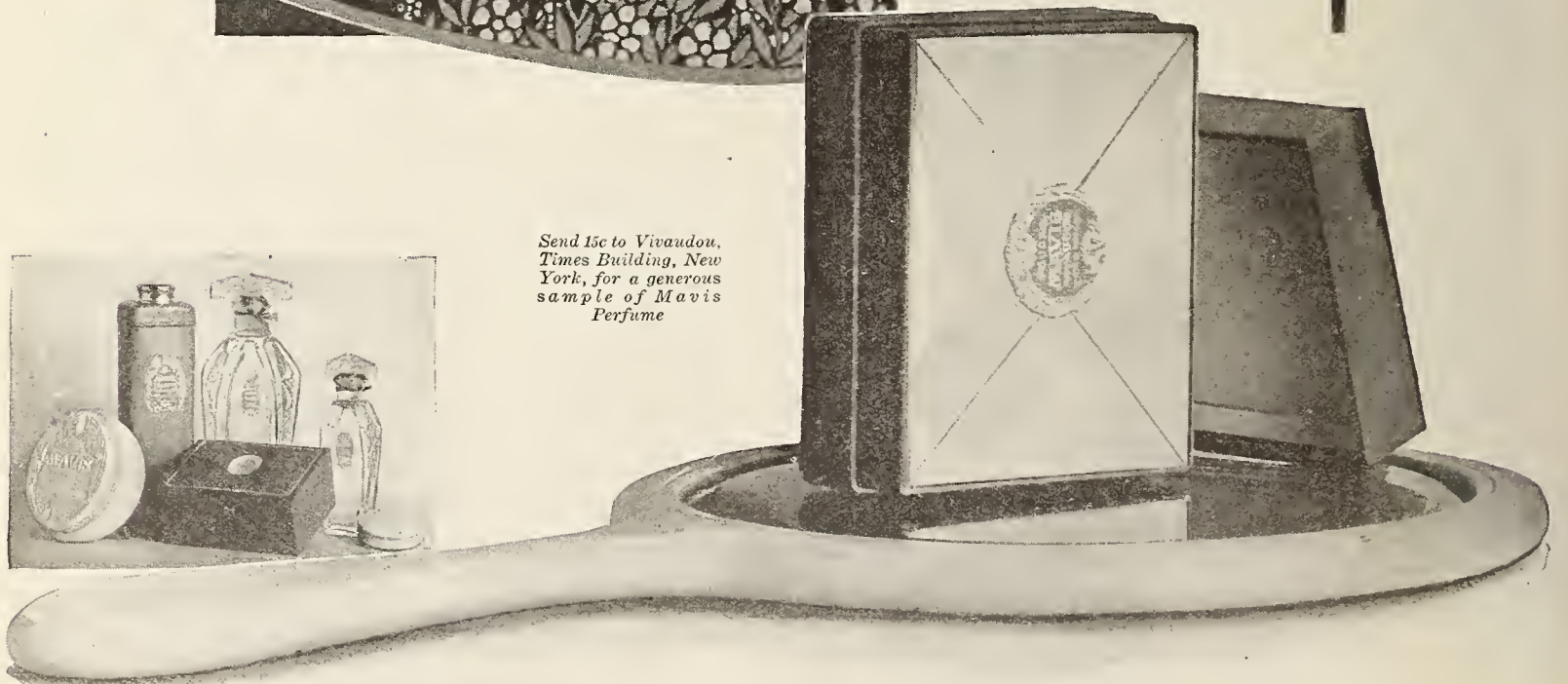
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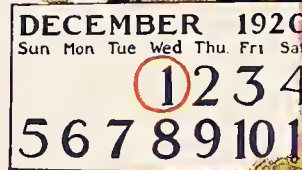
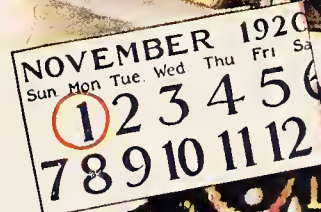
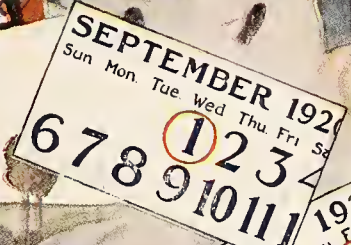
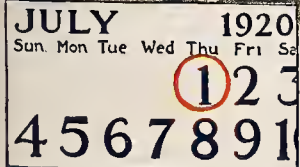
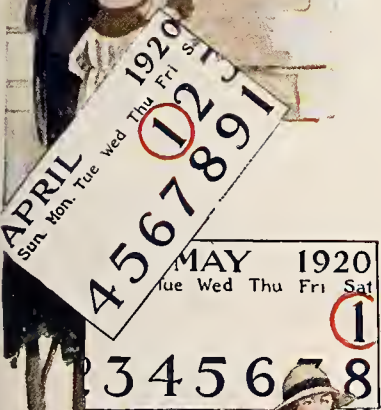
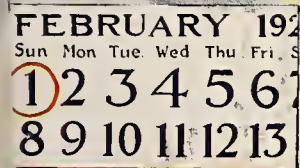
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MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1920  
20 CTS.



IRLEY MASON

W. M. W. W. W. W. W.

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# PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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**Paramount Pictures**

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS

Owing to transportation tie-ups and delays due to the severity of the winter, the unusually heavy traffic, and other causes—and these delays coming on the heels of the strike which temporarily stopped our publication last fall—it has been impossible to get Picture-Play Magazine on the news stands on schedule time of late. Every effort is being made to overcome this, and we expect to be making deliveries on time very soon. Meanwhile we hope that all our readers will watch for the publication so as not to miss any numbers.

**I**F you follow closely the news of the screen, you have noticed that practically all the important producers of comedies have suddenly abandoned the standard two-reelers, and have been madly at work getting out five-reel productions, which they are about to spring upon us. Perhaps you've wondered about this new phase of the picture industry, and are curious to know something about the reasons for it.

Charles Phelps Cushing recently went out to Los Angeles and took a run around the studios. He became interested in the new plans of the makers of comedy, and in the new things they are doing. He has written us a vivid account of what he heard and saw in their "fun factories," and his article will appear in the July issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

In the same issue we will have an article of especial interest to women, entitled, "Are You a Velvet or a Calico Girl?" Perhaps you recall an interview with Claire West, the designer of costumes for the De Mille productions, which we printed a few months ago. It contained a good many practical suggestions about the selection of garments to bring out a woman's best points, and to illustrate the points Mrs. West showed how she worked with Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels. Louise Williams, who wrote the interview, is the author of "Are You a Velvet or a

Calico Girl?" This is an interview with one of the best-gowned women of the screen, Louise Glauin. Miss Glauin is known as the designer of her own costumes, and, like Mrs. West, she has a good many suggestions which are of practical value to all women.

We shall also offer what we think is one of the most novel features ever printed in a motion-picture magazine—the first-hand account by a very little girl who works in one of the big Western studios of her impressions and ideas about being a screen actress. This quaint little story is to be printed exactly as she wrote it, without a single bit of editing. It is a frank and refreshingly human document.

Thomas Meighan, who just returned from Cuba, will tell us something of his impressions of the winter oasis, to which so many Americans have been flocking of late. Robert Gordon has some interesting things to say about Alice Joyce, with whom he now is playing. Lou Cody will chat to us about what he whimsically terms "Every-woman's' little devil," and which has a bearing on his present type of plays.

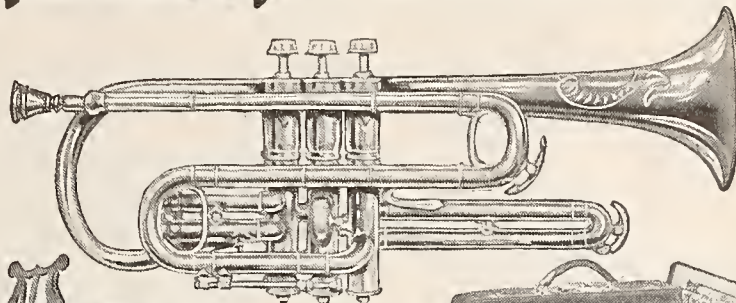
With summer coming, we shall offer an unusually attractive lot of pictures, especially of bathing girls and out-of-door scenes. Don't miss the summer numbers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE!



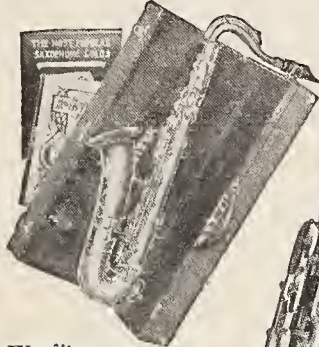
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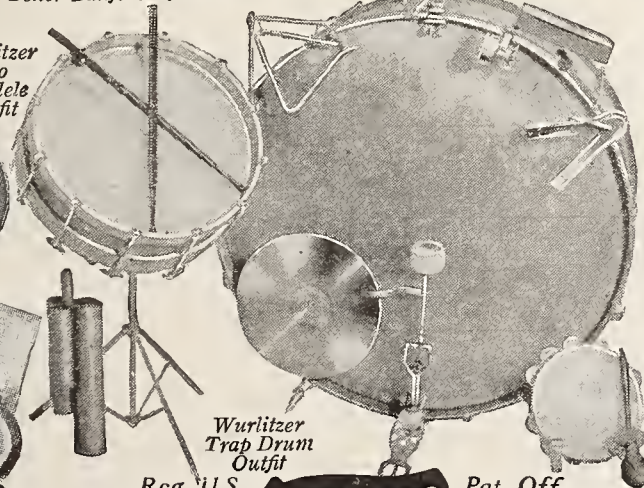
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# How Every Woman Can Have A Winning Personality

## Let Me Introduce Myself

**D**EAR 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



Juliette Fara

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 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 as 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.*

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

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

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

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!

**B**UT 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, seeing 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 a 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?

**L**ISTEN! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this subject—a book that tells all about a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to WIN!

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It is by your speech that the world judges and estimates your worth. No matter how fine your thoughts, how valuable your ideas, their force is dependent entirely upon the clearness and strength with which they are spoken. If you are a man and your associates can say of you, "I like that man's voice, so strong, deep and mellow that it fairly *rings* with sincerity"—then you have a voice that is a priceless asset to your success in life.

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Every man or woman in business or social life, every singer or public speaker, every one who stutters, stammers or lisps, can now through a wonderful new method gain a perfect voice of success-compelling, friend-winning force.

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Not one person in a hundred knows how to use the voice properly! Nearly every one has one or more serious faults in his or her voice. The trouble is that scarcely anyone knows *how to control the vocal organs* which produce the voice. Unless you know the principles of proper control, no amount of exercises or practice of the ordinary kind will make your voice perfect. But now, through this very simple secret, a perfect voice can be yours both in speaking and singing. Through the magnetic force of your voice you can draw people to you, sway them to your wishes, win popularity and success wherever you go.

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# Pathé News

**I**F the sensational experiences and the hair-breadth escapes from death of the cameramen of the Pathé News were written up, what an exciting story it would be.

Front line trenches in the World War; cramped quarters on a Russian battleship during an engagement with the Turkish fleet; following Huerta's army in Mexico; crossing the border with the regulars; filming a daring aviator as he flirts with death above the clouds; catching a mob, bent on lynching, as it storms a courthouse; or, faithful to duty, taking a terrible forest fire while buried almost to the neck in an icy torrent. What diversity of subject and variety of hazard in order to make the Pathé News, the most famous of all motion pictures, interesting!

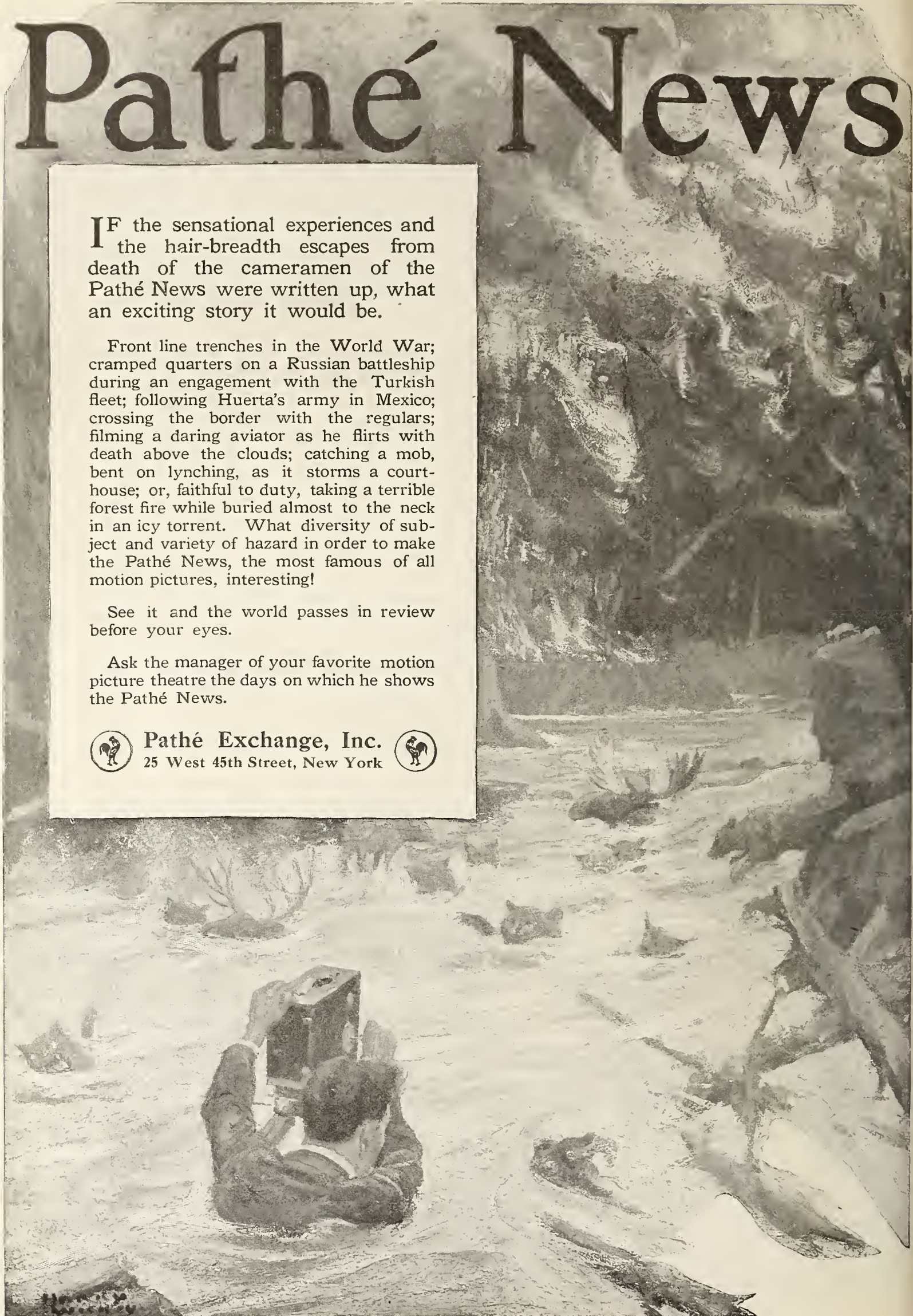
See it and the world passes in review before your eyes.

Ask the manager of your favorite motion picture theatre the days on which he shows the Pathé News.



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# What a Picture Earns

Some interesting facts and figures concerning the huge sums of money which have been made by certain famous films.

By Alfred A. Cohn



The gross revenue done to date by "The Birth of a Nation" totals somewhere between two and three million dollars.

IT was the most eventful moment in the history of the company.

The president had reported to the directors, with apologies profuse and almost tearful, that the unheard-of sum of eight thousand dollars had been spent on a single picture! He had promised when chosen as head of the concern, he said, that there would be an economical administration of its affairs, and felt somewhat to blame for the extravagance of the director whose work had brought about this crisis, so much so, in fact, that he stood ready to reimburse the company for the outlay. In fact, he had a check already made out, and, if the necessary resolution was forthcoming, he would turn over the check and take possession of the picture with the view of seeing how much salvage he could get.

But he was not to make the sacrifice.

After a brief pause, one of the directors arose and declared that "if it's worth eight thousand to Carl Laemmle, it's worth that much to the company."

So the Universal Company had on its hands a seven-reel photoplay that had been directed by a young man named George Loane Tucker.



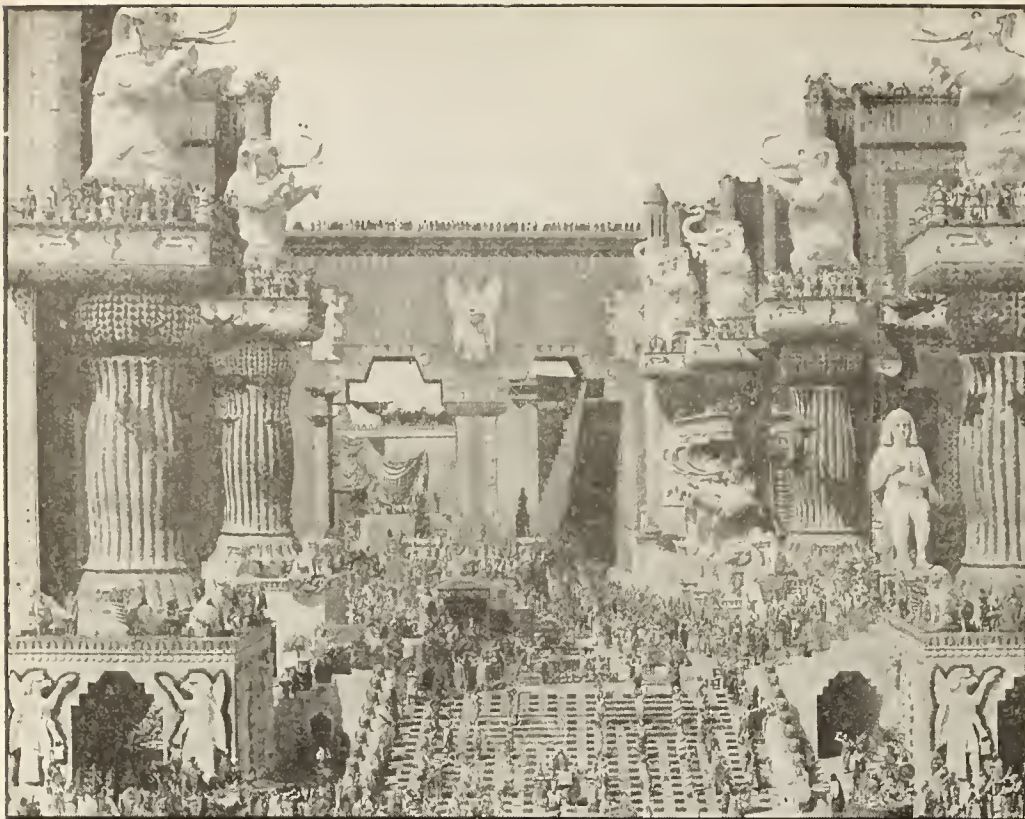
Charles Ray's sad appearance may be due to the fact that, up to the present, he has had a very small share of the huge profits made by his pictures.

He had started it as a two-reeler, but by the time he had finished shooting he found himself with a seven-reeler that seemed to defy further cutting. He had named it "Traffic in Souls."

That was back in 1913, about two years before Griffith gave the screen his "Birth of a Nation."

"Traffic in Souls" was the first American film that brought in "big money." Deducting exploitation and distribution costs, "Traffic in Souls," to produce which cost slightly less than eight thousand dollars, brought in net profits of something more than half a million dollars, perhaps the most money ever made by a film play in proportion to its cost.

Last year, according to figures compiled by experts, the people of the United States and Canada paid seven hundred million dollars to see "movies." Of this sum, something like seventy-five million dollars went to the producers. That is a tremendous sum as compared with the picture revenues of a decade ago, yet most of the movie millionaires got rich in the earlier days of the industry because of the bigger proportionate profits—although several groups of producers have become millionaires during the past five years. But the "game"



"Intolerance," the most expensive production ever filmed, was a financial failure.

has progressed, and at least a half dozen of the early leaders, unable to keep step with modern methods, have dropped by the wayside.

To get back to the real beginning of the money-making side of pictures, we must go back much farther than "Traffic in Souls." Edison and Selig were making theater "chasers" fifty or a hundred feet long before the

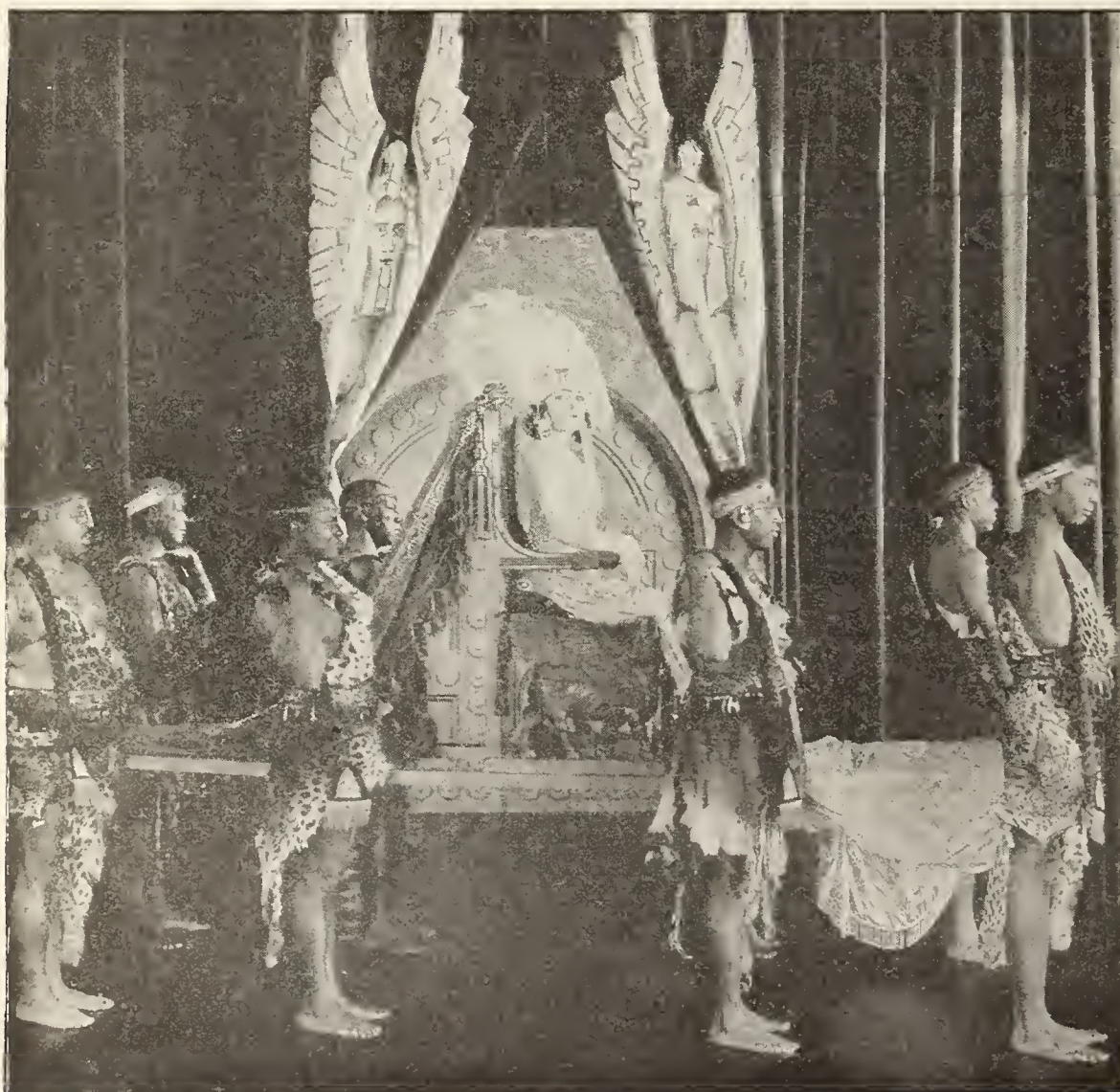
self, and they went out as "Lightning Sketches."

About this time, San Francisco did its famous "shimmy," and the continent had its most spectacular catastrophe. Movie cameras were rushed to the stricken city by Vitagraph, and its laboratory worked day and night making prints for distribution all over the country. According to pioneers in the business, it was the

Frisco shake that really started the epidemic of store shows. That was in April, 1906, just fourteen years ago.

Seven years later the industry was still in the hands of the pioneers, most of whom had gone into the production business from the "movie" house or the exchange. Foreign producers were apparently devoting more thought to production, and their pictures were in great demand. "Quo Vadis," made in Italy, was the first film play to reap a gross return of one hundred thousand dollars. The next high spot in film history was Universal's "Traffic in Souls," which was acclaimed the first "million-dollar" film, although the gross returns were actually something around three-quarters of a million.

In the last few years a great deal has been printed about the "million-dollar picture," but "Male and Female" will make more money, it is said, than "The Miracle Man." that tremen-



dous amount of money. In fact, not more than a half dozen pictures have brought in a gross business of a million dollars.

The most expensive production ever filmed was, of course, "Intolerance," which was a financial failure. Exact figures cannot be obtained, and even Griffith would probably be unable to tell how much it actually cost. But there is no doubt that between a half and three-quarters of a million was spent before the public had a look at it. The next most expensive film was William Fox's "A Daughter of the Gods," the negative of which cost Mr. Fox the sum of four hundred and forty thousand dollars. It cost him half again that much for advertising and other exploitation expenses. He is said to have made a profit on the picture, so that the gross must have been around three-quarters of a million dollars.

Then there were "Joan the Woman" and "Cleopatra," which cost something around a quarter of a million each; notable examples of costly pictures a few years ago.

"The Birth of a Nation" was the first picture to do a gross business of more than a million dollars, and the total business done by the famous Griffith masterpiece to date is somewhere between two and three million dollars. It is unlikely that its record will ever be exceeded, although the cinema industry is one in which records are short-lived. The cost of the picture, with the initial exploitation, was something like one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars, although, like "Intolerance," the exact cost can only be estimated, as people used by Griffith himself were also playing in other pictures at his studio during the filming of those "specials."

"Intolerance" was rated as a financial failure. Costing somewhere around a half million dollars to produce, although the advertised cost was much greater, it failed by many thousands to bring in that much money. The big runs in New York and Chicago were not lucrative, because of the money spent in exploiting the picture in the large cities. In the smaller places the public didn't "get" it at all. As a matter of fact, "Intolerance" did better abroad proportionately than in this country. The rights for England alone sold for seventy-five thousand dollars, the most ever paid for the

English rights to a picture. Griffith had practically the same experience with



"Cleopatra" cost nearly a million dollars to produce.

"Broken Blossoms," although he lost nothing by its failure. The "Limehouse Nights" story was last year's worst flivver. United Artists bought it for a quarter of a million, and, although it was acclaimed an artistic triumph in the big cities, the country at large refused to accept it.

As nearly as an outsider can determine, the pictures



It is predicted that "The Miracle Man" will make two million dollars.

that have done a gross business of a million dollars can be counted on the fingers of one hand. One of Charlie Chaplin's, "A Dog's Life," his first for First National, is reported to have passed the million mark some time ago, with "Shoulder Arms" headed that way. "My Four Years in Germany," also distributed by First National, is also said to have taken in more than a million, largely because it appeared at the proper psychological time. Another popular money maker of the war period, Universal's "The Beast of Berlin," also "cleaned up," but fell short of the million mark. The next largest money maker of First National was "Tarzan of the Apes." It was something of a surprise picture, as neither producer nor buyer had any idea that the picture would be received as it was. It has grossed to date something around three-quarters of a million.

Last year's sensation, both from the standpoint of picture excellence and earning capacity, was George Loane Tucker's "The Miracle Man." Tucker will be remembered for his "Traffic in Souls." It is estimated the new Tucker picture will bring in close to two million dollars. It is the first Famous Players-Lasky release to gross a million dollars, and immediately following it came "Male and Female" and "Why Change Your Wife?" both C. B. De Mille specials for Famous Players-Lasky, each of which, it is said, will exceed the "Miracle Man's" financial record.

It has perhaps occurred to the reader that each of these big money makers, with the exception of the Chaplin comedies, were nonstar productions. Going



"Pollyanna" is expected to enter the "million-dollar picture" class.

back again and picking up cinema history, we also find some other great money producers which had no star, notably "Cabiria," which gave us our first great spectacle play, and Thomas H. Ince's "Battle of Gettysburg" and "Civilization." "Cabiria" was the first picture to be shown for which regular theater prices were charged. Then there were Paul Rainey's African jungle pictures, which were shown in theaters at regular spoken drama prices. These made a great deal of money for Universal, as did the first Annette Kellermann picture, "Neptune's Daughter." The latter made close to half a million dollars, although the finished production cost Universal only thirty-five thousand dollars.

Although a large number of pictures made more money than "A Fool There Was," it has a place in this story because it gave us Theda Bara and gave William Fox his real start as a picture producer.

No story could be written about the financial returns of motion pictures without some figures dealing with the earning power of the most popular stars. The temptation is great to classify the stars, or seek to do so, according to their respective monetary rewards, but the writer will endeavor to refrain from treading on such dangerous ground.

It doesn't necessarily follow that the star is paid in proportion to his or her popularity. As a matter of fact, there are several stars who make a great deal of money for the exhibitors who play their pictures, yet who do not share in the theater man's prosperity, either because they

[Continued on page 96]

"The Daughter of the Gods" cost nearly a million dollars to produce and to exploit, yet it is said to have earned a profit.



PICTURE PLAY PLAYERS



MARY THURMAN

can be temperamental and indulge in Oriental garb if she likes—  
emerging from the realm of bathing beauties to featured rôles in  
Dwan productions is sufficient excuse.

Hoover



**PRISCILLA DEAN**

makes a charming, flower-crowned Queen of the May away from the studio; in it she dons strange costumes and appears against Indian, French, and Hawaiian backgrounds.



Evans

### LLOYD HUGHES

as a new star picked by Thomas Ince has a brilliant future ahead of him. "Wheelbarrow Webster" is the vehicle which will trundle him into the stellar ranks in the near future.



Hoover

**JANE NOVAK**

makes it hard for us to tell young girls not to go into the movies; if they could enjoy the simple life she leads it would be so good for them!





**ELSIE FERGUSON**

is now appearing in person on the New York stage in "Sacred and Profane Love," and, like the parrot, the city is repeating enthusiastic comments on her success.



Evans

### ZASU PITTS

is the first star of the new Smith Syndicate, as well as the first one of her own unique type to win favor on the screen. ZaSu's road to fame lay through Brentwood pictures.

# Shore Acres

A story of an old New England homestead and of the part it played in the crisis of the lives of those to whom it was dear.

By C. L. Edson

HERE'S where mother stood and watched when father put out to sea—the last time."

The two brothers stood on a promontory, while the older one, a gray-bearded man in his late fifties, lifted his battered seaman's cap and stood reverently bowed above a little mound. "And she's here yet," he continued, "watching and waiting until that hour when the sea gives up its dead."

"That's another reason why I want to invest," the younger brother, a farmer in patched homespun, argued, moving uneasily. "It will bring me a lot of money, and we can put up that monument on mother's grave that you

have been saving up for all these years and never had money enough to buy yet."

"Yes, Martin, that's a noble thought," the gray-bearded brother agreed. "But that's only lookin' on one side of it. If the investment turns out good, you can build the monument and fix up the old farm. But if the investment fails, you'll lose the farm. You can't afford to gamble with it, Martin. Think what this farm means to you—and to me—to all the Berrys. Our family has had Shore Acres ever since our forefathers bought it from the Indians. Our mother lies buried here overlookin' the sea. And out yonder under that reef, our father's bones lie cradled in the eddyin' tides awaiting eternity, when we shall all be home together. Look way back twenty-five years, to the days of '61, when I was goin' off to war, and you was bringing home Anna as a bride to Shore Acres. Why—every stick and stone, every clod of dirt is dear to our hearts by a thousand lovely memories. I love every inch of this old farm, from the old stone wall of the pasture to the lighthouse there on Jarred Point overlookin' the land and sea. I can't forbid you to mortgage the place, because it ain't mine. I deeded you my half of the



The children were Uncle Nat's most frequent visitors, and among his staunchest friends.

farm when you married Anna. The old farm has made you a livin', and I have made a livin' tendin' the light. Your girl, Helen, is growed up now and will be marryin' and leaving you. They'll be nobody but you and Anna, and you don't need to get rich late in life, where you are now. Most speculations fail, and, if you lose, you have speculated your home away. Strangers will take Shore Acres, and alien feet will trample this mound or turn it over to the pasturage of beasts. It's mother's grave that you're gamblin' with. Don't gamble with mother's grave."

Uncle Nat's voice trembled, and he walked silently back toward the lighthouse. His brother, Martin, with a downcast, frowning face, walked in the opposite direction toward the old farm home. He was taking his brother's advice; he was not *going* to mortgage the old farm. He had *already* done so. The money had been borrowed, and the mortgage signed, but in view of Uncle Nat's frame of mind Martin had not had the courage to tell him. He would wait until the oil investment turned out a big bonanza, and then Uncle Nat would be glad that the risk had been run, since it brought wealth to the old homestead of Shore Acres.

That evening, while Uncle Nat sat in the lighthouse making a boat for some of the neighborhood children who were his most frequent visitors and among his staunchest friends, there came a knock at his door, and he opened it to admit young Sam Warren, a friend of the family. Sam was a bank clerk with high aims but low salary. He was also a suitor for the hand of pretty Helen Berry, Martin's daughter.

Sam seemed to be unusually nervous, and Uncle Nat could detect in his lighted eye the signs of a suppressed excitement—the excitement of grief over a great disappointment.

"What's troublin' you, Sam?" asked Uncle Nat, laying aside the boat.

"Nothing's troublin' me," Sam replied, "But I've come to report on those pension claims I've been handling for you."

"Bet they've turned 'em down," said Nat. "I'm glad they did, 'cause I don't want no pension; I never earned it. I wouldn't never have put in no claim myself, Sam. *You* did it. But I'm thankful to you just the same."

"But they didn't turn 'em down," Sam said excitedly. "They've allowed the claims at last. It has taken me two years to get action, but here is a voucher. When you sign it, you can cash in on two thousand five dollars and fifty cents back pension. Aren't you glad?"

"I'm glad if your success with this claim has made you happy, lad," the old man said tenderly. "But I don't aim ever to sign that paper and get that money."

"Why not?"

"Because I didn't earn that pension, Sam. I didn't go to war because I wanted to save the Union. I went because—well, I've never told the story. But the government hadn't ought to pension the cowards along with the brave. I went to war because I was a coward. Something was happening here at Shore Acres that I couldn't bear to see. And so, like a poltroon, I ran away—to war. I see my mistake now. But I'll never sign that voucher nor touch the money that is meant for a reward for heroism."

When Uncle Nat looked again at Sam, the youth was dashing away the tears from his own cheeks.

"What's the matter, Sam? I knowed somethin' was a-troublin' you. Tell me all about it; I'm your friend."

"Oh, Uncle Nat," the young man burst out, "I'm a coward, too. I am running away like you did. Something is happening here at Shore Acres that I can't bear to see." A sob ended his words.

"Is it trouble 'tween you and Helen? Don't be foolish, Sam; she loves you. I know she loves you. Tell me what's the matter."

"I know she loves me," the youth stammered, "but I'm afraid she's going to marry Josiah Blake. I s'pose I ought not to tell you the cause of it. Your brother made me promise not to tell you. But two months ago he mortgaged Shore Acres at the bank. Josh Blake got him to put a thousand dollars into an oil investment. The oil stock has turned out worthless, and Blake is telling him about it to-night. The mortgage Blake holds will take the farm—unless—unless some arrangement can be made."

Uncle Nat staggered back into his chair, his face was colorless as a summer cloud.

"Shore Acres—mortgaged—an' goin' to banker Blake?" stuttered the old man. "My God, he sold our mother's grave!"

"Yes," Sam cried, "and he has sold his daughter! The arrangement that Blake is making is that when the time comes he will not foreclose on the farm, but will marry Helen—and—be one of the family." The young man broke down and covered his face.

"And you are running away because you can't bear to see—this—happen?" Uncle Nat clenched his fists and rose out of his chair. "Listen to me, boy; don't run away. Don't give up the girl you love. Don't do it. I can give you this advice because I've tried it. Don't give up the girl you love to *any other man on earth!*"

"But I can't do anything," the youth cried. "I haven't got money to pay the mortgage. I've been slaving in the bank as assistant cashier for two years on a salary of eight dollars a week. I couldn't save a cent. And now I haven't even got that job. Blake fired me because I told him that Helen was promised to me."

"Then you'll have to go away—to find another job," Uncle Nat said. "But when you go, take Helen with you. Go to-night! Get Helen at once and hurry to the dock and get aboard the *Nancy Ann*. Captain Ben is sailin' to-night for Portland; he'll weigh anchor the fust of the ebb."

"But I've got no money to pay our passage."

"You won't need no money for that. Tell Captain Ben that I'll settle that when he gets back to port. You'll need some money when you land—enough to keep you and Helen until you get work. Will ninety-eight dollars be enough?"

Uncle Nat went to a cupboard and took out a yellow earthen crock. Out of it he poured the money in silver and small bills. He thrust his treasure into the young man's pocket, and, opening the door, he pushed him out into the night, saying, "Hurry. *Don't be too late!*"

It was hours later, and the drizzle that had begun with the end of day had developed into a driving sou'easter. The wind howled and dashed the seething spray against the lighthouse. Within, unmindful of the storm, old Uncle Nat sat motionless in his chair. He had sat there like a cataleptic figure all evening, for the storm of recollected wrongs that raged within his heart had made him oblivious to the outward wrack and tempest. Suddenly the door was jerked open, and, muffled in a gust of wind and spray, his brother Martin plunged into the room.

"Where is he?" the newcomer cried.

"Where is who—Sam?"

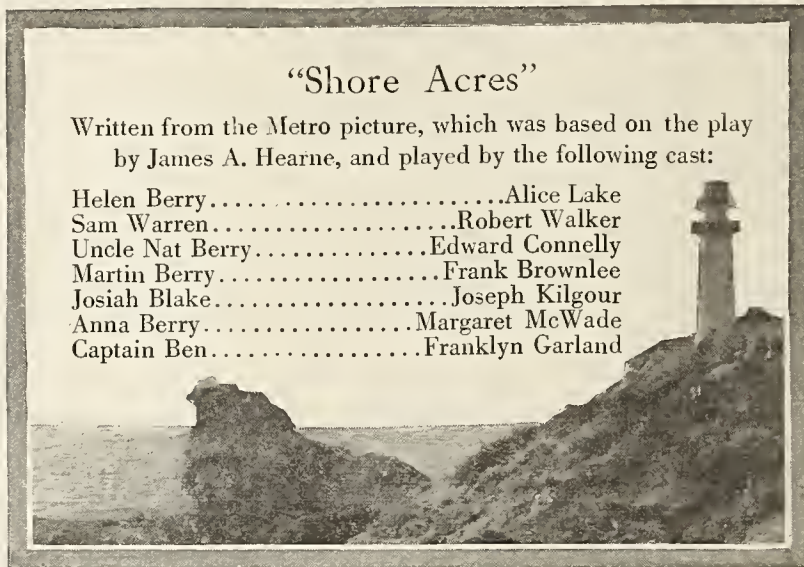
"Yes, Sam!" the exasperated Martin roared. "I knew you had a finger in it. Where have you hid him?"

"I haven't hid him. God hides him upon the face of the deep. He sailed with his bride-to-be at the ebb tide. When they get out to sea past the three-mile limit, Captain Ben will marry 'em without need of license nor clergy, accordin' to maritime law."

### "Shore Acres"

Written from the Metro picture, which was based on the play by James A. Hearne, and played by the following cast:

Helen Berry.....	Alice Lake
Sam Warren.....	Robert Walker
Uncle Nat Berry.....	Edward Connelly
Martin Berry.....	Frank Brownlee
Josiah Blake.....	Joseph Kilgour
Anna Berry.....	Margaret McWade
Captain Ben.....	Franklyn Garland



"Damn you, Nat; you've done me dirt all your life! I knew you was in this scheme to ruin me! I figured that you had gone off with 'em when I saw you'd left the light to go out."

"Mind your words, man!" Uncle Nat cried. Then, realizing the significance of the last remark, he exclaimed: "The light! Is it out?"

The booming of a signal gun was heard in a pause of the tempest.

Uncle Nat started toward the spiral stair of the tower.

"It's the *Nancy Ann* floundering in the dark! There goes the gun again. Them children are out there helpless in the storm."

Martin seized Nat by the arm and jerked him away from the stair. "Leave them in the dark!" he cried like a maniac. "Let them drift upon the reef! It will teach them a lesson! They have ruined me, and now let the devil take 'em!"

"Your own flesh and blood, perishing on the black deep!" Nat staggered from the blow that Martin dealt him in thrusting him away from the stair. He reeled back to the wall, and there he picked up his old war musket. With a trembling hand he raised the loaded weapon until it pointed at his demented brother's breast. "Now you've got to listen," he cried. "I've been playing second fiddle to you all my life. I looked after you when you was a baby—I fought your battles for you. I saved your life once in the surf."

"I know all that. You can't scare me. Put down that gun!"

"I'll not put down the gun. I'll shoot you down first. You're going to hear what I have to say. I gave up the girl I wanted and went off to war and let you have her. I might have married Anne—she told me so. I gave you the mother—but *I won't let you murder the child!*"

The signal gun had ceased its booming. Martin realized that in truth he was conniving at the murder of his own daughter. He sagged down limply and turned his face toward the window. Nat let the heavy musket fall and climbed up the ladder toward the tower. He reached the lamp, refilled it with oil, and lighted it.

Martin, with his frantic face to the pane, beheld the dim flare of rockets rising from the doomed ship.

"Nat—Nat! She must have struck. My God, it's too late! They're on the reef!"

The clanging of bells rang through the wind-



"I know she loves me," said Sam.

sage to-night." Martin began to hope.

"Yes, they had the money; I gave it to them," Nat said sadly.

"You? You didn't have any money. Where did you get the money?"

"I gave them the money I have been saving for all these years to buy a tombstone for mother's grave."

At that moment a flash light from the shore picked up a piece of wreckage that was plunging on an incoming roller. The form of a man and a girl were clinging to the wreckage. The wave receded, and the wreckage was left on the beach. The life-savers ran to it and picked up the fainting bodies of Sam and Helen.

"Thank God, they are back to us alive," cried Nat, and he clutched at his beard and laughed hysterically.

"Praise Heaven!" exclaimed Martin. "My child, my child. We can bear the loss of Shore Acres, now that my baby has been given back by the sea."

"Martin, my poor, dear brother," Nat said like a priest absolving a sinner. "We have suffered much. But we are glad to-night. And you won't lose the farm, either. I told Sam I would never sign that voucher, but I'll sign it now."

thrashed night. Cottage doors opened, and people rushed out. Life-savers, with torches glinting on their yellow slickers, were launching a boat in the angry surf.

Nat turned and staggered down the stairway to his stricken brother. Together they went out into the storm and took their stand upon the knoll where their mother had made her last vigil in the tempest that took their father's life. Martin collapsed and fell to his knees.

"God help me, Nat!" he cried. "I didn't know—I was crazy!" Nat closed his eyes as if to shut out the tragedy. He did not answer.

"I've lost Shore Acres—I've killed my child—I ain't fitten to live! Oh, God! Why don't you strike me dead?" He reached his arms imploringly toward heaven.

Nat turned from the sea where the lifeboat had been driven back upon the beach, vain to rescue the helpless ones awash in the sea. He looked down on his stricken brother and put his hand on Martin's head. Then he dropped his arm, and Martin, without a word, rose and stood beside him. Together they again looked out upon the thrashing flood.

"Maybe they were not on the boat. They didn't have no money; they couldn't have booked pas-

# The House That Mary Built

It will be a honeymoon home in more ways than one.

By Martin J. Bent



IT'S still more or less a house of dreams, though the dreams are rapidly materializing, for Mary Pickford Fairbanks has had that home in mind a long, long time, planning it just as any girl would if she could have anything in the world she wanted in the way of a home.

Just imagine yourself in Mary's place; think of the fun you'd have, planning a suite of rooms for mother, one for sister Lottie, and the cunningest nook in the world for three-year-old Mary Pickford Rupp, Lottie's little daughter. Somehow, young Mrs. Fairbanks can't help being more interested in that nursery than in any other part of the house, for her heart has always overflowed to children.

And just imagine furnishing a home as Mary's going to furnish that one! Ever since March twenty-eighth, when she and Douglas Fairbanks were married, she has been trying to hurry things along so that they could get started on their honeymoon abroad; it will be particularly interesting to see this prehoneymoon picture on that account; it's made from a story called "'Op o' Me Thumb," but will be called "The Duchess of Suds," and Mary plays the part of a little laundress.

But to go back to honeymooning. Just picture Doug and Mary motoring along through some quaint little town in England or France or Italy, and coming suddenly to a halt, as Mary sees, tucked away almost out of sight, just the odd old chair she wants for this room, or the table she needs for that one. Antiques will go well in this new home of hers; it is Italian in architecture and built of stone; but the living room, which Mary designed herself, is done in English style, with high, vaulted ceiling and a huge fireplace.

There will be a projection room, of

*Despite all stories to the contrary Mary is not going to abandon the screen.*



*Mary formally broke ground for the house of dreams, while Mother Pickford looked on.*



As the new home, the cost of which is estimated at half a million, will look after its completion.

course; Mary wants to be able to see her friends on the screen and pass judgment on her own productions without having to go to a theater to do it. Incidentally,

Fairbanks has a clever arrangement in his Beverly Hills home; in a small room next the living room he removes a rug that hangs on the wall; behind it is a niche in which is a projection machine.

At the opposite end of the living room a motion-picture screen is let down, and the movies go merrily on.

While Douglas and Mary are abroad they are expected to see a good many notables. Lord Northcliffe, the famous journalist, some time ago sent a man all the way from London to California to write the story of Mary's life for his newspapers, and to invite her to visit his country estates in England and Ireland. Somebody else urged her to come over and appear on the stage in London's annual Christmas pantomime. And rumor has it that even the king and queen want to meet America's sweetheart.

The honeymoon isn't to be just a pleasure trip, however; not by any means. For Mary has several English stories which she wants to make, and, of course, they must be made in England. Then there's a most interesting project on foot for her and Douglas to make a picture together, as costars; it will be a sort of wedding present to the fans from the bride and groom.

To set at rest the fears of her thousands of followers, it may be said with authority that Mary has no intention of

*Doug's smile sets a high standard for the season's bridegrooms.*



**If you can't start at the top—why not start at the bottom? Being a star or a writer of "sure-fire" stories isn't all there is to do around a studio.**

So, for those who would like to know what other opportunities there are, we've been collecting facts and photographs about all the many and curious jobs the movies have to offer—from errand boy to electrician. You'll find it in the July issue of PICTURE-PLAY.

leaving the screen, the rumor of which has been spread about so at various times during the last few months. Like the story that she was dead, which persisted so

long during the influenza epidemic, and like most other word - of - mouth stories from which no one who attains great prominence can escape, it is quite without foundation. For Mary is planning to go

right on making the sort of pictures she's always made for some time to come; that is, she's not going to turn to grown-up parts, but she will continue in rôles such as those she had in "Pollyanna" and "Stella Maris."

Mary's romance has been of the greatest interest, of course, on account of the position she has held as the undisputed favorite of more persons than any other motion-picture star, and on account of the peculiar manner in which that popularity has remained unchanged through so many years.

Perhaps the greatest proof of that popularity and appeal was shown during the great drives for money during the war. Voicing the nation's need to great crowds of her admirers day after day on long, hard, cross-country trips, she amazed the other members of her party less by breaking all drive records, than by fund of energy and strength which she displayed, and which she gave so freely. As for her private charities—but those are seldom spoken of, save by the many who have benefited by them.

From those and from many others will be extended the hope that happiness long may reign in "the house that Mary built," and that she and Doug may both "live long, and prosper."



# Get Busy and Dig!

Monte Blue uses a shovel instead of a rabbit's foot.

By Gordon Gassaway



He's no "varnished-haired hero."

**I**F anybody wants to design a coat of arms for Monte Blue, I can give them a good hunch to start on—a hunch that is a key to his whole character and career. Give him a shovel, rampant, on a disembodied smile that stands for wholesomeness and a good disposition. For he has dug his way into pictures and clear up through a mass of mob scenes and small parts till he's pretty close to stardom, according to popular report, and has grinned cheerfully all the way.

He didn't even begin with mob scenes, either. He started in parts that could be compared to "crash without" and "thunder in the distance," if we were talking about the speaking stage. He began by digging graves that were to be used in an old Griffith production of "Enoch Arden" and was mighty thankful for that chance to dig himself into the movies. But you'd better hear him tell about it himself, as he told me the other day in his dressing room out at the Lasky studio.

When I came in, he greeted me by my first name. Now, a great many individuals, who are approaching stardom, wax suddenly diplomatic—possibly with a wary eye on future "I knew him when" interviews. They get so blamed diplomatic that they won't tell you their real names, where they were born, or anything else really interesting. But not so with Monte; he poured out a story of the inside workings of his past life, which will gladden the hearts of some several thousand youths who want to go into pictures but don't know where to start.

Beatrice Fairfax has nothing on Monte Blue when it comes to advice about how to do it.



A glimpse of his "doubling" days.



"Well, you see, I came to Los Angeles right off a Montana cattle ranch. I walked right in, and then, though I didn't walk right out again, I sure kept on walking. For days and days, I tramped the streets looking for some kind of work. Then, one day, I met a man who was leaning up against a telegraph post watching the world go by, and he asked why I didn't go out to Hollywood and try to get into pictures. I went—and began to dig."

That's when he wielded a shovel off-screen in "Enoch Arden." That shovel kept the wolf from the door. Then he got another good rôle—he furnished the power that moved the wings of a large and obstreperous windmill. He had some more experience as one of the great unknowns, when he led a double life during these early days of his career. He was a stunt man, "doubling" for De Wolf Hopper and others, for the first two of his five years of screen experience. And, though he actually appeared on the screen in "Intolerance," he had to use a telescope to distinguish himself in any of the hundred or so scenes in which he appeared.

Presently he was graduated to regular mob scenes and played in them till one day a director found fault with a mob for being so well fed and prosperous looking. He wanted somebody to show the crowd how to look hungry. Monte could do that to the queen's taste and did it so well that the director put him on a salary of ten dollars a week, and the mob lost its moving spirit.

After that, he was a heavy. He "heavied" all over the place, with Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, particularly in "Joanna Enlists." He was still digging in hard, though his own efforts had supplanted the shovel of his early days, and doing it to such good effect that Cecil B. De Mille sent for him to play a small part in "You Can't Have Everything."

"I certainly knew I couldn't," Monte told me, with that wholesome, likable grin of his, as he smeared a lot of pale pink stuff over his almost swarthy face. "But playing in a De Mille production looked to me like having a good deal, even though the part was a small one."

I know more than one young man now fighting for a hold on the ladder to fame who'd scorn a small part. But, according to Monte, getting up-stage is the rock of defeat in many a starward course.

I studied him as he sat there at the dressing table, talking and stopping now and again when his make-up reached a precarious stage. Not that he bothered a great deal with it; his eyes are dark brown, with a prairie glint, so he did not use much of that gummy black stuff, whatever it is, and his hair is dark and thick and satiny, but he scorned the slicking down with brilliantine advocated by those whom he disgustedly termed "varnished-haired heroes." In fact, Monte scorns most of life's little affectations. I couldn't help being struck by his wholesomeness; it wraps him around like a blanket, and, when you talk to him, it envelops you, too.

He got his first good chance to be an everyday, wholesome sort of hero in "Private Pettigrew's Girl," with Ethel Clayton. Then he found that he could afford to saunter along with his shovel over his shoulder, for those

*Continued on page 92*



*He came to Los Angeles off a Montana cattle ranch.*

# In a Persian Garden

The "Rubaiyat" will benefit by a novel system of making pictures.

By Gene Copeland



Ferdinand Pinney Earle and two of his "sets."

IT was such a very little house; any one would have been misled by it, and, even as I knocked on the door, I was planning to make record time back from Hollywood to Los Angeles and denounce the person who'd told me that there was a motion-picture studio at the place where they had sent me. Why, anybody knows that a movie studio is a huge barnlike building, bustling with action, and as efficient as an automobile factory, from its great, glass-covered stages that look like giant hothouses to its little waiting room where the extras apply for jobs. And this was just a cunning, rose-covered cottagelike affair; there certainly was some mistake!

"This isn't Mr. Earle's studio, is it?" I asked confidently, as a tall, athletic-looking man, with recalcitrant hair, opened the door. He was wearing a paint-stained smock and in one hand held a palette and some brushes; obviously he had nothing to do with motion pictures.

But he had, and it *was* a studio. And—furthermore—this was Ferdinand Pinney Earle himself—the man I'd come to see. With difficulty I regained my equilibrium and followed him into the tiny building.

It was just one room; bits of all the ends of the earth seemed to be repre-

sented. Strange, filigreed lamps from Korea hung from the ceiling; Venetian chairs were almost buried under great heaps of colorful fabrics—scarlet, orange, green, rose, and purple—all faded to soft, dull shades. An Arabic rug draped the doorway; an ancient fragment of a camel's saddle and some brilliant scarfs lay on a big table, with palette knives, tubes of paint, books, and rare old prints.

But the most interesting things in the room were the paintings. They were everywhere—on easels at the end of the room, on the walls, on chairs—and, despite the fact that they were done in black and white, they were full of color. For they visioned all the romance and glory of which Omar Khayyam sang—Persia's mysterious mountains, gardens, narrow streets; glimpses of a cyprus-guarded sea.

You are going to see them



One of the pots that come to life.



The studio.



*Mr. Earle makes such "locations" as this easily!*

on the screen, those paintings, when the "Rubaiyat" is filmed, but you probably wouldn't know them for what they are without this warning beforehand. For Mr. Earle has perfected a new system of picture-making, as interesting as it is novel. He has already used it in several screen productions. He used it in "The Blue Bird," and in several similar other pictures, such as "Daddy Long-Legs," in the scene that showed a cottage surrounded by tall trees in front of which children played, and also in "The Miracle Man," for which he did a New York street scene, showing an elevated station and a crowded street.

I cannot divulge the exact details of this system of picture-making, but the general principle is as follows:

Instead of building large sets, such as those which form the background for all pictures save those taken in a natural location, the scenes are all painted on these small canvases which measure about twenty by thirty inches. These are placed in turn before a motion-picture camera and are photographed on strips of film at such close range that, when thrown on the screen, the buildings, trees, and other objects appear as large as those taken in the ordinary way.

But the actors, of course, can not be photographed at such close range. So they are photographed by another camera as they go through the action on a stage

*Continued on page 92*

*The staff at work in a corner of the crowded studio.*





A director doing "snow stuff" has to adapt himself to any emergency, even to helping drag the leading lady—in this case, Miss June Elvidge—through the drifts.

EDWARD EARLE leaned back in the chimney-corner seat at the Lambs' Club and sighed contentedly.

"I'll bet you didn't have any lamb chops or fresh cauliflower like this up there in the timber country," I observed, as I finished my demi-tasse.

"No-o-o, I didn't," he replied. "That was one reason I was glad to get back to New York. You can get good meals here; no one can deny that. But, say"—his face brightened—"I hope I can go out on another out-

## Shooting "Snow Stuff"

of-door picture like that next winter. I'd do it on a lumberjack's diet—and make no complaint!"

It was the first time I had seen the star of the O. Henry pictures since he had gotten back from Port Henry, New York, where he had been for the greater part of the winter, playing the principal rôle in "The Law of the Yukon," the new Realart production made by Charles Miller. And he certainly looked the picture of health and vigor.

"You see," he went on, "I hadn't had any real wild life like that for several years, and you can imagine how much we enjoyed staying in a town for three months—long enough to get acquainted—really acquainted—with 'home folks' sort of people—talking with the townspeople at the grocery store and at the hotel. And for winter sports—"

"You certainly picked out a good winter for snow," I observed.

"I guess we did," he replied. "You heard about how the mails got stalled by the drifts, and about how Mr. Miller got them through by our dog team?"

I nodded. "Saw the pictures of it in the news reels."

"Well, I want to hand it to the boss," he went on. "That wasn't the only thing he did. Do you realize the responsibility a director has when he takes a big company up into the country in winter? Think of what it means to shelter and feed such an outfit—to install and keep in working order all the technical equipment where the thermometer was from twenty to thirty below



Earle and Miller—after a fall.

It's a big undertaking for the director who takes a company up into the timber country, but it's quite a lark for the actors.

By Charles Gatchell

zero. Why, he even had to turn fire chief once, when a frame building in the village caught fire. We all turned in and helped. And when the flu came along, he became the company physician. He made up his mind he wasn't going to have his players taken down with an epidemic, so he sent for two hundred bottles of disinfectants and gargles, and lined us all up as though he'd been an army surgeon."

"I suppose it's slow work making a picture under such conditions?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "it's slow at times when you have to depend so on the weather. In the city everything can be arranged to go like clockwork, at least in the studios. But when we'd start out for a location to do the shots that called for a big snow-scene setting, and then after plowing for hours through the drifts we'd get there just as it would clear off—that was a bit discouraging. And it was even worse when we had to wait day after day because the clouds were so heavy that there wouldn't have been light enough for the shots we wanted. However, directors some way seem to be gifted with a special sort of patience, and even Mr. Miller seemed to be able to throw off his responsibility when there was nothing he could do but wait. In fact, he'd encourage us to get out and play and forget all about the delays—just to keep us on our toes.

"I learned a good deal about skiing and snowshoes. Miller and I both took a lot of falls at first—here are some pictures of our first attempts—but before we left we felt quite proud of our skill. We had one or two pretty bad scares, of course—got caught in a blizzard



*First attempts are likely to be disheartening.*

when we were off on a trip up one of the mountains in the timber and didn't strike the village until way after dark. But that's great to look back on now.

"We had a lot of fun, too, getting up entertainments for the townspeople—especially the children, and you can imagine how much *they* enjoyed it! Our being up there was about the same as if a circus had come to town and stayed two months instead of a day. Naturally there was all sorts of talent in our outfit, and we put on a vaudeville show and several other entertainments around about Christmas time. In that way we raised a big fund for the youngsters of the community. We had a big Christmas tree and an auction, too."

"I presume the townspeople all wanted to become movie actors, didn't they?" I asked. "Nearly everybody does these days—"

*You won't see this in "The Law of the Yukon."*

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## So This Is Modesty!

Incidentally it's also Margaret Loomis.

By Caroline Bell

WHAT a sweet girl that *Modesty* is!" exclaimed the friend who went with me to see "Everywoman," the big allegorical picture. "So different from the one who's the dancer in the big banquet scene!"

And, though I longed to disillusion her, I refrained. For, as it happened, Margaret Loomis played both rôles, and is quite as nice as *Modesty*, and quite as—well, expert as the dancer.

She played the first rôle with a lavender-and-old-lace fragrance that would have charmed even those quaint old ladies who used to drape the legs of their square pianos. She was as demure as any little Quaker maid just out of a Friends' school—nowhere could a more modest *Modesty* have been found.

And then—well, then she went to her dressing room and put on a blond wig and raiment which was far from being either modest or demure. Probably you remember it—a creation of sequins, brilliant ornaments, and jewel-incrusted net. It was a perfect shock absorber—nothing else on the set, not even the dancing girls who played around in the pool placed in the middle of the banquet table, could hope to startle any one when Margaret was on hand in that costume. And she did a dance which went the costume one better.

And she *can* dance! Before her motion-picture days began, she studied at Denishawn, the school near Los Angeles, conducted by Ruth St. Denis, the famous dancer. There the pupils literally live for their dancing, and

learn everything from the rhythmic movements of a Hindu snake dance to the lithe flippancy of a terpsichorean satire attuned to the "Marche Grotesque."

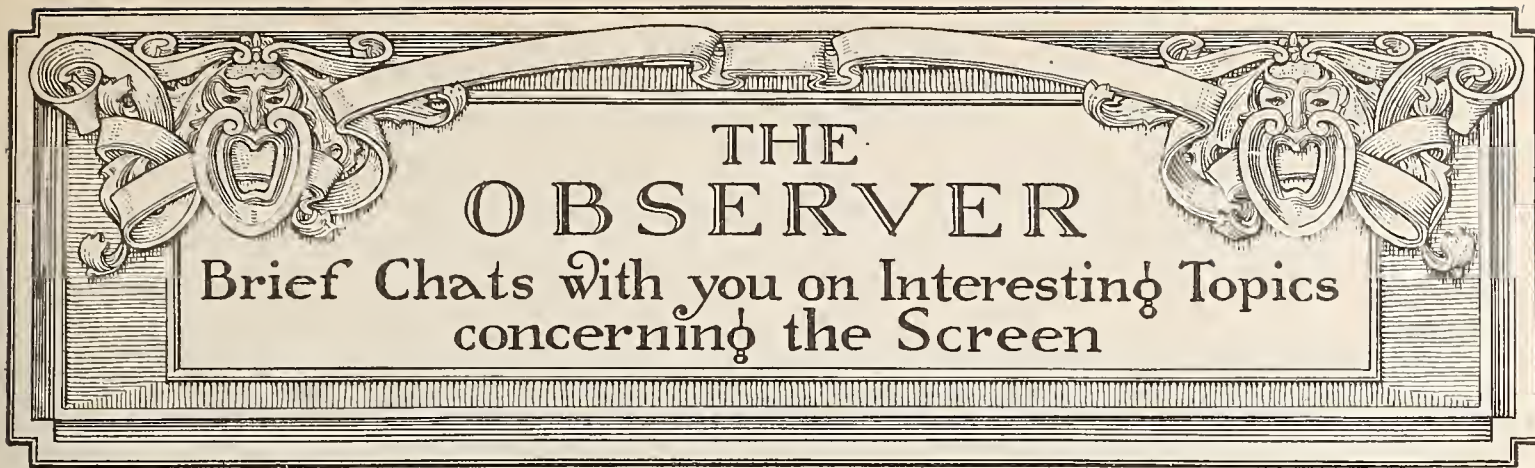
Margaret Loomis made the most of her time, to such good effect that, when she had been at the school only six weeks, she was chosen as one of the twenty girls who were to accompany Miss St. Denis on a tour of the big cities of the country. Later she went on another such tour, acting as Miss St. Denis' assistant and understudy. And her only stage experience was gained when she acted as substitute in a few performances of "The Light of Asia," a big outdoor spectacle presented in Los Angeles a few years ago. After such preparation she was quite ready for the part of the solo dancer in "Everywoman."

She is one of the screen's "younger set" whose progress it will be interesting to watch, for she is well equipped for a motion-picture career and has already gone some distance on the highway that leads to success. She made her début in pictures about three years ago, "When a Man Loves," with Earle Williams being one of her first appearances on the screen. "The Bottle Imp," and "Hashimura Togo," with Sessue Hayakawa, gave her good rôles. And since appearing in "Everywoman," she has been working in "The Sins of Saint Anthony," with Bryant Washburn.

But don't make the mistake of asking her about her achievements; if you do you'll find that within herself she's always cast as *Modesty*.

*She was the most modest Modesty imaginable—but her dancing costume was a shock absorber.*





# THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics  
concerning the Screen

## *A School for Actors*

It wasn't so long ago that the motion pictures were clamoring for the stars of the stage. Now the stage is after stars of the screen. There was a time when the goal of every motion-picture producer was David Warfield and Maude Adams.

All over New York, men with ideas and men with money—now and then the same qualities were found in one person—were gathering to formulate plans to get David Warfield in "The Music Master" into a picture and to put Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" on the screen.

Now, to the dismay of the speaking drama, the motion picture is greater than the stage, and nobody seems to care much whether or not David Warfield or Maude Adams are ever put on celluloid.

Instead, the legitimate producers are trying to hold out inducements to the motion-picture stars. They find that they need them to build up the stage—that pictures no longer are dependent upon the noisy drama.

Dorothy Dalton, Elsie Ferguson, and Theda Bara are notable examples of moving-picture stars now on the stage who are drawing the big crowds. And the critics go so far as to say that Dorothy Dalton and Elsie Ferguson have become better actresses as a result of their screen training.

The success of these actresses on the stage has inspired the theatrical magnates with big ideas. Their plan now is to persuade Mary Pickford or Douglas Fairbanks or Charlie Chaplin to go to New York to play on the stage. They are willing to pay big money, and they point out to these stars that they can appear in person at night and make pictures in the day time—as Elsie Ferguson and Dorothy Dalton are doing.

It seems to work out rather well—this doubling in the loud and soft drama. Alice Brady and Constance Binney have done it. Studio facilities can follow the star into the big cities where the shows run a month or more.

There is, of course, little chance that "Doug" or Mary or Charlie will go in for this sort of thing. There's too much profit in making shows that can play in ten thousand theaters at the same time. But some of the others are becoming interested.

## *A Director Speaks*

"You'll find better acting on the screen—all other things being equal—than on the stage," a leading director pointed out to *The Observer* the other day. "Take John and Lionel Barrymore, who, I believe, are the greatest actors on the stage as well as in motion pictures.

"Consider John Barrymore's 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' of the films. Here you have acting that I firmly believe is greater than was Mansfield's interpretation of the same rôle on the stage. Mansfield was

a greater actor than John Barrymore, but the latter has the advantage of a finer medium of expression. In pictures, remember, an actor has an opportunity for as many retakes as he desires. He works upon each scene until he has perfected it. If he isn't in the proper mood for emotional acting, an orchestra helps him.

"On the stage an actor is running a mile without stopping. In making a picture he does a series of one-hundred-yard dashes with a rest after each one, and these dashes are pieced together into a mile run. No wonder he does better work.

"You go to a theater to see a spoken drama, and any number of things may interfere with an actor to keep him from giving his best performance in every scene. In a picture it's in the film forever—the actor always at his best.

"Acting for motion pictures makes an actor more careful. He is continually brought near to his spectators through the medium of close-ups, and he is taught to act for the front row instead of for the entire theater. Did you ever go to a legitimate drama and get a seat in the front row and wish you were sitting farther back, because you saw too much? Of course, you have. It's like getting too close to a painting.

"Motion pictures turn an actor into a painter of emotions who pays attention to the finest details, and the result is that when that actor goes on the stage he is always careful of details, giving a more finished performance.

"On the stage, Lionel Barrymore's 'The Copperhead' was pronounced an example of as fine acting as the stage had ever seen. I saw him play it many times and from different parts of the theater, and there were nights when his performance varied a great deal. But in pictures he has established scenes that never will be changed. The screen has shown us what real acting is!"

## *Take Nazimova*

The director neglected to mention Nazimova. Personally, *The Observer* believes that she is the screen's greatest actress. On the stage she was very good, but *The Observer*, at least, never appreciated her until she got into pictures.

Nazimova is an actress who paid close attention to detail before she went before the camera. But, because detail is lost in the theater—unless you're down in front—*The Observer*, for one, looked upon her as just another very good actress.

On the screen, however, through the medium of the close-up, all the world, from front row to back, could see what an extraordinary face she had for portraying delicate emotions.

The projection machine was the magnifying glass

that showed the delicate engraving which was not visible to the naked eye.

*Percentage Booking* In the business of selling motion pictures there is much talk now about "percentage booking." This, you may say, means little in your life. But listen. It's a big step toward getting you better pictures.

Theater managers, in many instances, are objecting to the percentage plan, for it will mean that they will have to pay the producers more money for the big successes. To *The Observer*, the percentage plan seems fair—its fairness, of course, depending on how the percentage is divided—on whether or not the theater gets its proper share.

The idea is that a producer offers a big picture—Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna," for instance, or Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead"—on a percentage payment. Instead of paying three thousand dollars a week for "Pollyanna," the theater in a "first run" city is asked to pay a percentage of the box-office receipts.

One of the plans is for the producer to take out of the receipts a small guarantee; the theater takes out its running expenses, and producer and theater divide the remainder fifty-fifty.

*What It Will Do for the Pictures* It is a plan that is basically sound and equitable. It means that if we moving-picture patrons don't think enough of a picture to rush in a mob to pay money for it, neither the producer nor the theater profits. But if the producer and the theater give us a good show, and we go right out and tell all our friends that they ought to go, thus causing big business, what happens? Everybody's happy. We see a picture worth while; the theater profits, and so does the company that made it. The system tends to eliminate the bad pictures because it pays the producer only what the general public thinks he ought to have. And it makes the production of poor pictures unprofitable.

Under the percentage system, many pictures we could name never would have been released.

A great evil in the motion-picture industry has been the rental system by which a theater manager paid about the same for bad pictures as he did for good ones. The public, judged in a mass, will not pay as much in gross box-office receipts for a bad picture as it will for a first-class one.

If the percentage plan will—as its friends assert—stimulate the production of good pictures and discourage the release of poor ones, it not only is a first-class plan, but it is an inevitable plan.

*A Free Screen* The motion picture is "sitting pretty." If it is the object of attack, it is only because it is human, and the human race, as a whole, always is subject to attack. The motion picture is the public's property, and the public will make of it what it will. The people of the United States have done a rather good job of making this country, and the motion picture can safely be left in their hands.

Whatever the people want they get. They want better theaters and better pictures, and they are getting them. Better pictures are coming so fast that we can hardly keep up with them.

The people want a free screen, just as they want a free press, unhampered by censorship and the whims of politicians or cranks. They're getting it. Virginia recently kicked a motion-picture censorship bill out

of the legislature. The New York State Conference of Mayors of Cities has decided that censorship is unnecessary. Other States are dealing deathblows to legislation designed to create censor boards.

*In Ohio* The Ohio censors kept "The Birth of a Nation" out of Ohio for several years. Governor Cox came into office and decided that the picture was a good one and gave permission for showing it. The Ohio censors had barred it on the theory that it was unjust to negroes. They said they were afraid it would cause the negroes to start race riots.

The first showing was in Dayton, and, in order to learn whether trouble might be expected, a negro detective was sent around to try to organize a negro demonstration. The plan was, first, to learn whether there was any feeling against the picture and, second, to keep it under control by having it led by a detective.

The detective went to a negro pool hall and started talking. "We ought to do something about this 'Birth of a Nation,'" he said. No one paid any attention to him. He repeated his statement in a louder voice. The men kept on shooting pool.

He shouted his statement. The next thing he knew he was out in front on the sidewalk, and the proprietor of the pool hall was yelling at him, "Stop your noise around here. Leave these gemmen play pool without interference."

There was no demonstration. Negroes went to see the picture and came out saying it was a good picture. So well did they advertise it that after two weeks the attendance was nearly all negroes, and white people stopped coming. So much for the fears of the censors.

*Watch the News Reel* While the shackles of censorship are gradually being loosened, some of the more far-seeing exhibitors are beginning to protest against what they say is a new and a growing evil—the use of the news reel for the spread of political propaganda.

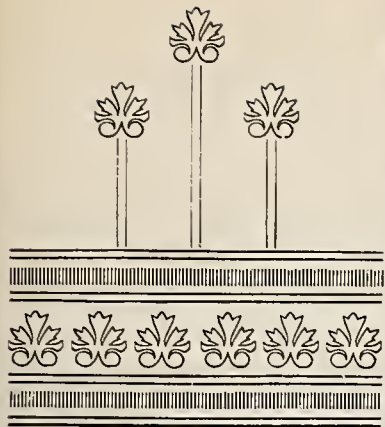
Hugo Riesenfeld, the astute manager of the Rivoli and Rialto Theaters in New York City, has been loud in his criticism of this abuse of the news reel.

"The evil lies in the printed subtitles," he said recently. "We may select a piece of news film which, if run simply with explanatory titles, would not offend any one. But half the time we find that political opinions have been injected into the title. This is all very well for the patron who shares in those views. It is keenly resented, however, by those who do not, and we heartily dislike to see any of our patrons offended. If this evil continues we shall end by having special theaters for persons of different political beliefs."

That last statement sounds fanciful. But is it? In view of the tremendous growth of motion pictures, and the unlimited power which, it is generally conceded, they are coming to have in molding public opinion why isn't it easily possible that we will, some day, have theaters especially built for the followers of the different great political parties—just as we have partisan newspapers?

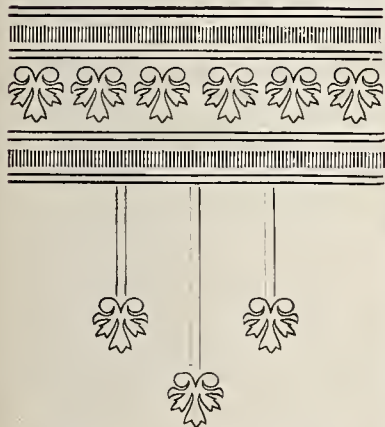
There is a good deal of talk about the influence which the movies will have in electing the next president. *The Observer* has heard the opinion voiced that by 1924 motion pictures will be the greatest single factor in determining the result of the presidential campaign. If that is so, would it be so surprising if, by that time, what Dr. Riesenfeld prophesies should be brought to pass?





# "I Told You So, Vivian!"

By  
Barbara Little



**T**HE last time I saw Vivian Martin she was sitting in the sunshine, dressed in a gingham dress and her little old red house slippers, and enjoying the society of two very intimate friends—an Irish setter and a blasé young man in overalls. They were just far enough South to make New York's studios look cold and unattractive and California's seem millions of miles away. And Vivian declared that she didn't believe she'd ever go back to pictures, she was so happy right there.

"You'll go back, though," I prophesied, remembering some of her Famous Players-Lasky releases. And I was right; she's down in Florida now, with her very own company, making a picture based on one of William J. Locke's delightfully whimsical stories, and I'm taking advantage of this opportunity to say publicly and with much emphasis, "I told you so, Vivian!"



# Knee-deep

Those delightful, dreamy days will  
few glimpses of some of our

Men may come and men may go, as a famous brook once went on record as saying—or a man and a maid may stop altogether, of course, for reasons which need no explanation at all, especially in June. And when the scenario offers an opportunity such as this, why should Owen Moore and his pretty companion—of course she's pretty!—fail to take advantage of it? Maybe this is a wishing bridge; if you make a wish and throw a twig into the water, and it's carried safely past a certain point, your wish comes true. It looks as if the wish might have come true first, in this case.

A healthy pig's tail curls tight, so Louise Fazenda's expression isn't caused by the condition of these two porcine actors in "Down on the Farm." We don't know what it is in the story that makes her look this way—but we do know what it might be. Any one who's ever raised pigs knows that two in the hand—or, rather, in the bucket—are worth seven just scrambling under the fence to stage a cafeteria scene in a neighbor's garden, for runaway pigs can rival a jack rabbit in speed and a mosquito in elusiveness. And a scowl like Louise's doesn't half do justice to such a calamity!



# in June

soon be upon us, so here are a screen friends in typical June settings.



It's wonderful in the woods in June, when the mountain laurel is still lifting its pink blossoms, and the birch trees make slim, silvery arcs across the path. It's still enough to hear the tumbling water below a distant mill dam, and if you stop a while to pick wild strawberries, along toward evening, you may catch the chirp of a cricket, tuning up for his twilight concert. In fact, it's exactly the place for a Charlie Ray love scene, and when this one was snapped Charlie sort of forgot about the camera, and didn't much care whether he ever heard the director say "Cut!" or not.



Raking hay may be all very well, especially when you have a poet to write about you while you're doing it, as Maud Muller did. But it's far nicer to expend your energies on the garden path, where the lilac bushes have dropped their shiny leaves and purple blossoms. Anyway, that's Wanda Hawley's opinion. Clad in a big gingham apron as pink as her cheeks, she's up bright and early, finding out exactly how her garden grows. Being a motion-picture star doesn't at all interfere with her being an expert raker.



It's hardly fair for golden-haired Pearl White to stand under a bower of pink Dorothy Perkins roses and show how charming a young suburban wife ought to look as she waits for "hubby" to come rushing home on the five-forty-five. It's rumored that suburban wives, bereft of cooks, are more likely to be standing in the kitchen than in a rose arbor at this hour of the day, even in June. But then, Pearl's not a realist, and she says that it does no harm to show how they *ought* to look, at least.

June brings the sweet girl graduate, of course. If she's the sort of girl who lives in a homey little town, and has spent many a sun-filled afternoon out on the porch, helping her mother make her simple, fluffy little net dress, which she'll wear to parties next winter, and if the boy next door sent her her bouquet of roses and carnations—well, then she's the sort of girl Corinne Griffith looks like here.



Waiting near the gate may be pretty pleasant, under the right circumstances. Alice Joyce never has done much of it, even when the twilight was hurdling the distant hills, with his soft gray robe fluttering behind him. Alice is more accustomed to city twilights, when the dusk is strewn with electric lights, and one hears the honk of homeward automobiles rather than the mooing of cows. But that's not saying that she doesn't appreciate a sylvan environment, or rejoice that picture making frequently calls its stars to very pleasant places.

Douglas MacLean makes a perfect homeward-bound suburban husband. He has the joyous grin of the man who thinks he has remembered all the vacation essentials—bathing suits for the children, new oilcloth for the summer cottage, tire chains for the flivver. He feels that he's bought everything in the world, and he threw his shopping list away just before the train reached Homeville. He's forgotten that his stenographer didn't remember the stuff to keep mosquitoes from biting you, which he asked her to get when she went to lunch—but he won't forget it long!

The June bride, of course—but the June bride of a good many years ago. However, Ora Carew's own grandmother couldn't have looked any prettier in this tight-fitting basque and quaintly draped veil than she does, we're sure. And, with the touch of blue ribbon around her sleeves, the borrowed cameo pin, the string of pearls that's certainly old, being a family heirloom, and the brand-new wedding gown, could any bride be a more conscientious follower of the old rhyme than Ora was when she donned this fetching costume?



It's a great feeling, isn't it—having the sun beat down on your back, and perching on a decrepit old wagon, with the whole June day before you, and nothing to do but sit and think of all the things you ought to do, and then not do them? Shirley Mason would rather sit there, wriggling her bare toes in her sandals and munching the juiciest apple she could find in the barrel down cellar, than be seventeen times as popular a star as she is—which is saying a whole lot!



## The Extra Specialist

Every one finds a niche of his own in this day of efficiency—even the extra men and women of the movies.

By Frank H. Williams



**C**AN you imagine a healthy, normal young man of about thirty or thirty-one years of age wearing a perfectly luxurious bunch of whiskers of his own free will and accord?

It's difficult to conceive of such a situation in these days of safeties and plentiful soap supplies, but it's being done, and that, too, for a decidedly legitimate, sane reason—the whiskers assure the man of a good job at a large salary!

Of course, the business in which this occurs is motion pictures—anything can happen in a movie studio—and the bewhiskered gentleman in question is a familiar figure at all the Fort Lee and surrounding Eastern studios. Studio managers have him carefully labeled on their lists of actor "types"—probably under the general title of "Whiskers"—and, whenever a production calls for a man with a plentiful facial adornment, there he is, smiling through the foliage and ready for work at his customary stipend of seventy-five to one hundred dollars a week.

Without the whiskers, what would he be? Well, let's have a little chat with this man, whose name is never prominently displayed on the lithographs and who is seldom, if ever, mentioned in the cast of a picture, but who is always satisfactorily employed.

"I'd simply be an 'extra' without these," declared the subject of our little interview, as he rubbed his hand across the spot where his chin was entirely concealed. "I broke into pictures—along with a lot of other ambitious people—about three years ago. Every other week or so I landed a job for a day or two—at five

dollars or so a day, playing office clerk, butler, chauffeur, or something else. But I couldn't live on that, and I didn't develop enough talent or initiative or whatever it is to land me among the ranks of the stars or leading men. So I looked about to see how I could extract more money out of the game. Being around studios so much, I heard constant agonized wails from directors and studio managers for well-dressed, distinguished-looking men with whiskers. So, as I'd always had a heavy beard and been a good dresser and rather good looking, I simply laid away the shaving mug and honing strop, let 'em grow, and here I am."

As a consequence of being where he is, this clever business man—for it certainly is clever business to scent an opportunity and hop right to it—makes a decidedly good salary and has variety and constant, congenial work. Failing in being a star—what more could he ask?

This is an age of specialists for movie "extras." Mr. Whiskers, though particularly successful, is but one of many others who have specialized in some particular "type" of acting or mannerisms or method of cutting the hair, et cetera, for the purpose of assuring themselves of regular employment as actors. Being specialists, they are lifted out of the ranks of the multitudinous "extras" who besiege the studios and eagerly grab the sops in the way of "bit" parts that are occasionally thrown to them by the casting directors.

It seems strange that because a man has whiskers he can make a good living in the movies, while another

*Continued on page 82*

# An Accomplished Villain

Stuart Holmes can do many things besides act.

By George Arthur Gray

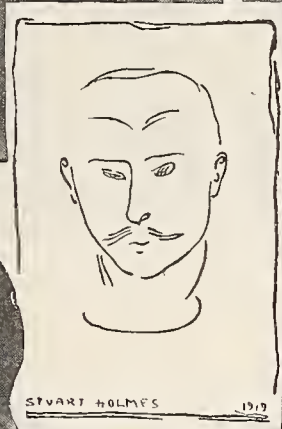
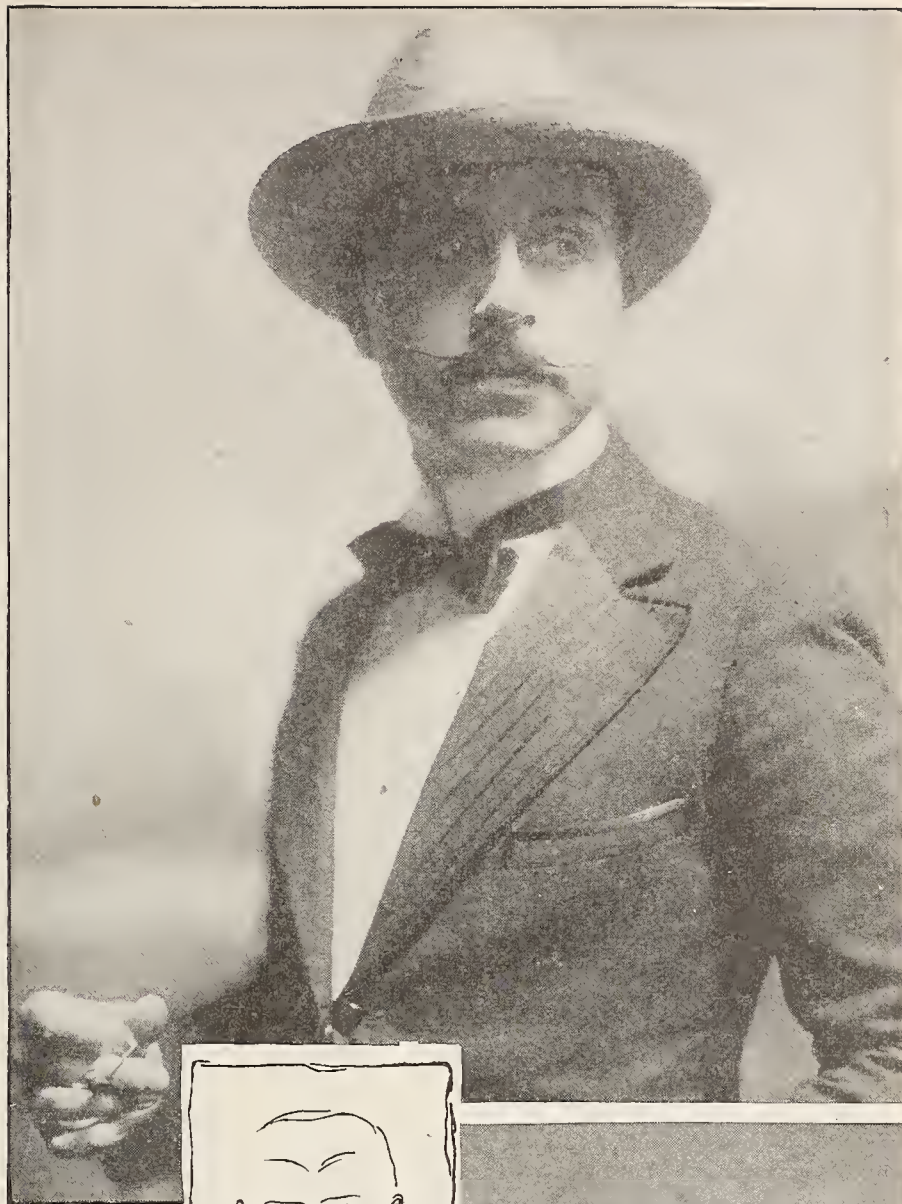


**H**IS hair was rumped, there was a daub of wet clay across his forehead, and he was wiping his hands on the well-seasoned smock that he wore. But I'd have known Stuart Holmes in spite of all that if it hadn't been for his mustache. In the old days it was a striking thing, with long, waxed ends and a generally debonair aspect; now it's expressive of less polished villainy, perhaps—but villainous, nevertheless.

"But I'm not a villain; I'm an artist just now," he protested. "I'm riding my hobby between scenes; have to do it here at the studio because I never have time at home. This is a bust of my mother that I'm working on; I'm doing it from memory and some photographs, but friends who knew her agree with me that it's a very good likeness."

Now, I've seen Holmes play polished villains for a long, long time. I can even remember his work before he went into pictures at all, when he played with Henry Dixey, in "Mary Jane's Pa." But I hadn't known of his days at the Art Institute, in Chicago, nor had I ever heard that he's quite a painter, as well as a sculptor.

He convinced me of something else; that a motion-picture actor does well to learn everything that comes his way. So don't be surprised if you see him speaking the deaf-and-dumb language on the screen or throwing a lariat or pulling some clever stunts with a revolver—these are among the accomplishments that he has stored up all ready to use if the time ever comes when he can. And as he enjoyed his work in "Trailed by Three," a current Pathé serial, and swears that he's going right on with serials, doubtless he'll have a chance to use all his tricks before he's through.



*An impression of Holmes, drawn by himself.*





## Is She Lillian Russell's Successor?

question I wished, I confessed that I was interviewing her on a bet, that I didn't know how to write an interview or anything else, having flunked in English composition three times, and, finally, that I had never seen so much beauty assembled in one gown.

Miss Russell laughed.

"I'll tell you how to write an interview that will win," she said. "Write as though you were writing a letter to your mother about me. That style never fails."

Lovable, beautiful, charming, and generous Lillian Russell! From that moment I was her champion.

So it was with loyal resentment that I went to interview the screen-boasted "American Beauty," Miss Katherine MacDonald. I didn't do it on a bet. That original wager was the Verdun of my industrial life. I wanted to be an official inspector of beautiful women forever after. Nonchalant as I've since be-

*The two portraits on this page are of Lillian Russell, for years America's undisputed reigning beauty.*

WHEN I was a "fresh" in college, one of my fraters bet me five dollars I hadn't the nerve to interview Lillian Russell for the college paper. Miss Russell was then appearing at a local theater.

My idea of an interview was deduced from one I granted the college dean after a certain keg party in which I had been implicated. But what was a spectacled solon compared to the most beautiful woman in America?

I sent in my card to "Colonel Lil," as they called her. A moment later I stumbled through a barricade of roses and a bevy of maids into her dressing room.

She extended her hand and said, "Sit down beside me."

I collapsed like Charlie Chaplin's deck chair in "A Day's Pleasure."

My heart was revolving like an electric fan. I certainly couldn't have passed a military draft-board examination that day.

When she asked me to put any





Katherine MacDonald's charms certainly seem to indicate that she is.

By Herbert Howe

Photographs of Miss MacDonald taken for PICTURE-PLAY by Hoover.

come by gazing upon high-salaried brows, I still got an æsthetic kick in contemplation of a living close-up of the beautiful Miss MacDonald.

"If she's as beautiful as the camera makes her, I'll drop dead," I told her manager, Sam Rork.

"Then come right in and send for the undertaker," said Sam, with sinister affability.

Miss MacDonald was indulging in an armchair lunch in the Rork office. A tea tray was placed beside her. There was chocolate cake—in defiance of beauty dietists—sandwiches, and a milk bottle half filled with tea.

Miss MacDonald extended a hand with the same cordiality, the same direct, pleasant "how-do-you-do" as did the original American beauty. No drawls, no lisps, no English accents were there. She is not at all the conventional movie actress. I suspect her chief interest in the films is the weekly remittance of several thousand dollars—which proves she's intelligent. Take that either way.



And here are similar poses of Katherine MacDonald, the new "American Beauty" of the screen.



"You couldn't drag me into a movie theater two years ago," she remarked. "I was absorbed in bridge then. I came out here, from New York, to help my sister, Mary MacLaren, through her legal difficulties with Universal and to go through some myself via Reno."

Frankness distinguishes Miss MacDonald. Only the true aristocrat can afford to be natural.

Beautiful? Yes. Without make-up, she has the freshness of the rose that sells for twenty a dozen on Fifth Avenue. Her eyes are sapphirian, her hair of brown with rifts of gold. I asked her for a portrait.

"We are preparing a section of American beauties for PICTURE-PLAY," I explained.

"What do you mean American beautie-s?" Sam Rork hissed the "s" at me. "There is only one American beauty."

"You are quite right," Miss MacDonald declared vigorously in sup-

*Continued on page 88*



# Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

SKETCHES BY  
H. L. DRUCKLIEB



If this H C O L thing continues to scrape the clouds, next year we'll be "Burning Daylight" in the furnace and dressing "Even As Eve."

stars are just as fragile, off screen, as you and we. (Only we're broke more *often!*)



## The Luxury of Labor.

The plumber-hero in "The Luck of the Irish," falls heir to \$28,000.00, and with this enormous sum in his jeans, he immediately quits

plumbing and proceeds to travel.

You folks with morbid memories of the plumbing bills you paid last winter should get a large and luscious leer outa that.

The idea! Why, say—a plumber makes that much money every month!

## The World's Moviest Movie.

Emma-Lindsay Squier, who knows more about the stars than the ex-Mr. Gallilo, soulfully inquires: "Where is the spot so remote that the movies have not invaded?"

"Ah, where indeed!" echoes the ex-doughboy—nervously reminiscent of the pedestrian abilities of his enemy—the cootie.

## Economy Attracts No Attention.

Tamar Lane, production manager for Character Pictures Corp., says: "We will also endeavor to cut production costs—"

Ex-converso, Doug Fairbanks, remarks: "The way to make a picture is to forget the bank roll and go the limit!"

We could easily discover which of these gents were correct in their ideas—but for one thing.

While we are delightedly familiar with Doug's offerings, we've not yet noticed a C. P. C. film. What are they like, anyway?

## Unfamiliar Ground.

The Historic Film Co. is contemplating filming the Bible. There are a whole lot of you fans who will not be able to determine if the original story is being followed.

And just think how the critics will have to read up!

## And More Completely!

After safely going through five months of dangerous and death-defying doings as the lead in Universal's serial, "The Iron Man," Jack Perrin sprained his ankle at home on the front steps.

It goes to show you these seemingly tough serial

## An Anomalous Assembly.

(All week—but still going strong!)

Sun-nyside—(First National).

Mon-ey Corral—(Artaft).

Tu-rning The Tables—(Paramount).

Wed-lock—(Vitagraph).

Thu-nderbolt Of Fate—(Pathé).

Fri-sky Lions And Wicked Husbands—(Century).

Sat-an Junior—(Metro).

## Isn't It Distressing?

Seems to us the girls of to-day are extremely careless as to essential details.

We have received twelve leap-year proposals so far this year—by mail—and not one of the ladies mentioned the fact that she had money.

But every one of 'em asked if we had it.

Oh, wotta world, wotta world!

## Ballad: "Day Dreams."

(Slowly And With Feeling.)

If Alice West and Mr. Billy Howell

Would only go away to Timbuctoo,  
My face, I know, would lose its gloom and  
scow-el,  
My skies

Be bright

And Blue!

Yes, sir—if Bill and Alice took vacations,  
And never made another com-i-dee,  
I'd revel in some joys and much elations—  
How nice

That all

Would be!

## Let 'Em Rest!

Paramount-Artaft tells us that "Huckleberry Finn" will bring back your childhood; will make of a you a boy again for

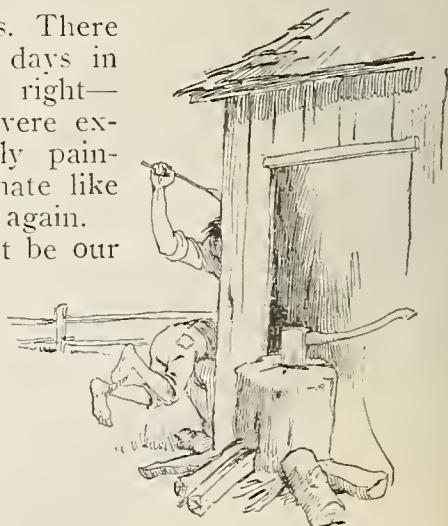
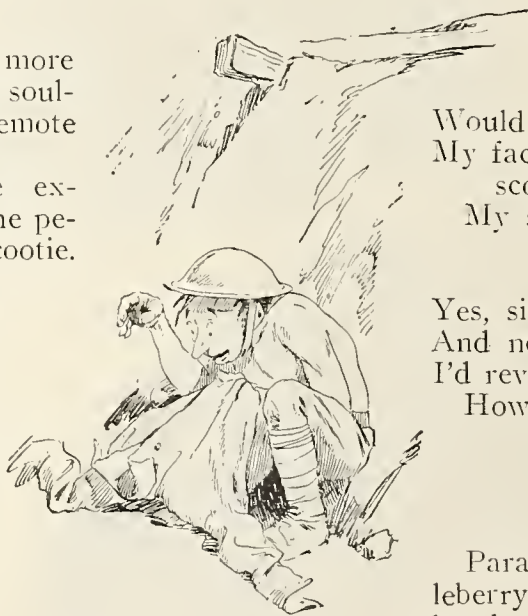
a day.

That kinda scares us. There were a whole lot of days in our fresh—fresh is right— young boyhood that were extremely and personally painful to us, and we'd hate like sixty to see 'em dawn again.

'Cause it would just be our luck that the day brought back would be one of those days!

## Try Mabel For The Blood!

In "The Thunderbolt" one of the players wears a riding



habit, and four years later in the play appears in the same habit. Whether the actor indulged in an extraordinary lengthy ride or was merely demonstrating that a good habit should be retained—we no knot.

This particular habit-cherishing happening, however, does not constitute a world's record. There's Mabel Normand, for instance. Dere Mabel still possesses a habit she used 'way back in her halcyon Keystone days.

'Tis that of smiling and winking into the camera and eventually into your optics, which causes the blood to cavort through the male veins as rapidly as gossip in Hickville.

More power to her, and may she never lose the habit! If she does, a whole lot of us will have hardening-of-the-arteries right away.

—o—  
**A Fox-pas.**

In "The Wings of the Morning," a subtitle slips us this: "Send an S. O. S.—we're on the breakers!"

That's an awful position to be in! Nearly as terrifying as being on the waves!

My, my! Mr. Fox—and "reef" is so easily spelled!

—o—  
**Busy B. Barriscale.**

Lo! how the busy Bessie B.  
Improves each shining minute,  
And, goodness me, how she improves  
A play by being in it!

—o—  
**Random Remarks.**

(Suggested by Current Titles.)

"Just A Wife."

Well, what more do you want?

"One Week-End."

Ours is under our hat.

"Locked Lips."

Who's to who's?

"Other Men's Shoes."

They made C. C. famous.

"Two Weeks."

Near-beer and the Crown Prince.

—o—  
**WE Feed Our Old Shoes To The Cows.**

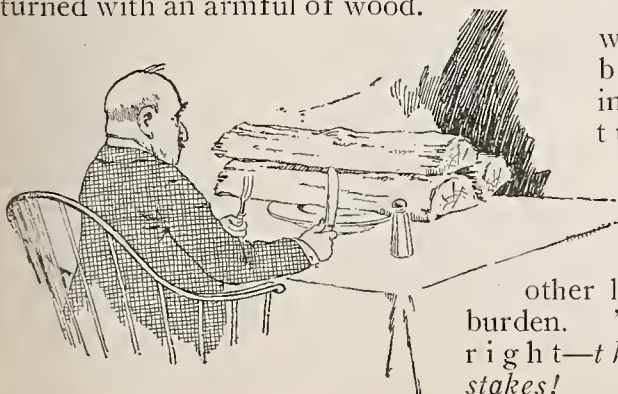
Gloria Swanson and Betty Blythe own gowns of peacock feathers, and Anita Stewart has a dress of ostrich feathers.

Girls, we earnestly hope you will do the right thing by these poor denuded birds. Being feminine, you will, no doubt, soon tire of these feathery fluffies. Why not present the discarded gowns to the peacocks and ostriches?

'Twould be highly acceptable to them these chilly days and would serve to cover their embarrassing bareness, while new foliage is sprouting, later on to adorn other Glorias and Bettys and Anitas.

—o—  
**Grub-Stakes?**

In "The Isle of Conquest," a subtitle informed us that the hero was going forth in quest of food. He returned with an armful of wood.



But while we were unbuttoning our features to laugh right out, we took another look at his burden. 'Twas all right—they were stakes!

**In Which We Keep Still.**

The aforesaid English language is a wild and woolly rambunctious cayuse that we, personally, can never hope successfully to straddle.

Oftentimes we are tempted to wheeze an inoffensive little paragraph, as innocent of wickedness as a Hot-tentot is of chilblains, but we allow it to fade away instead of out, lest some dyslogistic reader should get mad at us.

Here's a case in point, as the physician said while examining the chap who had mistaken a cactus for a Morris chair.

At this moment we're just busting to say something about the darned dress worn by Lila Lee in "Hawthorne of the U. S. A."; the blamed heroine in "The Day She Paid," and the dam flood in "When the Clouds Roll By"—but we dassent!



—o—  
**Going Up!**

In "Sky Eye," the loving leads did their courting in the clouds and were married above the clouds.

At that rate and considering the direction they were traveling, they probably spent the honeymoon in space and settled down to housekeeping on the moon!

—o—  
**How Did They Ever Photo It?**

As we have often remarked—b n f s b a d—"ain't the English language just awfully wonderful!"

F'rinstance:

"See 'The Invisible Ray.'"

Which is our idea of some Herculean effort in opticology.

—o—  
**A Gauzy Garment.**

According to the critics, Dorothy Dalton covered herself with glory in the stupendous production of "Aphrodite."

Those of you who saw the play will not disagree very strongly with the critics. We didn't.

Especially after we looked up the word "glory" in the dictionary. "Glory" mean a "nimbus," and, nuzzling down into the "n's," we learned that "nimbus," as near as we could make out, meant a haze, so—

But why continue?

—o—  
**Two-For-Five.**

One of the smallest casts ever assembled for a five-reel picture is presented in Goldwyn's "Two Cents' Worth of Happiness." Only five players are in the production.

—o—  
**(Answer to Correspondent:)**

J. Thomas O'Toole, St. Paul, Minn.—Glad to know you, and thanks for the "flu" pome. It is too cute for publication, so I have placed it in my safe-deposit vault, far from the critical eyes of an unfeeling woild. Us potes should help each other. You shoot me, and I'll shoot you. Only give me the first shot. If you like Fade-Outs, write to the editor. It must be done volun-

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# "Married? Sure, But I Wish I Weren't"

So said Joe Martin, in a most amazing interview.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier



"Here's her picture," he remarked.

**J**OE MARTIN, the Universal orang-utan, eyed me with cynical indifference from the bars of a trapeze where he was taking his morning constitutional.

"Come on down and be interviewd," I coaxed.

"Too much monkey business about it," he responded morosely, but he came down, swinging hand over hand to the ground, and ambling along on his knuckles like a crab. He blinked at me and accepted a stick of peppermint candy, after which he was more gracious.

"This public life will be the death of me," he sighed. "I know, of course, that a screen star can't entirely escape notoriety, but it is extremely distasteful to me. Interviewers are always asking me about my early life in Borneo when I was a simple country monkey who had never heard of the bright lights of Universal City, and they annoy me by prying into my private affairs. Ever since my marriage—"

"You are married, then?" I interrupted at the risk of being snubbed. "What a disappointment for your jungle lady fans!"

Joe finished the candy and rubbed his ear with his left hind foot. "Sure, I'm married," he replied with a strange lack of enthusiasm. "You know, I sometimes wish I weren't," he went on. "Of course, Sarah—that's my wife—Sarah has her good points, to be sure. For one thing, she's in pictures, and that helps the family finances. She was making L-Ko comedies when I first met her. Now she's signed a contract with Universal and will costar with me."

"How fine!" I exclaimed.

"Well, yes," he admitted, still without ardor, "Sarah's a good girl and very clever, too—she's away on location to-day—here's her picture if you'd like to see it."

"Of course, Borneo was never like this," Joe admitted.

Continued on  
page 86



# HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William

Lord Wright

## Wet and Dry

I wrote last month about keeping away from propaganda and from timely newspaper topics. In that connection I wish to call to your attention that the most dangerous subject right now to try to work into a movie story is the wet and dry question. The wise producers have mentally resolved to stay out of the argument. If a story that savors too much of the evils of drink is filmed, then the wets are loud in condemnation; if a character is shown to be partial to dope, now "that he cannot procure a drink," then the dries become wild and shout that the movies have been subsidized. So the writer should stay away from the liquor question. It is true that we see such stories done. It is also true that certain pictures—some representing one and some the other side of the question—smack loudly of propaganda. Just the same, *most* of the producers are steering a clear course and wisely think that it is best not to offend either side. Either side numbers millions—and *they all go to the movies, you know!*

## Getting Your Ideas on Paper

Paul Pearson has trouble in getting his ideas on paper. He says he has wonderful ideas, but so many things seem to stand in the way of expression. This is not at all strange. One of the best newspaper reporters I ever knew, a man, who had an uncanny nose for news, could not write a line properly. He'd get out and cover a story and then phone it to the office and some "rewrite man" would take the facts and weave them into a cleverly told story. But, happily, it isn't a clever style, or any other sort of style, that the movie editor desires. All he wants is the plain, unvarnished plot. The less attempt you make at word painting, the better. Get the idea down. Here is Mr. Pearson's letter:

I can no longer hold back that which I have always wished to say to you. My only wish is that I could speak to you face to face. Each month I read other people's letters to you on the art of writing photoplays. It is the most interesting half hour of the whole month. I enjoy this beyond measure, for the simple reason that I also am a struggling author holding the ladder with one hand and vainly trying to reach the top with the other. But some day, even though it must be one step at a time, I will climb to the top. It is a bold thing to say, but without confidence one can never hope to succeed.

And so with my star of hope shining brightly, I fondly be-

lieve that I can win. But something seems to hold me back—something I cannot understand. My mind is full of wonderful plays, plays that should dazzle the eyes of editors, but alas, to write them is far different from thinking them. The scenes, how to place them; the characters, when to present them—there are hundreds, yes, thousands of things that seem to stand in my way. What can a new writer do without an encouraging word to help? Rejection slips here, rejection slips there—no wonder so few succeed!

Recently I submitted a play entitled "The Heart of Swede Larson." I wrote and rewrote it ten times hoping that some editor would find a story in it, but like our old black cat, it found its way back to the starting place. I spent another day retyping it and sent it out again. It has been out three weeks. What would you advise me to do?

For a year and a half I have been at this interesting game and no richer than when I started. One thing I can see, which consoles me greatly—the improvement I have gained. My first play was a mass of words meaning nothing. My last play, with fewer words, had, I know, something like a story in it; yet it came back. However, I am never disappointed, always understanding that the editor must know his business, otherwise he would be somewhere else.

Rejection slips *are* cold propositions, but remember that the editor reads many, many scripts besides your own and could not possibly take the time to answer them all. Giles R. Warren, pioneer scenario editor for Lubin, tried it. He acknowledged

the receipt of each script by printed post cards, stating that the script would have careful and early attention, and this little system saved a lot of correspondence. Warren also had a habit of writing encouraging letters to those who showed promise, and it paid in those good old days. But it seems to be out of fashion these days. More new writers were developed then than now, and individual encouragement was the reason. And, while we are discussing rejection slips, let me suggest that three weeks is not a sufficient time to wait for a rejection slip or an acceptance; wait six weeks and then inquire about your script if you wish.

## Not the Author's Fault

One of the hardest things we have to learn is that the things we are told to avoid seem to be the very things that the successful person is allowed to do. I appreciate the resentment that many beginners feel when they are criticized for doing the very sort of thing they see on the screen. Here is a case in point. It is an extract from a letter from Mr. J. Donald Heebner:

One thing that puzzles me is a recent criticism of one of

**Q**UESTIONS 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 "Guidenotes 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.*

my stories by a scenario editor, in which he objected to my story as being "implausible." Now I admit that it was a story which was not *likely* to have happened in real life, but the incidents *might* have happened, *could* have happened, and, had they happened, they would have been very humorous. After having received this criticism, I decided to study more carefully the best pictures I could see, with a view to their plausibility. I am not going to name the first one I viewed—it was put out by one of the biggest companies and had a very well-known and very popular actor as the star. But, for plausibility—well, compared to that one, mine read like the multiplication table. It was the most absurdly far-fetched lot of nonsense I ever sat through—and it wasn't funny. After such an experience, do you wonder that a would-be writer gets disgusted with the advice and admonition that he so often gets?

Sometimes it does seem that the writer who has "arrived," can get by with anything. But, please, in order to be fair, remember that the writer is not responsible for the picture as you saw it on the screen. If there were an iron-clad rule by which the director and the writer of the continuity of the picture were afforded the final say, many of the weird plays which are shown on the screen to-day might not appear so "implausible." In many instances the versatile star—more often the starette—has a clause in a contract that gives him—or her—an opportunity to dictate "business." Then we sometimes have the ruination of a good picture because the star thinks some other character has too much "business." Jealousy is the most pernicious vice now standing in the way of perfect picture plays. I know of one star—a man, too—who compelled another character to stand with his back to the camera during the playing of a strong scene. The other actor was a good one, and the star was afraid that the scene would be stolen. When we have such goings-on as this, can you wonder that screen stories are not always clear or plausible, when the star, the star's personal representative, the director, the scenario writer, the "big boss," and half a dozen more may tear each one to pieces and change it around until the author cannot recognize his own plot? You cannot.

### Don't Have Your Stories Printed

A few authors submit their movie yarns in printed form. This is to get around the copyright law, which requires that a piece of text must be in type before it can be copyrighted. The author of this department, several years ago, caused to be introduced in Congress by former Representative F. E. Willis, of Ohio, a bill to protect movie manuscripts by copyright, doing away with subterfuges. The bill, for some reason, was buried in committee. It can be found in the legislative files.

However, no reputable concern is going to filch your story, remember that. Then why have it printed? In the first place, it is a big expense. Secondly, it is an indirect accusation, and some editors are sensitive. Also, these stories that look like handbills, or printers' proofs, are frequently printed in agate type, which is very small and difficult to read. I venture the opinion that the printed movie plot has not an equal opportunity in the average editorial office with the neatly typewritten manuscript.

### Don't Brand Yourself An Amateur

After long years of experience, I am firmly convinced that the best way to submit stories is for the author to prepare them in a strictly professional form—such as is described in detail in our Guideposts booklet—and to mail them direct to the scenario editor of whatever producing company the author thinks might be interested in them. This is old advice, but it cannot be repeated too often. To

send a manuscript, written in longhand or accompanied by a long letter, which stamps the writer as an amateur, is simply to kill all chances of having your script even glanced at. Since the scenario editors know that only one script in about a hundred of those which come pouring into their offices each day is worth even considering, they become very adept in telling at a glance whether a story is worth looking over or not. They figure, and rightly, that if a writer has gone at the business of writing a screen play seriously enough to have investigated the fundamental principles of the art, he or she cannot have failed to find out, at the same time, how a professional writer prepares and submits a manuscript.

### The Registered Letter

Every editor in the business knows the registered letter with the "return receipt demanded." This letter generally is couched in the following form: "You have kept my story for two weeks, not even acknowledging same. Please return it immediately, or I shall take the matter up with the post office." Nine times out of ten, when investigation is instituted, the manuscript is discovered to have no name or return address, or it has been returned to the address given on the manuscript, but the writer moved elsewhere, and no one knows where. Keep a carbon copy of your stuff; don't send in registered letters. If the script fails to return to you after six weeks, write briefly and in a proper manner, asking for a decision. Inclose return postage with your manuscript. Remember that the film producers are not advertising for material. You send your own stories at your own risk, and so you should be lenient with an overworked editorial force if your cherished masterpieces turn up missing. It may be your fault.

### Action!

Action certainly speaks louder than words—in the movies. The plots are demanding more and more action, and it is a prize essential. To those who are ambitious to write screen dramas, remember that action and yet more action is demanded. Formerly one could put over a screen drama with about three reels of action and story, and two reels of introduction, atmosphere, and pretty photography. The public appreciates the atmosphere; is resigned to the introductions when necessary, and has now an artistic eye trained to enjoy the pretty "shots." But when action is sacrificed for all the above, the public resents it. There must be something doing from the very first and there must be no lags or lapses or halts or digressions in the rapid unfolding of the plot.

Producers will tell you that the motion-picture public has become highly educated. They know how it is done—trick photography and all. So they must have a plot and action and thrills and love interest to keep them on edge. Otherwise the public walks out on the production, and this is ruinous to the producer and all concerned.

### Predicating the Action

As I have often stated, the titling of a motion-picture play is a separate and distinct art. There should be men and women as highly trained in the titling art as in the writing of the drama or in the direction of the action thereof. The best title writers at times will predicate the action—that is, they will tell in the title what subsequently is going to happen. This takes away surprise, suspense, and interest. The public knows what is going to happen, and the three or four hundred feet of "business" is virtually useless.

(Continued on page 86)



*Of course she sang in the choir.*

## The Very Unexpected

It happens to Corinne Griffith in "The Garter Girl."

By Caroline Bell

**S**HE'S a curious, appealing little thing—*Rosalie Ray*, the heroine of O. Henry's famous story, "The Memento," and she loses none of her appeal when Corinne Griffith brings her to the screen in "The Garter Girl," as the pictured version of the story is called.

As the dainty actress who each night swings far out over the audience in a flower-decked trapeze and kicks a be-ribboned garter into its midst, she's a slangy, decorative, hard-working member of society, wholly the product of her environment. You may not *quite* approve of her, but you can't help liking her, and admiring the pluck with which she fights her way through life alone.

But she tires of her mode of living; of the dingy theatrical hotels, where "a dressing sack or a cul-de-sac may bring you up short"—we quote from O. Henry, of course. She hates the audiences—"clapping, yelling, crowding—like a lot of wild beasts, with their eyes fixed on you, ready to eat you up if you come within reach of their claws." And so she takes her savings, goes to a little country town, and makes herself over to fit her new surroundings. She sings in the choir at church and, of course, falls in love with the young minister.

They have a beautiful, sweet, simple little love affair, one of those idyllic episodes that form so perfect a set-



*A decorative, hard-working member of society.*

ting for Corinne Griffith. And then—well, then the very unexpected happens, as it usually does at the end of an O. Henry story.

It wouldn't be fair to tell what the ending is, and it isn't necessary to tell much about the charming Corinne's work in this rôle. You can easily image her in the gold cloth and spangles of her stage costume, and as easily picture her in the simple frocks she wears during her sojourn in the country town, where she recited for the sewing

society and went rowing among the water lilies with the young minister. They'd have been married and lived in the parsonage, if the very unexpected hadn't happened.



# Too Good a Steak for "Polly"

Mrs. Sidney Drew finds such a good rôle that she can't resist it.

By  
Louise Williams



*Mrs. Drew has changed very little since the days of the Henry and Polly comedies.*

**R**EALLY, I remind myself of a story Sidney used to tell, about a woman who went into a restaurant and asked the proprietor if he had a very good beefsteak. He replied, 'Ma-dame, if I had such a thing I'd

eat it myself!' And there you are; I directed two of this series of pictures, starring John Cumberland, and then, when I found that the third had an awfully good part for a woman, I decided to play it myself; simply couldn't resist so good a beefsteak!"

The gay voice paused to laugh and then suddenly caught itself up to exclaim, "Oh, here they come; they'll kill me now sure as shooting!" And I whirled around, wondering if an escaped convict was at large in that part of the Pennsylvania terminal, but saw only a young woman with very black hair and very blue eyes, facing a throng of people who, like the Greeks of old, came bearing gifts.

Some carried ornate "going-away baskets"—those capacious affairs which contain everything from jars of jam and tea balls to substitutes for the kitchen stove; others brought fruit—from guavas and sapodillas from the tropics to the latest brand of sugared prune. And there were flowers, too—corsage bouquets of orchids, button-hole nosegays made up of three violets and two sweet peas; golden masses of daffodils—even a little pink azalea tree had been brought to the station to speed this young woman on her way.

But she held off her friends and their tributes with outstretched arms.

"You're all going to hate me," she assured them, but the twinkle in her eyes discounted her seriousness. "You see, I'm not going to California to-day at all—not till two weeks from this afternoon! But I couldn't possibly get extras for the going-away scene of this picture who'd look as grand, awful and sublime as you

do, so I just announced that I was leaving to-day so you'd come down and be background in this picture—and now you can shoot me if you want to!"

But they didn't want to—not at all. After one amazed exclamation of "Oh, Mrs. Drew!" they gathered up their gifts once more and grouped themselves in front of the camera. And Mrs. Sidney Drew explained to me how it happened that she's returning to the screen.

"It's for the first scene of 'The Emotional Miss Vaughan.'" She began flapping over the pages of a bulky manuscript as she talked. "That's the third of the series based on Julian Street's book, 'After Thirty,' and I'm not in this part. I'm the girl he falls in love with after his wife's gone to Florida. She's just leaving New York in these scenes. Now let's—oh, Johnny!"

It was John Cumberland who called forth that outburst. Probably you remember him in "The Gay Old Dog" or perhaps in "The Charming Mrs. Chase" or "The Stimulating Mrs. Barton"—the first two of this new series of Drew comedies. Overcoat hunched around him, he stood glowering at the spectators.

"Got your make-up on, Johnny?" Mrs. Drew's voice was solicitous, but held an undertone of laughter. And then, as he replied with a disgusted grunt which tried hard to be polite, "Don't you care; nobody's looking at you!"

"Humph!" Cumberland swept the crowd with a glance of righteous indignation. "I'd like to know *why* they aren't!"





As a matter of fact, they were. From the camera, where we stood, to the gate at the head of the stairs leading to the railway tracks, they formed a solid and very narrow lane. If you've been wondering why the New York end of your business affairs has been delayed lately, I can tell you the reason—the people most concerned in it spent precious minutes in the Pennsylvania Railway Station, watching Mrs. Sidney Drew direct a picture. If you see "The Emotional Miss Vaughan" you may recognize some of them, for, when Mrs. Drew called for volunteers from the sidelines to rush out in front of the camera and catch an imaginary train, many a good American made his debut in motion pictures. You won't see anything but their backs on the screen, but they won't care—they've been in the movies!

"I really am going to California, week after next," Mrs. Drew told me, as she finished arranging her friends at the gates and directing their fictitious farewells. "Mr. Cumberland is appearing on the stage in 'The Girl in the Limousine,' and when the show goes to Boston for eight weeks, I'm going West with my brother. And after that I'm going to build a studio somewhere near New York, though I haven't decided yet on the location. Let's see—where's Johnny?"

Cumberland joined us like a lamb being led to the slaughter.

*The crowd made John Cumberland desperate.*

"This is awful," he told me feelingly, with a gesture toward the attentive crowd. "Yes, I've been on the stage for years and made a good many pictures; I ought not to have stage fright or whatever this is. But I hate curious crowds—now, if all these people were just extras, it would be different. The other night Mrs. Drew took one of the theaters after the evening performance, engaged an audience for it, and we worked there till morning, but that crowd was all right. And you should have seen Mrs. Drew. She's very clever, you know, and has never been funnier in her life than she was that evening."

I learned some other things about Mrs. Drew that afternoon—not that the information that she was clever was news. It goes without saying that any woman who adapts stories for the screen, casts and directs them and acts in them as well, is clever. But I learned that hers is the sort of disposition that can be kind to a leading lady who indulges in the luxury of being an hour late when every moment of sunlight is precious and getting the use of the location again is doubtful—it is no easy thing to obtain permission to "shoot" in a place like the Pennsylvania Station. And I learned, too, that there is still about her something of the girl who came from Sedalia, Missouri, not so terribly long ago, and worked in pictures with Sidney Drew for

*She's in California resting—and studying studios.*

*Continued on page 90*



# For Men Only!

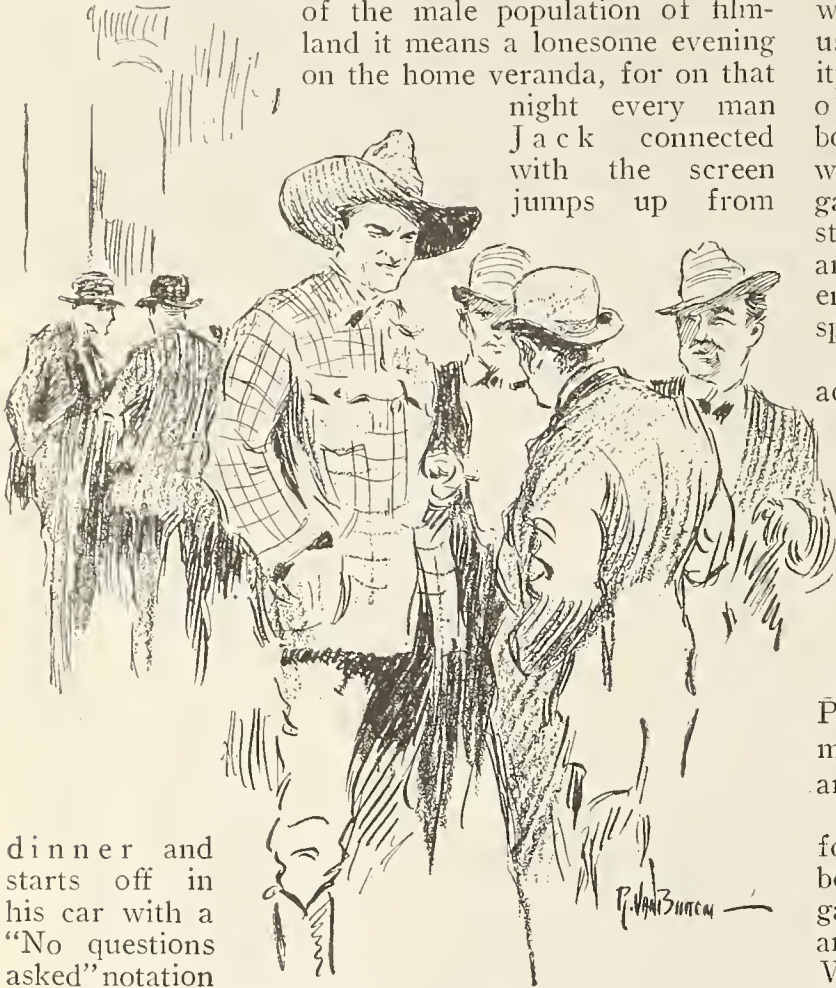
But if you happen to belong to the opposite sex you'll still want to read this story of how the male film stars of Los Angeles spend their "one big night of the week."

By Charles Condon With ringside sketches by RAY VAN BUREN.



IT was a Tuesday night, and an ordinary enough time as nights go, if the place had been any but Los Angeles.

But there, Tuesday night is a night apart. To the wives, mothers, and sweethearts of the male population of film-land it means a lonesome evening on the home veranda, for on that night every man Jack connected with the screen jumps up from



dinner and starts off in his car with a "No questions asked" notation on his pass.

Los Angeles, though a merry little town, is not quite tuned up to New York pitch when it comes to revelry. There's no opportunity of indulging in a general high carnival going on seven nights of the week. But as regularly as Tuesday night comes around, the clans gather at the neighboring town of Vernon to attend the boxing matches that are held there.

On the particular night of which I write I had joined Bill Russell at the athletic club, to go with him as his guest to the weekly exhibition. We started early, but not before Bill had had time to look about and invite Jim Kirkwood, Herbert Howe, Emmett Flynn, his director, and George Stewart to fill up his car.

In the days of old—meaning prior to January 16, 1920—Vernon was the scintillating spot of life in Southern California. Less than an hour's ride from the center of Los Angeles, its cabarets and wine cellars used to act like a magnet on the young bloods of the larger city. Having had such a running start, it is still a hilarious place in comparison to the law-shackled towns in its vicinity.

On the particular Tuesday night in question, the Vernon Athletic Club, an old wooden building with

tiers of hard seats converging in the center about a four-poster arena, was playing, as usual, to capacity. Long lines of automobiles radiated from the entrance, parked on both sides of the streets for blocks around. The erstwhile barroom, which graced the corner of the pavilion, gaped helplessly at the crowds on the sidewalk and street. The men were formed in little groups here and there, chatting upon subjects ranging from influenza to the night's program, and touching lightly in spots upon the matter of motion pictures.

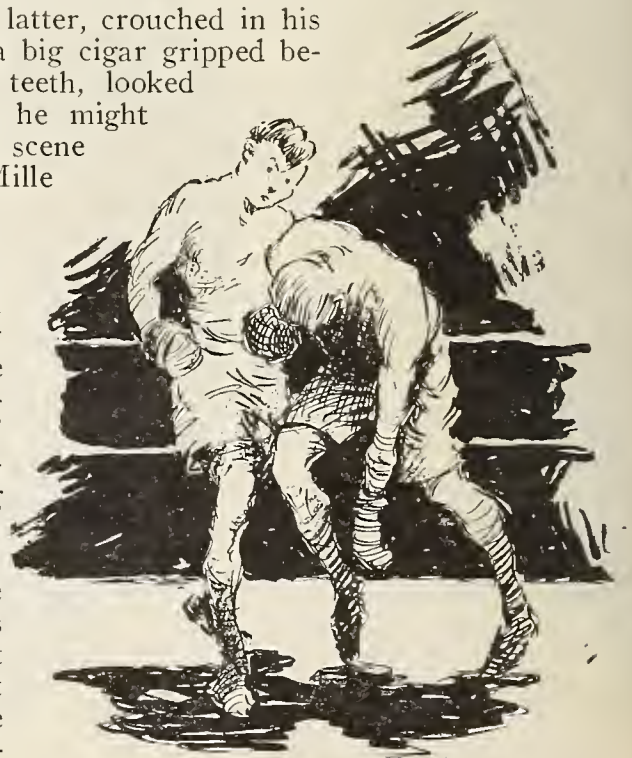
Tom Mix stood out like a house afire in one group, adorned with high boots, a big sombrero, and an aggressive, gray-checked coat, upholstered at the collar with modest red velvet. At a short distance, Dustin Farnum had gathered about him his brother, William, Harry Carey, Al Jennings, and Lou Cody. On the steps were gangs of short-trousered youths, boys who had secured this vantage point at an early hour and who paid homage to stardom only if a celebrity had an extra ticket.

Before us, in the aisle, tramped Tom Meighan, Jack Pickford, Owen Moore, and Elliott Dexter, delaying matters generally by their attention to a large acquaintance list.

The first bout was just getting under way as we found our seats, located in the second row, midway between Al St. John and the Mayer studio congregation, composed of Louis B. Mayer, Rudolph Cameron, and Bennie Zeidman. Directly in front of us were Wallace Reid and Theodore Roberts. The latter, crouched in his seat with a big cigar gripped between his teeth, looked as though he might be doing a scene for a De Mille special.

"Step on it, Joe! Let 'im know you're there! Attaboy," came hurtling through the air.

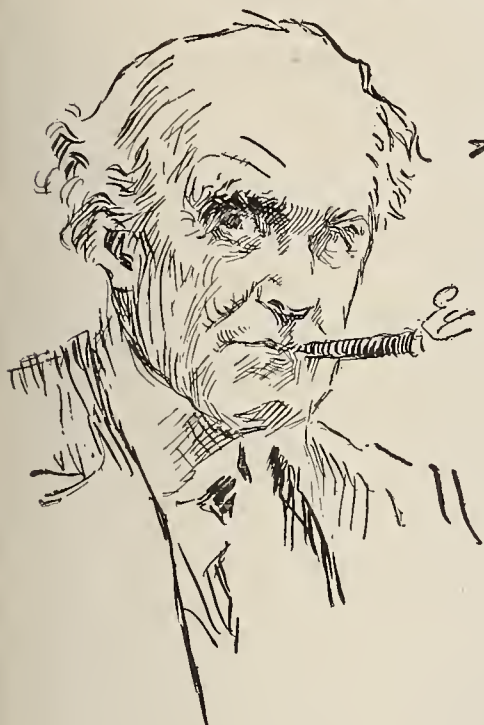
The words weren't much, but the voice com-



manded respect. We spied its owner in the person of Roscoe Arbuckle, located directly across the ring, and so close to the platform as to appear to be double chinning it. He was chaperoning Adolph Zukor, the master mind of the Paramount-Artcraft-Famous Players-Lasky forces, who had arrived from New York just in time to have dinner before accepting Arbuckle's invitation to Vernon.

As though in answer to the comedian's yell, Joe Miller nearly left his vivid blue tights in getting out of the way of a mean swing from Ray Booker and then laid that worthy young man away with a right to the jaw.

William Duncan, coming down the aisle as the ap-



plause reached its peak, took off his hat and smiled graciously as if in response to a tremendous ovation. As a yearly subscriber to seats at the club, the serial star is a privileged person, and his little joke was received with much laughter and many shouted greetings.

The second bout was short and snappy. After dancing about the ring a bit, one of the fighters es-

sayed a jab at his adversary's ribs, missed, and one-stepped right into a terrific uppercut.

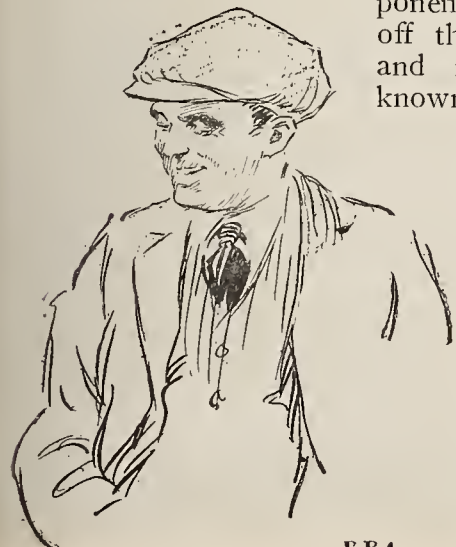
"Extra bout! Extra bout!" yelled Eddy Polo.

"Extra bout! Extra bout!" echoed Eddie Sutherland and Wallace MacDonald. Charlie and Douglas Gerard, Frank Mayo and Walter Long followed up the cry. Three hundred other pairs of lungs from the rear voted on it unanimously, and finally the announcer sidled to the middle of the ring and responded favorably.

Alfred E. Smith, the conservative, sedate president of Vitagraph, retained his dignity until that part of the third event in which Henry Gastine began to lay down a heavy barrage on his opponent's face. Then he cast off the bonds of propriety and made his admiration known in sounds that made

up in sincerity what they lacked in volume. Tony Moreno his host, seemed equally moved by the occasion. He confined his expression to a smile that echoed clear back to Spain.

In the intermission preceding the fourth bout, Carter de Haven climbed



PP4



into the ring and held up his hand for silence.

"Boys," he said, "a chauffeur in a Hollywood studio has met with some hard luck and a great deal of sorrow. His wife died last night and left new-born triplets to face hardships in living that are a problem to an able-bodied man. Are you going to let these kiddies suffer when a small bit from each of you will make 'em feel at home in the world? There's my hat. See who can go in it." Immediately a shower of money started, the coins flying from all points of the house. Within a minute and a half, over six hundred dollars was collected.

The event following went along quite smoothly. Jack Dempsey made mental note of the fast footwork and clean hitting, and nodded approvingly at the finish



to his companion, Doug Fairbanks, who, by the way, only yelled twice during the engage-

ment. Tom Moore, seated next to him, limited his encouragement of the affair to a few Irish whoops and a concluding chuckle, which he emphasized by giving Casson Ferguson a nudge like a mule's kick.

"See that little fellow getting up?" said a man sitting next to Tony Moreno, as the fifth bout was announced. "That's Walter Bannon. He and his sister are protégés of Mrs. Vernon Castle. She became interested in them while she was working out here and did much to re-

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*She made him give up the stage, so they could be together.*

EDWARD KIMBALL?" I vainly tried to recall what I knew about the portly, white-haired gentleman who was being introduced to me by the Garson studio publicist. I connected it somehow with a midnight-haired beauty of the screen.

"Oh!" I burst forth at length with more enthusiasm than tact. "You are Clara Kimball Young's father!"

It might have been a faux pas—but it wasn't. There was a straightening of plump shoulders and a proud gleam of the twinkling blue eyes.

"Yes," he admitted instantly, with a smile. "I'm just Clara's dad. I've almost given up hope of ever having any individuality of my own—but I don't mind, in fact I'm proud of my title."

Mr. Kimball is a lovable "young-old" man, almost six feet tall, but so rotund that you forget his height and think only of how much he resembles a kewpie doll, a pink-cheeked, blue-eyed, double-chinned, white-ringed kewpie.

## Just Clara's Dad

He is more than Clara Kimball Young's father, however, for he is a motion-picture actor himself. He had a long career on the legitimate stage and has taken worthy parts in such screen features as "Magda," "Eyes of Youth," "The Common Law," and other pictures of his daughter's. He is being starred now in Richard Golden's "Old Jed Prouty" at the Garson studio.

Many cinema stars received their earlier training on the legitimate stage, but few of them began as far back as 1877 and continued on the stage for thirty-four years. Edward Kimball did. And he stopped only because of his age and his daughter's wish to have him play in motion pictures with her, so that they could be together.

"You know how daughters are," he smiled paternally. "You just have to listen to them because they won't stop talking until you do."

"You and Clara are pretty good pals, aren't you?" I asked him.

"I should say we are," Mr. Kimball answered emphatically. "You should see us working in our garden together,

*I found him a lovable "young-old" man.*



But Edward Kimball is rather proud of the title.

By Selma Howe

painting the back porch, or weeding the lawn, and you'd believe it. I have a beautiful rose garden in which I get my exercise, taking care of the flowers, picking the worms off the shrubs and pruning them—the shrubs I mean. It's better exercise than any game ever invented," he assured me, and I couldn't doubt his word because this veteran is the picture of vigorous health.

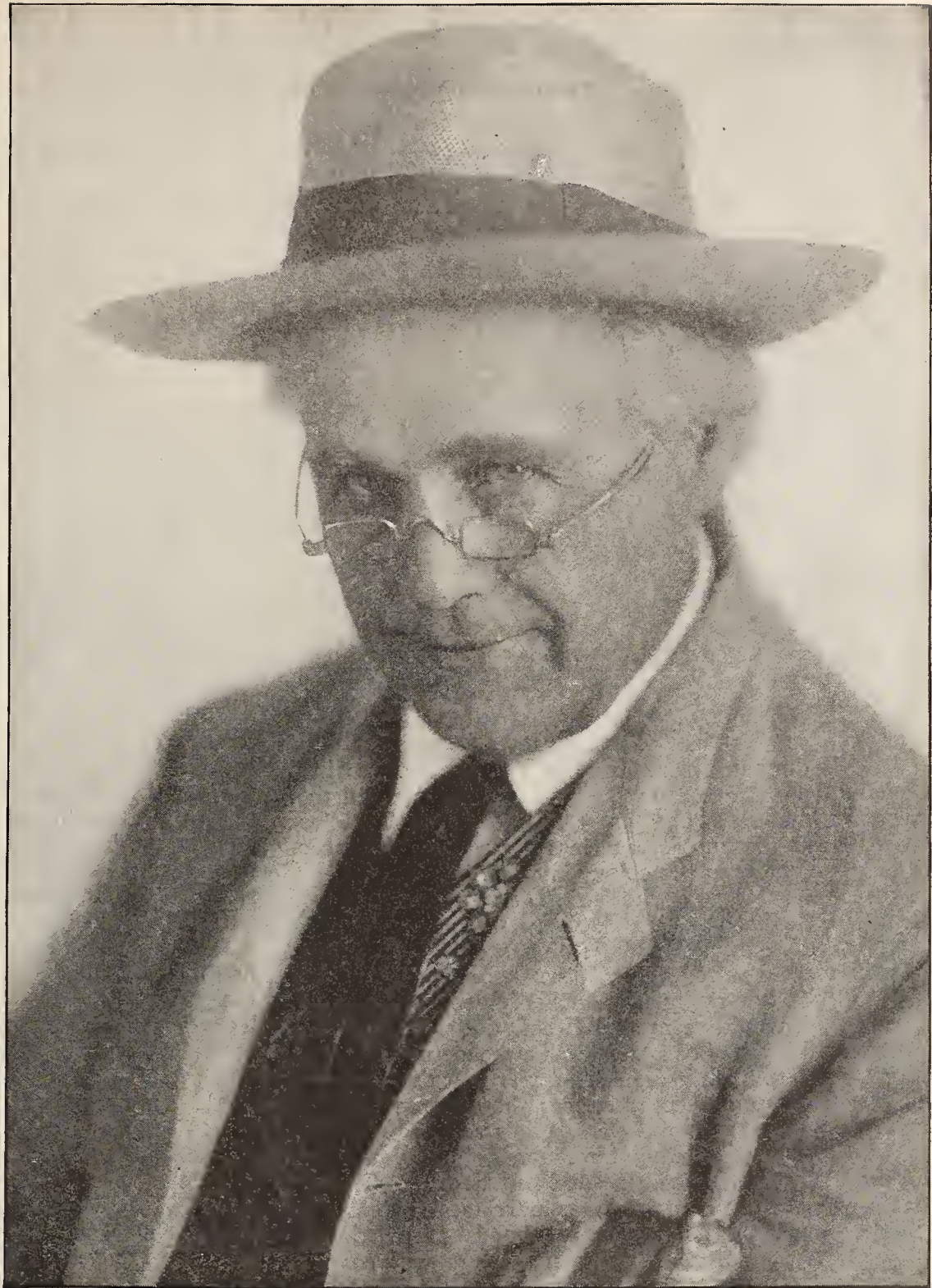
"Is it harder to show feeling on the screen than on the stage?" I queried, anxious to steer the conversation back to screen subjects again.

"No, I don't find it so," he replied a little wearily. "You know, everybody that has lived as long as I have, has had some great sorrow in his or her life that, if you think about it, will produce grief; mine came so recently that it is all I can do to keep it from being uppermost in my mind even at times when I should register joy." His blue eyes clouded suddenly, and I knew that he was thinking of the recent passing on of his lifemate—Clara's mother.

"Did you train your daughter from childhood to be an actress?" I asked quickly, fearing that I had probed too deep in my questioning.

"No, I had never given it

*"You should see us working together."*



*"Yes," he admitted with a smile, "I'm just Clara's dad."*



much thought," he replied. "She had been carried on in a few plays and was practically cradled in a trunk in the dressing room. One night when she was about three years old, her mother and I were playing opposite each other in a very sad scene. I was supposed to be blind, and Mrs. Kimball was on her knees beside me. The house was so still you could have heard a pin drop, and suddenly out in the audience arose a titter that swelled to a roar. I couldn't understand what had happened, until out of the corner of my eye, my blind eye, I saw a tiny figure in a little white nightie, trailing behind her an old plaid shawl that had covered her while she slept, and wearing on her head a white wig that she had found on her mother's dressing table. She toddled to her mother's side and, kneeling in identically the same position as her mother, said loud enough for

*Continued on page 91*

# Over the Teacups

Fanny the Fan proves that gossip can be interesting and yet not be malicious.

By The Bystander



*The monkey has a sense of humor, according to Joe Rock.*

Just then Louise Glaum came in, wearing one of those brilliant Chinese capes.

"This thing is so gaudy that I'm afraid some traveling salesman will make a mistake and pick me up, thinking I'm a sample," she laughed.

"You're more likely to be gathered in by a Hopi Indian," retorted Fanny.

"And by the way, is it true that you're engaged to J. Parker Read, Jr.?"

"Fanny!" I remonstrated, horrified at such brazen curiosity, but Louise just laughed with those long, beautiful eyes of hers, and went on her way to her own table.

WE'LL have to hurry; I have that dancing lesson in half an hour," announced Fanny, dumping her mesh bag and long gloves in a tangled heap on the tea table. "Oh, don't pretend that you've forgotten saying you'd go with me to Theodore Kosloff's studio and join a class; you know that absolutely everybody in the colony is doing it."

"I know somebody who isn't," I retorted. "Mildred Harris Chaplin."

"Poor little thing." Carried away by her sympathy, Fanny quite ignored the waiter. "Do you think she and Charlie are really irreconcilably separated?"

"Well, it would seem so," I replied, "judging by the accounts in the Los Angeles newspapers—still, you never can tell. But it did seem a pity that they couldn't have had an unbroken romance; there's something so appealing about her, and everybody's so fond of him."

"By the way," Fanny interrupted, "did you know Carlyle Blackwell has been sued for divorce? There'll have to be a big crop of June marriages this year to make up for the couples whose bonds of matrimony have been untied. And some new stars will have to be signed up, too, to fill the gaps left by those who are playing hop-scotch and changing companies. Bryant Washburn has left Famous Players-Lasky, you know, to form a company of his own, and changes and rumors of changes simply fill the air. Hedda Nova and her husband, Paul Hurst, the director, have formed a company. And even though I've been reassured on that subject so many times I can't feel that Gloria Swanson is at all a permanent fixture at the Lasky studio; since she married the head of Equity I look in the paper every morning for the news that she's to have a company of her own. I'm told that her new apartment is simply stunning, by the way; it's in an enormous building owned by an assistant director at Lasky. And *have* you noticed the diamonds Gloria's wearing of late? Cecil De Mille won't be able to offer her anything on the screen that she hasn't at home, if his scenic artists and costumers don't get busy."

"Did you hear of the dreadful thing that happened to one of the Goldwyn companies a while ago?" I asked, seeking to divert Fanny's attention before she pursued the matter. "Reginald Barker, the director, had them out on location to make scenes in 'The Branding Iron,' and everything was going perfectly nicely when some one gathered some poison ivy, somebody else followed suit, and the first thing Barker knew the entire company was down with it, and he just had to wait till their faces and hands went back to normal size."

"My gracious!" Fanny glanced at her watch and leaped from her chair as if somebody had shot at

*Edith Roberts is one of the few stars who isn't going abroad.*



her. "We'll have to hurry. You pay the check while I pursue a taxi. We mustn't be late."

We weren't. We arrived just in time to see Gloria Swanson and Mae Allison vanish through the doorway, and Edith Roberts' car stopped right behind our cab.

"This dancing class reminds me of another one that I went to," laughed the little Universal star, as we hurried up the steps together. "The teacher, a Russian, used to call off the steps as he danced along ahead of us, and the class followed him and did the things as he called them. He'd say 'Step, hop; step, step, hop; hop, step, hop, step; step, step, hop!' And one day mother, who was sitting on the side lines, said to an old lady next her, 'Isn't this interesting?' and the old lady answered, 'My, yes, but I wish I'd brought my crocheting; he's calling off a perfectly good pattern!'"

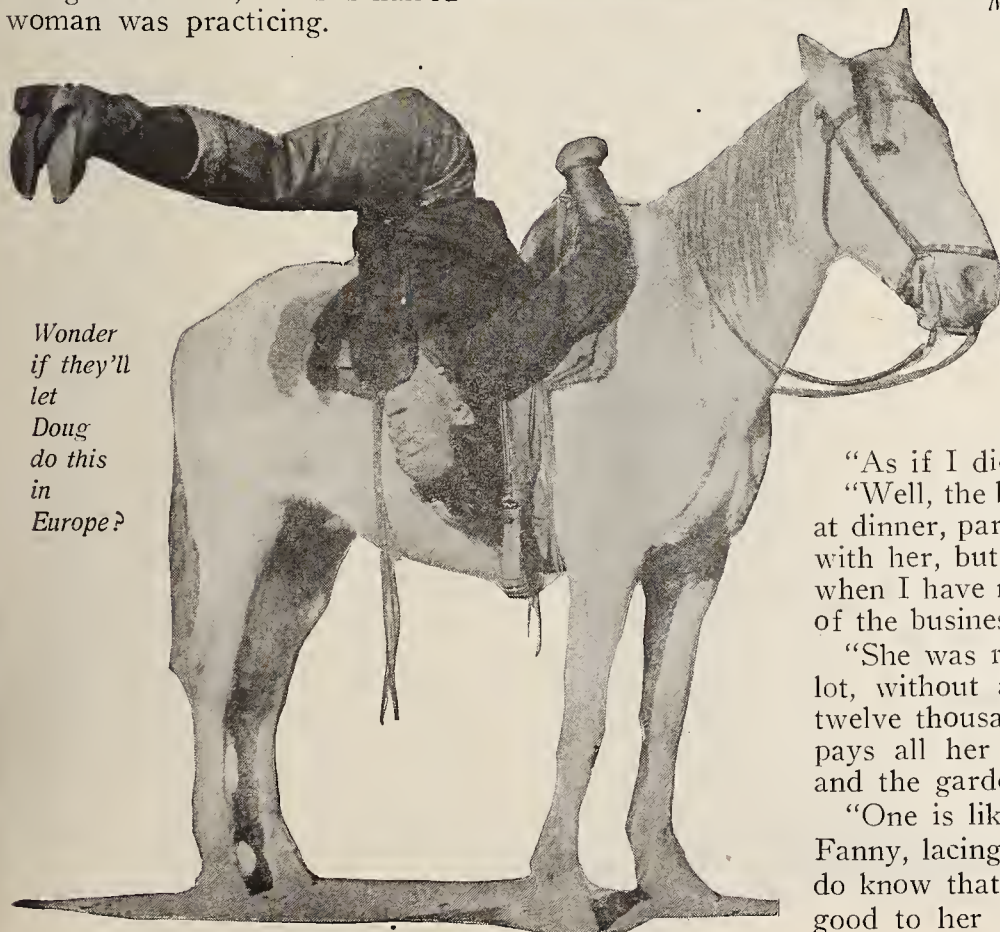
Everybody's going to Kosloff nowadays, as was quite apparent by the little group chattering in the dressing room. Bebe Daniels, Enid Bennett, Mabel Normand, Priscilla Dean, Ruth Stonehouse—who was a professional dancer before she ever went into pictures—all of these were listed among the brilliant Russian's pupils.

Over at one side of the big room, where a bar, placed about waist-high from the floor, ran along the wall, a bob-haired woman was practicing.



Copyrighted by Evans.

*Mildred Harris Chaplin, who recently announced that she and her famous husband had become estranged.*



*Wonder if they'll let Doug do this in Europe?*

"Nazimova!" I murmured, pausing to watch her. She was as conscientious about her work as any novice.

"Yes, she's going to do 'Salambo,' and, of course, won't leave the dancing to a double. And by the way, a friend of mine has a maid who goes with a butler who works for one of the Big Four—Griffith, Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Chaplin."

"As if I didn't know that!" I interrupted scornfully.

"Well, the butler said that they entertained Nazimova at dinner, partly for the purpose of discussing business with her, but she replied, 'Why should I leave Metro, when I have my own way in everything, and have none of the business responsibilities?'"

"She was right about that; she's the czarina on that lot, without any doubt, and I've heard that she gets twelve thousand five hundred a week, and that Metro pays all her expenses, even the rental of her house and the gardener's wages."

"One is likely to hear almost anything," commented Fanny, lacing up the ribbons of her ballet slippers. "I do know that she's inclined to be aloof, but is awfully good to her friends. Why, she gets a specially pre-

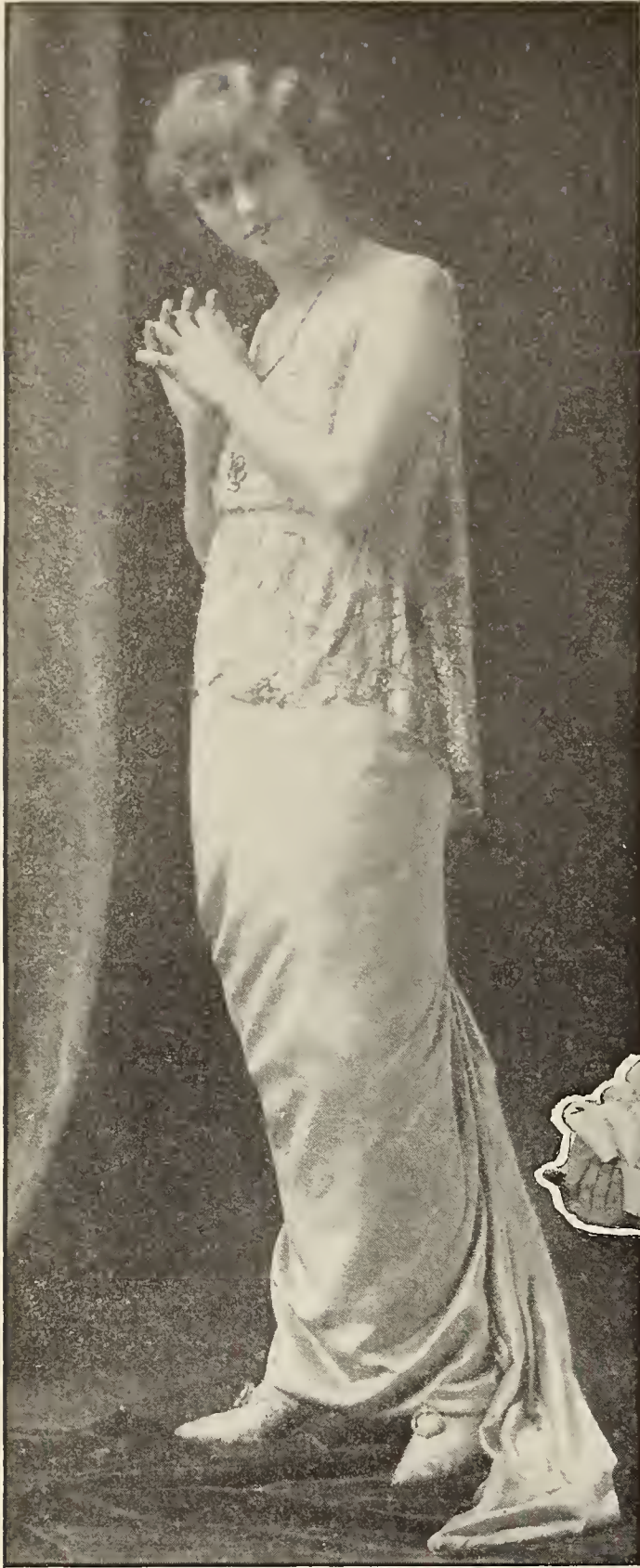


Photo by Hoover.

*Egypt is Peggy Hyland's abiding place just now.*

pared make-up from France, which is quite wonderful, but is very hard to get since the war, so she gets only a few jars at a time. But last Christmas she gave each of the woman stars at Metro a jar of it."

"I should think Joe Rock would start a physical-culture studio," I observed, inspired by the success of the Kosloff one. "He used to be a teacher of physical culture in New York, and later was physical director of the Millionaires' Club of Pittsburgh. And he had a dancing school, too. Then he branched off and went into vaudeville, and then to Vitagraph to make pictures."

"Where did you glean all this information? I never heard you mention knowing him before," demanded Fanny.

"He's got the cutest monkey I ever saw, and I want to buy one," I offered by way of explanation. "It really has a sense of humor. And, speaking of that little attribute, did you ever know any one with a keener appreciation of what's funny than Katherine MacDonald? She was telling me, the other day, about what she did when she first came to Los Angeles from New York. She said that she acted in four companies at the same time at the Horsley studio, and acted as property man, too, for thirty dollars a week.

"When we needed pillows or special props of any kind, I used to take my little old car and dash home for them," she said. "More than once has mother come home to dinner to find that the dining-room table was among the missing, or that her chaise longue had gone into the movies. And then I was fired because I wouldn't let George Ovey hit me in the face with a pie!"

"Can you imagine it!" exclaimed Fanny, struggling into the little plaited dress that went over her dancing bloomers. "The beautiful Katherine with her face covered with custard!"

"No, I can't; because it never happened," I retorted. "She left, but they engaged her again the next day, and now, of course, she heads her own company, at a salary of thirty-five hundred dollars a week and fifty per cent of the profits, I hear; and if she's hit in the face with a pie it's because she wants to be."

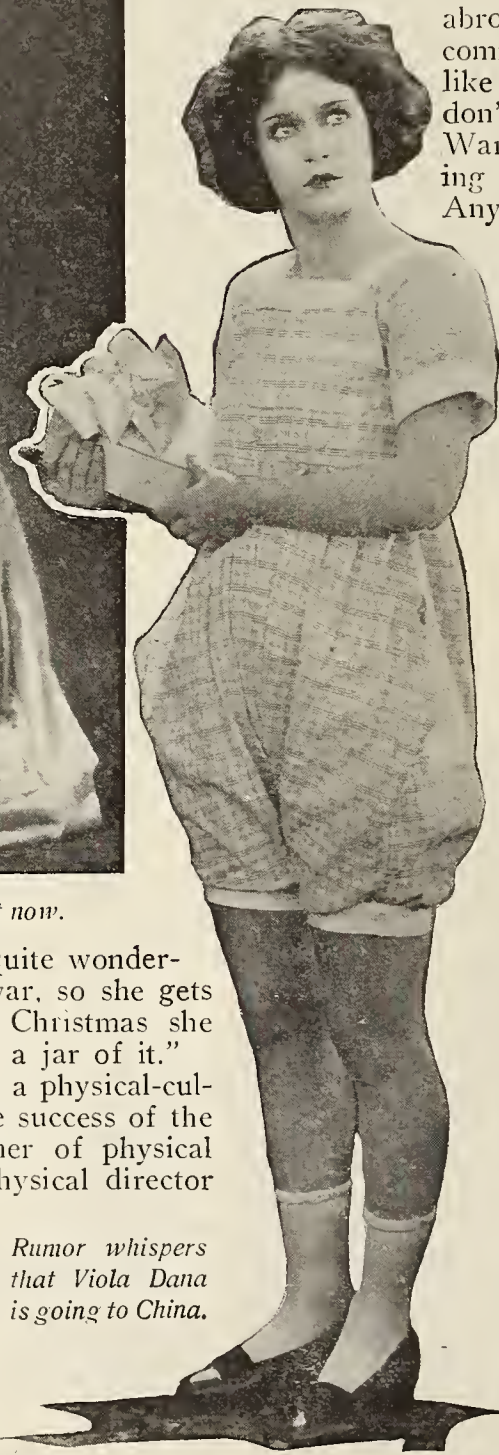
"I'm surprised that she's not going abroad in some direction or other," Fanny commented. "Everybody else is, and I'd like to know who started it, anyway; I don't approve at all! Maybe it was Fanny Ward; she's been writing the most glowing epistles from Paris and Monte Carlo. Anyway, Marjorie Daw's going to England with the rest of Marshall Neilan's company—and Marshall, of course; Mary Pickford Fairbanks and Doug are going around the world, and it's said that they've persuaded Charlie Chaplin to go along; Peggy Hyland's already departed for Egypt to make pictures; Pearl White sailed some time ago for the Continent; Ethel Clayton may carry out her plan to go to England and film some of Dickens' stories, even though she has just signed a long-term contract to continue to make pictures for Famous Players-Lasky—oh, there's a great long list of them.

"Well, I heard—now remember, I'm not saying this officially, because I can't remember who told me—but I heard that Viola Dana was going to visit the Orient, just by way of being original. But don't quote me on it!"

I'd never heard Fanny tie a string to a piece of news before, but she refused to untie this one, so it must indeed be doubtful.

"Everybody's bent on going on the stage, apparently," she went on, pausing by a bucket of water to dip the toes of her slippers, to prevent slipping. "Little Jane and Katherine Lee are doing wonderfully in a vaudeville sketch. And they say that Canada has gone perfectly wild about Madame Petrova—had you heard about it?"

"No, but I knew that Theda



*Rumor whispers that Viola Dana is going to China.*



Bara's play isn't all it might be, and is a lot of things it mightn't. Oh, no, not shocking, but just an awfully poor play; the New York dramatic critics simply flayed it, and didn't spare Theda, either. They say that the audiences roared with laughter in the most serious parts, and that Theda's voice was not at all adequate, but rather like a school-girl's giving a recitation. Her gowns are very costly and effective, of course, but that didn't seem to make people feel that her dramatic efforts were successful. However, the play is booked at theaters throughout the country till 1921, they tell me, so apparently neither Miss Bara nor the management is at all disturbed by the laughter, but expect that her old screen admirers will be interested enough in seeing the real Theda to keep the production going."

"Well, I hope that won't happen to Wallace Reid when he goes back on the stage in the fall." Fanny regarded my amazement complacently. "Oh, yes, he's going to do it, but he'll make pictures at the same time, the way Dorothy Dalton's doing. And Lillian Gish may go on the stage, too; she's had two or three offers, and is quite likely to take one of them."

"Oh, I know some scandal," I broke in. "It's about Anita Stewart."

"You can stop right now." Fanny faced me defiantly. "I won't believe a word of it. She never goes anywhere, and is the dearest thing to people at the studio, and—well, you might as well tell me what it was, I suppose, so that I can deny it."

"She was stopped by a policeman the other day, while driving to the studio, because her driver had his arm around her. It's against the law for a chauffeur to hug while driving, and a policeman stopped them, and—"

"Her chauffeur!"

"Yes. But—well, the chauffeur happened to be her brother, George, and she'd just promised him a motor boat or something, which accounts for it all."

"I should say it does, and I wish I'd been Anita," declared Fanny rashly.

"George has a regular Charlie Ray personality, and is so good looking; I watched him the other day, working in 'The Mollycoddle' with Douglas Fairbanks. He'll land among the stars before he's twenty-one, I'll wager."

"Hello, Bunch!" Mabel Normand dashed into the room, peeling off her coat as she ran. She told us, between gasps, that she had been devoting the entire day to show-shopping; she never misses a good picture, and always carries a notebook; in fact, has six memorandum books full of notes. They say she is the harshest and best critic of her own pictures, and that when any one tells her of a bad place in one of her own releases, she invariably says, "I know—I have it down in my book."

"That's all right for her," remarked Fanny,

*Ethel Clayton  
has signed  
again with  
Famous  
Players-  
Lasky.*



Photo by White.

*The critics flayed Theda Bara's stage play mercilessly.*

when I confided the fact. "But if some of these stars made notes of their bad places in their pictures they'd have to haul their notebooks around in a truck."

"Isn't it great that Louise Huff has come back to the screen," I commented, seeking to divert her from so dangerous a topic. "When she announced that she was going to retire into matrimonial bliss I felt that I'd been cheated, somehow."

"Bet you can't guess my favorite new star," answered Fanny. "His first stellar rôle is in 'The Simp,' and he isn't really good looking, but is very attractive, and has an irresistible personality; every one's simply crazy about him. It's—Wesley Barry!"

And she flaunted away to her dancing lesson.

# Six-Shooters for Slapsticks

Fatty Arbuckle deserts pie comedies and takes to serious drama, in "The Round-Up."

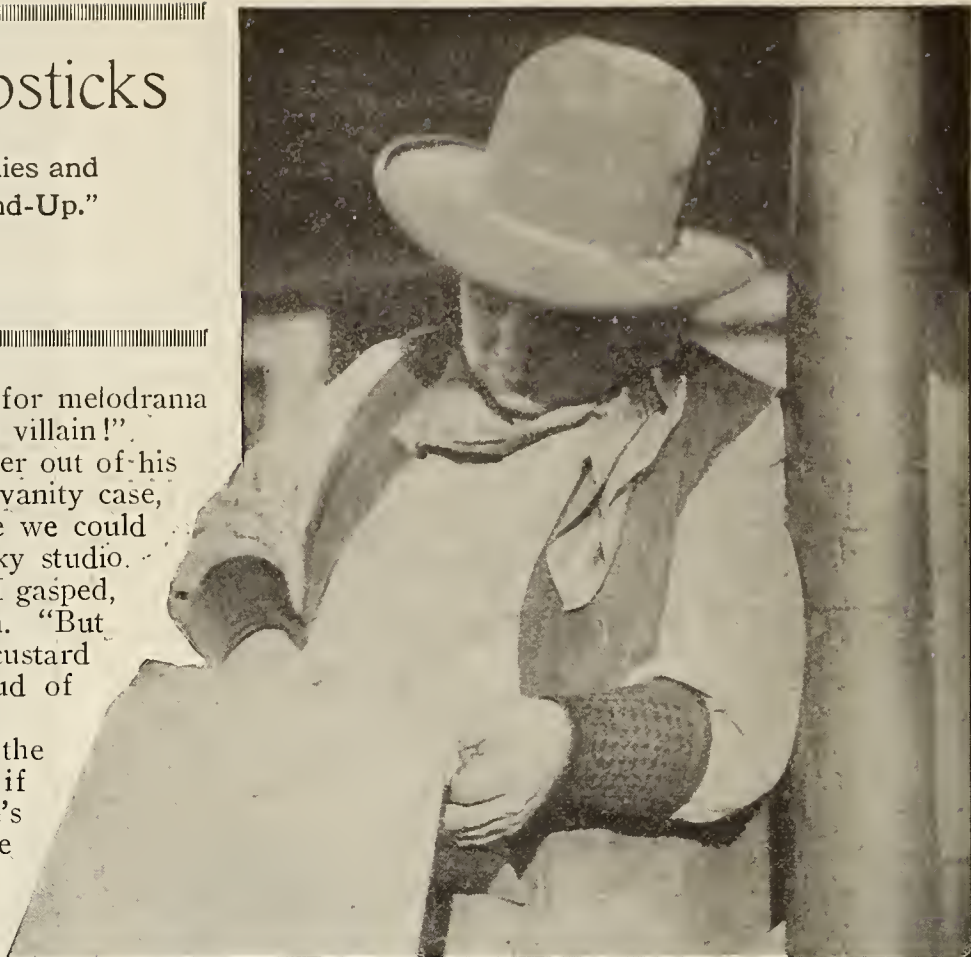
By Grace Kingsley

YES, I've parked the pies and gone in for melodrama and a regular hissing hate for the villain!"

Fatty Arbuckle eased the six-shooter out of his belt, toying with it as a girl does with her vanity case, as he peeked about for a quiet place where we could sit down and chat, that day out at the Lasky studio.

"Equally at home with pistols and pies!" I gasped, "scrinching" away from the range of the gun. "But don't you miss the soft, sweet swish of the custard through the air, or the dull, sickening thud of the mince?"

"Can't say I do!" said Fatty, twirling the pistol in a way that made me nervous even if he did assure me it wasn't loaded. Oh, he's a regular red-blooded guy, is Fatty, since he became a hand-painted hero in "The Round-Up"—bites knives in two, stops bullets with his teeth, and everything!



Comic hokum is eliminated from the script.



He says his horseback riding is the only stunt in the picture.

"I've just come in from killing a coupla outlaws," he remarked, with his amiable grin, "but you see I'm scared to death of a woman!"

"Afraid of a woman!" I repeated as I took a chair.

"Oh, I mean in this picture!" grinned Fatty, sitting down on a creaky rocker.

Can you imagine Fatty being coy? Fatty, the erstwhile ragtime Romeo of the comedies! The Fatty that used to lasso his dames over restaurant counters or from out of bathtubs! Fatty, the forward country lumpkin, who kidnaped the farmer's trustful pink-ingham daughter!

"Sh! What's that?" I cried as a noise came from the other side of the set.

"Oh, it's just the villain struggling with the subvillain over in the Grand Cañon," explained Fatty. "A terrible accident happened to the Grand Cañon yesterday—it fell flat on the stage!"

I laughed. "Do you like playing a sheriff?" I asked. "And what's the difference between a comedy sheriff and the regular dramatic one?"

"No difference, only the comedy sheriff is lots rougher!"

A glimpse of his comedy past.



"Any stunts in this picture?"

"Just my horseback riding."

The chubby boy confesses he has an awful time keeping old king comedy out of the scenes when he sees an opening for the comic hokum, but says he conducts himself with Spartanlike restraint at such moments.

"And I ain't used to these emotional scenes," complained Arbuckle, twirling the six-shooter skillfully around his trigger-finger. "This morning Miss Scott, my leading lady, cried so hard I felt so sorry for her that I forgot to act! She cried like a married woman when she wants her husband to buy her something—real tears, you know! Oh, my, yes, I do some soul stuff in this picture, like giving the girl to the other fellow, after which I go away and kill the villain. No, I haven't killed him yet. I do that up in Death Valley, so we won't have to bury him!"

There was a pause while from the adjoining set the so-called silent drama was broken by a violent ripping sound. Then the villain rushed past our set, backing away hastily.

"Did you kill him?" Fatty called out after him.

"Kill him?" demanded the villain. "Did you hear my pants? They—they tore!"

"You never can tell what's going to cause a delay in the deathless drama!" remarked Fatty.

Seriously, Fatty Arbuckle is a really fine actor and a keen thinker, despite his professional tomfoolery.

"Of course, we're mighty glad to see you in this comedy drama," I said, "but why have you flitted—left the jazz comedy flat?"

"Well," explained Arbuckle, "I suppose I ought to say it's because I felt the call of art. But, to be truthful, it's because I'm naturally lazy, and drama is twice as easy to do, doesn't cost any more, and you get twice the credit." All of which is very fine to say, if you don't happen to know, as I do, what a prodigious worker he is. "You can work your head off in comedy," he went on, "and people forget all about you the minute they're out of the theater!"

*How Fatty has changed!*



*"I've just come in from killing a couple outlaws."*

Well, some of us would like to be "forgotten" the way Fatty is!

"Don't you enjoy doing drama for a change?"

"Yes, I do," said Fatty. "I'm not going to talk about my art or any of that junk, but I do like playing a real rôle and doing it like a human being!"

And that remark of his gives you a pretty good idea of what to expect from him in "The Round-Up."



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## How the President Sees the Movies

Since he is unable to visit the "Little Gem," he has been shown, at the White House, the same pictures which you see at your neighborhood theater.

By Donald MacGregor

with the presidency. To all appearances, the office is a grand hurrah, with glaring newspaper headlines, private trains with flag-draped observation platforms, crowds, bands, and cheering. But with this, in addition to the cares and responsibilities, comes the well-defined rule of dignity required, the everlasting secret-service guard, and the utter inability to go any place without attracting a crowd. The last is more wearisome than it seems.

Woodrow Wilson confessed at the National Press Club in Washington one time that he chafed under the restrictions that went with the presidency. Among other

things, he said, he missed going to the East Room, where pictures often are shown.

Unlike Mohammed, who, when he found that the mountain would not go to him, went therefore to the mountain, Mr. Wilson was able

Continued on page 90

NOW that the quadrennial presidential race is about to begin again, it is interesting to reveal the fact that whoever is elected in November will find precedent blazed for an entirely new form of White House entertainment. The next president, the members of his family, and their guests will be able to feel right at home at the movies shown privately in the famous East Room of the executive mansion. It is a new order of things instituted by President Wilson, and it is certain that it is a custom which will become a permanent feature of the White House.

Few persons stop to consider the restraints that go



*A messenger from the Pathé News, delivering celluloid records of timely world events to the White House.*

# What the Fans Think

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

## An Answer to "The Hooligan at the Gate."

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

The other day I picked up a magazine and read in it an article that set me to thinking. It was one of the most amazing articles I ever read, I think, and it was about the movies. It was called "The Hooligan at the Gate." Certainly it was the most venomous piece of writing I ever saw.

The author apparently is a dramatic critic, and, I take it, one who thinks quite highly of his own opinion, though perhaps he has a very good right to.

I have read and heard a good many criticisms of the movies—in fact, I've criticised some things about them myself, but I never read anything approaching his condemnation of them. He charged the movies with having done more than any other ten forces to reduce the taste, sense, and general culture of the American nation. According to him, the movie magnates are the most ignorant and vulgar of men, who have seduced the impressionable minds of children, who have sold our youth into æsthetic corruption, who have converted literature into rubbish, and imaginative actors into mechanical dolls!

But the thing that seemed to alarm and exercise this critic of the movies most was his belief that they were about to corrupt that form of art in which he seemed to be most interested; namely, the spoken drama. With loud wailing, he predicted that the tone of the New York plays would be dragged down by these movie magnates, who, he said, are closing in and taking control of the New York theaters and the play-producing interests, that they may use the theater for trying out only such plays as they believed would be suitable to be adapted later for the screen. According to him, no more plays of the finer sort would be produced—plays of the sort that depend upon the cleverness of the dialogue rather than action, if I understand it correctly.

As I said, I read all this, and then I started to think.

Our town is a rather small one, and I've lived in it for—well, quite a good, long time. We haven't been so poor but what I could take advantage of a few amusements and ways of improving myself, and we haven't been so rich that I could get away and go to Chicago or New York in the winters. And so it's happened that I've never seen any of the great actors that I've heard and read so much about, and only dreamed about seeing, for so many years—until the movies came. And it seems to me that the spoken stage hasn't done very much for me or for the thousands and thousands who live what I might call "shut-in" lives.

We had an old opera house before the day of the movies, and we used to get plays, but I don't think they were the sort which the author of "The Hooligan at the Gate" wanted to keep from being contaminated by the movies. I didn't notice "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in his list, nor "East Lynne," nor "The Convict's Daughter," nor "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Those were the plays we used to get—those and others about like them. And the companies! If the worst movies ever taken were as bad as most of the barn-storming companies that visited our town—well, they certainly never have been shown at the Bijou, which is our best movie theater now.

I'm not going to say a word in criticism of the author of "The Hooligan at the Gate." He may be right for all I know. Perhaps the poor theatergoing people in New York City are about to suffer a terrible calamity because the movie producers are going to shut off the production of the finest stage plays. But I'd like to ask him if "Stella Maris," or Blackton's "Missing," or even "Anne of Green Gables"—if any one of these wasn't worth more to our little community—and thousands and thousands of communities like ours—than anything that was ever brought to us by the rag and bobtail troopers sent out by the men who control the speaking drama? He can talk for New York and wail as loudly as he wants to. I can't dispute him, because I don't pretend to know anything about the great theater center, and I don't care what happens to it. It never did anything for me. But I do know the wonderful things that the movies have brought to our town—the vision

of the great life outside of our little community which they have given me, sights that I never expected to see, and actors and actresses whom I never dreamed of beholding. I almost feel that I know Elsie Ferguson. And to think of having been privileged to see the great Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead!" And I'm waiting now to see his brother John in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" more eagerly than my small nephew waits to see the circus train pull into town early on a summer morning.

I hope you'll have room for this lengthy letter, or part of it, at least. For the movies have been my friend, and I want to stand up for them.

Wrennington, Ind.

C. R. G.

## A Plea for Surprise.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I want to raise a question which I have never seen adequately discussed from my point of view. We hear a lot about how "the story has come into its own"—how at last the producers are showing on the screen the great works of fiction and the successful plays—and for this they seem to be getting nothing but praise.

But I want to enter a protest. Yes, I went to see "The Miracle Man," and I'll admit that I enjoyed it. But it is the only made-over or secondhand play I have enjoyed so far. I have reached the stage—and several of my friends join me in this—where I look for screen productions based on new, original stories, except in cases where I know that I have not previously read the story in magazine

or book form, or have not seen it on the stage.

I have no grudge against the authors; in fact, I rejoice that they can make so much money by having their stories used in so many different ways. But I wish that some of them could be made to write directly for the screen—surely they could get enough just for that. Then when we go to see a picture there would be some surprise—some unfolding of plot. As it is, there is so little to look forward to. You know in advance what is going to happen. Moreover, I go to such a picture, thinking to see an old friend, and everything seems all wrong—different from my impression of the story and the characters.

I believe that if the fans could put the matter to a vote, they would demand original stories—not hashed-over ones.

San Diego, Cal.

BETTY PEARSON.

## Some Personal Observations.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

It is clever of The Observer to ask for the opinions of his readers—it gives one a "homey" feeling—a sort of partnership in the magazine.

The Observer hit me hard on the star question—I surely do select my pictures from either the star or the producer—seldom from our home manager's notice. And but for your magazine I would have missed a rare treat in Douglas MacLean's "Twenty-three and One Half Hours' Leave." Oh, that delightful, drive-away-the-blues, lovable, rollicking boy! The "Little Disturber" had best look to her laurels—she has a formidable rival in this charming fun maker. And his chum did well her part.

We had two other "finds" in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home"—but who hesitates to accept a find of the great master? Can he not take the poorest struggler after fame and shape her to his will? Most all give the palm to *Cutie Beautiful*—but to me the most touching bit of pathos in this picture is the young French girl, shrinking with horror from even the nearness of the German, yet with divine compassion answers his call for "Mother," and holds the cup of water to his dying lips. Only Mr. Griffith gives this touch of the divine to his human ideals. But holding a close second comes Mr. Tucker's wonderful allegory-parable-sermon—"The Miracle Man." Its lesson sank deep in our hearts—and the cast was fine—Lon Chaney superb. In striking contrast to this came that weird Nazimova in "The Brat"—a great actress, but too uncannily to

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morning constitutional through Central Park. "You see, playwrights and scenario writers simply know no restraint. With half their brains they create heroines who can swim, ride, play golf, and pour tea correctly, and with the other half they create tomboys, toughs, and tricksters. In the same film you may have to be a perfect lady, with all the social graces up your perfectly fitting sleeve and a ten-dollar-a-week slavey who chews gum with courage and conviction."

Her dark eyes were very serious, and, remembering the days when I read the first announcements stating that Zena Keefe would be the 1920 Selznick star, and how blissful I'd then supposed that her existence must be, I marveled at my own density.

"In 'The Woman God Sent,' I was a factory girl," she went on. "In the

*"In 'The Woman God Sent' I was a factory girl."*

## A Made-to-Order Star

No débutante was ever trained more carefully for society than was Zena Keefe for stardom.

By Hortense Saunders

HOME at once—and drive through the park."

"To the Plaza."

"Take me to 300 Fifth Avenue and then call for my husband."

That last order broke up the lesson, for these girls, though they were expected to make marriages that would place them among the country's socially important matrons, weren't supposed to deal in futures quite so definitely as yet.

It was an interesting little scene—this beautiful old lawn, with the limousine body mounted on a small platform, and a man in correct livery standing at its door and respectfully receiving the orders which each girl in turn gave him as she came forward and practiced stepping into the remnant of a car. Still more interesting were the girls; sub-subdébutantes, sent to this famous old finishing school to learn to walk and talk and sit properly—no crossed knees, even in one's own room! They were much thrilled that afternoon because rumor had it that the limousine body, which not so very long ago had supplanted an ancient barouche, was to be supplemented by part of an aéroplane. The school must never be represented in the world by a girl who couldn't get into or out of any kind of equipage without proper grace and *savoir faire!*

"Just getting ready for society seems to be the hardest thing in the world!" I reflected as I left the school. And the very next day I learned my mistake. There's one thing harder, and that's being trained to be a motion-picture star. Zena Keefe proved it to me.

"For a year I've been exercised, groomed, dieted, and generally finished," she confided to me, as we started out on her



picture we're making now, I'm an Indian half-breed—a dance-hall favorite in a mining town. Well, I've had to prepare for these and many other possible rôles. In this picture I've had to ski, walk in snowshoes, fight wolves, and live like a frontier woman. I've had to fight like a bearcat—and there's no telling what I'd be doing now if nature hadn't taken revenge on me and frozen my feet."

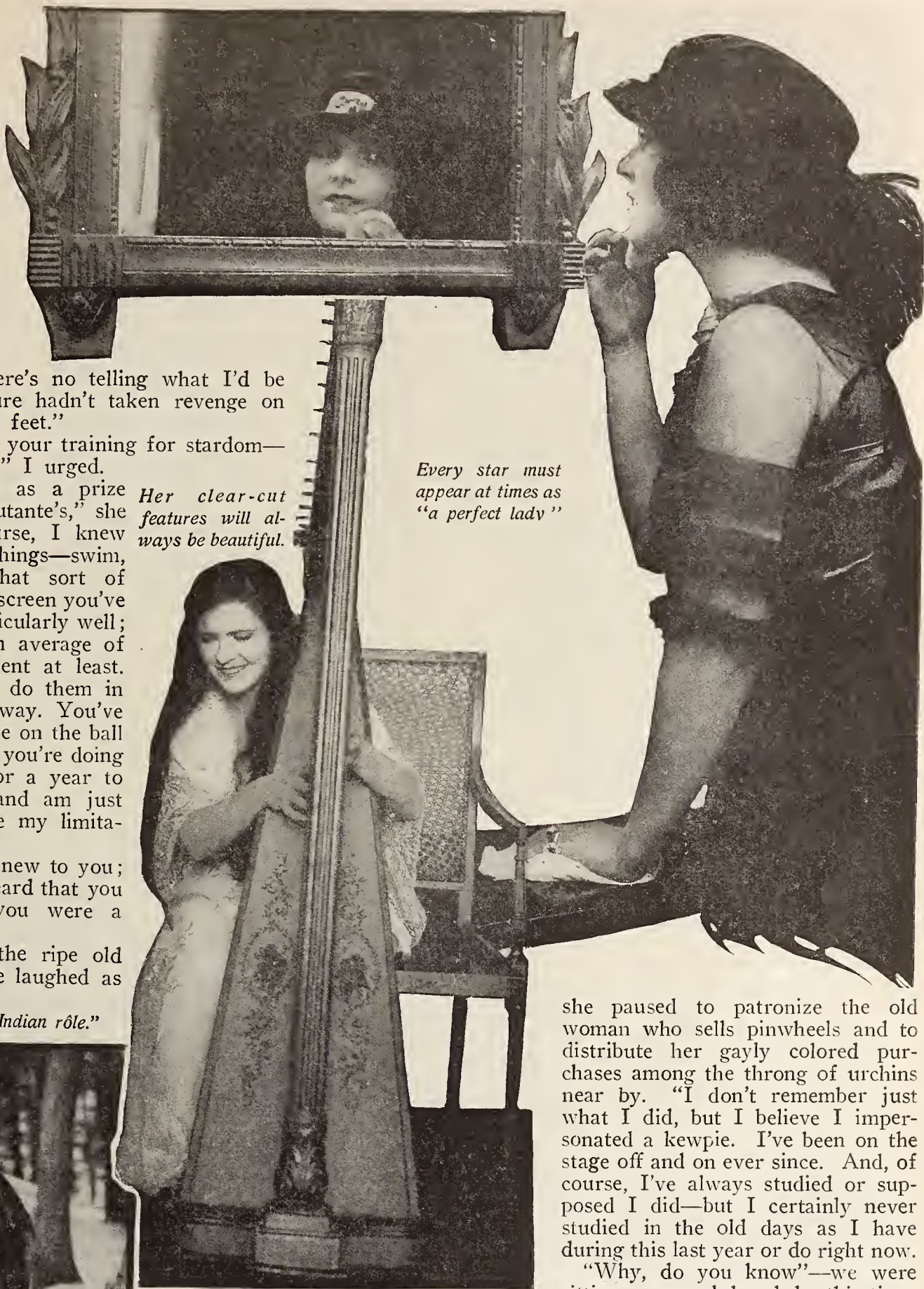
"But what about your training for stardom—tell me about that," I urged.

"It was as bad as a prize fighter's—or a débutante's," she retorted. "Of course, I knew how to do a lot of things—swim, dance, ride—all that sort of thing. But for the screen you've got to do them particularly well; you must strike an average of about eighty per cent at least. And you've got to do them in an easy, decorative way. You've got to keep your eye on the ball and look well while you're doing it. I've worked for a year to perfect my style, and am just beginning to realize my limitations."

"But acting isn't new to you; seems to me I've heard that you started in when you were a youngster."

"Oh, I did—at the ripe old age of three." She laughed as

*"I love my present Indian rôle."*



*Her clear-cut features will always be beautiful.*

*Every star must appear at times as "a perfect lady"*

and edged around so that she faced me—"it gets to be such a habit, studying, that I can't get out of it? One of the places where I do it most seriously is in the Broadway cafés, particularly the very noisy ones—the jazz-while-you-eat kind. People who habitually frequent those places have the matter of facial expression down to a fine art.

"You see, the band makes so much noise that conversation is impossible. So the cabaret girl—the guest, I mean, not the entertainer—learns to talk with her eyes, her hands, and even with her clothes. She may wear a hat that will hold her escort's attention no matter what comes or goes, or she may dress very plainly and depend on some other sort of magnet. She's clever—she can get most anything over without uttering a sound; she beats the screen actress at her own game. And I've

*(Continued on page 88)*



*Louise Fazenda's a regular Miss Ike Walton.*

IF this were a scenario, I should call it "A Fish Story in Three Reels," "Spare the Rod and Spoil the Reel"—or something equally aquatic and fishy sounding. However, this story has to do with stars as well as fish, and the stars swear there's nothing fishy about it so far as they're concerned.

Some studio genius afflicted with a mania for statistics has proven beyond a shadow of doubt that the most popular hobby in screendom is fishing; not for compliments or increased salaries or publicity, you understand, but fishing for plain, plebeian fish—with none disbarred on account of size, color, or habitat. This same statistician goes on to say that if all the fish caught by screen stars were placed fin to fin and left in the sun for twenty-four hours, the resultant effect on the olfactory nerves would—but let us cut short this lengthy introduction and get down to facts.

Mildred Harris Chaplin loves deep-sea fishing. When she was at Catalina Island last summer, with Louise Glaum, they went out on the bounding main, and this is what happened—yes, it's a fish story, but there must be some truth in it, for they both told it the same way: Mildred and Louise made a bet as to who would catch the first fish; five pounds of chocolates against three pairs of gloves. Mildred got the first bite and began excitedly hauling in. Then Louise felt a tremendous tug at her line and nearly upset the boat in an effort to land her fish first. The fisherman who was with them helped

## Which Would You Rather Do—Or Go Fishing?

By Celia

first one and then the other with splendid impartiality. At the end of an epic combat of forty-five minutes, the girls drew from the water—not two, but *one* good-sized tuna which had swallowed the bait on Mildred's hook and became snagged on that of Louise. So it is still a question between them as to who pays the bet, and the chances are that it will go unpaid until the end of time.

Mary Pickford used to be one of those persons who thought fishing a "mussy" sport, but, when her company went up to Big Bear Lake on location to take scenes for "The Heart of the Hills," she became a convert—and a most enthusiastic one. She had ample opportunity for fishing between scenes, and, like the busy little bee, she "improved each shining hour" and supplied herself and a few favored ones of the company with fish to eat throughout the entire stay.

Chester Conklin, erstwhile of Mack Sennett fame and now a Fox comedian, spends his spare time capturing the denizens of the deep. And you ought to see what he gets! His experience proves conclusively

*Conklin's prize catch seemed to have the measles.*



*Tom Forman has his own private fishing reserve.*





“Nothing!” is the proper reply—just look at the people who make it!

## Brynn

that fish have a sense of humor, although science has not as yet credited the discovery. He goes out for tuna and comes back with a choice assortment of starfish, jellyfish, eels, stingaree, seaweed, and kelp. On one occasion he drew from out the briny deep a fish that looked like a cross between a camouflaged submarine and an eel with the measles. Having the courage of his convictions, he had his picture taken with it, and, as yet, no naturalist has arisen to label his catch with a Latin name.

And who would have suspected Bill Hart of a penchant for angling? One never thinks of him, somehow, in connection with water—that is, aside from drinking and bathing purposes, and it may be a shock to fans to learn that the wild

*His megaphone's forgotten when Tom Ince reels 'em in.*



*Mary learned to fish in "The Heart of the Hills."*

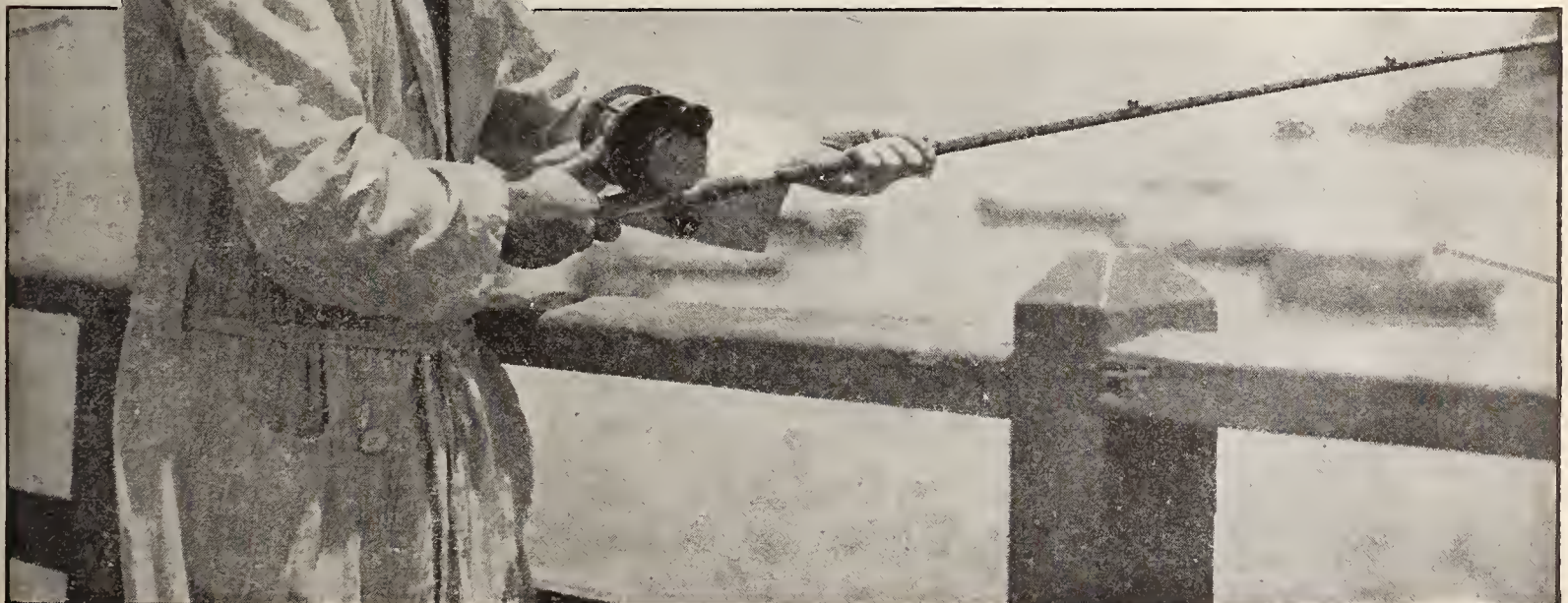


*Monroe Salisbury swears there's nothing fishy about this one.*

and woolly Westerner might have run Ike Walton a close second as an enthusiastic and accomplished fisherman. No, he doesn't shoot the fish, neither does he rope them; he uses a hook, line, and sinker just like any ordinary mortal, and his accounts differ in no respect from those of the amateur—about the big one that got away, I mean!

Louise Fazenda, the champion comedienne of the Sennett studio, takes fishing as she does her screen work—seriously. And can she catch 'em? Man, listen! When the fishing season opened on May first, she caught the limit and did the

*Continued on page 93*



# Let Hillyer Do It!

No matter who wants what,

Bill Hart's director fills the bill.

By Paul

Hubert Conlon

AT Bill Hart's studio when somebody begins a sentence with "We need a man who—" he never gets a chance to finish it; his audience is certain to cut in with "Let Hillyer do it," and the incident's closed. And Lambert Hillyer is pretty sure, at least, to have a hand in the doing of it.

He's an interesting chap; just twenty-six years old. He's been a very busy young man ever since the days when he and Dick Barthelmess went to military school together. He was fourteen then, and now his record states that he's a football star, a cowboy, an amateur racing-automobile driver who has actually won a race, a short-story writer, a baseball pitcher, a crack shot with rifle and revolver, a sprinter, a boxer, an aviator, and a writer of scenarios—in addition to having



been Bill Hart's director for more than two years. He directed his first picture before he was twenty—it was a five-reeler called "Partners of the Tide," and as training for it he had been holding the megaphone on short comedies.

After that, his career was varied. He directed the first motion picture made on the New England coast; went to the New York Motion Picture Company and wrote scenarios, as befitted a short-story writer and author of some vaudeville sketches—in which he had also acted—and later did the same thing for Triangle. And then, when Hart went to Artcraft, he took Hillyer with him as a director, and the two have been together ever since. "Sand," recently released, and "The Toll Gate," which Hart says is his best picture, are two examples of their team work.

*Of course he's a good rider!*

*With Bill on location.*



# A Forecast of Films

In which some forthcoming features are uncorked for your inspection.

By Herbert Howe

**T**O acquire a happy feeling nowadays you must go to the movies. The screen has replaced the bar as joy promoter. In the vinous days we were content with two-reel comedies as aperitifs to the five-course dramatic meal. Now, bereft of the corner oasis, we demand at our picture salons not only effervescent, short comedies, but fizzing features as well.

All the producers are pouring out long ones. Mack Sennett is serving them in sizes from two to six spools. Hampton Del Ruth, at the Fox Sunshine brewery, is mixing a five-reel intoxicant which he says will have a more powerful "kick" than "Mickey." Al Christie, too, is bottling in large sizes. And Charlie Chaplin has brewed one that will foam over feature footage.

Among the best stimulants for the risibles which I sampled before they went to market is Charles Ray's mystery-comedy, "The Village Sleuth." You can calculate the possibilities of Charlie in the sleuth business. He's the best Sherlock Holmes ever graduated from a correspondence school. Applying at the sanitarium for a job as house detective, he gets one as janitor. His professional chance comes when a man is reported murdered. Suspecting the man's wife, Charlie dons the deceased's clothes and visits the lady's chamber at night to frighten forth a confession. The husband was short, fat, and heavily mustached. The difference in physical proportions does not daunt our young Sherlock. He puts a pillow in the place where trousers meet vest and assumes a lip ambush. When the lady beholds him crouching in the shadows of her chiffonier, she leaps out of bed and rushes toward him with outstretched arms, exclaiming, "My darling, so you are not dead!" Charlie turns and beats it from the room, the pillow in his pants swinging like a pendulum.

This is but one of the situations conceived by the scenarioist, Agnes Christine Johnson, and elaborated by the star. The sleuth, as vitalized by Mr. Ray, is as lovable as he is ridiculous. Winifred Westover plays his sweetheart, an ex-chorus



Here's Charlie Ray as a Rube detective in "The Village Sleuth."

girl. I can't imagine where she chorused. Judging by her demureness, it must have been a Methodist church. Otherwise, Jerome Storm's direction is excellent. "The Village Sleuth" may be indorsed as one of Charles Ray's best.

Film goods, bearing the label of Cecil B. De Mille, are always of the champagne brand. "Why Change Your Wife?" is a liqueur of rich bouquet. It sparkles with a dry, subtle wit, and it certainly is warming. It might as well have been called "Why Change Your Clothes?"

Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson run the gamut of sartorial emotion from chapeaus to chemises. For the first time, in my opinion, Miss Swanson makes just claims to being an actress. As the blue-stockings wife in the beginning, she gives a real and amusing characterization. Wearing prim gowns, severe coiffure, and bone-rimmed pince-nez, she resembles a de-luxe edition of a New England schoolma'am. Fancy Gloria doing that! But don't let this information deter you from seeing her. You'll see a great deal of her before the picture ends.

Thomas Meighan appears as the husband who wearies of his wife because she bothers him while shaving and because she won't go around the house looking like a Winter Garden favorite. The matrimonial crisis comes when she refuses to wear a bare-back and legless negligee which he purchases for her. Then, too, she prefers a violinist who stirs her soul to the "Follies," which stirs his. Tom Meighan is so good-natured I have the feeling he'd put up with a wife who wore

*It is easy to see why good men go wrong when Constance Talmadge starts a-vamping in such plays as "In Search of a Sinner."*



"Jack Straw," with Robert Warwick, is a "rubber stamp" type of movie.

red flannels. In this play, however, he is lured from home by Bebe Daniels. He gets a divorce and marries her, and straightway, Bebe bursts his illusions by becoming a properly dressed wife. While at a seaside resort he encounters his first wife in a one-leg bathing costume and knows he made a mistake. Bebe becomes jealous of the first wife and eventually gets a divorce; hubby returns to his original spouse.

The fade-out reveals the maids bringing about a reunion of their twin beds. "Why Change Your Wife?" is not for your grandmother or her grandchildren, but you may like it. De Mille caters to the sophisticated, and, judging by the crowds patronizing this picture, we are a sophisticated nation. "Why Change Your Wife?" is a rouged, gemmed, silk, and sensuous reflection of artificial life. It is elegant—"smart" is the right word, I think.

"Let's Be Fashionable," the latest comedy compound from Douglas MacLean and Doris May, has a good idea that never fermented. It might have been an amusing satire on the theory of newlywed social climbers. Too much footage is given to situations, of which there should have been more and shorter. Mr. Mac-

Dorothy Gish's "Mary Ellen Comes to Town" has a one-hundred-per-cent kick.

Lean's efforts are a trifle too evident, bordering on two-reel tempo. Miss May, too, found it a little difficult to fill in the time allotted her for some scenes. Measured by comedy standards, this is very good entertainment, measured by MacLean and May standards, however, it is gallons short of "Twenty-three and One Half Hours' Leave" and "Mary's Ankle."

"Leave It to Me," with William Russell, is a weak imitation of farce. The director evidently thought that rapid comedy meant people on the run. The heroine and her friends always gallop. William Russell is better in serious drama, particularly of Western location. He is too substantial for this froth. Lucille Cavanaugh, our favorite vaudeville danseuse, although new to the camera, has more distinction than any other girl in the picture.

Dorothy Gish's "Mary Ellen Comes to Town" has a one-hundred-per-cent kick. This risible disturber with the short hair and shimmying eyebrows seems funnier to me than Chaplin. Her *Mary Ellen* is a sort of a synco-pating *Sis Hopkins*. She comes to town to be an actress and skids into a cabaret. A ludicrous scene is that in which she appears for her act wearing a décolleté gown and a chest protector.

Miss Gish does not depend on situations for comedy. She can make you laugh by walking across the room or by measuring it, as she does, with one arm and a leg. I saw her do the cabaret scene before the camera. She sang her song a dozen times in as



many different ways. Her director did not need to make a single suggestion. Each of her renditions was funny enough to make the studio cat scream. Don't wear your chest protector tight when you go to see *Mary Ellen*. You are likely to split it.

Will Rogers helps you to down "Water, Water Everywhere" by his introductory cocktail, a mixture of witty comments anent prohibition. The picture hasn't the humor of Will's literature. The star is his *Ichabod*, self-marooned in a story as flat as the liquor of the title.

I think a mistake was made in the advertisement of "Eminent Authors' Productions." It should have been "Imminent Authors'"—so far as the screen is concerned. I have read two of their pictures. "The Street Called Straight" is a screen novel without many illustrations. I never saw such a talky silent drama. It's a funny picture, but it will never make any one laugh.

"Dangerous Days" is not, as I thought, one of Mary Roberts Rinehart's comedy stories. I have no right to review it since my patience flivved at the reel where war is declared, and the German spies flock on. There are some interesting players in "extra" parts and some uninteresting ones in leading rôles.



"The Dancing Fool" is to be the next Wallace Reid picture.

John Emerson and Anita Loos have given Constance Talmadge a refreshing satire, "In Search of a Sinner."

It reverses the fictional conventions as deftly as does an O. Henry story. The heroine does all the things a movie heroine is supposed never to do, such as visiting a gentleman's apartment at night in the hope that he'll treat her rough. Connie plays with the sprightly witchery which is her style. I can understand why good men go wrong when Connie starts a-vamping. "In Search of a Sinner" is nectar of distinctive flavor.

"Jack Straw," a William C. De Mille production, with Robert Warwick, is obvious both in plot and in comedy. It goes stale as soon as it is uncorked. Every move is anticipated, as, for instance, the discovery of oil which enriches the family and the identification of the ex-waiter-iceman as the real archduke. There are movie patrons who enjoy guessing plot puzzles, particularly when they guess right. For these, "Jack Straw" is as delicious as circus lemonade. Mr. Warwick wears the smile of a Cheshire cat and the airs of a Pomeranian duke. The production is as cheap as the comedy, which makes bid for laughter with such antiques as that of the "damaged" *Winged Victory*. "Jack Straw" is the "rubber-stamp" type of movie.

"Silk Husbands and Calico Wives" is adapted, we are told, by Monte Katterjohn from "a" story. It would have been more accurate to say *the* story, since the theme has long been the common property of screen writers. This version of it is excellent, although a bolt or two of its fabric might have been cut. House Peters and Mary Alden in the leading rôles are splendid. Here are two players who reassure you that there is an art—an individual art—of screen acting. They make the picture worthy.

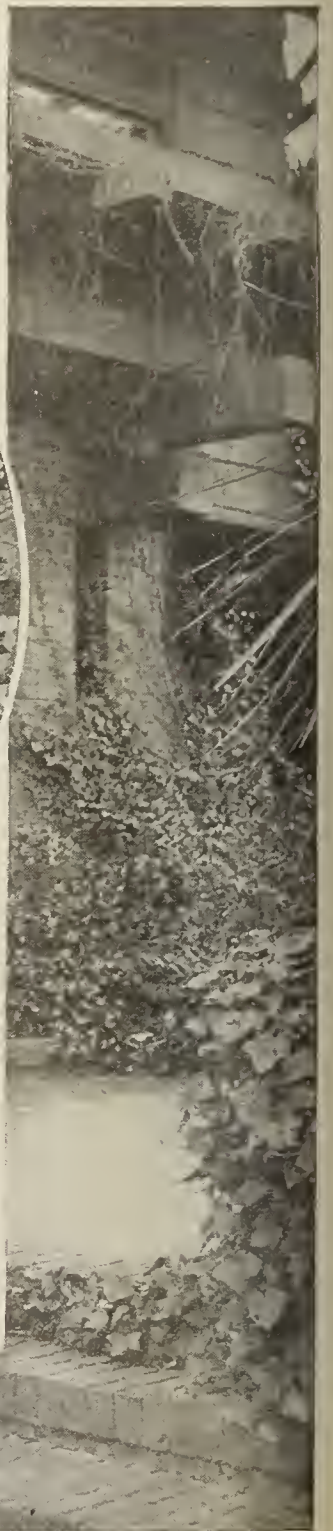
"Let's Be Fashionable" does not measure up to the previous standard set by MacLean and May.

Continued on page 94



## Bob Bien—Do You Recognize Him?

By Robert Carter



**C**ALL Robert Warwick "Bob Bien" some time, and see him smile. It's a quaint little name—and happens to be the one he was born with. Later, when he was studying for opera in Paris, he took his mother's family name as his own last one, and has been Robert Warwick ever since.

But when the shadows lengthen and he turns homeward, toward the many-gabled house at the foot of the Hollywood hills where he and his mother live, he's glad, indeed, to remember that to her he's not Robert Warwick, but just Bob Bien.

# A Tabloid Review

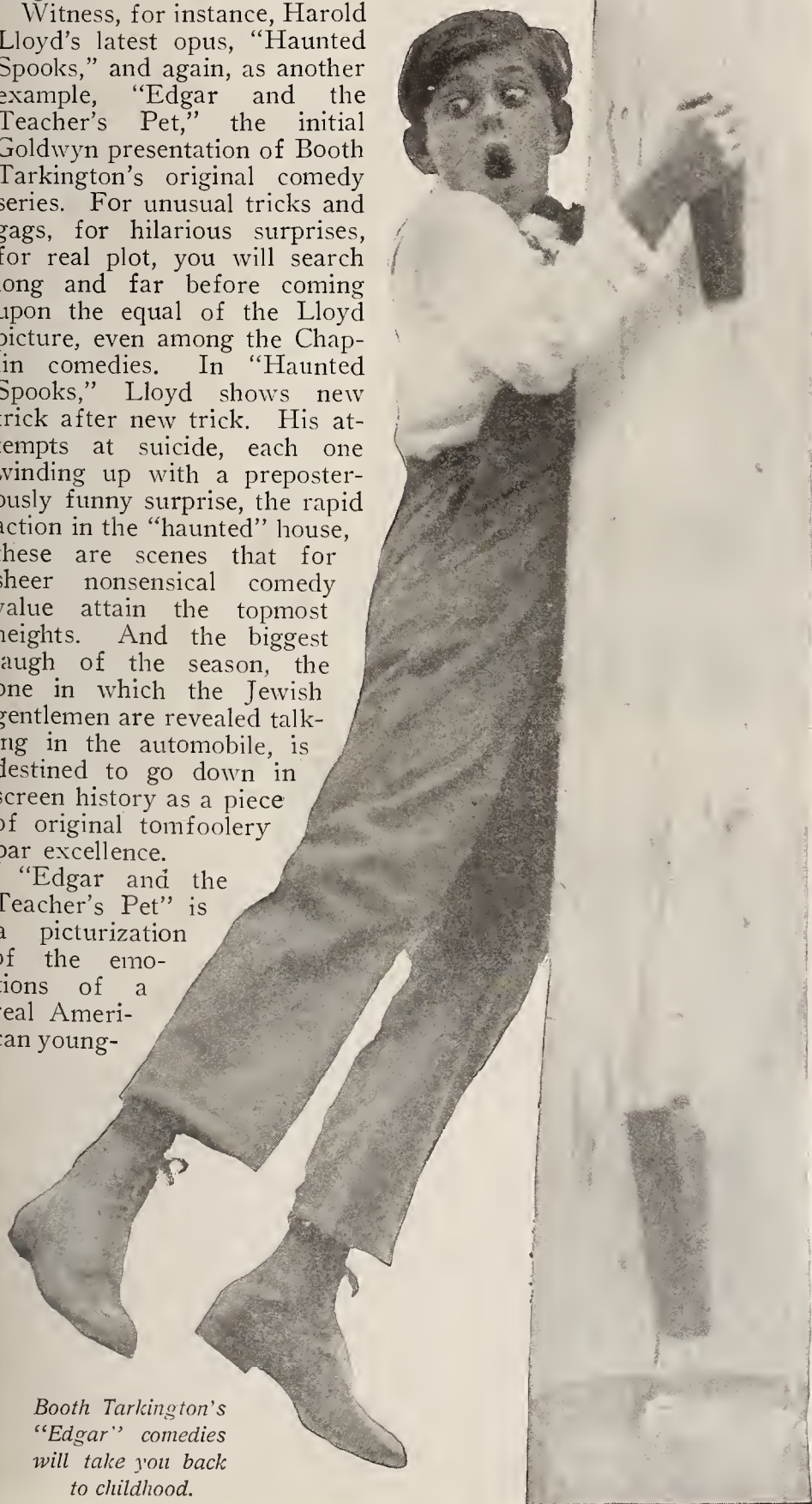
By Peter Milne

Of some recent plays  
offered for your guidance.

**S**HORT STUFF" is the more or less belittling term applied to the one and two-reel productions released during the present-day. But it seems to me that these shorter subjects are coming into their own rightful and "featured" place. In fact, many a two-reeler possesses more genuine entertainment value than alleged productions of pretensions running close to five thousand feet.

Witness, for instance, Harold Lloyd's latest opus, "Haunted Spooks," and again, as another example, "Edgar and the Teacher's Pet," the initial Goldwyn presentation of Booth Tarkington's original comedy series. For unusual tricks and gags, for hilarious surprises, for real plot, you will search long and far before coming upon the equal of the Lloyd picture, even among the Chaplin comedies. In "Haunted Spooks," Lloyd shows new trick after new trick. His attempts at suicide, each one winding up with a preposterously funny surprise, the rapid action in the "haunted" house, these are scenes that for sheer nonsensical comedy value attain the topmost heights. And the biggest laugh of the season, the one in which the Jewish gentlemen are revealed talking in the automobile, is destined to go down in screen history as a piece of original tomfoolery par excellence.

"Edgar and the Teacher's Pet" is a picturization of the emotions of a real American young-



Booth Tarkington's  
"Edgar" comedies  
will take you back  
to childhood.

ster. You remember when you adored that little girl with the curls who sat across the aisle in school, and the sting she caused you when she stuck her tongue out at you, and then how you imagined you'd treat her if you were the band leader and she a mere spectator of your glory? All this and much more is shown in these two reels. Just what Briggs does in his "Days of Real Sport," so Tarkington does in this Edgar comedy—you are transported back to the days when, with the exception of Saturday nights, when the water was heated for the bath, you were free—even though you didn't think so.

And in dealing with short-length subjects it would be unfair to omit two of the recent Sunshine comedies. "A Lightweight Lover" is notable, if for no other reason than that it shows a gentleman cracking nuts on the crown of an Ethiopian's head, while "Training for Husbands" brings to light two remarkable performances, rendered by a dog on the one hand and a monkey on the other.

"Sex"—Here is one of the cleverest and most dramatic of C. Gardner Sullivan's many screen stories. He has shown us a chorus girl laughing at the fact that she has come between husband and wife, later facing that identical situation, when she has married the man she loves and has become domesticated. Skillful development shows in every one of the pictured sequences. It is produced on a lavish and spectacular scale and affords the star, Louise Glaum, an opportunity to run the full range of intense emotional expression.

"Sooner or Later"—A comedy from the Selznick factory which, after an exceedingly amateurish attempt in its early scenes, develops into something closely approaching a Mack Sennett mix-up, which is partially successful in producing moments of humor. Owen Moore is the star and Seena Owen his leading lady.

"The Heart of a Child"—After witnessing this production we offer a devout prayer that Nazimova, in future efforts, remains friendly with the emotional rôles that have gained her her fame. The present work is merely a series of scenes designed to show her in various capricious moods, with the plot kept safely secluded in the background. Nazimova is too mature in face, figure, and method of expression to denote anything approaching childishness.

"The Mother of His Children"—In which the producer, William Fox, in an effort to evolve a new story from rather

*Continued on page 97*



*He's younger than ever in "The Memento."*

A FEW years ago, when Rod La Rocque was a senile old man, he was considered too young to be a hero. That has a paradoxical sound, but it's what the directors told him; they'd take one look at the tall, young man and promptly cast him for rôles of somewhere between fifty and eighty, with the explanation that his face was far too youthful for leading-man parts.

So Rod hid himself behind a mask of grease paint, imitation whiskers, and wrinkles, day after day, until finally he began to feel like the gay old dogs whom he portrayed on the screen. It looked as if Father Time's bookkeeping had gone sadly awry somewhere.

Finally, one day, when he was waiting to find out what the age limit for his next impersonation was to be, news came that Bryant Washburn, who was cast to play the hero, was ill. And La Rocque, who is of somewhat the same type as Washburn—dark-eyed and dark-haired—was given the part.

Since then his age has progressed normally, and he's been cast as leading man in all the good old situations, instead of playing grandfatherly rôles. Not that he didn't enjoy some of those

## Rejuvenating Rod

By Charles Reed Jones



*As General Grant.*

bewhiskered characters. *General Grant*, in "According to the Code," was a great favorite of his. But it's a crime to keep a young man down—especially with a false beard or sideburns.

Some of our most charming heroines have assisted in his rejuvenation; Madge Kennedy and Mabel Normand took a hand in it, and more recently he has appeared with Marguerite Clark in "Easy to Get," and with Constance Binney in "The Stolen Kiss." And in his newest picture, "The Memento," in which he plays opposite Corinne Griffith, he swears he feels younger than ever.

*Sideburns helped to keep him down*





## The Old Canoe—Moonlight —and Us Two

Isn't it easy to bring to mind the cozy scene? The swish of limpid waters; subdued voices; the seductive harmony of stringed instruments—lilting notes—dreamy—elusive—soothing as a sweetheart's touch—crashing chords and syncopation, the spontaneous expression of the tingling joy of life and youth. Honestly, whether it be in the memory or but half-acknowledged hope, don't you thrill with the sweet intimacy of that cooling, moon-lit, music-caressed solitude?

But listen to a secret: It isn't the canoe—nor the moon, nor the water that plants the thrills in our hearts. It is the MUSIC—the lingering melodies that haunt us with thoughts of happy hours. And 'tis the same in any setting. Summer's shady nooks; snugly evenings of early Fall; Winter's cheery firesides—always and everywhere the music of the good old Gibsons seems to furnish the indefinable "something" that just naturally eliminates formality, makes hearts brighter, friendships more dear, and love the sweeter, and fills memory's storehouse with precious thoughts. This is the secret, but really there is no secret at all for anyone can own and play a GIBSON.

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Continued from page 46

man without them lives a hand-to-mouth existence, but it is no more strange than the fact that an individual who looks villainously vicious is in more continuous demand at the studios than just an ordinarily good-looking individual. There's a good reason for this, though—the vicious-looking person is always needed for gangster, yeggman, and rough-character parts, while the good-looking man has no distinguishing characteristic and must take his chance with all the other actors who are just actors and not "types" or specialists.

Specialization has reached a rather fine point in the movie world at the present time. There's a certain actor, for instance, who is known as the best portrayer of Chinese characters on the screen. He has made a specialty of such rôles with a vengeance. He has a big library devoted to Chinese dress, mannerisms, customs, et cetera, and, in addition, has a large wardrobe of Chinese clothes. When he is hired to play a mandarin, for instance, he comes to the studio completely equipped with gold incrustated finger nails, absolutely correct costumes, and all the other details that go to make a perfect representation. The studio is under no expense to buy costumes for him nor does the director have to worry about the correctness of incidentals. The director knows that this actor has everything as it should be. Consequently, this actor never need worry for fear of being out of work, and he commands a much higher salary than if the studio was forced to supply him with costumes and to work out the details.

When a particularly hair-raising stunt is to be pulled off, and the star says "I won't do it," then a hurry-up call is sent out for a former vaudeville acrobat who is now specializing in doubling for stars in hazardous feats. Anything from leaping from a cliff to falling off a runaway horse or dashing into a burning building is gravy for this acrobat. He works only once in a while, but when he does work a bill of such large denomination is added to his roll that further work is quite unnecessary for a considerable period.

When it comes to doubling for women stars, there are several fearless young girls who take the greatest risks with the utmost nonchalance and never seem to mind it that the star gets all the credit for their bravery. They are simply movie specialists and apparently glad of

the opportunity to risk their necks for the high salaries paid them.

You'd hardly think there was much of a chance for any one to specialize on cops, but some time ago a company was organized by an ex-policeman whose sole purpose in existing was to supply regular cops to movie producers! This is the way the business card used by the president of the company read:

## REGULAR COPS

(with their own uniforms)

Supplied at short notice to motion-picture producers. Our men are former policemen and know their business. Don't spoil your picture by using a comedy cop instead of the real thing.

"We've had all kinds of calls since going into business," declared the president, when asked about the activities of his concern. "Our cops have worked in some of the biggest productions of the year"—and he named a few of them—"and the producers say they are much better actors than the 'extras.' Our cops, of course, know what to do and how to do it. If it's a runaway horse they've got to stop, they've had experience in doing just that. If they've got to arrest a guy, they do it the right way, and don't make the picture look foolish by burlesquing it. We help producers get the right atmosphere for their pictures by giving 'em real cops when they need 'em."

Many movie studios and particularly those studios where pictures are produced on a regular schedule instead of sporadically, classify all the skilled actors who apply for work according to their specialties. This classifying is most frequently done in a regular card-index system, and some of the descriptions under which the names of the actors and minute details concerning them appear are "Dancers," "Ingénues," "Male Heavies," "Female Heavies," "Italian Types," "Indian Types," et cetera. With such an index it is an easy matter for the casting director to get in touch with those people who are most suited to the playing of some part. Then, from the lot of people particularly adapted to this especial rôle, he picks the actor who is best fitted for his needs.

While specializing in some particular line in which there is a good demand and not much competition means steady work for the otherwise "extra," this specialization has most decided limitations. Once an actor is "tagged" by the majority of the studios as a "chauffeur" or a "butler" or a "school-teacher" or some

other limited characterization, it is next to impossible for him ever to play any other sort of rôles before the camera. He will never be called on by any of the companies for any work except in the line he has been "tagged," and, if he applies for work in any other sort of rôles, he will have to compete with people who are as much specialists in that line as he is a specialist in his.

"It's a shame, the way I'm tagged," said a certain actor, who has never played anything but English types before the screen. "On the stage I was noted for my versatility. I was a character actor, a 'heavy,' a juvenile—almost anything—but now, that I've entered pictures, I can't get a thing to do unless they are in need of an English type. If I should try to work into a picture as an Indian or a juvenile leading man or something like that, the casting director would give me the laugh and throw me out on my ear. I guess that as long as I stick in pictures I'm doomed to continue doing just what I'm doing now."

So when you see a butler in the picture made by one company and then, some time later, see the same man as a butler in the picture made by a second company, and again see the same butler in a third picture, you'll understand why it is, and you'll also realize that, if you see a man once as a chauffeur in a picture, you'll pretty likely see him again and again as a chauffeur in other pictures if you live and continue to patronize the movies.

The agencies through which directors frequently engage extras and actors for minor parts are expert at classifying types. One such organization has a most interesting list of types on file—doctors, lawyers, village priests, nurses, detectives, politicians, nuns; their big scrap books contain photographs and descriptions of men and women in almost every walk of life—or rather, who fit the generally accepted notion of how persons in these various walks of life should look.

All applicants are classified when their photographs and general descriptions are filed. And if you'll notice carefully the people you see on the streets, in cars, stores, on trains, you'll see how simple it is to group people according to their types. One elderly woman is perfect for dowager rôles, no matter how poorly she is dressed; another is representative of the nouveau-riche class. Being your own casting director is both illuminating and interesting.



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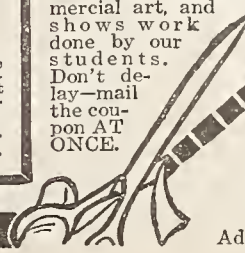
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# THE PICTURE ORACLE

## Questions and Answers about the Screen

**J. S. VICKS.**—Here you are, heading The Oracle department on your first offense! There is no set salary for motion-picture camera men. They are paid according to their ability. I don't happen to know whether Mary Hart has any photographs of herself to send out. However, it wouldn't do any harm to write and ask her. There is no motion-picture studio in Africa that I know of. The Universal Film Company has an expedition over there now. It was led by the well-known leading man, William Stowell, who was killed in a train wreck while on his way to get some scenes. William S. Hart has never been married. There is practically no way to get a pass to visit any of the motion-picture studios. The firms are so besieged with would-be visitors that they have to be very strict now about not allowing visitors in the studios. Most of the firms furnish the cameras for their photographers. Viola Dana and Alla Nazimova are not related. She has light-green eyes and dark-brown hair.

**K. JUNE BUG.**—"Heart of the Hills" was taken in Bear Valley, which is up in the mountains not far from Los Angeles. Elaine was born in 1897. The fair Katharine does not give her age. How is the fruit crop this summer in Berrien County, and did you see the Flying Rollers' band in the news weekly, showing them when they visited New York?

**DOLORES.**—Cleo Ridgely is not on the screen any more. She is married to James Horne, the serial director, and it takes all of her time to look after the little twin Hornes. Julian Eltinge is touring the world at the present time with his big road show. We do not give the addresses of our correspondents, as we treat every letter to The Oracle with the strictest confidence. Cleo is just the pen name of one of my correspondents, who has been writing regularly ever since The Oracle was first installed in this magazine.

**O. H.**—Pearl White is not playing in serials any more. She is now starring in features for Fox. "The White Moll" is the name of her first feature. Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1898. May Allison was born in the same year. Norma Talmadge was born in Niagara Falls, New York, in 1897.

**JINKS.**—It all depends on the color of the eyes whether they will photograph well or not. They must not be too light, or they will hardly be seen on the screen. Harold Lockwood was five feet eleven and a quarter inches tall, weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and had brown hair and blue eyes. I never

heard of any players who were born in your city. Madge Evans is the youngster's correct name. Evans is her mother's married name. Darrell Burton Foss was born in 1893. Niles Welch was born in 1888. You will find the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

**M. F.**—George Larkin had the leading male rôle in the Pathé serial, "Hands Up." Ruth Roland is working steadily in

**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.

Pathé serials. You can get his photograph by writing him for it. Better inclose a quarter with your request.

**DOROTHY DARE.**—Why didn't you obey that impulse and write before? No, nobody knows who I am except the editor, and he won't tell. Your Viola Dana question has already been answered in this issue.

**ARLIE.**—Yes, W. E. Lawrence played opposite Fannie Ward in "Common Clay." Yes, Thomas Meighan was Norma Talmadge's leading man in that picture. It's a wonder you haven't caught "Mickey" before this, Arlie. It's been showing for quite a while now.

**ELSIE H.**—Thanhouser has been out of business for several years, so Helen Badgley is not working for them. She is not in pictures any more. I am sure

Viola would send you one of her photographs. Virginia was in an auto accident quite a while back, but recovered. I never heard of your friend Bessie. Who told you she was in pictures?

**PATSY.**—I distinctly remember answering your first letter, so you must have overlooked it in The Oracle. Antonio Moreno is the gentleman's correct name. Pearl White is also that young lady's real as well as reel name. I am sure they would both send you their photographs. Miss or Mr. is the correct way to address them. My picture was in that issue, but as you didn't know who I was, how did you expect to pick it out? Tony Moreno was born in 1888.

**MOVIE LOVER.**—See addresses at the end of this department.

**SPARKS.**—You can get pictures of all you name.

**NORMA TALMADGE'S AUSSIE SYDNEY ADMIRER.**—I know all three Talmadge girls very well. Alice Lake is not Natalie Talmadge. Natalie is the youngest sister. She plays in pictures every once in a while. Her last appearance was as Norma's sister in "The Isle of Conquest." Mary Pickford and Owen Moore are divorced.

**KELLY.**—Yes, True Boardman is dead.

**SCOTTIE.**—Eugene O'Brien was born in Denver, Colorado. Norma Talmadge has dark hair and brown eyes. Your other questions already have been answered. Nearly every girl has aspirations to become a movie actress, but I do know a few who are content to remain off the screen.

**BOBBIE.**—I don't think Tom Moore plays the piano. If he does, he is kept too busy to play much. Wallace Reid is the son of Hal Reid, the author. Wallie made his first bow to the stage at the age of four, when he appeared as a little girl in the play "Slaves of Gold." He was the editor of *Motor Magazine* when he secured his first picture engagement with Vitagraph. He secured the film rights to "The Confession," and sold it to this company with the provision that both he and his father play in it. He was with Selig for a while and then joined Universal, after which he went with Griffith and then to Lasky, where he is still working.

**TOMMY.**—See addresses at the end of The Oracle.

**JEANNETTE G.**—I should say that Bert Lytell is very good to look at. His latest picture is "The Right of Way."

Continued on page 99



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**Elmer Richards Co.**  
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Send the Silk-Satin and Georgette Dress No. S-37. Color.....

Bust..... Belt..... Hip..... Length.....

If I am not satisfied with the Silk-Satin and Georgette Dress, I can return it and get my payment back. Otherwise, I will pay the advertised price, \$29.95 on your terms of \$1.00 with coupon, balance \$4.85 monthly.

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SCIENCE has finally solved the problem of removing hair without slightest danger to the skin or complexion.

This with NEET, a dainty cream-lotion, as harmless and mild as your favorite cold cream!

You merely spread it on and then rinse it off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone, rinsed away, and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white.

Old methods, the unwomanly blade and severe chemicals, have given way to this remarkable preparation which is already the accepted method of well-groomed women in every metropolitan center from New York to San Francisco. Obtain your supply today.



With NEET, you rinse the hair away!

At all drug and department stores, or, direct by mail upon receipt of price; 50c or three times the quantity \$1.00

### Very Special

If you cannot obtain NEET at your dealer's, mail the coupon below with 50 cents for the small size--or \$1.00 for the large--and receive your supply by return post, in unmarked wrapper.



# Neet

The Non-irritant  
Depilatory

MAIL THIS COUPON

HANNIBAL PHARMACAL CO., 6-20  
605 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

For the enclosed 50c send NEET to  
\$1.00

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

## "Married? Sure, But I Wish I Weren't"

Continued from page 52

He handed me a photograph of his bride in her wedding gown. I understood then his lack of fervor. Sarah may be good, and she may be clever, but she certainly wouldn't take any kewpie dolls in a beauty contest. I returned the picture to him without comment. I thought there were tears in his eyes.

"Well, anyhow," he said, trying to conceal his emotion, "we have a nice jungalow to live in. That is a great satisfaction to a simian of my artistic disposition."

He waved a hairy paw toward the interior of his cage which was luxuriously fitted up with a bed, a sunken bathtub, a horizontal bar, and a trapeze.

"Yes, Borneo was never like this," he admitted, thoughtfully turning a banana peel inside out. "Still, I wouldn't advise young monkeys to go into pictures—a theatrical life with a hand organ is much easier, even though not so remunerative.

"My career—" Joe wrinkled his forehead in thought and lifted himself up the trapeze where she swung head downward for a moment. "It began seven years ago when I was brought to America by 'Curley' Stecker, my trainer, who belongs to me. I was in vaudeville and went into pictures with Universal five years ago. I have played in several hundred features, but it was only last year that I was starred. My first big success was 'Monkey Business,' and my next was 'The Jazz Monkey.' Then I met Sarah." He looked thoughtful for a moment. "Of course, I get a great many fan

letters and gifts from admirers. I have received peanuts from almost every country in the world," he went on abruptly, "and several exclusive recipes for flea killers.

"I have had a great many leading ladies of whom I was very fond—Marie Walcamp was one, and Edith Roberts was another. Clever girls, both of them; they got their start in pictures through working with me."

Joe righted himself and gazed through the bars of his cage with an apprehensive expression.

"I think I hear my wife returning from location," he said, wrinkling his nose worriedly. "I think you'd better go. Sarah's a good girl and all that, but a little jealous. Why, do you know"—he lowered his voice to a husky whisper—"she even kicked 'Skipper,' my bachelor pal, out of my quarters? He was some monk, I'll tell the jungle, and, before the thirst era, he and I—well, anyway, Sarah said he set me a bad example, and she canned him. Poor fellow, he swings by his tail for hours and won't even hunt for fleas. If it weren't for Sarah—"

I said hastily that I would go. A glimpse of Sarah's pictured countenance had not inspired me with any great desire to meet her at close range—especially if she were addicted to jealousy.

Joe extended a huge paw and, after shaking my hand, kissed it gallantly.

"Come again," he invited cordially, "and bring something with you in a flask—that is, if Sarah isn't here."

## Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 54

### Sit Down and Write Me a Letter!

Our Guideposts booklet seems to have filled a long-felt need, judging from the letters of approval we have received from our readers. Apparently it is answering practically all the questions which beginners want to be informed about—which is what it was intended to do. I wish, however, that more persons who are seriously studying this craft would write me letters, taking up more advanced points—points which are not covered in the booklet. It is only by keeping con-

stantly in touch with my readers' problems that I can help solve these problems. I would prefer to answer these requests in this department of the magazine, but, for those who wish personal replies, the same will be forthcoming, provided a stamped envelope is inclosed. Suppose, when you have finished reading this number of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, you sit right down and write me a letter, before you forget it. Only please be sure to take up points that are not covered in the Guideposts.

**Fade-Outs**

*Continued from page 51*

tarily, however, and not suggested by me. If you cannot do this, I'll never speak to you again. G'wan now—write to him!

—o—

**We'd Never Pick A Piker!**

Speaking of "She Loves and Lies," Select asks the world—which probably includes us—"how would you like to ask a man to be your husband?"

We have never given much thought to such a peculiar contingency, Select, but we will for a minute if it will relieve you any.

We have met and admired many men, but we cannot recall one of whom we thought enough of to ask to be our husband.

However, if it came to a pinch, and it just had to be did—we'd pick John D. or J. Ogden.

—o—

**APOLOGY:**

(TO ALL producers, directors, and actors.)

Recently—see back numbers—for sale by all dealers—we uttered an aggrieved yelp in your direction regarding something which we took to be a personal affront.

For doing that, we now tender you our chastened and what-you-may-call-it—apology!

We'd grovel in the dust also, only we don't know just how to go at it.

Some one has mailed us a sallow-complexioned little volume entitled "Etiquette In Eating," price two bits, and published in 1886 B. P. To our unknown benefactor we voice our heartfelt thanks.

We have read it through—from the list of the "Nick Carter" essays in front to the liver-pad ad in the rear, and we have found it to be something we sorely needed. The advice—not the liver-pad.

And so we apologize. Your pictures, after all, were NOT making fun of the manner in which we absorb our soup. Our method, which sounded like two horses galloping on a muddy road, was entirely erroneous—as the book clearly tells us.

So *that's* the reason why we have never been allowed to eat twice in the same restaurant!

Oh, well—live and learn!  
Hope we're still friends.

—o—

**Gotta Have a Place To Keep It!**

The number of film folks who have moved from Cal. to N. Y. since July 1st, 1919, is really astounding.

The cellar is always a feature of the Eastern bungalow. Cal. bungalows have no cellars.



**A woman's charm**

**See how white teeth enhance it**

*All statements approved by high dental authorities*

Countless women have found a way to whiter, safer teeth. You meet them everywhere. A new method of teeth cleaning is now widely employed, and anyone who watches can see the results of it.

This is to ask that you test it. Watch the results for ten days, then judge for yourself if you need it.

**The tooth wrecker**

Millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tartar forms, and often pyorrhea starts.

Most of those troubles are now traced to film. To that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste cannot dissolve it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

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. All these troubles have been constantly increasing.

**Now a new method**

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat this film. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Now leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

A new tooth paste has been perfected to meet every modern requirement. The name is Pepsodent. And this film combatant is embodied in it.

**Sent to all who ask**

A ten-day tube of Pepsodent is sent to all who ask. Thus millions have already proved it. If you have not, write for that tube today.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless

activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

The results are quick and apparent. They argue for themselves, and a book we send explains all reasons for them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Judge by the clear results between the old ways and the new. Do this now, for it is most important. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

**Pepsodent**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*The New-Day Dentifrice*

**The scientific film combatant now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.**

93

**10-Day Tube Free**

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 475, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

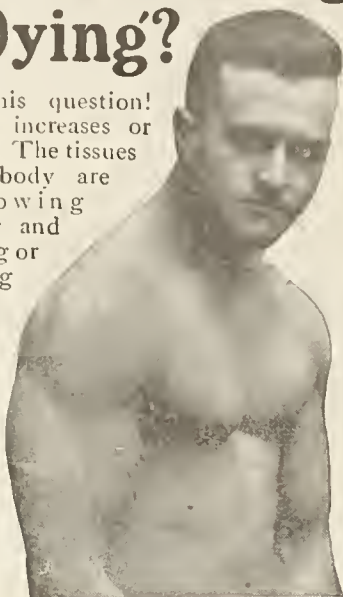
.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

# Are You Living or Dying?

Answer this question! Life either increases or decreases. The tissues of your body are either growing stronger and multiplying or are being devoured by the millions of germs which are lying within you, ready to become active just as soon as your vitality weakens.



EARLE LIEDERMAN  
The Acme of Physical Perfection

## Exercise Means Increased Life

Daily exercise builds up and increases the tissues. It puts the entire lungs into action, making better blood, quickens the activity of the other vital organs, throwing off the hidden germs and filling the whole man with renewed life, vigor and ambition. Exercise then means increased life, while the lack of it causes a weakened internal as well as external body which slowly but surely spells DEATH.

## What Does Your Mirror Show?

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 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.

## Be Properly Guided

The enthusiasm and sudden desire for the riches of perfect health and a powerful muscular physique have led some men without investigation to adopt the first method of physical development which presents itself—this is a fatal mistake. Food means nourishment, but some foods do more harm than good. Certain courses of exercise cause hardening of the arteries, a weakened heart and other dire results. Physicians claim that the Liederman method strengthens the heart and generally improves the entire organic system. Come then, let this day mean the beginning of new life to YOU.

## Send for My New Book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It tells the secret. Handsomely illustrated with 25 full page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained. Also contains full particulars of my splendid offer to you. The valuable book and special offer will be sent on receipt of only 10 cents, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

Sit right down now and fill in the coupon. The sooner you get started on the road to health and strength the easier it will be to reach perfect manhood. Don't drag along one day longer—mail the coupon today.

## Earle E. Liederman

Dept. 1406, 203 Broadway, New York

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN,  
Dept. 1406, 203 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name .....

Address .....

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

# A Made-to-Order Star

Continued from page 71

learned a lot about pantomime and tricks of expression from just that type of girl."

Watching her as she talked, I realized that she had changed much since the days when she used to appear on the screen in such features as "The Perils of Our Girl Reporters," hence my next question:

"Now that you've been trained like any sweet subdeb, do you yearn for society parts altogether?"

"Indeed I don't!" she replied promptly. "I love what I'm doing in a picture right now—playing an Indian girl. I wear my hair in two braids over my shoulders, squaw fashion"—I could imagine those long braids—"and my costume is of deer-skin, cut on the lines of one of our fashionable chemise frocks, but perfectly and authentically Indian. And I don't see why we can't wear clothes like that all the time. It's artistic—has color, line, and distinction. It's comfortable, attractive, practical—

ideal in every way. And so easy to get into—you just adjust your girdle and hang some beads around your neck, and there you are! When I'm an old lady I'll dress like that all the time."

Perhaps she will. But, as I looked at the very beautiful and very rich baby girls playing near us, with their nurses, and thought of how they would some day go to that beautiful old school and be trained for society, and then at the equally beautiful and very poor little tots playing almost equally near, who might some day be trained for stardom, I felt inclined to doubt that prophecy. For Zena Keefe's clear-cut features are the kind that will be beautiful even when age overtakes her, and I predict that this habit of study, which she's acquired, will some day make her learn to be one of the stunningest dowagers on the screen.

# Is She Lillian Russell's Successor?

Continued from page 49

port of me. "My mother says, 'Sam Rork has nerve, calling you the American Beauty; that was your sister Mary's title before you ever saw a camera!'"

"Miss MacDonald, will you place your signature on those papers going to the New York office?" interrupted a secretary just then.

"Sure, right away," was the reply. "I don't know what I'm signing, but I guess it is all right."

She beseeched pardon and departed for the business office.

The next time I called upon Miss MacDonald—for a second call was as inevitable as the second taste of champagne after the first—she was in an old Italian bedroom with stone floors. An orange glow from a lantern in a far recess diffused a golden ambient. Brocade of black and gold covered the bed, four-posted and of somber ebony. The room was more in consonance with Catherine de Medici than with Katherine of the MacDonalds. Yet there, before an ultra-modern gas heater, sat the ultra-modern beauty. A robe of violet chiffons swathed her. Over her shoulders was a cape of citrine shades bordered with deep sable. Her negligee was thin and not very long. She wore no stockings—

"This studio is so cold," she murmured, drawing the fur collar closer about her throat. "I wish I had a pair of woolen hose."

I was glad she hadn't. She was altogether ambrosial—a Venetian princess to inspire the raptures of a Poe. Her hair was a shower of gold under the Klieg lights. It rippled over her shoulders and clustered about the exquisite oval of her face—a face chiseled as finely as a Cellini medallion, ivory lucent and immobile. Seldom does emotion tremble through the composure of her voice or face. She is singularly still. Now and then there was an inflection of tone, of hands, of delicately irregular eyebrows. I doubt whether she will ever gain the dramatic éclat of a Bernhardt or Nazimova. I doubt whether she cares to. Is it not sufficient to be *the* American Beauty—to receive the golden tithes of Beauty's Queen? Lillian Russell's fame was not of histrionism.

The loveliness of these two women is above ordinary pulchritude, because it is mental as well as physical. Like Miss Russell, Miss MacDonald is a woman of versatility. She chatted of the porcelains, ivories, and marbles used for her picture, "The Guests of Hercules." She expressed enthusiasm for polo, which she played with professionals in "The Turning Point." Breeds of dogs were discussed as easily as fashion modes. She owns some very fine kennels. When she attained the affluence of stellar position she at once secured a French maid to re-



suscitate the knowledge of French acquired during three years at Blairsville College, Pennsylvania.

Nadia, her maid, frisked into the set during the conversation. She knelt before Miss MacDonald and rapturously flung a bit of pink silk and lace to our view. Only a French girl would have displayed them. I chortled weakly, feeling sort of heliotrope. Miss MacDonald only smiled and exclaimed: "Beautiful! Nadia, *mon Dieu! C'est tres charmant!*"

And Nadia, breezily bursting into newly acquired English, danced away, with her preview of Parisian hosiery.

"I love the French," commented Miss MacDonald, amused by Nadia's flamboyance. "They are so frank. Nadia is a darling. I am teaching her English—or, *rather*, correcting what she knows already. It is a rather A. E. F. sort of English. She married a soldier in France and came to this country with him. And Nadia is my friend as well as my maid. She would die for me. Where else could I find such devotion?"

I didn't think it so unusual, this devotion to so beautiful a woman.

"We adore her," fervently declared a member of her company. "There has never been an unkind or irritable word, never an unpleasant moment during association with her. Critics have called her cold. She's not. She's very human, but reserved."

And during her conversation, Miss MacDonald singled out people of her company for earnest praise. She urged me to observe a young man appearing with her. "I believe he has a great future," she said. And of another, "He's a dear fellow—irresponsible, and yet entirely reliable."

We have not yet seen her to fair advantage on the screen. Her parts in "The Thunderbolt," "The Turning Point," and "The Beauty Market" elicited little sympathy from the actress. She requires rôles and direction that will touch her as surely as does the affection of Nadia. Perhaps she will have these in "The Notorious Miss Lyle," which follows "The Guests of Hercules."

Yes, I believe Katherine MacDonald is the most likely successor of Lillian Russell before the public to-day.

When asked for her beauty secrets, she laughingly replied, "I use a nickel cake of soap."

Surely the combination of frankness and beauty that measures up to the Russell standard should go far in helping her to win the title.



## "Here's an Extra \$50!"

"I'm making *real* money now! Yes, I've been keeping it a secret until pay day came. I've been promoted with an increase of \$50 a month. And the first extra money is yours. Just a little reward for urging me to study at home. The boss says my spare time training has made me a valuable man to the firm and there's more money coming soon. We're starting up easy street, Grace, thanks to you and the I. C. S."

Today more than ever before, money is what counts. You can't get along on what you have been making. Somehow, you've simply got to increase your earnings.

Fortunately for you there is an unfailing way to do it. Train yourself for bigger work, learn to do some one thing well and employers will be glad to pay you real money for your special knowledge.

You can get the training that will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best, whatever it may be. You can get it at home, in spare time, through the International Correspondence Schools.

It is the *business* of the I. C. S. to prepare men for better positions at better pay. They have been doing it for 28 years. They have helped two million other men and women. They are training over 110,000 now. And they are ready and anxious to help you.

Here is all we ask—without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

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Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

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7-25-19

## YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE!

In this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life—which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1408 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.



# Too Good a Steak for "Polly"

Continued from page 57



## Infection

would have been prevented if

Absorbine Jr. had been applied when this "little accident" happened and the wound would have healed promptly.

## Absorbine Jr. THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

It cools and soothes, takes out the pain and soreness and helps the injured tissues to heal. And being a positive germicide it makes any infection quite impossible.

Absorbine Jr. is especially good for all the little hurts the children are constantly getting, being made from herbs and essential oils and therefore perfectly safe.

\$1.25 a bottle at your druggist or postpaid. A Liberal Trial Bottle sent for 10 cents in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.  
38 Temple Street Springfield, Mass.

a while before she married him and became the *Polly* of the Drew comedies.

She has changed very little since her *Polly* days; she is thinner and shows that she has more responsibility now than she had then—but she is still delightfully young, and the spirit of fun that bubbles so unceasingly through the pictures she directs is as infectious as ever.

That afternoon Cumberland, aside from being disturbed by the crowd, had another worry on his mind. He had just bought a brand-new ulster and paid a scandalous price for it. And he had brought it down to the station in a box which he tenderly deposited just in front of the camera. But to the camera man one overcoat more or less meant less than the dust; consequently, every time he changed locations for a close-up or a different sort of shot, the coat was left where it lay. And

then, just as everything was set, and the scene was about to be taken, a shriek of horror would rend the air.

"My coat—my ulster!" Cumberland would have in a "My daughter, oh, my ducats" sort of voice. And until the coat was rescued and placed once more like an altar in front of the camera the scene had to wait. Mrs. Drew investigated.

"What's the matter, Johnny—lose something?" she inquired, during one of these spasms.

"An ulster—I paid two hundred dollars for it." His voice was tremulous, as he directed six porters in a search for the missing box.

"Why, Johnny—people have operations to remove ulcers!" she protested with shouts of laughter, while the aggrieved Cumberland shrunk still farther into his coat and pursued the search in deeper anguish.

And *Polly*, with another chuckle, went to help him find it.

# How the President Sees the Movies

Continued from page 68

to bring the movies to the White House. He installed a motion-picture machine to entertain the members of his family and himself, and, for two years almost, it has been a source of their keen enjoyment.

Especially did this prove true during Mr. Wilson's recent illness. Shut off alone, unable to go outside the White House, Mr. Wilson not only was able to get a glimpse of what was going on in the outside world through the news films, but to find diversion from the numerous picture plays presented.

The motion-picture machine now is as much a White House fixture as is the Great Seal of the United States at the entrance. The spacious East Room, designed for formal state receptions, is ideal for the projection apparatus. It is large enough to permit of the best focusing adjustment, and excellent screen results are obtained.

Most of the films shown at the

White House, of course, are loaned by producing companies and managers. Out of courtesy, many of them are made available for the president before they are shown in the theaters. Because it is a desire of the White House to refrain from being exploited in the advertising of any film, the names of the productions ordinarily are withheld.

The White House is establishing a film library, chiefly of news pictures, catalogued so as to be available whenever desired. Some of this material has been a gift outright, because of its historical value. Many of the pictures relate to the war; others were taken in Europe during the Peace Conference. Before the last transcontinental tour of the president, the news-film organizations, which sent photographers on the special train, volunteered to supply the White House film library with prints of all pictures that were made.

# Stars and their Hobbies

Norma Talmadge—dancing.  
Betty Blythe—golf.  
Katherine MacDonald—polo.  
Charlie Chaplin—charades.  
Lillian Gish—reading.  
Florence Deshon—writing.  
Mae Marsh—modeling in clay.  
Antonio Moreno—designing automobiles.  
Wallace Reid—music, particularly the violin.

Madge Kennedy—sketching.  
Charles Ray—shooting craps.  
Roscoe Arbuckle—singing his own lyrics.  
ZaSu Pitts—buggy riding.  
Larry Semon—cartooning.  
Lon Chaney—cooking.  
Robert Gordon—tennis.  
Bessie Love—singing.  
Louise Fazenda—baking and breaking pies.

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## Just Clara's Dad

Continued from page 61

everybody to hear, 'Mother, I want to act, too.' It simply brought down the house. After that we created bits for her, and soon she was playing regular parts.

"The cutest thing Clara ever did," he went on reminiscently in that proud tone in which fathers, young or old, describe the antics of their offspring, "was when she was five years old. She got a lot of applause one night, and, as she came off stage a member of the troupe said, 'Well, Clara, you sure made a hit!'"

"'No, I didn't,' Clara answered in a disgusted tone, but about a week after that we were playing in a town where a country fair was going on. The boxes were filled with horse owners and other well-to-do people who go around with a fair, and when Clara finished her act they tossed coins across the footlights to her. She gathered them up quickly in her skirt and, running off stage, cried excitedly to me, 'I've made a hit!'"

I insisted on leaving that I must have an autographed picture of Mr. Kimball.

"What shall I write?" he asked, staring out of the window as if looking for inspiration there. Then he suddenly bent over the picture intently and wrote something in a quavery, old-fashioned script.

"With my compliments," he said, handing me the photograph with a courtly bow. And this is the autograph that I read.

"With the best of luck from 'Clara's dad.'"

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By Vara Macbeth Jones

- First: Thou shalt closely cover The legs of each table and chair ;
- Second: Thou shalt be most careful No walls or floors are shown bare.
- Third: Thou shalt shun garden scenery
- Lest we catch a glimpse of the hose ;
- Fourth: Avoid woodland locations Lest the limbs of trees you expose.
- Fifth: When filming the highlands, The breast of a hill never take ;
- Sixth: Thou may feature all creatures
- Excepting the garter snake.
- Seventh: Remember no picture May disclose a dwelling's back ;
- Eighth: Thou may film a Pullman, But all berth details it must lack.
- Ninth: Thou shalt use no subtitles That reveal the naked truth,
- Tenth: Thou shalt never censure Thy Board of Censors, forsooth!!!

6 P P



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## Get Busy and Dig!

Continued from page 33

years of good work had landed him where he wanted to be. *Love*, in "Everywoman," was one of the rôles that his conscientious digging-in landed him, but Monte wasn't satisfied even with that.

"You can't ever make a star by just using the billboards; not all the advertising in the world will do it," he told me emphatically. "It's the fans that make the stars who stay, every time. They know sincerity on the screen when they see it, and they know when a fellow's doing his best. I'm afraid of the fans—they keep me digging, I can tell you."

Maybe it's his admiration for Lincoln that has made him substitute a theoretical shovel for a rabbit's foot; Monte says Lincoln has been his favorite ever since he can remember. And his pet ambition is to go back home—he was born in

Indiana—and put the Lincoln sort of man into pictures.

"I want to give the public a real out-of-door American; a man who loves nature and forests and oceans—not a butterfly chaser or a fern collector, but a regular fellow who's got brains enough to realize how small man is in comparison with the world he lives in and, because of that realization, keeps striving to perfect himself. Does that sound highbrow? If it does, it's just because I can't put over in words what I hope to reveal in characterization on the screen."

Maybe he'll have a chance to do that during his new five-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky. If not in that time, he'll do it later—for, in spite of his popularity as a leading man, Monte's still digging in.

## In a Persian Garden

Continued from page 35

which has perfectly plain hangings as back drops, no settings being used whatsoever. On these films, only the actors' figures are shown. By being photographed at a distance much farther from the camera than were the paintings, their figures are revealed on the film in the same relative size as are the images of the objects on the films made from the paintings.

All that remains then is to combine the camera's records of the paintings and of the actors. This is done by printing the two films at the same time onto a third strip of celluloid.

There are many advantages about this method. Just think of the difference in cost between the paintings which are used and a set showing the same scene, for instance. There's some difference in the time of construction, too, for that matter.

And as a great many of these painted "sets," if they can be called that, are to be used in filming the "Rubaiyat," you can easily imagine what a great saving will be effected in the cost of the production.

Then, too, there will be no transporting of the company to distant locations. Persia is brought to the little rose-hung studio.

The story to be enacted against these unusual backgrounds is a most interesting one. An ingenious and poetic drama has been built on the "Rubaiyat," a Persian love story being introduced, with *Omar* in his self-styled rôle of "mender of broken hopes." The story of his philosophic struggle, his soul's entrance into the universe "like wind across the wastes," his argument "about it and about," and his futile harvest of learning, all are woven into the pictured version of the poem.

## Did It Ever Happen to You?

Bill Carney was a plumber, and he loved the picture play,  
But recently Bill soured toward the screen.

It seems Bill was attracted to a theater one day

By the title of a film he'd never seen.

Said Bill, "Here is a picture, sure, that should appeal to me;

I'll bet it's all about a plumber man."

He hollered for his money back that day he went to see

The picture that was called "The Pipes of Pan!"

A married man, named Henry Peck, known to his friends as "Hen,"  
Could never chirp a cheep when he was home.

His wife did all the talking—she was noisy as Big Ben—

So Henry copped two-bits and went to roam.

While passing by a theater he saw a sign displayed;

Said Henry, "There's my case as sure as Jim!"

He saw the picture, but he mourned the quarter he had paid.

"The Silent Pardner" wasn't meant for him.

H. J. YELLAMS.

## Which Would You Rather Do—Or Go Fishing?

Continued from page 73

same on six succeeding days—all that was left of her vacation. We know this because she told us so herself, and besides, we were along one day, and, while we caught none of the fish, having no talent in that direction, we helped eat them.

Monroe Salisbury, of Universal fame, is another of the screen twinklers whose hobbies have scales and fins. And there is Tom Forman, who was seen to such splendid advantage in C. B. De Mille's production, "For Better, For Worse," and as the juvenile lead in a screen version of "The Sea-Wolf," and is now a rising young director. He boasts not one, but two private trout streams, both on his ranch in the High Sierras of California. Tom says the fish are so tame up there that they will eat out of the hand and will come for breakfast when called.

Bill Farnum is a constant and successful fisherman, having a written record for catching tuna and sea bass that looks like a healthy branch of a family tree, and Jim Corbett makes a specialty of what he calls "attempted fishing"—meaning to say that many are called, but few are hooked.

Even directors occasionally forsake the Klieg lights and leave the actors to their fates while they go down to the sad sea waves and coax a fish or two from the salty brine. Thomas H. Ince is particularly keen about this form of diversion and is reputed to be one of filmdom's most successful anglers, while James Horne, who directs Jim Corbett's pictures, has to his credit a few little things like a hundred-and-twenty-pound tuna, a sixty-eight-pound bass and a six-foot swordfish.

Frank Lloyd, who is directing the picturization of Rex Beach's "The Silver Horde," up in Washington, does a little hoarding between scenes on his own account and has to his credit twenty salmon caught in one day in the waters of Puget Sound—or maybe it was twenty salmon in one hour. I don't exactly remember the details, and I don't believe he caught twenty, anyway; the picture he showed me had only four in it, and I think the other sixteen were drawn from his imagination.

Somehow it seems difficult to stick to truth when speaking of things piscatorial, but there are plenty of people who will vouch for the veracity of this account of stars and their ikewalton hobbies.



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## A Forecast of Films

*Continued from page 77*

A guide to the best comedies of the day would not be complete without reference to Wallace Reid and his automobile stories. I always have considered Wally one of the most ingratiating fellows of the screen. I had a particularly friendly feeling toward him because he seemed so lazy. He never appeared to worry about his "art" as an actor. After seeing "Double Speed" and "Excuse My Dust," I suspect him of exertion. Certainly his work has improved fifty per cent in a year. So, too, have his assignments in the way of plays. He has a fine director in Sam Wood. All of which forecasts much for "The Dancing Fool" and "What's Your Hurry?" the next Reid releases. Our other male stars will have to go some if they keep up—or catch up—with Wally's speed.

Although "The Dark Mirror," reflecting Dorothy Dalton again in a dual rôle, is not comedy, it claims space here for its engrossing story by Louis Joseph Vance. The theme is of the psychic affinity existing between twins. This subject is particularly interesting at the present time because of the investigations in

psychic and spiritistic phenomena. I detected no clew to "The Dark Mirror" mystery until toward the last reel. It seemed to be the strange experiences of a soul with two bodies. I felt a vague dissatisfaction with the plausible explanation of the psycho-analyst. The spiritual communion of these two girls promised the exposition of a new spiritualistic theory, inexplicable in material terms. In a word, I wanted to remain mystified. The play would have been greater had it advanced a new theory for discussion. Yet in so doing it would have been less credible and perhaps not as acceptable to a practical public. Even as it stands, "The Dark Mirror" is a psychic mystery that arrests attention and induces speculation. Miss Dalton creates a remarkable dual portraiture. She shows you the effect of environment upon two women almost identical in appearance and character. While giving them totally different deportment, she adroitly suggests the affinity of their natures. I feel that Dorothy Dalton has a potential power which she herself, perhaps, does not realize and which may some time proclaim her a genius.

## What the Fans Think

*Continued from page 69*

be lovable when one has only a screen knowledge of her—she seems just something to wonder at.

Then my star—Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris"—faultlessly beautiful—faultlessly ugly—faultlessly being—not acting—both the exquisite child of a refined home and the uncouth child of the slums. To me the most beautiful picture ever screened—as "The Birth of a Nation" is the grandest—and I have seen it four times! I am a loyal daughter of Uncle Sam—but when that Ku-Klux brigade dashes into view, all the rebel blood of my ancestors comes to the front. On one occasion here an old Confederate—an ex-Ku-Klux, I doubt not—gave the rebel yell, and my heart responded to the "call of the blood." Yet "the Stars and Stripes" and the "Stars and Bars" are accorded equal reverence in my home. We have had the "Uplifters"—did you like it? It was so farcical and unnatural, I thought. "Lombardi, Ltd.," was tiresome and long drawn out. But I, who have photo-play aspirations, should not criticise other plays, especially when those more capable of judging pronounce them good—only you asked for those I liked and those I did not like—and I gave them to you. Very sincerely,

HENRIETTA C. CAPERS.

The Hill, Augusta, Ga.

### Concerning Miscasting.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

"M. E. S.—Chicago, Illinois," asks who is to blame when the player doesn't fit the part, and gives Wallace Reid, in "The Lottery Man" and "The Valley of the Giants," as a specific case in point.

In the first place, M. E. S., it is very

likely that "The Lottery Man" was new to you while you were already familiar with the story, "The Valley of the Giants."

Of course, there are plenty of cases of genuine miscasting, but in the majority of instances it is the fan's preconceived idea of how the chief characters look and act in the book or story that makes trouble when they go to see the screen version. For they fail to remember or understand that two people seldom have the same mental conception of a story. So it isn't always the actor's fault when he fails to measure up to your own particular idea of the character.

Personally, I try to forget any previous acquaintance with a story if I am going to see the screen version. For the picture is bound to differ from the printed word. And what doesn't please you may appeal to your next-door neighbor.

There is no excuse for a genuine case of miscasting, but I think that such cases are the exception rather than the rule.

E. B. MAULL.

855 Wynnewood Road, Philadelphia, Pa.

### The Stars Shine Forever!

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I have just finished reading the article claiming that the star is losing his box-office power. Not with me! I'm a regular movie fan and have a number of stellar favorites, who for me have an appealing personality that makes me want to see them often. I go to see all their new pictures as they appear, because I know that I will like them. Of course, I have seen good shows that hadn't my favorites in them—but I always wished they had!

L. D. M.—Boston, Massachusetts.

**For Men Only!**

*Continued from page 59*

lieve their straitened circumstances. At the exclusive previews of her pictures, she always made it a point to see that Bannon and his sister were invited and had a car placed at their disposal for the evening."

"Taking any bets on the main event, Tom?" queried Robert Warwick of Tom Forman, as the sixth bout was about to go on. "I claim that little fellow is going to win. Good chance to pick off some easy money."

"I believe you. Just bet on him myself," answered Tom. "I have a hunch that a certain person is going to buy me a new hat to-morrow," he continued with a significant glance at Marshall Neilan.

"Why, that little runt hasn't got a chance," retorted the latter. "If he were twice as big, the tall guy ought to be ashamed of what he is going to do to him. Wait a minute and you can help carry your shrimp friend off."

"Mickey" Neilan has a way of being right about some things, but this was not one of them. The bout was fast and funny. Even Charlie Chaplin, who is generally a very serious person in his social hours, found reason for laughter.

The boxers were a Mutt and Jeff combination. Mutt pushed Jeff around the ring and back again, and had just started to mess him up near the center when the little fellow lifted a hot one off the floor and placed it on the point of Mutt's jaw. It happened like a flash. Expecting to get three or four jabs on the nose for his audacity, Jeff regained his balance quickly and began laying out a course of retreat. But Mutt was all in.

The seconds were carting him off before the crowd fully realized that a David had once more found his Goliath. Jim Corbett, with professional comprehension, was the first to leave the ringside for the door. As Bill Russell and Tony Moreno were explaining the feat to each other on the way out, Kid McCoy caught up with them.

"I hope Jesse Lasky never meets Jeff and learns how that trick was turned," he said. "I get too much fun out of picking on a millionaire in our little boxing matches to want him to sail in some day and knock me cold with one of those pile-drivers. They're awful when they land. I know!"

All of which proves that man's a kid for a' that, stardom included. It's a night of real sports when male stars gather at Vernon.

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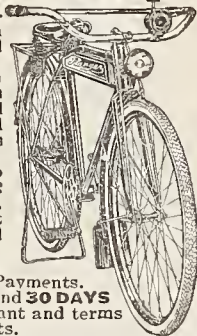
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**COWAN HAIR CUTTER CO.**  
Dept. 20 Kansas City, Mo.



Agents Wanted.

**What a Picture Earns**

Continued from page 18

are working on contracts made before they reached their present heights, or because the exhibitor is getting their pictures cheaply on an old contract.

Charlie

Chaplin stands easily as first among the greatest of the screen's drawing cards; yet a score of stars made more money during the last two years than the comedian.

There is no conflict of opinion as to Chaplin's position nor that of Mary Pickford, who ranks second in drawing power—though still an undisputed first in personal popularity. Both she and Charlie come closest to having a universal appeal. Mary's "Pollyanna," it is said, will enter the million-dollar class.

Third place, both as to drawing power and personal popularity, goes to Norma Talmadge, with Nazimova close behind, when it comes to pulling the dimes and quarters into the box office, and with her own sister Constance apparently next to her in popularity, and a close rival for third place. "Connie" is one of the sensations of the last year.

Until a short time ago, Douglas Fairbanks ranked as one of the three best money getters. His pictures, under their present selling plan, are still bringing in big money, but Charles Ray seems to have supplanted him in personal popularity, although the former Ince star has not been reaping the rewards of his great vogue.

William S. Hart also has lost ground both as a financial asset and as a popular idol, and now takes the dust from Wallie Reid as a theater filler, although Wallie gets a smaller salary than a dozen or more less popular stars. William

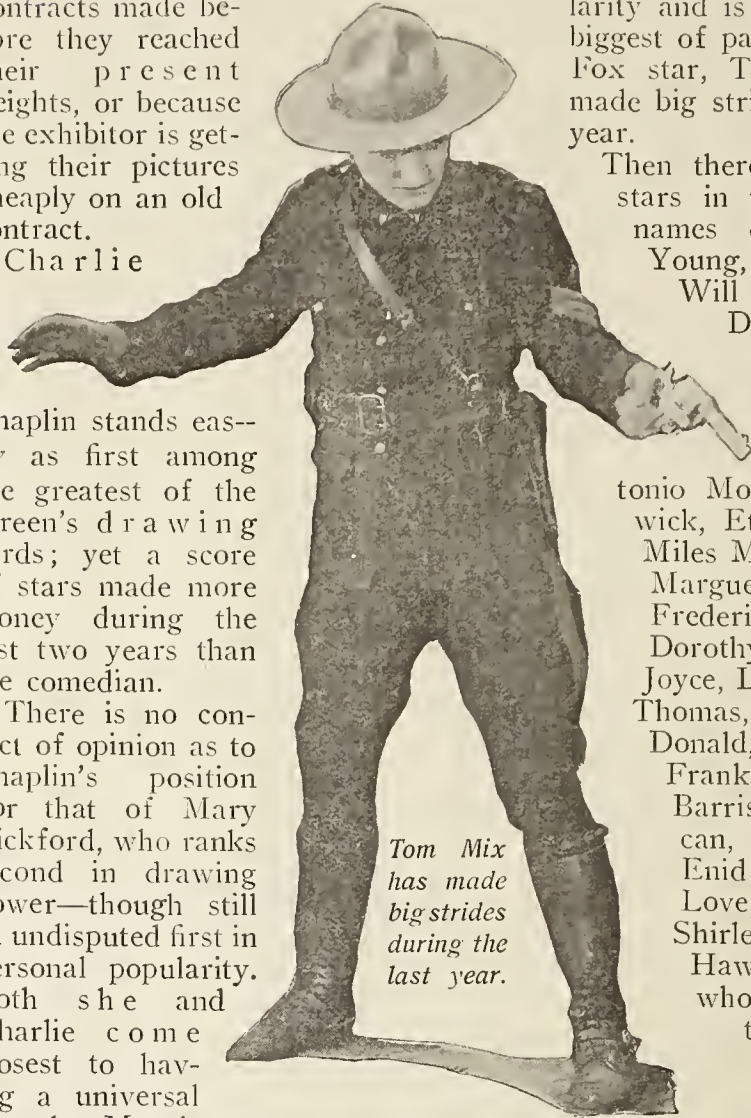
Farnum is also growing in popularity and is getting one of the biggest of pay checks. Another Fox star, Tom Mix, has also made big strides during the last year.

Then there is a long list of stars in which we find the names of Clara Kimball Young, Anita Stewart, Will Rogers, Dorothy Dalton, Tom Moore, Mabel Normand, Elsie Ferguson, Viola Dana, Bert Lytell, Antonio Moreno, Robert Warwick, Ethel Clayton, Mary Miles Minter, May Allison, Marguerite Clark, Pauline Frederick, Priscilla Dean, Dorothy Phillips, Alice Joyce, Louise Glaum, Olive Thomas, Katherine MacDonald, Mildred Harris, Frank Keenan, Bessie Barriscale, William Duncan, Madge Kennedy, Enid Bennett, Bessie Love, William Russell, Shirley Mason, Wanda Hawley, and others, whose names in electric lights over a theater entrance bring their respective followings in

varying numbers to see them on the screen, and whose pictures bring in gross returns ranging from fifty thousand dollars to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The method of marketing photoplays is much too intricate to describe here in detail. The usual way is to charge the theater so much flat rental for a day or a week, varying from five dollars a day for a two-year-old picture in a small-town theater, to seventy-five hundred dollars a week for a first run. Of late producers have been trying out releasing the best pictures in some of the larger cities on a percentage basis, and, on that basis, "A Dog's Life" earned thirteen thousand dollars in one week in a single New York theater when it was first shown!

So rapidly is the industry changing that it is impossible to look even a little way into the future, regarding the earning power of pictures. For this industry, in every department, will continue to be, as it has been in the past, more surprising in its developments than any fairy tale.



Tom Mix has made big strides during the last year.



## Shooting "Snow Stuff"

Continued from page 37

"Wanted to?" he interrupted. "They not only wanted to—they did. Naturally we were able to use a good many of them as 'extras.' As you can imagine, it would hardly pay to carry all our extras all the way from New York, especially as we were taking such a long time to make the picture. That, of course, gave Mr. Miller plenty of time to select and train the local people.

"Well, we'd been there a few days when, one night, on returning to the hotel, we found that there wasn't a single waitress in the dining room. An investigation showed that they'd all gone and gotten jobs as extras in the company, and a nice fix we were in until they were induced to come back.

"You know there are so many

funny, interesting, human things always happening when you're making a picture," he said, as he rose to go. "I sometimes wonder if the folks who go to see pictures ever think of that side of our work—or if they just think of us as actors—not real human beings like themselves—when they see us on the screen."

"I'm inclined to think that they look quite a ways behind the mere shadows," I replied. "They seem to appreciate it when we magazine folks give them a peep behind the scenes, and into the studios."

"That's a satisfaction," he said, with a smile, as we separated on the steps of the club. "I hope you'll give them a peep behind what they'll see in 'The Law of the Yukon.'"

And I hope I have.

## A Tabloid Review

Continued from page 79

conventional characters has run afoul of an unsympathetic plot. A touch of the spiritual makes some of the scenes impressive, but Gladys Brockwell fails to impart any warmth into her peculiarly unattractive rôle.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"—The father of all safe-cracking crook plays made into a picture that grips, amuses, startles, and thrills. Paul Armstrong, adapting from O. Henry, conceived one of his cleverest characters in *Jimmy Valentine*, and Bert Lytell makes him live to the letter. One of the most completely enjoyable pictures of this year.

"The Idol Dancer"—Most producers have discovered by this time that in dramatic works, at least, the ratio of a picture's success is in proportion to its story. D. W. Griffith in "The Idol Dancer" overlooks this. He has made a very beautiful scenic, a pretty little piece of poetry, a technically perfect work, but—Richard Barthelmess and Clarine Seymour are the lovers.

"Excuse My Dust"—Wallace Reid meddling with automobiles and races again. A comedy from a magazine story, but suggesting the advertising pages as well. Bright and snappy—but is Wally going to be a chauffeur for all time?

"Old Lady 31"—The romance of a couple the other side of sixty! In

that respect something far out of the ordinary. Also something to draw a few tears and many laughs. Tears by Emma Dunn and laughs by Henry Harmon—a most enjoyable team. It was written by Rachel Crothers, which should be a sufficient indorsement.

"The Inner Voice"—The melodramatic possibilities lying in a plot concerning a young miner who is swindled out of his money by the guardian of the girl he loves are easily recognizable. Elaine Sterne has handled them very well in "The Inner Voice," with the result that a very entertaining picture is the result. It is more than a pleasure to record that E. K. Lincoln, the star, is at last to be seen in a meritorious production.

"Lifting Shadows"—The "papers," the "bolshevists," the drug addict, the heroine who confesses herself an unbeliever, a few bombs and much waving of the flag. Choose the nearest exit to your seat while the band plays "The Star-spangled Banner."

"The Young Mrs. Winthrop"—The husband who has time only for business, the wife who is engrossed in social doings—these are familiar screen figures, but in this picture they do very human things and make you believe in them. Ethel Clayton and Harrison Ford are the attractive couple.



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Edna Hunter  
Famous "Movie"  
Star, says of the  
Princess Tokio

Treatment:  
"After a hard day I just apply Princess Tokio and every trace of fatigue strain and roughness vanishes like magic. I gave it to a friend whose face was becoming wrinkled and she says it wiped the wrinkles off in no time. I wish you all the success you so richly deserve."



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You movin'-picture shrewdies! When are you gonna invent something so that us 'waybacks who hang out sixty miles or so the other side of sunrise can get a squiz at the movies?

The only chance I ever get to see them is once a year when dad and mum and me and Mo and my tabby, 'Liza, go into town for the pig sale. The last movie I saw was a bonzer, but, oh, blimey! I did feel bashful when that pretty vampire tabby kept geekin' me off all through the show. Fair dinkum, I felt shy! She purposely gave the marble eye to all the other blokes in the theater and chucked me the glad smile as though she had marked me for her future hubby. Although I was right up in the peanut gallery, she picked me out easy. I haven't seen another movie since then, but, dinkie die, I am longin' to see her again next year.

The only way I have of getting in touch with the latest movies is by going over to Mulga Bill's. He's an abo sundowner who dossen next door to our place. It's just a little gallop—a bare twenty-seven miles—and I get him to give me the dinkum oil about the last movie he saw when he walked into town a few months before. Billy takes an hour or so off from scratching the old mud ball and gives me the strength of the show. First, he yanks out his old clay pipe, stings a fill, and with his woolly head wobbling and his black skin shining like velvet he puffs contentedly at the shag and pitches me the yarn in his own black-feller lingo. It seems funny, but the actors always do real marvelous things when Billie's there; they leave everything in the shade that I've seen, and make a special show for his benefit. I'm not a suspicious yahoo, as a rule, but I do think he's getting a

touch of imaginitis and tryin' to give my leg a bit of a pull. When he told me. "Him bad villun feller pull up big gasworks smokestack and hit'um gin-plump on topknot." I didn't count him out, but as I tell you I began to use my nut a bit. I know these actors are shrewd-heads, but I would like to see that stunt before I believe it was dinkum.

I heard one of you shrewdies was inventing a machine to make the movies talk, but that's napoo as far as I'm concerned. But couldn't you—you movin'-picture shrewdies—invent a sort of small machine about the size of a spud, that could be carried about in the vest pocket, and of an evening I could turn it on the back of the barn, and my 'Liza and me could enjoy the show on our own?

I never get real struck on any of your flash little sheilahs mind you. They look good-o, but when it comes to milkin' seventeen cows morning and night like my 'Liza, I think they'd come a thud, sudden. Yes, seventeen, morning and night isn't bad and makes me awful proud of my 'Liza.

But I, for one, would be quite prepared to give a couple of bob for one of those machines. In fact, talking business, if you made me an agent for Croadjingolong district I reckon I could sell six or seven of them within a paltry fifty mile or so—you might say without moving off my doorstep. Hoping you will consider this suggestion, and if there is any dough to come from the patent I would be quite prepared to snaffle it.

If you want a corroborree with me to arrange things, you'll always find Bill Wombat within a few hundred miles of the old Hunnomenjie pub in Croadjingolong.

## We Live and Learn

In reel the third she wore a dress  
That was a bird, as you will guess.  
'Twas cut so low, both front and rear,  
It looked as though her bath was near.

Gone was my composure.  
As I've confessed, her back was bare,  
Likewise her chest, so I declare.  
I'll say, also, I'm glad I went,  
For now I know just what is meant  
By "Double Exposure!"

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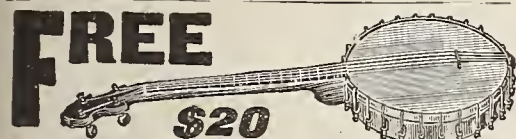
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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

## The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 84

**AT YOUR SERVICE.**—Bebe Daniels does not play in Harold Lloyd's comedies any longer. She is now appearing in Lasky productions. "Don't Change Your Wife" is her latest film. I don't know in just what part of Newburgh William S. Hart was born. Is there more than one part?

**B. ISRAEL.**—You, too.

**HIGH SCHOOL LASS.**—Theda Bara is twenty-seven. Her real name was Thcodsia Goodman, but she had it legally changed by the courts to Theda Bara. Her first screen appearance was in "A Fool There Was." She has recently been playing on the stage.

**ROSS K.**—Bryant Washburn was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1889. He has been in pictures since 1911. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds and has dark-brown hair and eyes. Clara Grant is the maiden name of Mrs. Charles Ray. She is a nonprofessional.

**WILLIAM S. HART FAN.**—We are always glad to have our readers' opinions about PICTURE-PLAY. Yes, my picture was in that number of the magazine, but I am not the young lady who was watching the two actors and the actress having tea.

**LAURA.**—Dorothy Gish is the young lady who was featured in the Triangle play "Atta Boy's Last Race." You win your wager.

**B. E. H.**—Richard Barthelmess was born in New York in 1895. He is five feet seven inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. He has dark hair and brown eyes.

**HERPICIDE HARRY.**—For addresses see the end of The Oracle.

**MARGUERITE L.**—Pauline Bush has retired from the screen. "Hands Up" was taken from the story by that name. Twenty-five cents is the customary amount to inclose with your request for a player's photograph.

**LENA A.**—Thanks very much for all the nice things you have to say about PICTURE-PLAY. I'm sure the editor agrees with you.

**WOWACHINGTANKA.**—The Indians thought up quite a long word to mean patience, didn't they? Darrell Foss had the male lead in "The Red Lantern." I like Vivian Martin very much. Nice girl!

**PEGGY.**—May Allison was born in Atlanta, Georgia. She is still single. "The Walk Offs" is her latest picture. William Desmond is married. He is making features for Jesse D. Hampton. "The Parish Priest" is his latest release. Inclose a quarter with your request.

**HARRY HALPERIN.**—See addresses at the end of The Oracle.

**JAMES J. CORBETT ADMIRER.**—James J. Corbett lives in Los Angeles now, where he is making films for Universal. Ruth Roland is in Los Angeles, too. James has been married for twenty-five years. Ruth is not married. Mary Pickford is far from being dead. She is very active at present, making features for United Artists.

**DIMPLES.**—Harrison is not married, so I can't tell you who his wife is. Neither is Elaine. Casson Ferguson is not re-

Continued on page 100

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Foot Remedy Co., 3661 Ogden Ave., Dep. 133 Chicago



lated to Elsie. Elliott Dexter had the leading rôle opposite Ethel Clayton in "Maggie Pepper." Casson Ferguson was born in Alexandria, Louisiana, in 1891. If I told you whether I was a man or woman it wouldn't give you anything to guess about, would it? Guessing's lots of fun, too, and I wouldn't deprive any of my readers of their fun.

ALBERT RAY FAN.—"Married in Haste" is an old picture of Albert's. He is not with the Fox Film Company any longer. His latest release is "The Honey Bee."

M. M. M. S.—Write to the editor, inclosing six cents in stamps for a copy of the Market Booklet.

FRANCIS EARLE.—See addresses at the end of The Oracle.

MURIEL.—You, too.

ROSE W.—And you, also.

JUST MARIE.—Conrad Nagel is now making a picture on the coast. There is a chance that he may do another picture with Alice Joyce. Wallace Reid has a little boy.

LORRAINE.—A family group was published in PICTURE-PLAY quite some time ago. Tom Moore and Alice Joyce are divorced. Anna is not married.

ELMA B.—Norma Talmadge hasn't any children.

CORA M.—There are several firms that sell small photos of the Mack Sennett bathing girls. Look for the ads of these firms. The way to get the photographs you want is to write for them direct to the players. Inclose a quarter with your request.

R. L.—Antonio Moreno lives in Los Angeles. There was a fine interview with him in the January issue, which will tell you all you want to know about him. Pearl White has a father. She lives with friend husband and not her dad. The Ship Café article was in the March issue. I am sure Tony would send you his photograph.

ANTIGON K.—Pearl White is married to Wallace McCutcheon. Marie Walcamp is married to Harlan Tucker.

GERTRUDE D.—Your questions have already been answered in reply to Antigon K.

PAULINE R.—Roscoe Arbuckle has no need of a steady double, as he does all the stunts in his own pictures himself. When there is an exceptionally dangerous stunt which he does not care to do, they have no trouble getting a double. These stunts come so few and far between that it would not pay him to keep one on steadily.

ELOISE MYERS.—You refer to Lawson Butt, opposite Pauline Frederick. Tom Moore was born in County Meath, Ireland, and not in California, as you imagine.

ARTHUR T.—Betty Compson was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. She has blue eyes and light hair. Betty is not married.

THEODORE.—Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. Lillian Gish was born in Springfield, Ohio, in 1896. Dorothy Gish arrived in this world at Dayton, Ohio, in 1898. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892.

FLORENCE F.—Perhaps your letter was mislaid. Better write to him again. Bebe Daniels is now with the Lasky Company. "Ham and Bud" are not playing

together. Ham, who is Lloyd V. Hamilton in real life, is being featured in Henry Lehrman's comedies.

GLADYS P.—PICTURE-PLAY does not give the home addresses of the players. Look below for the studio addresses. Your letter will be sure to be received by them at the addresses given.

RUTH M.—Wallace MacDonald is not married. He is five feet ten and one-half, and has brown eyes and brown hair.

MARIE M.—What do you mean—"Was she married before?" Before what?

EDWIN F.—"Behind the Door" was taken from a short story written by Gouverneur Morris and bearing the same name.

FRANK K.—Your question has already been answered.

L. B.—Charles Ray has been in pictures for six years. He has just organized the Charles Ray Productions, and will release his future films through First National. When Charles started in he was paid thirty-five dollars a week, and now he pays himself a salary—and a pretty big one, I understand.

DAN D. LYON.—J. Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1889. He is not married. Write to him at the address given at the end of this department. Eugene O'Brien is just the same off as on.

PEARL L.—Thanks for the six cents in stamps for the Market Booklet, which the editor is mailing you.

HAROLD LLOYD ADMIRER.—Mildred Davis has taken Bebe Daniels' place opposite Harold Lloyd in his comedies for Rolin. I think Harold would send you one of his pictures. Antonio Moreno is not married. Harold Lloyd was born in Nebraska in 1893.

M. E. D.—Pell Trenton is not married. Your other questions have already been answered.

MURIEL S.—The Tony you have heard so much about refers to Antonio Moreno, the Vitagraph serial star. "The Country Cousin" and "The Woman Game" are Elaine Hammerstein's latest films. Blanche Sweet had the leading rôle in "Fighting Cressy." That title applies to Lon Chaney. Dolores Cassinelli was born in New York. Nazimova's hair is really bobbed.

ZINGORALLIA H.—What kept you away so long? Just see what you have missed. The Chaplin baby was born in Los Angeles. Mrs. Talmadge has not played in pictures. Charles Ray will undoubtedly play other rôles as well as his well-known rural characters with his new company. Tsuru Aoki is now making Japanese features for Universal. The Hayakawas have no children. That must be an old picture. You would have to tell me the name of the company, or at least who played in it, before I could tell you that.

PEARL WHITE AND WALTER McGRAIL ADMIRER.—Seena Owen is the wife of George Walsh. Miriam Cooper is married to her director, Raoul Walsh. Antonio Moreno is a Spaniard. Pearl White wears a blond wig in her features. Pearl isn't going to do any more serials, but of course there is a chance that Walter McGrail may play opposite her in one of her forthcoming Fox releases. Walter's mustache is real. Your other questions regarding Pearl White have already been answered in this issue.

**CRAB APPLES.**—Genevieve is no relation of Dorothy's. Eddy Polo is his correct name. They are not married. "The Vanishing Dagger" is the latest Polo serial for Universal, Harold Lloyd is not married, so you see Bebe Daniels can't possibly be his wife. Mary Pickford has been on the stage ever since she could toddle. Your letter wasn't any too long. In fact, I thought it rather short.

**ELSIE M. B.**—Both Harry Hilliard and Herbert Rawlinson are working in pictures. Herbert is making a series of short detective stories for the screen, playing the rôle of Craig Kennedy. Harry Hilliard is not playing with any special company. He works for them all. He has just completed a picture at Universal, with Claire Anderson in the leading feminine rôle.

**J. S.**—You didn't ask too many questions. Too few, I should say. Ann Little isn't married. The serial "Lightning Bryce" and "The Roaring Road" and "Excuse My Dust," the last two with Wallace Reid, are her latest pictures. She was born in Sisson, California, in 1894. She is five feet six tall, weighs one hundred and twenty-three pounds, and has dark hair and brown eyes. That ought to give you a fair description of her. She was married to Alan Forrest.

**I. A. D.**—Thanks for all the compliments about PICTURE-PLAY. The editor puffed all up with pride when I showed him your letter. You will find the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

**HELENA HELEN.**—The curls that Mary wore were made with a curling iron, but the hair grew right into her head. In other words, they were natural. Charles Chaplin was born in Paris in 1889. "Judy of Rogue's Harbor" is Mary Miles Minter's latest picture. She is all that you say she is and more.

**INQUISITIVE.**—Mary Pickford has to have a secretary to take care of her mail for her. Mary does the dictating and signing, and the secretary attends to the rest. Kathleen O'Connor plays the rôle of Nell Morgan in "The Midnight Man" with James J. Corbett. Your other questions have been answered.

**DARK BOB.**—I shall be looking forward to that promised fudge. I liked Constance Talmadge very much in "Two Weeks." She is certainly coming along with great strides. Dick Barthelmess, too. You forgot to ask any questions. Couldn't you think of any this time?

**E. H.**—Try any bookstore for those. You must wish something terrible to happen to me, to ask me to name the three greatest actresses. If I should, the other several hundred would be quite peevish, and then I would be in bad. I'll pass that up, as I like this little old world too well to leave it in such a hurry. Anyway, if I did name them, it would be only my opinion, and there would be many other critics who would disagree with me, and now you can see that it would land me in a general fight with critics, actresses, and fans, too. My fingers are crossed!

**MRS. E. E. W.**—Albert Roscoe is the young man who played opposite Shirley Mason in "Her Elephant Man."

**CUTEY.**—Harrison hasn't any, so I can't tell you who she is. Bert Lytell is married. Jane Novak had the leading feminine rôle in "The Eyes of the World." Norma Talmadge's husband is not an actor. He is the head of Norma's com-

pany. William Desmond is married to Mary McIvor. Wanda Hawley is married. Henry is also.

**WALTER MCGRAIL FAN.**—"The Black Secret" was the last picture Wallace appeared in. Kenneth Harlan is single. Your other questions have already been answered.

**KENDALL C.**—I guess she is the same Jane Novak that you knew, because she hails from St. Louis. She was born there in 1896. She is five feet seven and weighs one hundred and thirty-three pounds.

**LOIS FULLER.**—They are all sisters. Natalie is the youngest, followed by Constance and Norma. Dorothy Gish is not married. Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1898. Vivian Martin was born near Grand Rapids, Michigan. Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887. Her latest picture is "Easy To Get." Harrison Ford plays the leading rôle opposite her. "Mary Ellen Comes To Town" is Dorothy's latest vehicle. Ralph Graves is the male lead in it.

**NILES WELCH FAN, LONDON.**—Of course there is no objection to an English fan's writing to The Oracle! I have quite a few British correspondents every month, and their letters are always most welcome. Dell Boone is Mrs. Niles Welch in private life. His latest picture is "The Luck of Geraldine Laird," in which he plays opposite Bessie Barriscale. That's hard to say.

**BLONDE AND BRUNETTE.**—That is Richard Barthelmess' correct name. He was born in New York City in 1895. His latest picture is "The Idol Dancer," which D. W. Griffith recently made for First National. Tom Moore was born in County Meath, Ireland. His latest film for Goldwyn is "The Gay Lord Quex." He is living in Los Angeles, California, at the present time, and working at the Goldwyn studios in Culver City. Pearl White is the only one of the lot you asked about who is married. Eugene O'Brien was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1884. "The Figurehead" is his newest contribution to the screen. Walter McGrail played the leading male rôle opposite Elaine Hammerstein in "The Country Cousin." "Judy of Rogue's Harbor" is the current Mary Miles Minter production for Realart. Charles Meredith, former leading man at the Morosco stock company in Los Angeles, has the leading male rôle opposite her. Mae Marsh is married to Louis Armes, of New York. They have an eight-months-old baby girl by the name of Mary Marsh Armes. Mildred Reardon played the rôle of Gloria Swanson's sister in the Cecil B. De Mille production of "Male and Female." Thomas Meighan's forthcoming picture is "The Prince Chap," in which he will make his début as a star for Paramount. Anita Stewart will shortly be seen in "The Yellow Typhoon."

**BILLIE BOOTS.**—Jack Perrin is appearing with Kathleen O'Connor in the new Universal serial called "The Lion Man." He has just been lent by Universal to Edgar Lewis for one picture. Do you refer to Patricia Palmer? She was formerly Marguerite Gibson. "Into the Light" is her latest picture. George Chesbro is playing opposite Grace Darmond in Stuart Peyton's new serial for International.

**D. C. M. AND B. VT.**—That's a very good heading, whatever it stands for. None that I know of. "The Invisible



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Hand" is Tony Moreno's latest serial. Both William and Dustin Farnum are married. They have never played together in pictures, but have appeared in the same play on the stage. Tom and Owen have never appeared in the same picture. Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring. Owen Moore will be seen shortly in "Sooner or Later." Pearl White has confined her efforts almost entirely to serials for Pathé in the past, but from now on will do features only. Tom Forman is not married. He has given up acting in favor of directing. Jack Pickford's forthcoming Goldwyn feature is "A Double Dyed Deceiver," an O. Henry story. House Peters is not doing any films at present. Bill Hart has a sister, Mary Hart. He is not married. Dorothy Dalton used to be Mrs. Lew Cody.

MICKEY AND JOHNNIE.—Priscilla Dean was born in New York in 1896. ZaSu Pitts was born in Parsons, Kansas, in 1898. Lila Lee was born in New York in 1902. Ben Alexander arrived on earth at Goldfield, Nevada, in 1912. George Walsh was born in New York in 1892, and Mildred Harris Chaplin at Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1901. Mahlon Hamilton's birthplace is Baltimore, Maryland, and Alla Nazimova's is Yalta, Crimea, Russia. Dick Barthelmess is five feet seven. Ralph Graves is six feet one. Casson Ferguson is five feet eleven. Priscilla Dean is five feet five. Dorothy Gish is five feet. Norma Talmadge is five feet two. Constance is four inches taller than her sister. Nazimova is five feet four. "The Virgin of Stamboul" is Priscilla's latest film, and Billie Burke's is "Wanted—A Husband." Your other questions have already been answered.

AV JAIPEE.—The editor is mailing you a copy of the Market Booklet, and you should have it by this time. The reason for the delay is that we ran out of the booklets because of the demand, and had to wait until a new edition was printed. Thanks very much for all the nice things you have to say regarding PICTURE-PLAY.

EDGEWOOD DEMON.—I am sure that Mary Thurman would gladly send you one of her photographs. Henry King has not been acting for some time, devoting himself exclusively to directing features for Jesse D. Hampton. Olive Thomas was a member of the famous Ziegfeld Follies before she went into pictures, and lived in New York City. I think Mrs. Ray is very nice looking indeed.

M. M. N.—Sidney Drew died quite some time ago, so there is no use writing scenarios for Mr. and Mrs. Drew. Mrs. Drew is now producing comedies for Pathé featuring John Cumberland, star of "The Gay Old Dog."

LYDIA M. O.—Kenneth Harlan is not married.

RAYMOND W.—The editor has mailed you a copy of the Market Booklet.

TEDDY.—Ashton Dearholt is married to Helene Rosson, who used to star in productions for the American Film Company several years ago. He was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-eight pounds. He has dark hair and eyes.

PHYLLIS ALONE.—I receive a great many letters from New Zealand fans, and am glad to add you to the ever-increasing list. The girl who rode in the race in "The Whip" was not a girl at all. She was doubled by a real jockey. You will find the addresses you want at

the end of The Oracle. It should take a couple of months to get a reply from a star, considering the distance the letter would have to travel.

BABE IN THE WOOD.—Wallace Reid had a wife and a little Wally to look after. Bill Hart was certainly very good in that picture. The Market Booklet gives the names and addresses of all the producing companies, and tells what type of stories they are in the market for. I never get tired answering questions because I always am too busy to have time to be tired. That's good logic, isn't it? Why don't you try that formula?

MIQUE.—I received your six cents in stamps for a copy of the Market Booklet, but as you only signed yourself "Mique," and did not think to give me your address, I can't send you the booklet until you write and tell me where to mail it. Marjorie Daw played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in that film. Neal Hart is not related to Bill Hart. "Cabiria" was made in Italy by the Italia Company.

PIERSON B. H.—The scenes for "The Cruise of the Make Believe," "A Fight for Millions," and the W. S. Hart pictures were all made in California. Your other questions have been answered.

G. C. D.—The editor has mailed you a copy of the Market Booklet for the six cents in stamps you inclosed.

CASEY H.—The M. B. has been mailed you. Charles Chaplin was born in Paris, France, in 1889.

BUDDY.—Norma Talmadge is very realistic, isn't she? The best way to obtain a picture of Mrs. Vernon Castle is to write to her for one.

W. REID F. C.—Wally was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. Blue eyes and brown hair. Six feet one. He is still making features for the Lasky Company. He has a Roamer & MacFarlane car. I am sure he would send you a picture if you wrote him for one.

MARIE A. HARSH.—It is against the rules of The Oracle department to give the names and addresses of any of our readers, much as we would like to accommodate you.

GUY G. E.—Thanks very much for your little tip. I read the story you mentioned, and found it very interesting indeed.

JOSEPH B. T.—Owen Moore is being starred by Selznick. Neva Gerber is playing opposite Ben Wilson in his serials. Dorothy Gish is being starred by Paramount. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are being costarred on the legitimate stage by Oliver Moroseo in "The Master Thief." Geraldine Farrar has left Goldwyn. Charles Chaplin is still making comedies. Natalie Talmadge played in "A Country Hero" with Roscoe. Olga Petrova and Maxine Elliott are not making pictures at present.

N. C.—James J. Corbett is the same man who used to be heavyweight champion of the whole wide world.

CECILIE.—Ann Pennington has deserted the screen for a while, at least. She is back on the stage at present. Mother isn't. That's her name. I don't think there is the slightest resemblance. Some one who told you that must be jealous of Wally's looks.

J. R. S. DUISON.—Dorothy Dalton is at present being starred on the stage in New York, and making pictures at Paramount's New York studio.

Mrs. E. H.—Bobbed hair was first professionally introduced by Irene Castle four years ago, and since that time a great many of the screen stars have bobbed their tresses. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason now have their hair short cropped, and so has their studio partner, Alla Nazimova. Priscilla has never appeared in the films as yet. I don't think it would be possible to get stills of those British women who bobbed their hair to serve as lumberjacks. Write to the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, and they will let you know. It is not true about Anita Stewart—as yet.

BURTON W.—There is no charge at all for answering questions, in The Oracle. They aren't in the habit of putting actors or actresses in the histories of the world, so I don't think so. Mary Pickford was born in 1893. She is five feet tall and weighs about one hundred pounds. She was born in Canada. She has blue eyes and blond hair. She was married to Owen Moore and recently divorced him. She curls her hair, of course. She was on the stage before she went into pictures. She is now at the head of her own company. I don't know how much she is worth. I can't count that high. She does not receive any special salary. She gets the profits, which mount way up. She is the best-known actress in the world. She lives in Beverly Hills, California. No, she bites with her very own teeth, and not a set of store ones. Mary Fuller has retired from the screen. The Singer Midgets are about the smallest people who have ever appeared on the screen. You certainly are a Pickford fan, aren't you?

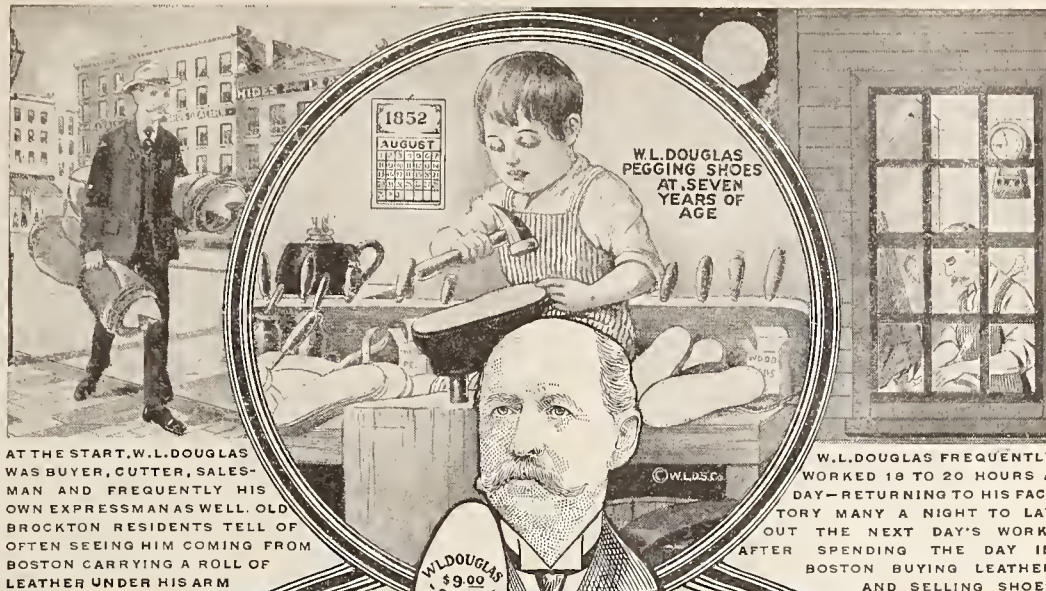
E. Z. MARK.—Priscilla Dean was recently married in Reno, Nevada, to our handsome friend, Wheeler Oakman.

G. W. G.—You will find all addresses at the end of The Oracle.

IRENE B.—Jack Mulhall is not off the screen by any means. He is very much on it, in fact. His latest pictures are "Should a Woman Tell?" with Alice Lake, and "All of a Sudden Peggy," with Marguerite Clark. He is married, and has a little Jack, junior. Bebe Daniels never played in anything but comedies prior to joining the Lasky company. She appeared in "Male and Female" as the favorite of the king's harem, and in "Everywoman" as *Vice*. Charles Ray's eyes and hair are dark brown. What do you mean by gray? He is twenty-eight years old. Creighton Hale has fair hair.

ANITA STEWART FAN.—"The Fighting Shepherdess" is the title of the latest Anita Stewart Picture. "Revelation" was taken from the story by the same name. Why don't you try your best bookstore? Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1898. I think she would send you one of her autographed photos if you asked her for one. Better inclose a quarter with your request. The Market Booklet gives the names and addresses of all the film companies, and tells just what kind of stories they are in the market for. It will be sent to any reader upon receipt of six cents in stamps.

Miss RUBY G.—Yes, George Chesebro is an actor. He started off as leading man with Ruth Roland in the "Hands Up" serial, but was called to war and George Larkin took his place. George has been playing in Texas Guinan's films since his return. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are married and have a little son. Theda Bara and William S. Hart are both American born. Olga Pe-



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trova was born in Poland. Hart has a new leading woman with each picture. Olive Thomas is married to Jack Pickford. You have quite a collection of favorites. Don't mention it. The pleasure is all mine.

**JOYA.**—True Boardman died nearly two years ago. You must get some very late pictures in your favorite theater if he is the favorite star shown there. I knew him very well. "The Doctor and the Woman," with Mildred Harris, was his last picture. He made his biggest success in the "Stingaree" series released by Kalem. There isn't any male star with red hair. There is no reason why there shouldn't be. Red would photograph black, anyway.

**HOPEFUL.**—I don't see how you figure that dancing lessons should give you the necessary qualities to become a motion-picture actress. It takes more than the mere manipulation of one's feet to get over on the screen nowadays. I'm sure I can't say whether you would get a chance or not. There is only one thing to do if you are bound to go to California, and that is—try and see.

**A COWBOY.**—I don't know whether Roy Stewart and Marguerite Clark would answer a letter or not, but I am sure they would send you their autographed photos. The stars could never answer all the letters they receive if they did nothing but write all the time. You had better inclose a quarter with your request for the picture.

**B. MARTIN.**—That is her correct name. You are wrong. She is. Jack Pickford is making films for Goldwyn. "A Double Dyed Deceiver" from the pen of O. Henry is his film to follow "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." Frank Mayo played opposite Ruth in that. Thomas Meighan is his real name. "Watch Out William," which will probably be changed to "The Village Sleuth," is Charles Ray's latest film. Madge Kennedy is still playing in pictures. "The Bloomin' Angel" is the title of her latest picture. Leonie Flugrath is Shirley Mason's correct name. She has two sisters, Viola Dana and Edna Flugrath. I'll tell the editor what you said. Tom Mix is his real name.

**A CALIFORNIA SCOUT—HAL.**—The quartet you mention all work in Los Angeles, California, but not in the same studio. You mustn't expect too much of your little paper at the start. Give it time to grow. It takes lots of time to get a paper established, you know. Grace Cunard is still working before the camera. Lillian Gish is now working on D. W. Griffith's production of "Way Down East." Thanks for the copies of the papers. They are very interesting.

**ANXIOUS AL.**—I can't tell you where you could go to get a position as a camera man, but I might suggest that before you go applying for the position that you learn something about a moving-picture camera. Just because you take excellent pictures with your 3-A folding kodak is no sign that you can step right out and secure a job with a film company as camera man. There's quite a difference between a kodak and a motion-picture camera. You have to do more than merely press the bulb.

**I AM BILL FARNUM'S FAN.**—William Farnum is still making special features for the Fox Film company. His latest is called "The Adventurer," and is a costume play. Another play on the same type soon to be released is "If I Were

King." Mary Fuller has not appeared on the screen for several years.

**STAR.**—If you wanted the Market Booklet you should have sent six cents in stamps. You also forgot to put your address on your letter, so it couldn't have been sent you, anyway.

**LYNETTE W.**—The only way to get photos of Sessue Hayakawa and George Walsh is to write to these players personally. We do not keep a supply of their pictures on hand to mail out to their admirers. Sessue is married to Tsuru Aoki.

**MARGUERITE DOUGLAS.**—Marguerite Clark played *Bab* in the "Sub-Deb" stories by Mary Roberts Rhinehart. You should have had the photograph by this time. Maybe your letter was lost in the shuffle. Better drop her another line and tell her about it. Twenty-five cents in stamps is sufficient.

**IMA Highbrow.**—They are not with any special company at present. They work from picture to picture, appearing in different plays for whatever company needs them. Jane Novak played opposite Charles Ray in that film. Yes, he is the same Douglas MacLean who used to play in the stock company. You will find all the addresses you want at the end of *The Oracle*.

**MACARONI AND JUDD.**—William Duncan is married. He was born in Bonnie Scotland.

**H. J. C.**—"My Friend the Chauffeur" has never been done in films. You will find your other questions already answered.

**VIC. MAN.**—What do you mean Mary Pickford is *not* Mary Pickford? Certainly she is. Lottie and Jack are her sister and brother. Wallace McCutcheon is Pearl White's better half. He used to direct at the old Biograph before Griffith came there. He married Pearl after he came out of the big war a major. Marie Walcamp is back once more in the United States after shooting scenes for her latest serial in nearly every portion of the globe. Miriam Cooper played the title rôle of *Evangeline* in the Fox production of that name. Raoul Walsh, her director and husband, is credited with the screen adaptation as well as direction. James J. Corbett's "Midnight Man" serial should have been released in the Philippine Islands by this time.

### Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by *The Oracle* this month:

Fraancis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, care of Oliver Moroseo, New York City, New York.

Dorothy Dalton at the Century Theater, New York City.

Geraldine Farrar and Madge Kennedy, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Ruth Roland, the Horsley Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Priscilla Dean, Universal City, California.

Dustin Farnum, Lew Cody, and Eileen Percy, the Gasnier Studios, Glendale, California.

Ford Sterling and Phyllis Haver, the Sennett Studio, Edendale, California.

Eric von Stroheim, Priscilla Dean, and Marie Walcamp, Universal City, California.

Jane and Katherine Lee, 1556 Broadway, New York City.

Katherine MacDonald, Katherine MacDonald Studios, Georgia and Girard Streets, Los Angeles, California.

Louise Glau, Doris May, Douglas MacLean, and Hobart Bosworth, Ince Studio, Culver City, California.

Marguerite Clark, Harrison Ford, Billie Burke, Elsie Ferguson, Ann Pennington, and



John Barrymore, Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Pearl White and Tom Mix, Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Ruth Roland, Horsley Studios, Main Street, Los Angeles, California.

Zaue Grey, The Tuna Club, Catalina Island, California.

Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber, in care of Edua Schley, Markham Building, Hollywood, California.

Mary McAllister, Donald Gallaher, and Mitchell Lewis, at Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, or Mahel Con. on Exchange, 6035 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Mary Miles Muter and Alice Brady, Realart Pictures Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Norma and Constance Talmadge, Talmadge Studios, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Montague Love, June Elvidge, and Madge Evans, at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Bert Lytell, Alla Nazimova, Viola Dana, and May Allison, the Metro Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Billie Burke, Elise Ferguson, Harrison Ford, Marguerite Clark and Mae Murray, the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Kathleen Clifford, Blanche Sweet, Dot Farley, Vera Sisson, Emory Johnson, Bernard McConville, at either Willis & Inglis or Mabel Coudon Exchange, Los Angeles, California.

**Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1920:**

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.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation, composed of Ormond G. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Annie K. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Grace H. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, Jr., 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Cora A. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond V. Gould, 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 25th day of March, 1920. Francis S. Duff, Notary Public, No. 239, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1921.)



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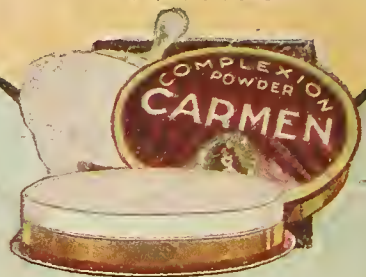
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# PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE

JULY-1920  
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GEO. H. MELFORD'S  
Production  
"THE SEA WOLF"

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**T**HERE is no more popular actor on the screen to-day than Richard Barthelmess. For months we have been receiving inquiries as to why we had not run an interview with him, or a personality story about him.

The reason has been that we have been waiting to get a story from an intimate friend of his—a person who knows him "inside and out." The story has been written, and will appear in the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. It is one of the finest character studies done in words that we have ever seen, and after reading it you cannot fail to feel a real acquaintance with Dick Barthelmess.

Did you ever have a "crush" on a screen actor—or actress? Most growing girls know what it is to have this experience, though their parents would be amazed to learn just how common the epidemic is. We are going to print a very amusing and an amazingly interesting account of a girl's crush on a screen star—told by herself—revealing all the symptoms of this pleasant malady, from the sudden, unexpected beginning to its just-as-sudden ending. This, too, will appear in the next issue. It is called "My Crush on Gloria Golden."

Every one who loves the screen and its folk is interested in the places about the film colony where they congregate—such as "The Ship," the boxing matches at Vernon, and the like.

Herbert Howe, in his rambles around Hollywood, has discovered most of these meeting places, and has written a story about one of them—a lunch room where the film celebrities gather. His account of a luncheon there, which we will print next month, takes a most informal turn, and shows you a large group of screen favorites exactly as they appear when out together.

Maeterlinck's contract to write a series of original pictures for Goldwyn has caused a revival of interest in the author of "The Blue Bird," especially since his trip to America and his long stay in Los Angeles. An interview with the "Belgian Shakespeare" will appear in our next issue. There will also be interviews with half a dozen or more stars—summer pictures—including, of course, photographs of the prettiest girls we can find, and—well, that ought to be foretaste enough for the present. Until then, you'll find some very interesting reading in this issue.

# How In One Evening I Learned The Secret of Drawing

By Walter Sayden



FROM boyhood, I have always wanted to draw things. I suppose there are hundreds of young fellows who feel the same way as I did. I often said that if it were possible, I should choose commercial art as a profession. It was not only the big salaries and independence enjoyed by artists and cartoonists that appealed to me, it was the fascination of the game itself.



He was Drawing Little Pictures

But I could hardly draw a straight line. My friends used to have laughing hysterics at my attempts to sketch things.

One morning, as I was coming into town on the eight o'clock train, I met Larry Stafford. I had come into town with him every day for years, usually passing the time discussing the morning papers.

But this particular morning he had a pad and pencil in his hand. He was drawing little pictures of things that looked like a series of small animals.

"What on earth are you doing?" I asked in amazement.

Larry smiled. "Don't be afraid. I am quite sane. These little pictures are part of a scheme of mine. I am illustrating an idea. They are supposed to be a graphic representation of a deal I am putting over. They speak louder than words."

I watched him—amazed to see that he drew very well indeed. As he proceeded, and the drawings became more lifelike, my curiosity was aroused—I asked him about it.

"Why, I am surprised that you ask me!" he answered. "Look how easy it all is"—and he quickly sketched a few other figures and grinned at my amazement.

"There is just one little secret of the whole thing, Walter," he added. "I never drew before in my life, and you see—these little sketches really are not bad, are they? You have always wanted to draw, and even if you don't become an artist, you will find it a mighty convenient thing to know. This secret makes drawing as easy as writing. Let's get together this evening and I'll show you how simple it is—I'll give you a little lesson."

## The Greatest Surprise of My Life

That night I was astonished to learn that there was but One Great Rule that covered every sort of drawing. I mastered this rule in just fifty minutes, and in two hours found that I could draw. Think of it! It was almost like magic. I had never before been able to draw a recognizable object.

At this time I was a salesman, so that the only time that I had to practice and apply this secret, this Rule, was in spare minutes when at the office or at home. But

I progressed with almost unbelievable rapidity.

## My First Real Drawing

One day I was talking with a buyer. Remembering Larry's "idea-pictures," I drew some figures to illustrate the point I was trying to establish. He looked at the pictures and caught my idea at once. Before I left he gave me a larger order than I had ever before received from him. My pictures had put my idea over.

This worked so well, that I tried it again—several times, in fact—and each time I got the same results. My pictures seemed to make a stronger appeal than my words, and my sales increased tremendously.

But that was not all. Two weeks later, I overheard a conversation that struck me as amusing. I wrote it down, illustrated it, and, just for fun, sent it to one of the humorous weeklies. A few days later, to my great surprise and pleasure, I received a check from the art editor and a request for more contributions.

From that time on, I sent in little sketches and jokes, more or less regularly. A few months ago, I received an offer which startled me. The magazine for which I had been drawing wished to take me on the regular staff at a much greater salary than I was then making.

My love of drawing came strongly to the front and, needless to say, I accepted at once, and the first thing I did was to tell Larry Stafford what his idea has led to. When he heard that I was actually a successful artist on a real magazine, he gasped with amazement.

I told him how the same One Great Rule of drawing which had made it easy for him to draw had meant even more to me—and how this simple home-study course of the famous artist, Charles Lederer, which we had gone over that evening had given me the secret which had meant so much.

Larry laughed at my enthusiasm, but admitted that such a remarkable success as mine was enough to make a man a bit optimistic.

## Easier than Learning to Operate a Typewriter

Through this amazing system, drawing can be taught as easily as anything else. In his simple home-study course this world-famous cartoonist, Charles Lederer, teaches you to draw just as a business school teaches you to keep books, or operate a typewriter or write shorthand. But it is a hundred times simpler than any of those accomplishments.

And the best part of it all is, that the course teaches you to draw so that you can sell your pictures right from the start. That is really the most important part after all. Every one wants to sell his work, and that is just what you can do, with Mr. Lederer's great secret.

Don't misunderstand, I am not praising myself. The point is this,—if I, who never



The Most Fascinating Business in the World

was able to draw at all, could achieve this really remarkable success, others can do the same, or better.

See for yourself.—send for the course and try it out. If you can draw at all you will probably get along even faster than I, and you will find modern commercial art, the most fascinating and delightful work imaginable. Remember, that opportunities in this uncrowded field are unlimited. There is a constantly growing demand for cartoonists and illustrators. If you like to draw, or if you think that you would like to draw, don't miss this wonderful opportunity to learn in an evening or two of your spare time.

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Here's *p* and, this is *o a* Write the two together, and you have *pa*  
 Here's *( th* To make *path* you simply write *∩* and with these two easy movements of your pencil, you have made a word that needs 16 pencil movements when written in long hand.  
 Here's *l t* so it is easy to write *q at, d tap* and *∩ pat*.

Already you have learned four K.I. Shorthand signs you won't forget. With the other signs and easy directions you can learn to indicate every word in the dictionary in quarter to twentieth of the time required in ordinary writing, as rapidly as words are spoken!

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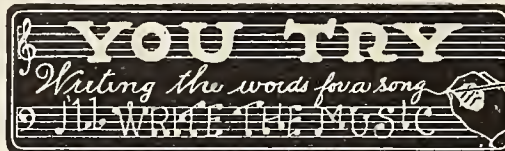
Ralph Ince, famous Selznick director, says: "There are many young girls who could make good in the movies. I will be very glad to take advantage of your service." Marshall Neilan, known everywhere for his work in directing Mary Pickford, says: "I am convinced that the service you render screen aspirants offers many new personalities to moving picture directors." P. A. Powers, of Universal, says: "A new crop of film stars will be needed at once to supply the insistent demand."

With the assistance of famous directors and motion picture stars we have prepared a printed guide, "The New Road to Film Fame," which tells you what to do and gives full directions.

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**T**HIS 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 today.

## LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

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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!

**B**UT 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?*

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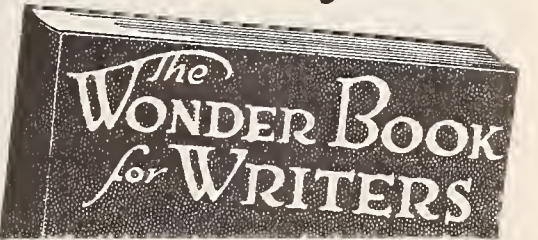
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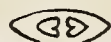
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By Charles Phelps Cushing



*He had just completed a hair-raising scene in which he and his fair companion had been whirled down a roller coaster.*

ON a broiling summer morning in the dog days of 1916 the solitary figure of a fat young man in grotesque raiment, with a brown derby hat three sizes too small for him and flatboat shoes three sizes too large, might have been observed pacing restlessly up and down the deserted boardwalks of an amusement park near the crest of the Palisades of the Hudson, just across the river from New York City. He had just completed a hair-raising scene in which he and his fair companion had been whirled down a roller coaster, and now, following the custom of that day, in which comedies were largely "made up as they went along," he was trying to figure out a new piece of business, something that "would knock 'em stiff."

Ker-flip! ker-flop! ker-flip! ker-flop! went the shoes upon the protesting boards, while the fat young man meditated, his grease-smear'd countenance wrinkled in a soliloquy as grave as any of Prince Hamlet's. A white bulldog trailed behind, shaking his head in solemn sympathy and sometimes indulging in an agitated sniff.

Evidently enough, this was the eve of a crisis in the fat young gentleman's life. Many a battle has been fought here at Fort Lee, and this doubtless was one of the most memorable of its kind.

It ended, however, not in our hero's pitching himself off of the dizzy crests of the Palisades upon the jagged rocks below, to become a large grease spot and a tearful memory. For he sud-

denly arrived at a resolution, and the wrinkles of his brow smoothed into a glistening expanse of smooth paint.

With a determined effort and much grunting he wedged his bulk inside a little telephone booth and managed to get the door closed after him. Those were the happy ante-bellum days, when everything functioned always as it should, so he must have succeeded in getting the desired telephone number. For presently he emerged, grimly smiling.

Half an hour later two heavily laden pie wagons rumbled into the park and backed up to a deserted lunch counter. The fat young man stood by, rubbing his hands in satisfaction, and watched the drivers unload a cord and a half of fresh custard pies. The white bulldog, meanwhile, sat upon his haunches and, looking up piteously at his master, whined.

Two young women of the flapper type, accompanied by two comically attired young men, arrived in a flivver and greeted our hero with respectful salutations.

In the still, summer morning the fat young man turned to them, bowed, swept an arm impressively toward the rising rampart of custard pies, and spoke with deep emotion:



*"Speaking spiritously," he replied, "I get a great 'kick' out of it."*

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Taking Notes in K. I. Shorthand

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 Here's *th* To make *path* you simply write *p* and with these two easy movements of your pencil, you have made a word that needs 16 pencil movements when written in longhand.  
 Here's *t* so it is easy to write *at, tap* and *pat*.

Already you have learned four K. I. Shorthand signs you won't forget. With the other signs and easy directions you can learn to indicate every word in the dictionary in quarter to twentieth of the time required in ordinary writing, as rapidly as words are spoken!

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Take down speeches, dictation, talks, telephone messages, orders, sermons; make your memoranda quickly. Improve your efficiency. K. I. Shorthand is used by professional and business men personally; and by many practical stenographers.



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Ralph Ince, famous Selznick director, says: "There are many young girls who could make good in the movies. I will be very glad to take advantage of your service." Marshall Neilan, known everywhere for his work in directing Mary Pickford, says: "I am convinced that the service you render screen aspirants offers many new personalities to moving picture directors." P. A. Powers, of Universal, says: "A new crop of film stars will be needed at once to supply the insistent demand."

With the assistance of famous directors and motion picture stars we have prepared a printed guide, "The New Road to Film Fame," which tells you what to do and gives full directions.

It also contains endorsements of our service from famous people, statements from directors, portraits of celebrated stars and direct advice to you from Mollie King.

This is a fascinating profession paying big salaries. Don't miss this opportunity. Send ten cents (Postage or Coin) to cover postage and wrapping this new guide. Get it at once—it may start you on the road to fame and fortune. Screen Casting Directors Service, Dept. E-5, Wilmington, Delaware.

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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!

**T**HIS 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 today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers — there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers — they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them — young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping hooks, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at harber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, hending over

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!

**B**UT 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?*

**L**ISTEN! 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

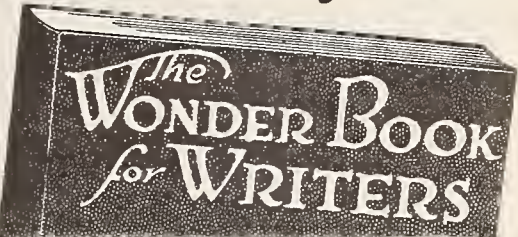
own Imagination may provide an endless goldmine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *ARE* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your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

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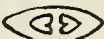
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## Old Comedies—Or New?

A revolution has been going on in the "pie and slapstick" studios. Out of it is beginning to emerge a new kind of comedy—five reels in length, and with much of the old burlesque left out—the fate of which you, Mr. and Mrs. Fan, by your approval or disapproval, will soon be called upon to decide.

By Charles Phelps Cushing



*He had just completed a hair-raising scene in which he and his fair companion had been whirled down a roller coaster.*

ON a broiling summer morning in the dog days of 1916 the solitary figure of a fat young man in grotesque raiment, with a brown derby hat three sizes too small for him and flatboat shoes three sizes too large, might have been observed pacing restlessly up and down the deserted boardwalks of an amusement park near the crest of the Palisades of the Hudson, just across the river from New York City. He had just completed a hair-raising scene in which he and his fair companion had been whirled down a roller coaster, and now, following the custom of that day, in which comedies were largely "made up as they went along," he was trying to figure out a new piece of business, something that "would knock 'em stiff."

Ker-flip! ker-flop! ker-flip! ker-flop! went the shoes upon the protesting boards, while the fat young man meditated, his grease-smear'd countenance wrinkled in a soliloquy as grave as any of Prince Hamlet's. A white bulldog trailed behind, shaking his head in solemn sympathy and sometimes indulging in an agitated sniff.

Evidently enough, this was the eve of a crisis in the fat young gentleman's life. Many a battle has been fought here at Fort Lee, and this doubtless was one of the most memorable of its kind.

It ended, however, not in our hero's pitching himself off of the dizzy crests of the Palisades upon the jagged rocks below, to become a large grease spot and a tearful memory. For he sud-

denly arrived at a resolution, and the wrinkles of his brow smoothed into a glistening expanse of smooth paint.

With a determined effort and much grunting he wedged his bulk inside a little telephone booth and managed to get the door closed after him. Those were the happy ante-bellum days, when everything functioned always as it should, so he must have succeeded in getting the desired telephone number. For presently he emerged, grimly smiling.

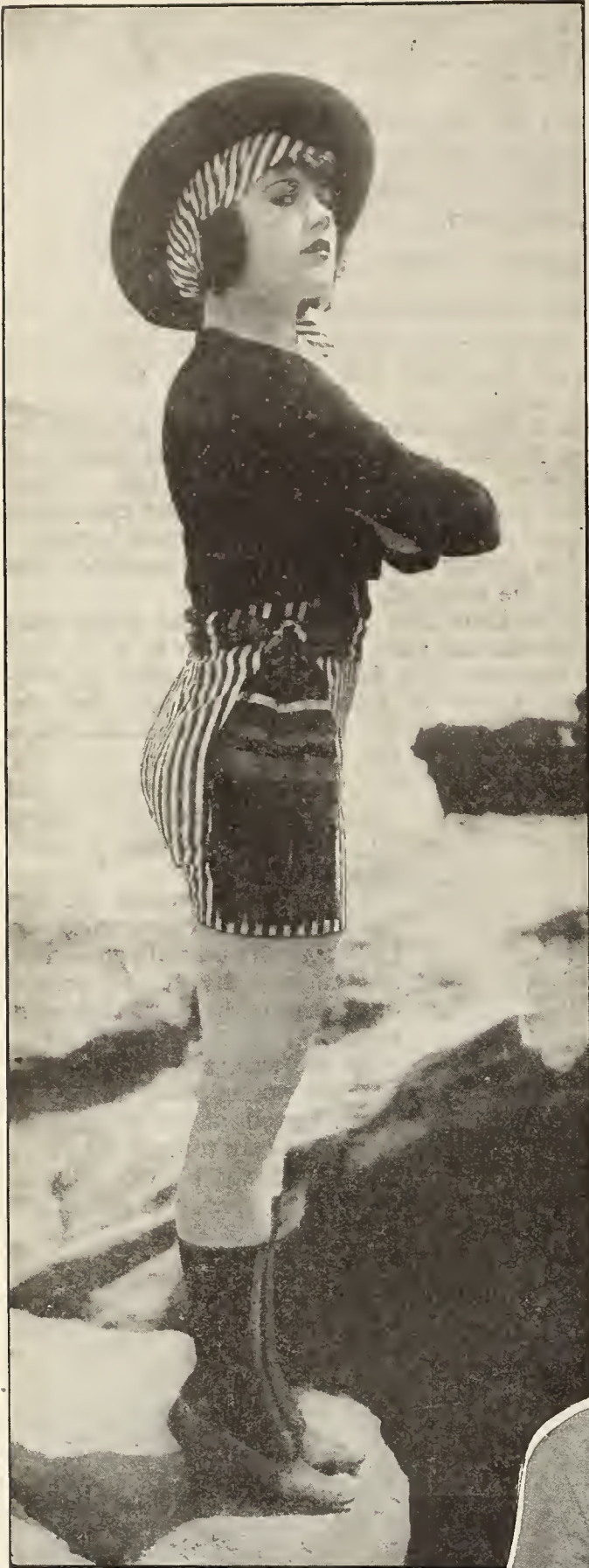
Half an hour later two heavily laden pie wagons rumbled into the park and backed up to a deserted lunch counter. The fat young man stood by, rubbing his hands in satisfaction, and watched the drivers unload a cord and a half of fresh custard pies. The white bulldog, meanwhile, sat upon his haunches and, looking up piteously at his master, whined.

Two young women of the flapper type, accompanied by two comically attired young men, arrived in a flivver and greeted our hero with respectful salutations.

In the still, summer morning the fat young man turned to them, bowed, swept an arm impressively toward the rising rampart of custard pies, and spoke with deep emotion:



*"Speaking spirituously," he replied, "I get a great 'kick' out of it."*



Copyright Mack Sennett Comedies.

*How times have changed! Here is Marie Prevost, a typical Mack Sennett beauty, as she was often seen in the two-reelers.*

"C...al and long sufferin' friends," he declaimed, "look and get an eyeful! I'm gonna use so many dadburned custard pies in this new comedy that Charlie Chaplin will never have the face to heave one again in the course of a lifetime."

The young women winced. The young men visibly shivered. The bulldog pleadingly pointed his nose to the merciful heavens and howled.

"Fatty," as we knew him then, that same "resourceful cinematician" who since has attained renown in near-legitimate comedy as Mr. Roscoe Conklin Arbuckle was as good as his word about those pies. He hurled them on that broiling summer afternoon until his facial make-up washed off in rivulets of sweat over his expansive sky-blue shirt front, until the white bulldog looked like a yellow mongrel, and the supporting quartet of comedians became unrecognizable forms of saffron. The white amusement park was stippled with custard from the landing stage of the scenic coaster to the bottom of the swimming pool when "Fatty" finally departed in yellow glory, shortly before sunset. He had transformed the park sparrows into wild canaries. He left the sidewalks so spattered with slippery custard that for weeks thereafter nobody could be induced to pay real money for an admission to the Slide for Life.

The memory of that Battle of the Pies forcefully brings home, by contrast, a realization of how times are changing in the realm of film comedy. A veritable revolution is in progress.

The other day we were reintroduced to Mr. Arbuckle in the stockade of the Famous Players-Lasky studio in Hollywood. The plump figure that leaned gracefully against a sheet-iron wall, posing for a still portrait, could never at first sight have been recognized as our old friend "Fatty" of Fort Lee, the world's champion heavyweight pie hurler.

Gone was the brown derby, gone the flapping wall-tent trousers and the flatboat shoes, dust-covered exhibits now in a property room's museum of motion-picture antiquities. To-day Mr. Arbuckle affected a gray felt sombrero of conservative width of brim, a blue bandanna neckcloth, a cowboy vest adorned with a sheriff's star; and a brand-new pair of well-tailored corduroy trousers. Just before the shutter of the camera clicked, he registered a benign smile and cocked a shootin' iron.

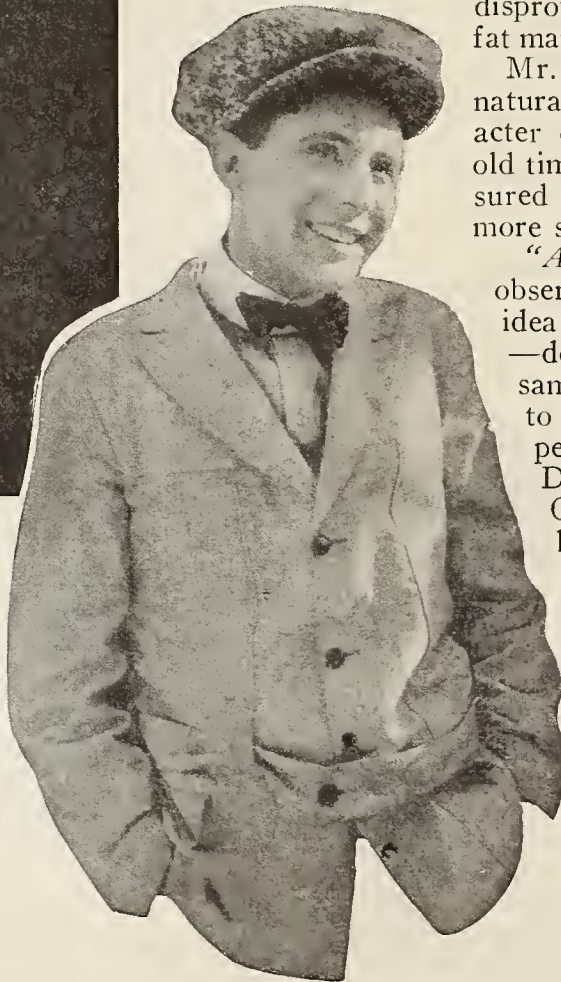
The still man gathered up the legs of his tripod and trotted away with the camera over his shoulder. Mr. Arbuckle's countenance then relaxed into its normal gravity. We drew near and bashfully accosted Sheriff "Slim" Hoover, hero of a five-reel film version of the "Round-Up." This was the play, you may recall, that disproved the saying "nobody loves a fat man."

*Chic Sale, idol of the vaudeville stage, has been drafted to play a real story in the new type of comedy now being made at the Christie slapstick factory.*

Mr. Arbuckle lightly dismissed our natural wonder at the transformed character of his rôles. All of the famous old time two-reel slapstick clowns, he assured us, were this season turning to more serious five-reel comedies.

"*Autre temps, autres moeurs,*" he observed impressively, waiting for the idea to sink in. "Evolution—progress—do you get me? You will hear the same story everywhere you go. Talk to Mack Sennett. Talk to the Fox people. Ask Lyons and Moran. Drop in at Christie's, or call on Gale Henry. Here on our own lot, Sid Chaplin has just finished a new five-reeler called 'One Hundred Million.' Brother Charlie, too, is said to be planning to do longer features, stories with plots. It's the early summer style for 1920."

Though the news about the Chaplin operations is still kept somewhat a mystery, and it is too early to do more than make a mere announcement about Gale Henry, we checked up on every other point of this sur-



prising declaration and found that every count was true. Greater length and less slapstick is the fashion.

Property men, the most reliable witnesses of all, testify that their orders for custard pies, buckets of paint, banana peels, and stepladders are falling off with amazing rapidity. There is even a decline in the call for wild animals and one-piece bathing suits. Meanwhile, from the studio dressing rooms, the demand is constant and heavy for six-shooters and corduroy trousers, gingham aprons and sunbonnets, farmers' straw hats, denim overalls, and mail-order-house ready-made suits of circusy cut for small-town parts and farce.

In other words, the producers of the familiar type of two-reel slapstick comedy are yielding to a powerful urge to try something more ambitious—or at least something longer and less riotous—than their staples of the past. In sudden array, destined to blossom forth upon the screen all at about the same time, you shall see a luxuriant growth of fivers springing up from soil that for many years has borne no heavier fruit than twos.

Behind this urge, as many as three important influences appear to be at work. The first, by general agreement, is the pressure of the heavy hand of that ever-present ogre whose initials are H. C. L. The high cost of producing two-reel comedies is out of all proportion to the income they derive, as compared with the costs and possible profits of five-reelers. The exhibitors are unwilling to stand for a hike in the price of shorter features; so, naturally enough, the makers of two-reel offerings turn hopefully toward an attempt to produce something that may pay better on the investment.

A second consideration, which the consumer is more eager to point out than the manufacturer of films is to confess, is the fact that a great many picture fans are growing more and more dissatisfied with a steady diet of custard pies and banana peels. The old gags are not so funny as they used to be. Half of the spectators—for women are half of the world—seldom care for slapstick comedy. Femininity fails to appreciate this form of humor. Thousands of these steady patrons of the picture theaters are not at all amused, and often are mildly disgusted, by an old style Mack Sennett knockabout, or even by a million-dollar Charlie Chaplin.

And finally the producers themselves, and the actors as well, are growing heartily tired of the man-killing frenzies of the rough-and-tumble. They sigh for a slower tempo, a medium more restful, and a chance to prove that they have the technical skill and the histrionic art to do work more ambitious.

For one example, when Arbuckle was asked how he liked his new job, he sighed in deep satisfaction.

"Speaking spirituously," he replied, "I'll say I get a great 'kick' out of it."

You might laugh to hear the news, but Mack Sennett says the same thing. He laughs as he tells it, and you laugh with him as you listen—for if ever a man had a contagious laugh, that man is Erin's son, Mack Sennett; but behind the jocularity you cannot fail to discern the seriousness with which Sennett is plunging into the making of his new five-reel feature, "Down on the Farm." Trailing him in and out of the



*From a Christie comedy of the old "rough-and-tumble" type.*



*Now we see Marie as she appears in the new Sennett production, "Down on the Farm." And they hope to make a success of it!*

maze of doors of his trick studio—for Sennett never can be found at his desk—you listen as you leap and take your notes on the jump, praying that he who runs may read.

Now if all that the maker of a two-reel knockabout had to do to become a successful producer of fives were to add "more of the same" without changing the character of the comedy, Mack Sennett would have no worries, and his recent



*"So long as the pace is furious, you can just go crazy," said Hampton Del Ruth.*

helped largely to support "Yankee Doodle," and an appeal to patriotism involved in the scenario aided to draw the applause. Though this film was a financial success, Sennett has wisely decided not to chop his newer production off of the same block.

"Down on the Farm" is described as having something which might be recognized as a plot; a story akin to those of the sunbonnet comedies of the legitimate stage. Slapsticks have not been omitted from it, but they no longer work overtime. The cast is familiar—Louise Fazenda, Marie Prevost, Jimmy Finlayson, Harry Gribbon, Bert Roach, the well-known small boy; Teddy the dog, Pepper the cat, and the rat, which I believe is nameless—but Sennett solemnly avers that the production is a distinct departure from anything he has ever offered in the past. One thing is certain: he has put his heart into it, along with a good deal of time and money.

A sharp contrast in temperaments strikes the eye of the casual visitor when he adjourns from an interview with Sennett to drop in on Hampton Del Ruth at the Hollywood studios of William Fox. Sennett is vivacious, exuberant. Del Ruth rarely smiles. He greets you in an office where the shades are drawn and the furniture is somber mahogany. He is phlegmatic, philosophic. But though he differs radically in temperament from Sennett, his conclusions regarding longer comedy and its needs are substantially the same. And he is working not upon a five-reeler, but a *six*!

More plot?

"Yes. This has the best story of any picture I ever made."

A slower tempo?

"Yes, again. Also more character development. More angles of approach. In two-reel slapstick you

don't have to pay much plot and attention to characterization. So long as the

*Continued on page 80*

"Yankee Doodle in Berlin" would stand as a final answer to slapstick comedy's vexatious question of "what's the world coming to?"

But Sennett himself is the last man to cherish any delusions about "Yankee Doodle." He knows that it did not constitute a fair test of whether five reels of unrelieved slapstick can stand up unbolstered on their own legs. The shapely legs of the famous bathing girls, positively appearing in person at every performance,

*"Our new comedy is different from anything we've made before," Del Ruth added. You'd hardly think that the handsome young officer is the convict standing erect in the picture above.*



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## "Come On In!"

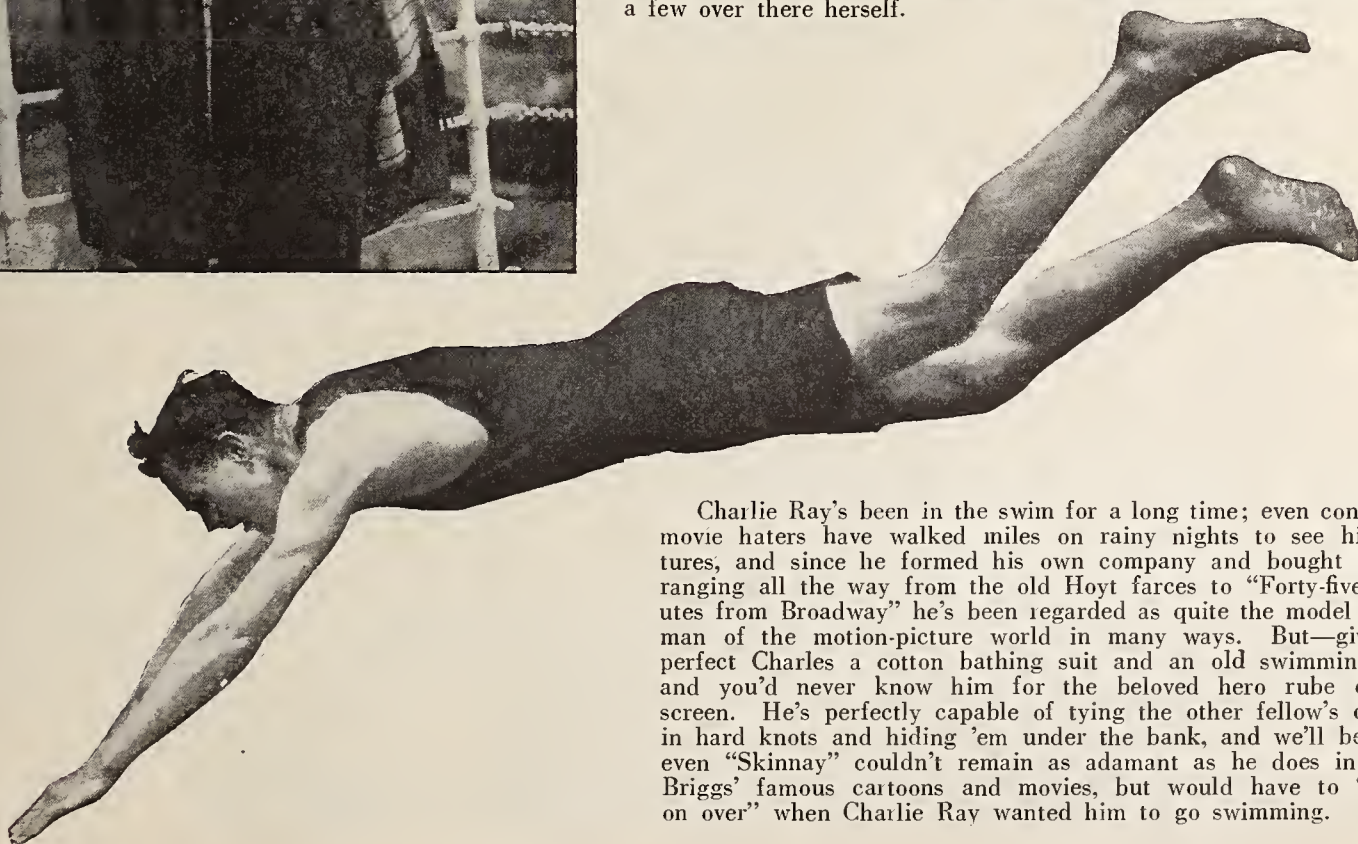
Of course the water's fine;  
just see the stars who  
shine on—and in—it!

---

California's proud of its sea gulls; the San Franciscans point with pride to the way the birds keep the bay clean, and the San Diegans boast that the gulls refuse to go farther south than their charming city. Well, here we have Vivian Rich attempting to win a bet that a gull will go south of San Diego—if he's carried, that is. But Vivian forgot that in a case like this you must first catch your gull. A beach luncheon without salt and a golden afternoon without a dip in the surf were the sole results of her endeavors—she used all the salt to put on the birds' tails and all her time trying to catch them. And so the story stands—as yet no gull has gone south of San Diego.



A star, she would a-traveling go, whether the fans would let her or no, and since the fans most emphatically felt that Pearl White ought not to go abroad till she'd made some more pictures, she hied away to Europe—with just "The White Moll" and "The Tiger's Cub" ready for release—and didn't tell anybody that she was going till she asked her friends down to see her sail. Here's the smile with which she broke the news. And she wouldn't tell when she was coming back, just by way of making things more interesting. However, with everybody else rushing abroad to make pictures, it wouldn't be surprising if Pearl fell into line and made a few over there herself.



Charlie Ray's been in the swim for a long time; even confirmed movie haters have walked miles on rainy nights to see his pictures, and since he formed his own company and bought stories ranging all the way from the old Hoyt farces to "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" he's been regarded as quite the model young man of the motion-picture world in many ways. But—give the perfect Charles a cotton bathing suit and an old swimmin' hole, and you'd never know him for the beloved hero rube of the screen. He's perfectly capable of tying the other fellow's clothes in hard knots and hiding 'em under the bank, and we'll bet that even "Skinny" couldn't remain as adamant as he does in Clare Briggs' famous cartoons and movies, but would have to "Come on over" when Charlie Ray wanted him to go swimming.



Give Blanche Sweet a pool on a hill top, with a sky as blue as her eyes reflected in the water, and you and Omar Khayyam can have all the jugs of wine beneath all the boughs you wish. For the air that sweeps in from the Pacific has a stimulating quality all its own, and nobody needs regular boughs when there are plenty of rosebushes handy. If you've been wondering why you didn't see Blanche more often on the screen, wonder no longer—she'd rather gaze into this pool than into a camera any day.

Years of villainy have left their imprint on Joe Ryan; even when he was made the hero of a serial and given a perfectly nice little costar like Jean Paige he didn't know how to treat her. Instead of following the approved pattern and being a model of gallantry for the first time on the screen, he took Jean out into the watery depths and then made her get out and walk back. The fact that he had the scenario on his side hardly excuses him. "Hidden Dangers" may be a good-enough story to thrill all serial fans, but those of us who expected to see Joe Ryan undergo complete reformation can never forgive and forget.



It takes more than a little water to quench Dorothy Dalton's smile—and a whole ocean merely enhances the charm of her dimples, as you can see for yourself. Dorothy is very glad to get this chance to go swimming, for, until recently, she's been playing evenings in "Aphrodite" and making pictures, days, at Famous Players-Lasky's New York studio, as everybody knows. But you can't keep a good man down, or a good swimmer away from the water when summer comes. And anybody who's curious about Dorothy's fitness to qualify under that second heading is invited to see her swim—a bigger reward than any skeptic deserves!



We asked Marion Davies who was her favorite dressmaker, expecting to hear her name one of the famous modistes who have designed all sorts of stunning creations for her. But she promptly replied, "Annette Kellermann," and gave us this picture to prove it. Furthermore, she announced that water polo is her pet sport, and that she hopes they'll let her play it in a picture some day. We hope so, too—and we're all ready, with a crown of brand-new laurels, for the camera man who took this picture told us privately that we'd need them. He added that she looks better in a bathing suit than in any other kind of costume, in his opinion—so beware!



It's nice to go South, so that you'll have fine weather as an aid to making exteriors. Alma Rubens knows, because she tried it, with this result. New Orleans chose to have a little flood, and when you walked the streets you did it in a rowboat. However, Alma had no need to complain, with Gaston Glass—who stands just behind her—and Robert Vignola to handle the oars, and Montagu Love to sit beside her and play lookout. Alma's contribution to the success of the expedition was an umbrella, taken along with faith in the rule that it would keep away the rain.

Make it moonlight and honeysuckle and Corinne Griffith sitting at the edge of a flower-bordered lagoon, feeding swans, if you want a formula for a perfect summer evening. Leave out the moonlight and honeysuckle—yes, omit even the swans and the lagoon, if necessary—and you'll still have the essential ingredient. For, though it may be true that one swallow doesn't make a summer, one pretty girl sometimes goes a long way toward making or marring the success of a summer evening. From what we know of Corinne, we're sure that her presence never has marred one.





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*Portrait of Lucille Cavanaugh.*

## Off With the Dance!

By Helen Ogden

**U**P on her toes, in vaudeville, Lucille Cavanaugh was a thousand-a-week headliner, and when she indulged in musical comedy more than one first-nighter bought himself a sort of ten-ride ticket in order to see the charming young Californian dance.

But now she's been discovered for the movies, after a brief season of retirement and enjoyment of static domesticity as the wife of a wealthy San Francisco real-estate man. William Russell did the deed—he who is giving Christopher Columbus and D. W. Griffith a run for their money. Just recently he discovered beautiful Lois Lee, whom he made leading

lady in his production, "The Lincoln Highwayman," and George Stewart, Anita's brother, whom he brought into the limelight in "Shod with Fire." His discovery of Lucille Cavanaugh wasn't at all interfered with by the fact that she was of the opinion that she'd left the public eye to stay; the first thing she knew, she was signed up for a Russell picture, "Leave It to Me."

If you live in a city which boasts a "big-time" vaudeville theater, you've settled back in your seat and left your amusement to Lucille more than once in the past, probably—and, if so, no doubt you are of the opinion that her thousand a week was honestly earned.

And the charming Lucille is making discoveries all her own. The other day, after watching her finish a scene, I sauntered across the set just as repowdering time arrived and asked:

"How about it, Miss Cavanaugh? Learning anything new in the films?"

"Yes—make-up," she answered, with vivacity that was truly Gaelic, despite that Irish name of hers. "I never had to pay attention to my face before—nobody ever noticed it!"



PICTURE PLAY PLAYERS



CONSTANCE BINNEY

done many a quaint costume in "The Stolen Kiss;" this is one of the most charming of them all, and we're sure that little Miss Binney is as winsome and demure in it as the maiden of a bygone day for whom it was intended in the first place.



Clarence H. Bull

**MABEL NORMAND**

is gorgeous to look upon in her "Slim Princess" costume; however, it's too bad that this picture can give no hint of how uproariously funny she is in the screen production of this amusing George Ade story, one of the most amusing she has ever done.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

**MARTHA MANSFIELD**

is one of the many "Follies" beauties who have turned to the screen. As the little sweetheart of John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," she has made secure the claim to screen success established in several less notable productions.



**MARY MILES MINTER**

has, in "Judy of Rogue's Harbor," a rôle of the sort that has endeared her to the public, and this little midsummer love scene is but one of the effective "shots" which make the picture a really artistic one, as well as a typical Minter production.



**DOROTHY GISH**

can do midsummer scenes, too; here's a scene from "Mary Ellen Comes to Town," one of her recent releases, which proves that, if Dorothy sets her mind on it, she can do whatever any one else does, though she may not choose to do it in quite the same way.



**ANNE CORNWALL**

has a past—a comedy one—as leading lady for Lyons and Moran. She also has a future, of a different stamp, as one of Universal's stars; her first rôle under the new arrangement being at the head of the cast of "Virginia."





Edward Thayer Monroe

**MARION DAVIES**

is resting just at present, with "The Restless Sex," a Robert W. Chambers story, all ready for release as her next picture. It abounds in bohemian atmosphere, and Urban did the settings—what more could anybody ask than that!



**ALICE JOYCE**

looked serious in this picture by special request; in reality she's a gay person these days; not only is she the bride of James Regan, Jr., but she's just finished "Dollars and the Woman," which she enjoyed more than any other picture she's ever made.

# Marie Tries Surf-boarding

By Roy Frohman

SHE came swooping after us across the water, a slim, purple-clad figure, poised like a winged Mercury on the surfboard that did a double shuffle under her feet. It bucked, swerved, and bounced—the spray flew in all directions, even sprinkling those of us who sat in the stern of the launch that drew the "Sennett speedster" and marveled at the flying mermaid behind. And Marie Prevost's blue eyes danced, and she shouted with laughter as the board stood first on one corner and then on the other.

But Teddy wasn't so hilarious. You know Teddy, of course, the Great Dane who appears in so many of the Sennett comedies. Teddy had been told to ride the surfboard with Marie, and it's his business to obey when Joe Simkins gives an order, for Joe's his trainer and king of the realm generally. But Teddy was sure that Joe had made a mistake this time. He'd rehearsed the stunt with a crack driver riding the board, and managed to stand it, turns and everything. But when the board was towed out into Balboa Bay again, and Marie got on it, Teddy grew uneasy. When he was placed in front of her, and the launch began to speed up, he growled in both first and second bass and said he'd get off and finish the trip on foot. And then, the next time the board tried to hurdle a wave and duck under it at the same time, he did get off—jumped into the water and swam straight toward the propeller of the launch in which Joe Simkins sat,



along with the camera man and the rest of us.

Now Teddy's a valuable dog—too valuable to be made into one hundred and seventy pounds of sausage de luxe. Joe's language shattered the atmosphere. But Teddy gleefully paddled alongside and was hauled into the launch by willing hands, whereupon he straightway turned himself into a giant rotary shower bath for our benefit, and Joe touched him up with a club and gave some warnings regarding future conduct.



But they did no good. After Marie had finished the trip back to shore, even daring to do stunts on the way—waving one hand in the air, and all that sort of thing—the expedition retraced its steps—or should I say its waves? And once more Teddy declined the honor of riding with Marie and finished the trip in defiance of Joe's shouted commands.

Marie had an inspiration then, and the next trip was made out from shore instead of toward it, with Joe remaining on the beach. If Teddy chose to join his master he'd at least run no danger of encountering the whirling propeller. And as Teddy ungallantly voted to stick to Joe no matter whether he was coming or going, he let himself in for a half-mile swim back to shore, while Marie wailed with horror, convinced that he was just going down for the last time, and the hundred-pound surfboard, with its steel and lead "innards," bucked more wildly than ever.

She got back to shore to find Teddy enjoying an alcohol rub, and gave up hers for his sake, while she ran off to a neighboring cave to dress. This was a hazardous proceeding, as the only doorway between Marie and the outer world was an overcoat, held outstretched by her mother. However, a change of costume under unusual circumstances means nothing to the fair Marie, and soon she came running down the beach toward her master, the camera, clad all in white—

silver-edged bathing suit, pompon-trimmed turban, white fox fur—to be worn on her wrist, of course.

And then Marie changed costumes again and posed some more. Even the camera man was inspired.

"That's chic!" he murmured, as Marie tucked her brown curls up under her hat and posed most fetchingly atop some piling. Pretty good for the camera man, wasn't it? But he regretted it later, when she seamy-nymphed it on a rock at the edge of the bay. For he couldn't say it twice, and didn't know what else to say.

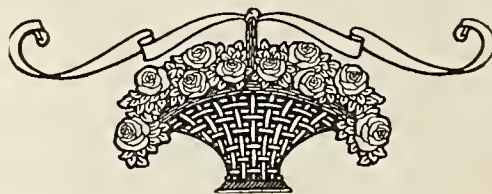
The sun disobligingly got lower and lower, but Marie posed on and on and the camera man shot and shot.

"Now we'll get you on that rock, just ready to dive," he suggested finally. "Guess we can't, though—it'd be a time exposure, and I don't believe you could hold it until I counted six."

"Yes, I can—wait till I get my feet fixed on the rock."

"One—two—three"—ever so slowly, but at last "six" came, the sun dropped—and so did Marie, into the chilly waters of Balboa Bay—and Los Angeles and home sixty miles away.

What about Teddy? Oh, he sat by and admired the posing. He'd bitten Marie only once during the scrimmage on the surfboard, the second time he made his escape and ruined quite a bit of film by jumping for safety and his master—there was nothing to worry him.



## Alice Unreserved

Robert Gordon proves his point—that few of us know the real Alice Joyce.

By Louise Williams

"SHE'S not at all like that, really," said Robert Gordon to me.

"But every one says she is," said I to Robert Gordon. "They say it's impossible to get behind that calm, serene reserve of Alice Joyce's and discover the real personality behind it."

His brown eyes twinkled.

"I'm going out to the Vitagraph studio to-morrow to see about this new picture in which I'm her leading man. Want to go along and get acquainted with her?" he asked.

Naturally, I did. And I saw the real Alice—Alice unreserved. Also I got a cross section of Robert Gordon's character that was equally interesting.

You'll catch a glimpse of that Alice in the first part of "Dollars and the Woman," in the scenes where she and Gordon—they play the parts of a young married couple—come home from the dance. This is a new Alice

Joyce; an Alice who dances around the room, and flirts with her husband; who plays with a light, half-humorous touch that is delightful.

He's to appear soon in "Robert Gordon Productions."

She was working in a scene from "The Prey" when we arrived at the studio, and as we watched her Gordon passed on to me a few ideas of his own.

"It's concentration that people think is reserve in Miss Joyce," he said. "She's always absolutely intent on the thing she's doing at the moment. Watch her while the director explains that entrance to her; she's like a youngster in school, and when he gets through she'll know exactly what he wants; there'll be no retaking of that scene because she didn't know what he meant! It's mentality that gets work over on the screen, you know; a pretty face without any brains behind it can't make an actress a success in big rôles. And Miss Joyce has a real mind, and uses it."

She left the set just then and crossed over to where we sat. And the calm, aloof manner which we've always associated with Alice Joyce was gone, replaced by a frank charm that did indeed banish the barrier.

You'd have thought that she and Robert Gordon had made faces over the back fence when she was in pinafores, and he wore kilts—yet they'd been acquainted only since the beginning of their work on "Dollars and the Woman." However, they met on an unusual basis. In the first place, nobody on earth could help being friends with Robert Gordon; he's one of those radiantly friendly people who like the world so well that the world reciprocates. And in the second, Alice Joyce had wanted to screen that story for years.

"I read it when it ran in a magazine, a long time ago," she told me. "And then, when Ethel Clayton did it, a few years back, I had all I could do not to be absolutely jealous. So just imagine how delighted I was when it was given to me. I like it better than any other picture I've ever made."

Gordon felt much the same way about it. And so they met within the background of the story, in a way, with the thought of the rôles they were to play well in mind.



*"She's a talented actress as well as a beautiful woman."*

"We had such a lot of fun while we worked," Miss Joyce told me. "We'd work out things between scenes; little bits of action that we'd thought of which seemed to come in naturally, and good entrances, and all that sort of thing. Of course, our ideas weren't always good ones, but some of them worked out beautifully. Now—how's the new company?"

"Fine." Gordon told her. It was "Robert Gordon Productions" that she referred to, and she asked him about it as interestedly as if she'd been his sister. Who was furnishing the capital? What kind of pictures was he planning to make?

"Well, everybody's always remembered me as *Huck Finn*, in 'Tom Sawyer,' and as the *Tennessee Shad*, in 'The Varmint'—and I want to go on playing that type of American boy. I'm crazy about character work," he told us. "Though I like just straight rôles too, like the one I had in 'Dollars and the Woman.'"

That's the picture they both kept going back to—they couldn't help it. I don't know that I blamed them, they'd put so much of themselves into it. People say it's the best thing Alice Joyce has ever done, and I'm inclined to agree with them.

"The people with whom you work make such a difference," Miss Joyce told me. "Of course, my leading men have to be changed according to the story; for instance, in 'The Prey,' the man who played opposite me had to be of an entirely different type from Percy Marmont, for example, who played opposite me in 'The Sporting Duchess' and several other pictures. And each person has just his own idea of a picture. Mr. Gordon's and mine seemed to harmonize in 'Dollars and the Woman'; we both saw the characters in about the same way."

Just before she finished speaking her director called her, but she waited until she had finished what she was saying before she rose to go.

"That's perfectly characteristic of her," Gordon remarked. "She always finishes whatever she's doing, no matter how small it is, before she goes on to the next thing. It's one thing at a time with her, always. That's another reason why people have always called her reserved, I believe. Between scenes, when she's playing a character that calls for lots of big acting, she just stays right in that

character; she'll sit by herself and think about it—concentrate on it. Why, sometimes when we're working together I've completely forgotten that she was any one but the character she was playing."

She joined us again then, and they told me amusing little things about some of their work together.

"I had one terrible day while we made 'Dollars and the Woman,'" Gordon said. "I did nothing but eat all day long. First thing in the morning we made the scene in which I take a wealthy capitalist to dinner. The whole meal had to be shown—everything from clams to coffee—including baked potatoes, of which I'm very fond. We finished that just before luncheon. Right after luncheon we did a scene in which I took Miss Joyce to dinner—another complete meal—including baked potatoes. Later in the afternoon we did another meal. And finally we did the one in the first part of the picture, where we come home from the dance, and Miss Joyce asks if she can't make some tea for me! By that time I was through with food forever, but she did manage to nibble a cake or two, just by way of adding reality to the scene. I went home trying to avoid the very sight of restaurants—and found that my wife had ordered baked potatoes for dinner!"

He's very proud of his lovely young wife, Alma Francis; just about as proud as Alice Joyce's husband, James Regan, Jr., is of her, I imagine. And as the husband and wife who were present exchanged inquiries about the two who weren't there I couldn't help wishing that those who paint life behind the screen in lurid colors might have been at the Vitagraph studio that day. They'd have found an Alice Joyce who has stood apart from the public, not because she wanted to, but because she put her work before all else; and they'd have met a Robert Gordon who is in real life

the clean-cut, young American that he likes to play on the screen. Real people, both of them—likable Bob Gordon and Alice Joyce, unreserved. And in "Dollars and the Woman," a real story, you see them both at their best.

They talked everything over between scenes.



# John Chinaman— Screen Actor

Ethel Clayton's travels  
in China helped out in  
"All in a Night."

Thanks to modern realism and to the demand for Oriental dramas, the Celestials on the Western coast are having their inning at appearing in pictures.

By Gordon Gassaway



EVERYBODY said it was going to be a lot of fun—and you know how those things always turn out; it's a lot of fun for everybody else. Never again will I take a group of fashionable Los Angelesians to a movie studio. I tried it just the other day, and it proved my undoing. As we stood on the sidelines at the Lasky lot, watching Ethel Clayton and a group of Chinamen make a scene from "All in a Night," one of the women uttered a piercing shriek and clutched my arm.

"There he is!" she cried dramatically. "My Wong! I'll never see him again!" And she burst into tears.

No, he wasn't her Chow dog, nor her husband in disguise, but—which she seemed to think more important—he *was* her cook. It might be more accurate to say her former cook. But he merely regarded her blandly and went right on being atmosphere in a street scene in Shanghai, despite her attempts to beguile him into coming home with her to manage the dinner party she was giving that evening. No more of that for him. The dramatic urge had seized him, and he was in the movies to stay.

Seriously, the movies have proved a menace to the housewives of California in just this way—but not half as much of a menace as have the Chinese to the movies. The screen is being swept by a great tidal wave of yellow—note "The Yellow Typhoon," with Anita Stewart, the Ethel Clayton picture just mentioned, and "The Invisible Hand," Tony Moreno's serial, by way of proof. And these Oriental extras demand—and get—just fifty per cent more per day on the little old pay check than do the white extras. Where five dollars a day will compensate the Caucasian extra for a day's work without evening clothes, the citizen of the Flowery Kingdom will listen to nothing less than the clink of seven and a half. They simply can't understand English when you quote lower terms.

Paul Powell, who directed "All in a Night," has somewhat to say on the subject of this inability to understand. He indicated to me a picturesque native who was fondling a newspaper with screaming headlines that ran on the bias.

"That's the man who always has the greatest difficulty in understanding what I say to him via the interpreter," he told me. "Any attempt at flippity-flop English gets as much response as a signal to Mars.

Yesterday I heard him chatting with another Chinaman. He was remarking: 'Well, I don't care what they say, I don't do it for three and a half, and that's all there is to it.' Yes, these Orientals in their simple foreign way are about as mentally inefficient as foxes."

Like John Brown's soul, the movies have gone marching on in this matter of Oriental atmosphere. Two years ago the director who tried to get real Chinese atmosphere generated by natives was out of luck. But for this picture Powell reproduced Shanghai on the Lasky lot so that it looked more natural than Shanghai itself, and as a result Chinatown was as deserted as it has been on certain occasions after police raids.

In reproducing the business section of Shanghai for "All in a Night," some long technical conferences were held. Ethel Clayton, who traveled in China last summer, was called in, as were the technical experts of the studio. On this foundation of opinion the sets were built. Just as the camera was about to turn, out to the studio came Tom Gun, noted Chinese aviator.

"Hai-yai!" and likewise "Wot the 'ell!" exclaimed Tom, lamping the much-conferred-upon set.

"Where you catchum Japanese blidding in China?" he asked.

It was discovered that a fine example of Japanese architecture reared itself in the center of Shanghai. Sixty-two haughty Chinese extras had to be sent back to their lottery games until the Japanese menace was expurgated.

This leads us to another interesting aspect of Oriental atmosphere. On a day when the lotteries were making heap yen for all who played them, only about one-third of the needed number of extras showed up.

"Get some Japanese and fill in with them," ordered Powell.

The Japanese arrived and were presented with neat and nifty Chinese suits in which to camouflage themselves.

"Saki! Goodness gracious! Hot dog! Banzai!"

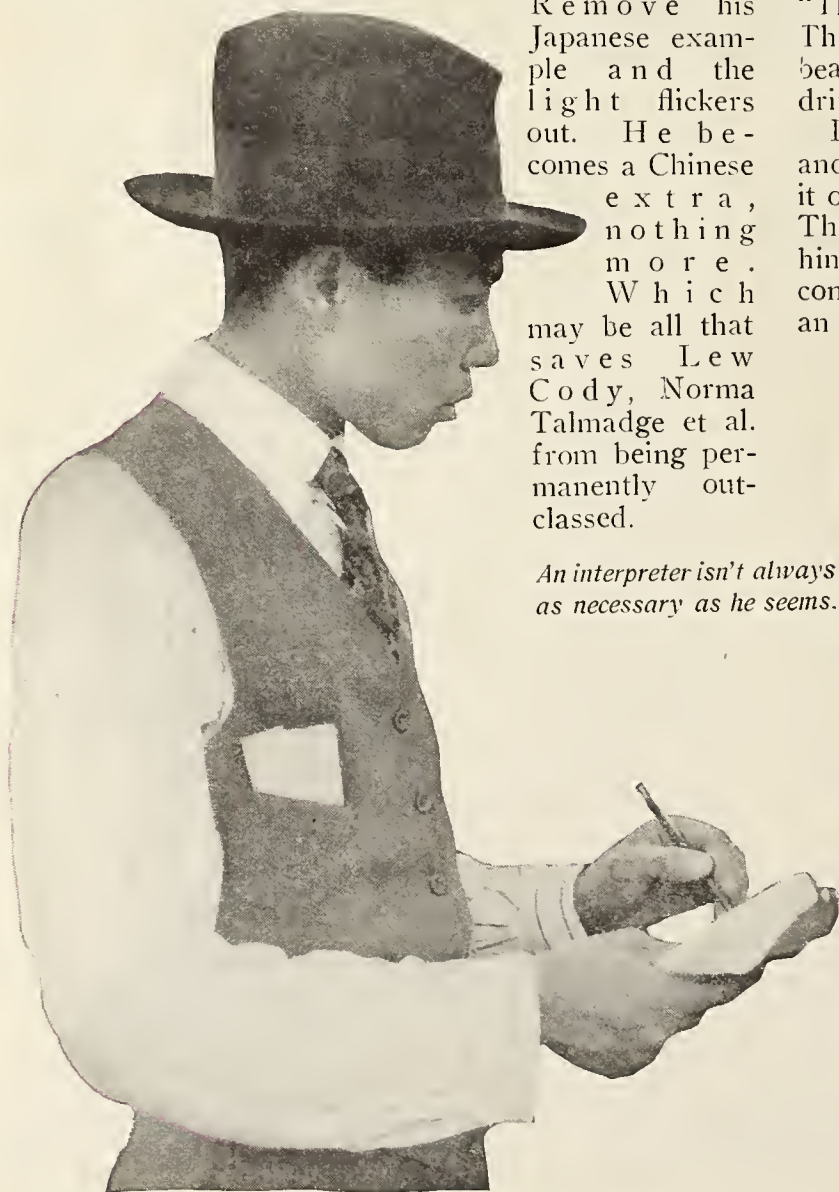
The dressing-room walls bulged with Nipponese screams.

"Put on Chinese clothes? We should say not!"

And would they? They would not, and so there was nothing to do but inject a lot of wild Japanese into the busy marts of Shanghai or wait until the run on the lotteries was over. The Lasky forces waited.

But if a director wants a Chinese extra suddenly to understand some delicate bit of business and to execute it with all the finesse of a

Walthall, he has only to set him to work opposite a Japanese. The light which illumines the Chinese intelligence is blinding, and his acting ability, for the moment, unparalleled. He becomes Lew Cody, Norma Talmadge, Nazimova, and Conway Tearle all in one.



Remove his Japanese example and the light flickers out. He becomes a Chinese extra, nothing more. Which may be all that saves Lew Cody, Norma Talmadge et al. from being permanently out-classed.

*An interpreter isn't always as necessary as he seems.*

### Do You Dress to Suit Your Type?

**L**OUISE GLAUM, in an interview in this issue, entitled "Are You a Velvet or a Calico Girl?" calls attention to the value of choosing your costume to suit your type.

Louise Williams, who wrote the interview with Miss Glaum, has begun a series of fashion articles for PICTURE-PLAY each of which will deal with a specific type of girl. Every girl will find her own type in one or another of these articles.

Each article will take for a model a celebrated screen star who represents a distinct type of feminine beauty, and will be illustrated copiously by photographs of the star in her latest gowns.

May Allison has been chosen by Miss Williams as being typical of the blond girl of debutante age who can wear the very smartest styles of strictly American design. She will be the subject of the first article, to appear in our next issue. Everything about Miss Allison's costumes, from the top of her hats to the tips of her dainty boots, will be discussed and commented on.

Don't miss this series!

Miss Clayton's assistance in discovering technical errors was invaluable in producing "All in a Night." Just as we arrived, she stripped the shirt off a young Chinese boy who was fishing in a Shanghai bund, or whatever they call water wells over there. At least, she ordered the shirt stripped. Off it came, for it seems that the Far East fishing costume is décolleté to the waist, and consists of little below that line.

The hours of the Chinese extra are spent in a most Occidental way. The pantalooned ladies of the mob forgather to gossip with a vigor which carries the conversation on auditory waves as far away as Wally Reid's dressing rooms. And were they discussing the servant problem or the high cost of chow mien? They were not! Nor did we stop a "no likee" or "no sabbee" or "allee samee" or any other vegetable-vender's ex-

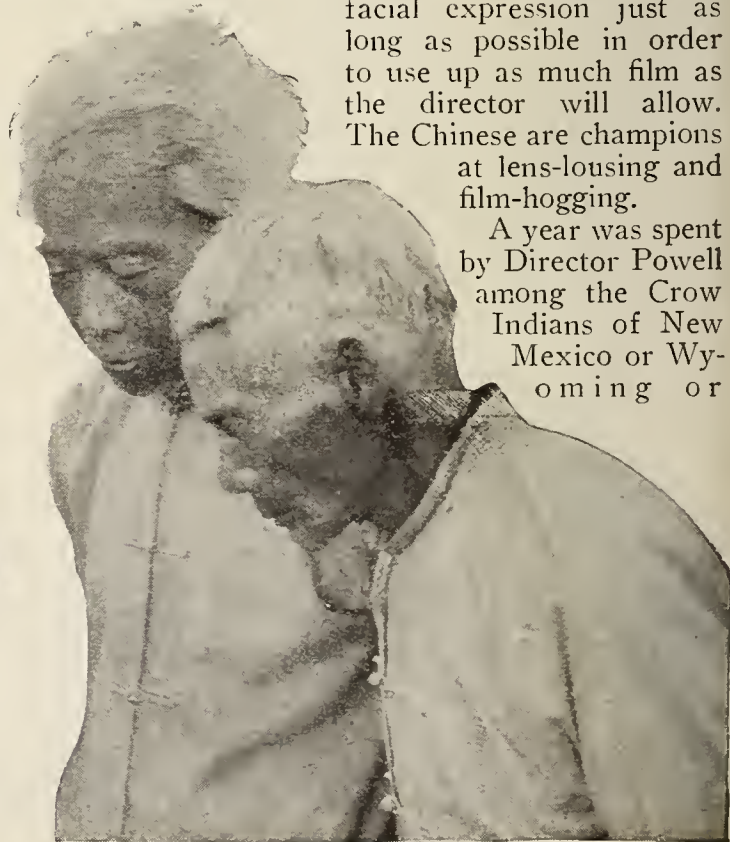
pression. The conversation was anent cigarette smoking as a practice for perfect ladies, and how much higher they were going to be worn this summer, and matrimonial mishaps among the white film crowd.

"Can that stuff," remarked one lotus-blossom lady. "They want me to do a fall in the water for a dollar. They must think I'm a down-and-out Mack Sennett beauty. Nix on the water stuff; it's bad enough to drink."

Do you know the difference between a "lens louse" and "a film hog?" So do the Chinese, and they prove it on every possible occasion, according to Paul Powell. They know that a lens louse is an actor who negotiates himself into the full eye of the camera and cozes his confreres into the background, and that a film hog is an acting person who will delay every gesture and facial expression just as long as possible in order to use up as much film as the director will allow.

The Chinese are champions at lens-lousing and film-hogging.

A year was spent by Director Powell among the Crow Indians of New Mexico or Wyoming or





wherever the Crows nest. During that time he studied these repressed people, and now he has evolved the startling theory that the Chinese extras are derived from the same racial root as the Crows. They are leaves off the same plant, he says.

Promise a Crow a dollar at eleven-thirty a. m. tomorrow and that Crow expects that dollar at eleven-thirty. He does not expect it at eleven-twenty-nine or at eleven-thirty-one, but at eleven-thirty. And he expects a round, hard, metal dollar, not a flimsy piece of green, engraved paper. Promise a Chinese extra eight dollars at six o'clock in the evening and at six o'clock said extra will be barking for said eight. Likewise, tell a Chinese extra to execute a flank movement in a certain way before the camera, and then shut up. You can't make him do differently. It has percolated into his mind as though into a pool of hardening cement. To get it out and change it you would have to crack his head.

*"The Invisible Hand" subjected Tony Moreno to the Oriental menace.*



*Take a good look at him—he slipped one over on Director Paul Powell.*



But far be it from me to disparage the Oriental actor. For his bad traits he shares with his white brothers, who have been at the game longer than he has, and so are more adept at shaping its tools to fit their own hands. And the Chinaman has many a good characteristic to discount the effect of his bad ones. Furthermore, there are some remarkably good actors among the Chinese. It is safe to prophesy that at some not-far distant day we will have a Chinese star or two—for Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki have already proved what the Japanese can do in that line, and as has been remarked, that's all a Chinaman needs to put him at his acting, ambitious best.

## The Serial

**I**N order to be full of thrills,  
Hair-raising stunts, and spinal chills,  
Each serial—I've wisely learned—  
Quite all of this will need:

One hero with at least nine lives,  
One villain armed with glistening knives,  
A vamp whose hectic love is spurned,  
One heroine in need;

A rajah, shah, a mandarin,  
A sultan, czar, and pandarine,  
(With what these are no one's concerned,  
They help the tale to speed!)

A revolution in full swing,  
A shaking throne, a quaking king,  
A treasury robbed, a village burned,  
A country to be freed;

Two trains derailed, a sinking ship,  
Three aëroplanes wrecked at one clip,  
Four automobiles overturned,  
At least one maddened steed;

Scenes under water by the score,  
A bunch o' bombs, s'teen guns or more,  
And a plot too deep to be discerned  
By the wisest fan indeed!

VARA MACBETH JONES.

Even at this age she  
wanted to act.



# Mildred Harris Chaplin— Child Wife

“The bells are ringin’ for me and my gal,  
The birds are singin’ for—”

AND it was right there, swinging her ukulele, a vision of long, flying, golden curls, pink-dimpled cheeks, and laughing blue eyes, that she catapulted into me, headfirst, as she bolted out of the door of a dressing room at the old Griffith studio. That’s how I somehow always remember her. She laughed first, and then I decided not to be mad either, so we both laughed, and the child flew along on her merry way.

That’s when she was Mildred Harris, child actress, only a few short years ago, and now she’s Mildred Harris Chaplin. Maybe it’s that change of name and its implications that make all the difference in her now, for, since that day four years ago, she’s been a wife and mother. That birth and death of her baby were the deepest things in her life, and though she’s a child still, frank, ingenuous, yet there are moments when her face wears the wistful look of a dreamer whose life has somehow missed its rightful fulfillment.

A child wife, that’s Mildred Harris Chaplin, and I’m sure that if Charles Dickens were looking for somebody to play *Dora*, it would be Mildred Chaplin he’d choose for the part.

When Charlie Chaplin, king of comedians, married Mildred Harris, after a joyous whirlwind courtship, everybody thought what a happy marriage it would be. Charlie built Mildred a wonderfully beautiful home, an Italian villa, on top of a Hollywood hill—now occupied by Anita Stewart and her husband—and there the two dwelt in happiness, so far as the world knew. But soon there were whispers of matrimonial discontent in the big house on the hill, rumors of temperamental unfitness between the two, and perhaps that’s what was the trouble. Charlie is brilliant, moody, temperamental, high-strung, while Mildred, seventeen years old, the only child in her family, perhaps wanted to keep right on being the baby, though she tried in all sorts of plaintive little ways, it is said, to win her brilliant husband from his moodiness. Like little *Dora*, she “just couldn’t make the figures add up,” and she shook her curls and screwed her forehead into knots in vain, trying to understand what it was all about, because of her love for Charlie, and then, giving up in despair, went back to her singing and dancing, like the child she really is.

Then we learned there was to be a baby, and she retired from the screen, spending long, sweet, brooding hours preparing for the coming of the little one who was to make everything right once more for her and Charlie. It did indeed seem as if the advent of his child would make everything come right, for Charlie was overjoyed, they said. Probably the coming of a prince was never looked forward



Like Dickens' *Dora*,  
she just couldn't make  
the figures add up.

By Grace Kingsley

*There are moments when her  
face wears the wistful look  
of a dreamer.*



to more eagerly by more people than was the expected arrival of the comedy king's baby. But alas! the little one lived only a few hours.

And since that other day when I saw her on the Griffith lot she's grown from a player of childish parts into a star, but she's just the same unassuming, ingenuous being that she was in the old days. She's always just *Dora*.

Now she's devoting herself to her work, going out little, except, of course, that she accepted Lady Stuart Mackenzie's invitation to meet the Prince of Wales at San Diego, when they gave the big ball for him at the Coronado Hotel, and while she still laughs and sings and trips gayly on her way, there are long, long moments when she sits absorbed in her own thoughts, with that tinge of wistful sadness on her young face, which her friends are beginning to know. They say that Lady Stewart Mackenzie is planning to carry her off to England for a nice two months' rest this summer, and Mildred declares herself that she needs the change.

In fact, she's grown very thin of late. So the other day when I called on her in her bungalow, which is a miniature dwelling, at the Mayer studio, she was drinking one of the five glasses of milk which she forces herself to drink every day, in order to acquire sufficient plumpness for picture requirements. And between sips she told me all about her career.

She was born in Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1901, and her dad was division superintendent of the railroad at that place. She went to school there, and finally came West and lived in Oakland, California. All through her school days she used to play at acting, though there were no theatrical people in her family. Then they dwelt in Oregon for a time, and later, Mildred's father dying, she and her mother came to Los Angeles. Mrs. Harris became wardrobe mistress at the Griffith studio, and Mildred used to play child parts.

Her first real picture rôle was with Vitagraph, in *Mildred's studio* "How States Are Made." Later she *bungalow.* *Continued on page 84*





## A Movieland

In which we take a personally con-  
of the unusual spots around Los

By Clara



**I**F you are searching for speed, pep, and vim  
Together blended in a screen hero,  
We can advise you just the place to go,  
This is the proper spot to look for him.  
Here you will find him leaping from the rim  
Of one roof to another, just as though  
It were a very simple thing to throw  
Oneself about the heavens to and fro.  
In all the daring stunts where he has starred  
He's never lost his balance nor his smile.  
Photographers will never find it hard  
To picture him in action, break-neck style,  
Nor any scene that shows a gripping thrill.  
But how, I wonder, do they take a "still"?

*Here, on your left, ladies  
and gentlemen, are the  
famous studios of Douglas  
Fairbanks, and on the right,  
the more famous Douglas  
greet you with his most  
famous smile.*

**D**O you enjoy the briny stuff? Let's go  
With Annette Kellermann, the mermaid queen,  
Down to her wet and rocky studio;  
A roofless lair, all trimmed in kelpy green,  
Lighted by Sol's effulgent system, so  
Dispensing with the Kliegs' bedazzling sheen.  
Here Neptune's daughter floats or swims below  
The deep blue ocean's bosom, to and fro;  
With finny neighbors perfectly at home  
Where seals bask in the sun or billows foam.  
In company with divers scaly friends  
And fishy properties, her time she spends  
In picturing the pleasures of the sea,  
That dry folks may enjoy them equally.

*To be paid real money—  
and lots of it—just to go  
swimming in a place like  
this! It doesn't seem fair,  
does it?*



# Travelogue

ducted sight-seeing trip to some Angeles, where pictures are made.

Orwig



*Whoop-ee! Ride 'em cowboy! That's the sort of yell that's gone up about this place till, if you'd ever heard the racket, you'd wonder how the roof ever managed to stay on!*

WHEN you are in the mood for seeing strife  
 On plain and desert, thrilling cowboy art,  
 The red-hot Western drama, have a Hart  
 Production, showing well the kind of life  
 Endured by pioneers who overcame  
 The wild and woolly country in the name  
 Of progress, making land and savage tame.  
 The hero is a plain, upstanding man,  
 Six feet one; fearless, cool, and highly skilled  
 In handling shooting irons. They say he's killed  
 More "varmint" that afflict the human race,  
 Both man and beast—before the camera—than  
 The census man could count. Here is the place  
 Where scenes of lesser violence grow apace.

THIS place looks like an English village street  
 Outside, but is unlike within the walls,  
 For here the great comedian treads the halls  
 Or struts about upon the funniest feet  
 That ever man disported just to cheat  
 Dull, carking care, and gloominess delete.  
 Here, clad in threadbare garments, ancient hat,  
 And trimmed with brief mustache and slender stick,  
 He films the comedies that have a kick  
 And scores a hit each time he goes to bat.  
 Lo! every man or woman, girl or boy,  
 On seeing them will register pure joy  
 And merriment. From Maine to Singapore  
 A weary world applauds and cries for more.

*Quaint, isn't it? But we must hurry on, lest a pie come hurtling through the window, for us to dodge. And now, ladies and gentlemen, our little trip is finished.*





*Barbara wanted to marry a winner—and to have the winner David.*

## Bab's Candidate

He orated his way into politics—and she gumshoed him out again.

By  
C. L. Edson

**I**F you really loved me you would have kept out of politics." A cloud came across the blue of Barbara's bright eyes, threatening a rainfall of tears.

David Darrow arose from his desk and came forward as if to embrace his fiancée:

"It is because I really love you," he said in oratorical tones, "that I am forced to enter politics." He put out his arm to gather her to him, but Barbara flung back her head and evaded him; his awkward hand brushed the brim of her orange straw hat and disarranged the blue ribbons and the perfect coiffure of her brown hair. She shot a reproving glance at him as she stepped back, and still holding him with a business-like stare, said:

"Please don't. When I want to be hugged, I will not come to your law office. I've something else as a reason for being here. What I want to know now is: Why are you in politics? And how soon are you going to get out?"

"Why, Barbara, dear, you know why I have taken this plunge into politics. But if you wish me to restate the case, I'll do so, and do so most succinctly. The senator has forbidden me to marry you. His only objection is that I talk too much. He's the political boss of this State, but he cannot dictate whom I shall marry. And because he has tried to boss my heartbeats in addition to bossing the elections, I have entered this political race to show him that he can't control even his own bailiwick, either in politics or in affairs of the heart." With a sweeping gesture he went on, raising his voice.

"Our forefathers braved the storms of an uncharted sea, the savage wilds of an inhospitable forest, the poisoned arrows of a ferocious foe, and after years of struggle with the untamed wilderness they founded upon these shores a free and independent nation, where every man, however humble——"

"Hush, David," interrupted Barbara, "I know your oratorical ability. Please—please—which do you love most—me or the sound of your voice?"

"You—or my own voice? Barbara, that question hurts."

"I want it to hurt. I put the cutting edge on what I say. I don't blunt it with the wind cushions of oratory."

"Why, Barbara, are you calling me a windbag, too? That's just the thing your father said, and that's what sent me into politics. I'll show him that a windbag when it gets loose is a whirlwind; and that my voice, which he has ridiculed, may be the voice of the people; and the voice of the people is the voice of God. It was the genius of the common people that cradled Lincoln. Go with me to a little cabin on the frontier of Kentucky——"

"Go—nowhere with you!" interrupted Barbara petulantly. "You are always and forever drifting out on that tide of oratory. I love you, David, but you are so disappointing. I came here to talk with you about this political mess you're into. I want you to get out of politics."

"Why?"

"Because an orator never succeeds in politics, and I want to marry a winner."

Henry laughed long and heartily.

"So that's all the proof you've got that I'm going to be defeated, is it?" he asked. "An orator never succeeds in politics! Who says so? Old Close-mouthed Marvin, the gum-shoe senator—your dad! I'll show whether orators succeed. Go with me into the pages of history, back to the days of Patrick Henry, when——"

"I'll go with you for once," taunted Barbara, "I'll go all the way with you on that oratory proposition. Patrick Henry was never elected to anything; but that old gum-shoe statesman, George Washington, was made president. The boy orator of Nebraska began orating in 1896, the year that I was born, and he has never been elected to anything. Oratory doesn't go in this nation, and it doesn't go in this assembly district."

"Well, what does go?" asked David challengingly.

"Talking little and sticking straight to business."

"That's the recipe for success in this town, eh?"

"Yes."

"All right, Barbara, let's examine some of the citizens in that light. There's Harry Dawes."

"Yes; what about Harry Dawes?"

"He was the most industrious man in town. For fifty years no man was more diligent than Harry."

"So I understand."

"And he was close-mouthed. He never talked about his affairs nor of anybody else's. Now according to your recipe, he ought to be a shining success. The fact is that at fifty he's a pauper. Furthermore he is the only pauper in town, and the town has to feed and clothe a healthy old man. Now look at Shakleton Hobbs. He's a garrulous old miser who has always been talking and kicking about taxes and public works, and according to your recipe he ought to be a failure; but he's the richest man in town, aside from the senator, your father."

"Then you don't believe my argument?" pouted Barbara. "You don't believe I have given you a true report on your political outlook—you don't believe that

"Bab's Candidate"

Adapted from a story by Forrest Crissey, and produced by Vitagraph with the following cast:

Barbara Marvin.....Corinne Griffith  
 Senator Merrill Treadwell Marvin .....George Fawcett  
 David Darrow  
 Webster Campbell

you are already beaten in your race for office?

"I know I'm not beaten," the young lawyer said firmly. "And surely you know it, too."

"Surely I know what?"



"That I am going to win."

"If I knew that you were going to win," Barbara asked, with raised eyebrows and wide-open, candid eyes, "why should I come here and ask you to withdraw from the race?"

"Because you are a true daughter of your father," David answered patronizingly. "Family pride has caused you to try to save your father's face. He knows he's licked, and he has sent you here to compromise the thing before the polling begins."

"Not at all," protested the girl. "You've got an entirely——"

"He forbade me to propose to you," Darrow interrupted. "Now we're engaged. He picked Eben Sprague for the assembly, and now I am going to beat Sprague at the polls. I am delivering a double blow to the gum-shoe boss. For Sprague, the man your father indorsed, is going to quit cold—he is going to retire from the ballot, leaving me without any opposition whatever."

"Why?"

"Because he has been discovered to be unfit for the office."

"Does papa know it?"

"No, and neither does Sprague. And the election is only twenty-four hours away. But they will know all about it soon. I telegraphed your father at Washington yesterday, ordering him to be here. He will arrive at two o'clock."

"You ordered—my—father! To come here?" Barbara showed her amazement without any attempt to conceal it.

"Yes, that's once when the big boss has met a man that can boss him. He'll be right here in this office at two o'clock this afternoon. Barbara, dear, this fight started when I asked your father for your hand. Now it is a conflict between me and your father's whole family—his politics, his future, everything is at stake. You are lined up with him in this final struggle, but I am the one who is going to win!"

That afternoon Senator Marvin and his daughter were in the consultation room of Attorney Darrow's office suit. The senator lost no time in coming to the point.

"Well, David," he began abruptly. "Let's have a show-down. You claim to have to-morrow's election sewed up, and you want me to save my face by withdrawing my indorsement from your opponent. You must have something pretty good up your sleeve."

"I have," the younger man said, with cold decisiveness. "And I think I am doing the decent thing by you in giving you this chance to get from under. Eben Sprague is a thief. I've got evidence to prove it!"

The senator paled a bit, and stepped back, but he did not lose his steady calmness.

"A thief, eh?" said the gum-shoe boss.

"He's a thief, a burglar, a forger, and an embezzler. Perhaps he also milks his neighbor's cow before sun-up, and sucks eggs—but if he does he hides the shells. But he didn't successfully hide his tracks in the years when he was county administrator. I have gone over his record with a fine-tooth comb. Here's the result."

David handed him an abstract of the evidence he had gathered. It was so complete that there was no evading the issue.

"So you see, Eben Sprague will not go to the legislature," the young lawyer said, "he will go to the penitentiary."

Senator Marvin handed back the typewritten sheets.

"What do you expect me to do?" he asked in a tone of surrender.

"Withdraw Sprague from the race."

"That will let you win by default," said the senator.

"I can stand it," replied Darrow grimly.

"But you can't stand it," said the senator sturdily. "This election will ruin you."

"Well, you want me ruined," sneered David.

"No, I don't, young man. You've got stuff in you. You're pulling something big right now. It takes nerve to sandbag me, the most powerful man in the State. I'm not boasting of my power, but the fact stands that I am the boss. And I got there by will power. Boy, you've got will power. I hand it to you. Your nerve wins my respect. But your oratory has made you the town fool. If you ever go to the legislature, you will overdo this oratory. The State papers will get it, and their humorous writers will ride you to death. Do you believe I am your friend now?"

Darrow realized that he had lived through the greatest moment of his life. He was proud of his victory, but his pride was mixed with chagrin, for he realized also that his prospective father-in-law had told him the truth.

"But we are not talking about my political future now," reminded the younger man, "but about the future of Eben Sprague. Does he resign from the ticket?"

"He resigns," said the boss.

"How will he know he has resigned?" asked Darrow pointedly.

"I will notify him myself."

"That's good."

"But he will not resign in your favor."

"He doesn't need to. There is no one else in the race. But if he wants to resign in somebody's favor, he might mention Henry Dawes, the town pauper. He stole a thousand dollars from Henry while he was holding office, and that's why Henry is on the town."

"How long are you going to hold off with the exposure?" asked the senator.

"If he withdraws, and you clear your skirts of him, I promise that I will let these charges rest until a week after the election."

"It's a bargain," said the senator, wiping the sweat from his face. "Are you going out now, daughter, or will you stay a while?"

Barbara indicated that she would remain. As the senator nodded good-bye to Darrow, the young lawyer looked the older man straight in the eye and remarked:

"That's once when gum-shoe politics was whipped to a hoarse whisper by a boy orator backed by the threat of the people's will."

The door closed on the departing boss, and his daughter lingered only long enough to say, with tearful eyes:

"David, if you are elected to-morrow our engagement is broken. I shall give you back your ring."

"Now, Barbara," he pleaded as she started to go, "don't tie me up with such impossible conditions. You know I can't help being elected to-morrow. Ask me something easier."

He remembered afterward feeling a little puzzled at the quizzical, mischievous look which she gave him. But she did not take back her threat.

Election day dawned with blue and cloudless skies; the wind, which was light, came from the west, and lent an invigorating magnetism to the perfect day. Barbara noted it. So did Candidate Darrow, who breakfasted early and was on the point of starting for the polls when the telephone called him. The voice was that of Barbara:

"'When the wind's in the west, they bite the best'"—she quoted seductively the old fisherman's rhyme.

"Do you mean by that," Darrow asked, "that you agree that I have made a sucker out of Sprague?"

"I mean," Barbara said sweetly, "that to-day is a sublime day to go fishing. I am having my lunch put up now, and I wanted to know if I should put in enough for two?"

"Why, Barbara, I can't go fishing to-day. I've got to stay and watch the polls."

"Watch the polls? Sprague has announced his with-

*Continued on page 90*



*"I talked it out of papa—by gum-shoeing."*



# THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics  
concerning the Screen

## *Censorship*

The problem of motion-picture censorship is going to come up in a number of States—eighteen, to be exact—this fall. The would-be censors are organizing. We believe they are in the great minority, but they will make more noise than those persons who believe censorship is wrong and against the right of free speech. Perhaps some of them will succeed in their attempt to turn their State into a Chicago or a Pennsylvania, where censors cut films to their own pattern.

We have met a number of advocates of censorship, and to each we have addressed the question:

"Why do you want censorship?"

One admitted frankly that she wanted a job as censor, and that she thought it would be a lot of fun.

Others answered, "Because censorship will improve the morals of the community."

To which we reply, "Have you any evidence to show that censorship of books, the press, or of motion-picture films ever has improved the morals of any community? Hasn't it, as a matter of fact, brought about graft and political fusses, and hasn't it turned many fine, worthy motion pictures into stupid, banal piffle?"

To which they reply, "Oh, nobody can argue with you. You're prejudiced."

Which, of course, proves that censorship is right.

## *Help the Preacher*

A motion-picture company recently received a letter from a New Jersey preacher. "I heard," he wrote, "that a very immoral picture was shown at our theater last week. I am preparing a sermon in favor of censorship, and I wish you would give me some details regarding the picture, which I understand was one of yours. The most objectionable scenes showed girls in bathing suits, in which they ran around on the beach. Won't you please send me a piece of the film showing these scenes, so that I can display it to prove my point?"

The unfortunate part of the story is to come. An ill-advised person who saw the letter got a picture of a bathing girl, wrote on it "To Alexander"—which was the preacher's first name—"from Isabelle," and mailed it to Mrs. Alexander—

Fortunately an executive in the company heard of the prank and hastily wrote a letter of apology and explanation. No answer to the letter has been received. Perhaps, alas, it arrived too late!

## *And then What?*

In "Desert Love," according to the Fox press department, Tom Mix in one scene "lassos an old tree and swings across a chasm, pitches headlong down the precipice, lands on a trestle and races to the mill, jumps fifteen feet to the mill, crashing through a window frame fifty feet above the ground,

into a room where he has a fierce battle with the villain, in which he goes through a window, lands on a shed roof, rolls off to the roof below, falling from there to the ground unconscious; discovers a gun, and with a mighty effort shoots the villain, in window; crawls to a leader pipe, climbs up the side of the mill, swings over the edge of the roof, down into the room once more to find that his last shot had reached its mark and that the girl—is SAFE!"

But the girl? What of her? Perhaps she pulls forward a chair and remarks "Sit down, Tom; you must be tired."

Whatever she says, we're going to see that picture!

## *What the Public Wants*

A few years ago we heard much complaint against motion pictures, because many were produced by unintelligent persons for unintelligent persons. We are not entirely free from that class of picture to-day. We never shall be. But we are getting really fine productions, and the quantity and quality will continue to increase.

The reason isn't so much that more intelligent persons are interesting themselves in the production of motion pictures. It is because a more discriminating public is becoming interested in seeing motion pictures.

The public makes the pictures, and now that the public is demanding that some taste and discernment be used in pictures, it is being put in. There will always be stupid pictures for stupid people, but intelligent people have begun to go to the box office and put down their money for tickets, and so the quantity of stupid pictures has decreased, and the quantity of better pictures increased.

You have gone out and demanded better pictures, and you are getting them. Five years ago you weren't demanding them. You went to see motion pictures only now and then. You didn't support a fine production when it came along—usually because you didn't know it was worth seeing.

Only a few years ago "The Bluebird" was a failure. "Joan the Woman" didn't draw enough to pay for it. Several very fine Triangles, including "Macbeth," were released at a loss. The public those pictures should have appealed to wasn't the public that was going to motion-picture theaters then.

The public now, however, is the kind that is supporting that sort of production. The biggest successes in New York recently have been John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—not the Sheldon Lewis version—and "Huckleberry Finn." Three years ago these pictures would have been failures because they would not have appealed to the majority of motion-picture fans of that day. Now they are playing to tremendous crowds. The producers deserve some credit for providing these pictures, but more credit is due to the public which, by its demands, forced the change.

*Why  
Pick on  
Griffith?*

It seems to be the fashion now to pick on D. W. Griffith. Just because he has not produced a series of pictures each one as good as "The Birth of a Nation," The Observer is getting many letters inquiring "What's the matter with Griffith?"

The motion-picture industry owes a great deal to Mr. Griffith. He was the first producer to make folks look at motion pictures and say "Perhaps this is something more than a toy, after all." He was the first man to put real people into his stories—the first to put on a screen scenes that made his audience weep.

That's all the eulogy Mr. Griffith needs. He took a camera and a strip of celluloid and two or three people, and brought real tears to the eyes of thousands.

We do not believe that Mr. Griffith's day is done. Others have perhaps caught up with him. Others are making, now and then, finer productions than the majority of his, and he no longer stands alone at the peak of producers. But it is because others, profiting by the path he made, have caught up with him; not because he has stepped down.

We're still expecting great things from Griffith. There is more than "The Birth of a Nation" and "Broken Blossoms" in the heart of a genius such as he.

*Prices  
Too  
High?*

A controversy is going on between theater managers and producers over the cost of motion pictures. The producers say the cost of production is so high that they must charge more for their pictures—and they're doing that. The theater managers say the producers are ruining the motion-picture business by forcing theaters to charge higher prices for admission.

The best New York motion-picture theaters are getting as high as one dollar and one and a half dollars for their best seats. In most cities the price is around fifty cents, for the cost of upkeep of a theater is less on Main Street than it is in the high-rent district of Broadway.

How do you feel about it? Are you getting your money's worth? Are you going less often than you did when you paid only a dime to see a ten-reel show?

The Observer is keenly interested. How about prices in your town? What do you pay to see "Male and Female"? What do you pay for "When the Clouds Roll By"? How much does it cost you to see Nazimova's new ones? And what did you pay in the old days when Mary Pickford was appearing in "Tess of the Storm Country" and Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington"? And do you wish that the old five and ten-cent days were back again?

*The  
Libraries  
Co-operate*

The American Library Association, which did such excellent work during the war in supplying books for soldiers, has started a "Books for Everybody" campaign and is working with motion-picture theaters to help it along.

Nearly every librarian in America belongs to the A. L. A., and this great strength is back of the campaign to "see the book and read it." Motion pictures are visualizing so many great books now that the A. L. A. campaign has much to work with.

When the theater advertises a picture made from a good book, the local librarian starts to work. In the library is advertised the motion picture and the fact that the book can be had in the library. The theater manager and the librarian work together. "Go to see the picture," advises the librarian. "See it, then read it at the library," suggests the theater manager.

Result—more readers, more see-ers. And a general advance in culture throughout the country.

*Two  
Kinds*

Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is not copyrighted. Anybody who wishes to can produce it as a play or as a picture. It has been produced in motion pictures several times, but John Barrymore's characterization of the two-character man is not only the finest portrayal of the part but perhaps the finest acting the screen has ever presented. If you should accidentally happen to see one of the other versions of this play it will help you to appreciate what a splendid actor John Barrymore is, and what a credit he is to motion pictures.

If your theater advertises just "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—leaving out the name of the star—better find out whether or not it is the John Barrymore production.

*Money  
in  
Scenes*

We recently saw a picture that had \$123,000 worth of scenery in it. That was the cost of building the sets in the New York studio and of taking the company to Florida for the exteriors. It is probably the most beautiful production yet made. The story is not unusual, and the cast is not more than good. But it is a feast for the eye.

One of the reasons the cost of pictures is going up is that the public is demanding costly settings and expensive gowns—and these—as you know if you have a wife and are building a house—cost money.

But perhaps the producers are running amuck. Perhaps they're spending more money than is necessary. Do we demand luxury, sumptuous settings—must the life we live in the motion-picture theater be the life of a squandering billionaire?

What do you think? We must admit we rather like it. Fifty cents an hour to be rich is cheap enough.

*Charlie  
Ray Fol-  
lows the  
Crowd*

Now that Charlie Ray has left Thomas H. Ince and is one of those happy individuals who have their own producing companies, he has started to buy well-known stories not written originally for motion pictures.

Ray's first picture for First National is to be "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," which George Cohan wrote as a musical comedy, and in which Fay Templeton sang that "Mary is a Grand Old Name." Although "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" glorifies New Rochelle, New York, and has a great deal to say about "Mary," it was written before the Thanhouser motion-picture studio had helped to make New Rochelle famous, and before Mary Pickford had made the name "Mary" mean just one person on earth.

Unless our memory is worse than usual, Charlie Ray has never before starred in a story that had not been written expressly for him. He believes so much in getting out of the old ways that he plans to buy more stories and plays that have already established a reputation. He's following the crowd. Perhaps it is well, for it may take him out of the beaten path and give him stories different from the type with which every Ray fan is familiar.

But we wonder what the ultimate outcome will be. A good many screen patrons probably feel like giving three cheers for Charlie. But do you remember when Bill Hart dropped his typical Western rôles for a time and took to "different" characterizations? The real Hart fans howled so loudly that he soon returned to the type of rôle with which he had so long been identified.

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# Edith of the Elves

She's rather shy and a bit wild, and therefore, altogether charming.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

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I DON'T know why Edith Roberts makes one think of an elf—but she does. Perhaps it's because her eyes are brown and laughing and turn up at the corners, pixylike; perhaps it's because she's so tiny in figure and stature that you're sure she could swing o' nights on a cobweb in the moonlight, or maybe it's the trick she has of looking out and beyond a person as if she were seeing something that ordinary mortals couldn't, then coming "back to earth" with a delicious, apologetic laugh and a quip at her preoccupation. Anyway, that was what I dubbed her, "Edith of the Elves," the first time I met her; and though I don't expect every one to agree with me, there will be quite a few people who will think the description accurate—the people who know Edith best.

When I first saw the little Roberts person, who has just been starred by Universal, and who will appear in a series of fea-



"I'm wild and I like it," declares Edith.



*She has a trick of looking out and beyond a person.*

tures which will contain some of the same emotional possibilities as "Lasca," she was dressed in a Western riding habit, with sombrero tied under her chin, a brace of pistols, too large for her, fastened about her slim waist, and her dark, abundant curls falling about her face. She proudly exhibited a red mark on the palm of each tiny hand, explaining that the day before, in making a scene from "The Daring Duchess," she had ridden a runaway horse, refusing a double to do the stunt, and had come off victorious, but with the traces of conflict with the hard-mouthed mount bitten into her hands by pulling at the reins.

Her voice is very soft, and, until she knows one, she is undeniably shy. She laughs with a little squeak at the end, and has a way of putting her head down and looking up at one from under long, dark lashes that would be positively ruinous to the heart of a masculine interviewer. Even I, being hopelessly feminine, felt its appeal.

The story of "The Daring Duchess," she told me, was written for her by Tarkington Baker, at that time general manager of Universal, and had been called, until the com-



*There is something about her that goes straight to the heart.*

mercially minded office in New York got busy, "Her Five-foot Highness," which cleverly and adequately described the character played by Edith.

"I'm wild, and I like it," she confided in a shy little voice that seemingly belied her statement. "In the first part of the picture I live on a ranch in Texas and ride and shoot—and everything. Then I find that I am the heiress to an estate in England, and I go over to do a job of duchessing. Of course, I upset things dreadfully"—the little laugh with the squeak slipped out—"but everything ends all right, and I love the picture because it gives me a chance to *do* things. I hate being idle in or out of the pictures."

"Did 'Lasca' measure up to your idea of something to do?" I asked, and she drew her breath ecstatically, as if in the presence of a delightful and vivid memory.

"Oh, I *loved* it!" She italicized with an enthusiasm that left no doubt as to her sincerity. "I felt as if I had found myself in that picture. You see, I had, up to that time, done nothing but sweet, namby-pamby leads. I suppose they thought I was too young to do real emotional parts—I'm just eighteen, you know"—this with confiding importance—"and they wouldn't let me—cut loose!"

"Now all my pictures are going to have emotional  
*Continued on page 92*

## Introducing M. Georges Carpentier

*His wife approves his  
cinema activities —  
even his making love  
to Faire Binney.*



Idol of France, champion heavyweight of Europe,  
and now a star in American screen productions.

By Jerome Weatherby

**G**O to see a prize fighter  
on the screen?  
Never!"

No, it wasn't a woman who said it—it was a man. And he wasn't prudish, either; he was a hard-headed business man who had perfectly sound reasons for his opinion.

"I'd walk miles to see a good prize fight, or to hear Caruso sing," he said. "But when I go to the movies I want to see real, genuine actors."

He was right, generally speaking. But a smiling, blond,

young chap has recently come over here from France to try to prove that he can be a champion pugilist and a real actor as well. His name is Georges Carpentier, and after winning all the pugilistic prizes France had to offer he met England's heavyweight champion, Joe Beckett, not long ago and emerged from the encounter victorious. Now that he is expected to meet Jack Dempsey, America's champion heavyweight, in a contest for the world's title, there is a good deal of interest in him on the part of Americans. So, of course, he was induced to appear on the screen.

I met him at the studio in Fort Lee, where he was making a picture for the Robertson-Cole Company, called "The Wonder Man." And he produced his private stock of English and told me all about himself rather reluctantly, 'tis true, but with a frankness which some of our native-born actors would do well to emulate.

"I was attending a school where François Descamps was physical director," he began. "And, though I was just a youngster, he thought he saw in me the makings of a fighter. So, when my parents wished to take me out of school and put me to work, he intervened. They told him that I could earn about two francs a day, so he arranged to pay them that sum if they would let me remain with him and be trained to fight. I was overjoyed, of course—and imagine my pride when I won my first fight, at the age of fourteen, and took the prize money home to them! They were astonished at the sums which I earned—huge amounts of money, it seemed to all of us—and there were no more objections."

The flyweight title was the first he won, and he soon fought his way straight up to the very top; he's only twenty-six now, incidentally. Fannie Ward, who was in Paris when the news of his victory over England's champion was made public, wrote back that the resulting celebration could be compared only with that over the signing of the armistice at the end of the war. France adores Carpentier, and the people went wild when they knew that he could claim the title of pugilistic champion of Europe. He is receiving an unusually hearty reception in the United States. To any one acquainted with the type which the average professional pugilist represents, Carpentier presents an agreeable surprise. He has none of the swagger—none of the battered-bulldog look which most of our knights of the squared circle carry. And if he fulfills the promises of his backers by his work on the screen—the more credit to him!

Carpentier deserves the adoration of his country. He was among the first to offer his services when war was declared, and made a record as an aviator. He was twice decorated for bravery.



Copyright Lumiere.

*He has none of the battered-bulldog look which most of our knights of the squared circle carry.*

This venture of his into motion pictures is an interesting one.

"I am enjoying this very much," he confided to me, "although it is not my first picture. I made several in France, but there is no comparison, of course. American methods are so superior that even the French will pay more to see American pictures than for those made in their own country."

There's some one else who appreciates his motion-picture work—his bride, a pretty little French girl named Georgette. Perched on a trunk just off the set, she calmly watched her husband making love to Faire Binney in front of the camera and chatted about him with me in halting English.

"The cinema is gentle," she said. "I feel that Georges is safe, and I do not have cause to worry about him. Also, I can be with him all the time."

Which every girl who sees Carpentier will appreciate.

# The Young Actors

Or, a chat about myself and my work.



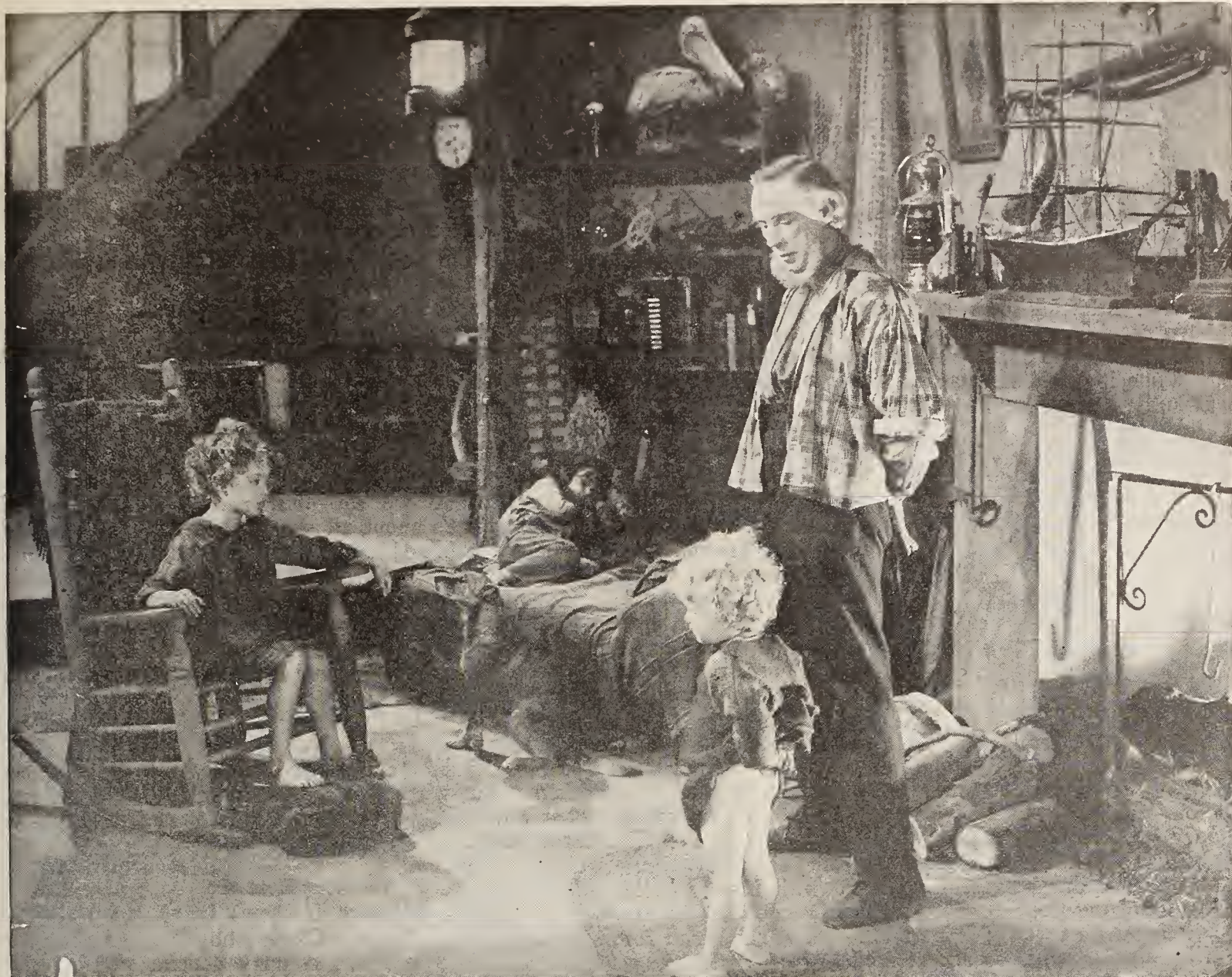
By Carol Jackson

(With an introductory preface by the editor.)

THE "owner of the copyright" guarantees that "The Young Actors" is the unaided effort in writing of an authoress of seven years. "Effort," however, seems hardly the word to use, as you may see by studying the face of the author in the accompanying picture, which was taken immediately upon her having finished this piece of work, and while it was being inspected by Alice Lake. That quizzical, expectant look is not shared by the adult magazine contributor. To the latter it is just part of the day's work. But you can see that to Carol this departure into writing had all the romance of adventure—like playing in "the other sets."

One charm of "The Young Actors" lies in its frankness. There is no false pride about Carol—no cautious weighing and deciding whether it would be judicious or not to make this or that admission. I am inclined to doubt that many of her fellow performers of the gentler sex would state for publication that their curls were the product of mother's curling iron. It is probable, too, that a restraining sense of what is conventional in interviews would cause them to select some other one attribute with which to characterize a director than by the observation that "he never chews gum." Yet how remarkably this one impressionistic touch seems to sum up the man! And, after all, what finer tribute could be paid him—unless it might be that he never wore puttees and silk shirts?

I am inclined, however, to think the greatest interest in



Carol, "Itchie," and Uncle Nat, in a scene from the Metro production of "Shore Acres."

this bit of self-revelation is the fact that children are the same the world over—in the studio, on the stage, in the home—that they have the same interests, the same love of play, the same unassumed fondness for those who are near to them. And the knowledge of that is always a good thing for us to keep in mind when we see children like Carol on the screen. Probably you will have a good many chances to see her. Already she has played more rôles than some stars. Among the screen productions in which she has appeared are "Intolerance," "Should a Woman Tell?" "Shore Acres," "Old Lady 31," and "Dangerous to Men." She has also appeared on the stage with David Warfield in "The Auctioneer" and with Ruth Chatterton in "Daddy Long-Legs." She lives with her mother in a bungalow a few blocks from Metro's Hollywood studio. But now for her own story.

I JUST wish evry little girl and boy could work in the Studio for a day even. then they would know why I love to work so much. when we are not on the set we can play in the other sets and Make-believe we are the reol ones. I like to be a dressed up lady in beauful dresseds because I never play dress up parts they allways want me in rags. My hair isnt really curly Mother does it up. Shore Acres was lots of fun. Nancy and Itchie and I went to a real farm where they killed a pig. We saw them do it all. all Mr. Ingrem\* does

\*She refers to Rex Ingram, the director.

is sit and think of funny things for us to do I like to work for him very Much. he never chews gum. Uncle Nat was Mrs. Connelys Father he was in New York in Mr Brenons picture Rasputin We go to her church on Sundays Frank Brownlee he was Martin We love him best of all he is our Father he was in a Company with My Mother a great Meny years ago on the real stage. he has a fine car. he plays very heavy parts. he is a good actor. so is Alice Lake. she doesn't care if I Watch her som people think she is a lady she is'nt she is a Metro star. Mother said she worked very hard she will be very hight up very soon. I liked my part in "Should a Woman Tell?" the scene where Alice went away was the best, and when I gave Itchie his bath, Itchie isn't his Name, it is the way he can say Richard, he is so little. I love Mr Ince he is the best director in the whole world, he loves me I know. he wanted me to sing. you know I cant sing Much but I can dance. That is why I always want to watch Madam Nazimova she dances in her pictures sometimes. She is a wonderful actrss she has beautifyl hands maybe I will be able to act like her some day, when I Meet her I want to look at her all the time. Mother wont let me. she says its rude. Do you know Viola Dana is almost as small as me. she is very cute. I want to grow up and play good parts and get big chechs with lots of Money in them so I can buy Mother a house and a car and a fur coat and a diamomd ring just the way Viola Dana does for her Mother. for My Mother is good too.



# Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

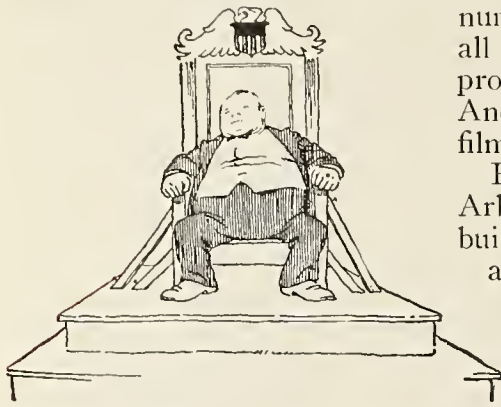
SKETCHES BY  
H. L. DRUCKLIEB



## Attention—Voters!

Inasmuch as none of the many political parties at present infesting our, so-as-to-say, peaceful country have seen fit to put a ticket in the field that would appeal to movie fans—we shall do it ourself.

While it may be remarked that Fade-Outs is rather infantile to paddle in politics, being but twenty-two months old—back numbers for sale by all dealers—we are profusely precocious. And so we launch our filmocratic boomlet:



For President: Fatty Arbuckle. He's not built like a ruler, but any one would have a hard time getting around him.

For Vice President: No one. The President takes up so much room there's none left for a V. P. Anyway, there'd be no place for vice in our film ticket.

If Fatty should be elected we solemnly pledge ourself to use our powerful influence with him to build the following Cabinet:

Secretary of State: Robert McKim. A bad-man for a bad job. Bob is so accustomed to getting the worst of it in the films, that should the President fire him 'twould not worry him a bit.

Secretary of War: Dave Griffith. He has shown 'em how to make it.

Secretary of The Navy: Mack Sennett. The man who brought the Pacific Ocean and its ornaments to your very doors. He has done more to make water famous than the wholeblamed Prohibition party.

Secretary of Agriculture: Charlie Ray. Comment unnecessary.

Secretary of The Interior: Tom Ince. He knows the game from the inside.

Secretary of Commerce: Charlie Chaplin. He "goes" everywhere.

Secretary of The Treasury: Fade-Outs.

And with this sublime Cabinet in session, again would we be in a position to exert our aforesaid muscular influence to put over:

Marie Prevost—as The Goddess Of Limberty.

The Deportation of all Censors.

The Decapitation of nuts who read subtitles aloud.

AND last—still most important—the appointment of Billy West as ambassador to Ujihoji, which is the farthestmost island of the Fiji's. No one ever returns from Ujihoji.

—o—

## Ain't Grammar Great?

In a former issue we kiddingly referred to a publicist's English which made Harry Morey "chase him-

self." At the time of its appearance we believed that wheeze to be about as silly as the rest of our stuff—but you never can tell! It has come true.

Lewis Stone, in "The River's End," pursues himself for five reels, thus proving that the impossible is always probable.

—o—

## Well, That's Something!

In "On With The Dance," Mae Murray, as a cabaret dancer, wore a mask to conceal her identity.

From where we sat—first row—and judging her costume, that's about all she did conceal. It must be awful to be blind!

—o—

## They Kept Us Home Evenings!

Yep, in a way we miss F. X. B. and Theda from the screen. Their pictures always afforded us a grand little opportunity to become better acquainted with our flat and furniture.

—o—

## D. C.?

Leah Baird's "The Capitol" reveals a lot of queer things. But when you come to think of it, that's just what the Capitol has been doing for the past two or three years.

—o—

## Random Remarks.

(Suggested By Current Titles)

"Alarm Clock Andy."

Big Ben's country cousin.

"Jes' Call Me, Jim!"

All right—whatcha got?

"My Lady's Garter."

Rubber!

"Excuse My Dust!"

As the turtle said to the flivver.

"The Strange Boarder."

He paid a month in advance!

"Black Is White."

Not in Memphis.

—o—

## Song: "The Rye Is Through Coming!"

Oh, "Empty Pockets" and "Empty Arms"

Are two dramas fine, I think;

But empty bottles and empty bars

Are tragedies black as ink!

Chorus:

I'd rather be Miss Mary P. than homely;

I'd rather be E. Bennett than enamel!

I'd rather be Will

Rogers than be

comely;

I'd rather be a Cu-

ban than a camel!

—o—

## Fast Wimmin!

"The Sporting

Duchess." (Vita.)

"The Vamp."

(Par.)

"Sylvia On A

Spree." (Metro.)





"Du Barry." (Fox.)  
 "All-Of-A-Sudden-Peggy." (Par.-Art.)  
 "The Captive Bride." (Western.)

—o—  
**That's Why They Call It A Lottery!**

Regarding "The Fortune Hunter" 'tis remarked:  
 "A man went forth seeking an heiress for a wife and  
 married a poor girl. Such is love!"

Ye-ah, and such is tuffluck, too! The girls oughta  
 have signs on 'em! Why, once we did some seeking  
 like that and had to marry six poor girls before we  
 found one who was an heiress.

—o—  
**Aw—You Know How It Is!**

"Do you believe that the soul of a woman rules the  
 world?" asks Fox's publicity.

Well, hard—(yes, my dear!)—er—as we were about  
 to say—we surely DO believe so, (coming, darling!)  
 —yes, sir—when a woman puts down her sole we  
 JUMP! (All right, pet!)—exit.

—o—  
**The Day That Delight Dawned!**

June seventh should be observed, celebrated, and  
 hilariously hurraed throughout this land as a national  
 holiday.

Upon that day, in 1900, Mary Pickford appeared in  
 her first picture—"The Violin Maker of Cremona"—  
 (Biograph).

—o—  
**A Cruel Deception!**

Eugene O'Brien, in "His  
 Wife's Money," becomes real  
 angry with his wife when he  
 discovers she is rich.

Let that be a lesson to you  
 young fellers who leap before  
 you look—into the pocket-  
 book.

Ah, how dreadful; how ut-  
 terly shocking and disillusion-  
 ing it must be for a man to  
 wed a girl believing her poor,  
 and then to discover that she  
 has money!

Well, it could never happen to us. That would be  
 the very first question we'd ask 'em.

—o—  
**Universal Astronomy.**

Universal publicity refers to Priscilla Dean as "a  
 meteor whirling in its orbit!"

If we ever talked like that back in the dear old  
 campus-days our astronomy Prof. would have kept us  
 after school.

A meteor has no orbit. It bisects, busts into, and  
 clamorously clutters up the orbits of the steady and  
 well-behaved planets, but a meteor itself wouldn't know  
 an orbit from a  
 surcingle.

And anyway, a  
 meteor is a fall-  
 ing star—which  
 Priscilla is NOT!  
 She's going the  
 other way all the  
 time! —o—

**"Dangerous Hours"**  
 (Ince.)

Our bulldog.  
 Our mother-in-  
 law.  
 Our home-  
 made hootch.



Our safety razor.  
 Our gas range.  
 Our temper.

—o—  
 We haven't as yet seen  
 "The Honey Bee," but if it is  
 any relation to the one we  
 tried to pet in the garden one  
 day—it has a red-hot ending!



—o—  
**Answer to Correspondent:**

Roy Jennings, Akron,  
 Ohio: Glad to hear you and  
 Mrs. Wife like us. You married the right girl. Here's  
 the idea: If you like Fade-Outs, tell Mr. Gatchell. If  
 you don't like 'em—keep it a secret. No, the billiewests  
 are never glad over the things we say about them.  
 They are glad over the things we refrain from saying  
 about them. Think it over. Perhaps they realize that  
 some actors, like eggs, must be sat upon to produce  
 anything worth while. Love to Mike. Call again.

—o—  
**Struggling Actors.**

James O'Neill played "Mukoki," the Indian guide, in  
 "The Courage of Marge O'Doone." In one scene he  
 is supposed to be attacked by a pack of starving sled  
 dogs. To make the scene strong, the dogs were actually

starved for three days. To  
 make it still more huskier,  
 O'Neill filled his shirt with  
 raw meat so the doggies  
 would be really interested.

They were. When O'Neill  
 was finally unscrambled from  
 the teeth-and-fur cyclone  
 which had frolicked with him,  
 he had lost consciousness and  
 was badly lacerated in the ex-  
 treme—and elsewhere.

A remarkable occurrence!  
 The nearest approach to it  
 was the time we went to  
 Truckee to make a congealed

feature. We didn't make the picture for the same  
 reason that Lady Godiva didn't get sun burned. It  
 snowed that day. Also the next several days. The  
 only thing we shot was a lot of new words into the  
 cuss-dictionary.

And we ran out of the makin's. Then we located  
 an extra who had 'em, and who was hoarding them for  
 his exclusive inhalation. He had the makin's inside  
 his most inside shirt.

When they pried us off him his inside shirt was  
 mostly outside, and we had the makin's. But that extra  
 never lost consciousness' once. He yelled so loud it  
 brought on another snowfall of six feet, and one of  
 our eyes was black until St. Patrick's Day! Ye-ah, he  
 retained his faculties, all right!

—o—  
**Well, Doesn't She?**

"Oh, Love makes the world go around!"  
 That means Bessie Love, I'll be bound!  
 For is it not true,  
 Doesn't Bessie make you  
 Go around where her pictures are found?

—o—  
**Time Is Money.**

Speaking of precious hours and priceless moments,  
 as a poet will do at times—what do you think of Charlie  
 Ray paying fifty thousand dollars for "Forty-five min-  
 utes From Broadway"?

(Continued on page 82)

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# Bessie Claims Her Own

By Edna Foley

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by these glimpses of "The Midlanders," her first release under the new régime, whether you think your opinion is going to be the same as hers.

The public has been most enthusiastic about her when she appeared in variations of the Cinderella theme. And Bessie has obligingly given us more than one dear little tatterdemalion who stands out clearly among memories of screen characterizations. It is said on good authority that she plans to do "The Old Curiosity Shop" within the year, which should give us a Bessie more beloved, if anything.

**W**EIGHTED by miserable stories and incompetent direction, little Miss Love has struggled on her starry way, sustained only by her personality and talent. With just fair coöperation, this soul-eyed child will far surpass anything she has yet done."

That's what Herbert Howe said in "A Forecast of Future Films," some months ago, in PICTURE-PLAY. That's what a good many fans thought, too. And Bessie Love thought they probably were right; so she formed a company of her own, and now we're about to see just what sort of story and what sort of production Bessie feels she ought to have. Perhaps you can tell



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# “The Truth”

Adapted from a mystic spirit message received by the Goldwyn star in the play of the title quoted above, while amusing herself between the shooting of some scenes for the production, at the Metropolitan Museum of Natural History, in New York City \*

By C. L. Edson

---

LITTLE Madge Kennedy  
(List to my threnody)  
Dropped a few tears  
For the old spook di-no-don,  
Whose bones stood corrodin'  
For millions of years.

Oh, what could be sadder  
Than her (on a ladder)  
All weepy with gloom,  
With Di-no beside her  
(Like Muffit's "big spider"),  
Perched there in his tomb!

“Wee witherin' beastie”—  
She quoted (at least he  
Was *withered* enough)—  
“Poor creature primeval,  
The moth and the weevil  
Have treated you rough.

“Alas, you poor Yorick,  
In days prehistoric,  
You wandered about;  
There was nothing worth seeing,  
No pleasure in being—  
And now you're snuffed out!”

The poor old di-no-don  
Came near to explodin'.  
“My dear, do not grieve,”  
He said; “this old chappie  
Is not so unhappy  
As folks might believe.

“While 'statesman' and grafter  
Keep driving *you* dafter,  
From pillar to post,  
And profiteers bleed you  
By mail, phone, and ouija,  
I'm glad I'm a *ghost*.

“No H. C. L. flurries  
Can add to my worries.  
Why, say! you don't *know* me?  
Tho' I'm a Silurian,  
I'm some Missourian,  
And you've gotta *show* me.”

\*The author, not the editor, assumes responsibility for the authenticity of this message.

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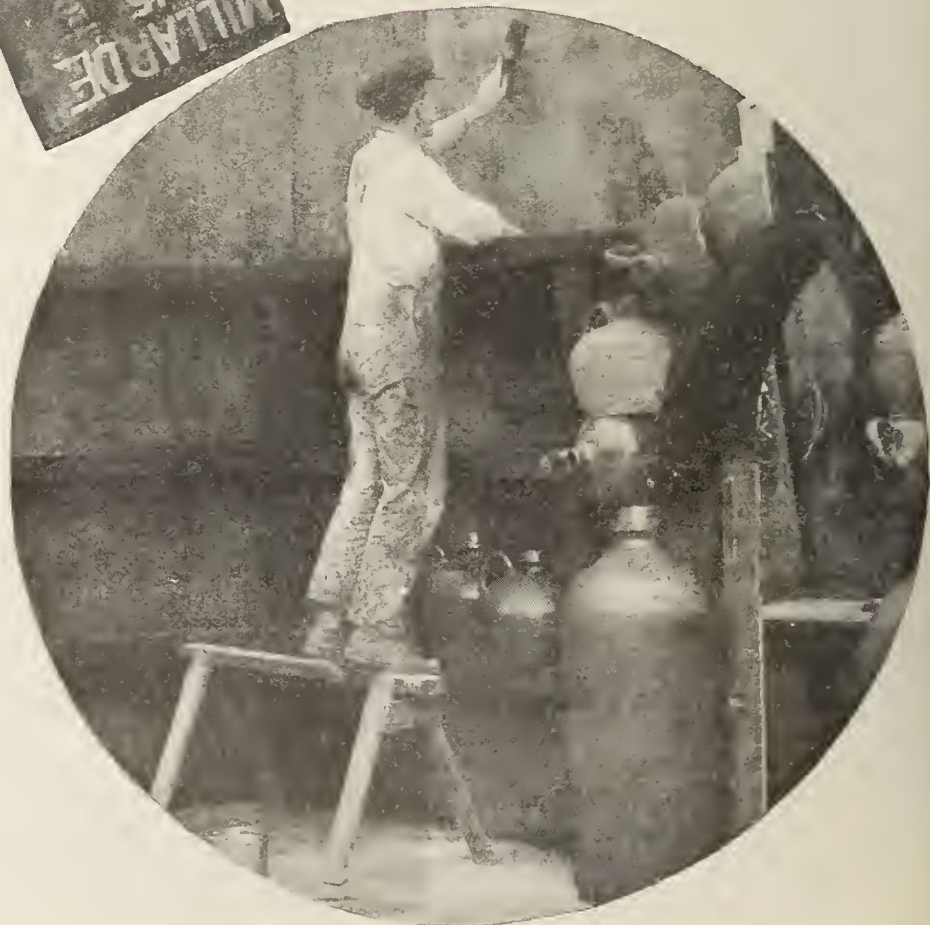


Here we have the draftsman, at work designing a set. The training he brought with him when he joined the picture industry is that of any architect. But instead of planning permanent buildings, he designs edifices, quite as elaborate, but built "only for a day." There are big possibilities in this line of work, now that sets have become so faithful in detail and so artistic in their conceptions. And the designer of sets who becomes art director for a large producing organization, need not be so very envious of the high-salaried star or director.



The draftsman comes to the studio with a technical education. Not so the cameraman. He begins as assistant cameraman, and receives, at first, as little as twenty dollars a week. For a time he is an apprentice, keeping record of the shots as they are made, attending to all the details—even to lugging the heavy tripods—so as to leave his "boss" free to work with the director and to think of nothing but the actual photography. If the assistant is alert, he'll soon find himself in charge of a camera.

Scene painters who work for the movies are far from being the humble artisans you might take them to be. They are trained artists, jealous of their craft, and highly paid. Their helpers are not called apprentices, but students, and they are obliged to supplement their training by studying in the art schools.



# If You Can't

Why not start at the bottom—

By Charles

**T**HOUSANDS of persons, scattered all over the world, are wondering how they can get into the movies. The great industry, with its many branches and the wonderful possibilities it offers, holds a greater attraction to-day than perhaps any other line of human endeavor. And most persons who think about getting into the movies think only of becoming scenario writers or famous stars. Yet there are many other departments, some of them seldom heard of, which offer large rewards. And there is scarcely a job around a studio which may not lead to big things if the person holding it knows how to take advantage of opportunity when it stops and beckons him.

You remember, perhaps, that Bobby Harron began as office boy at the old Biograph studio, when D. W. Griffith was beginning his work there? Well, his

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# Begin on Top

or slip in through a side door?

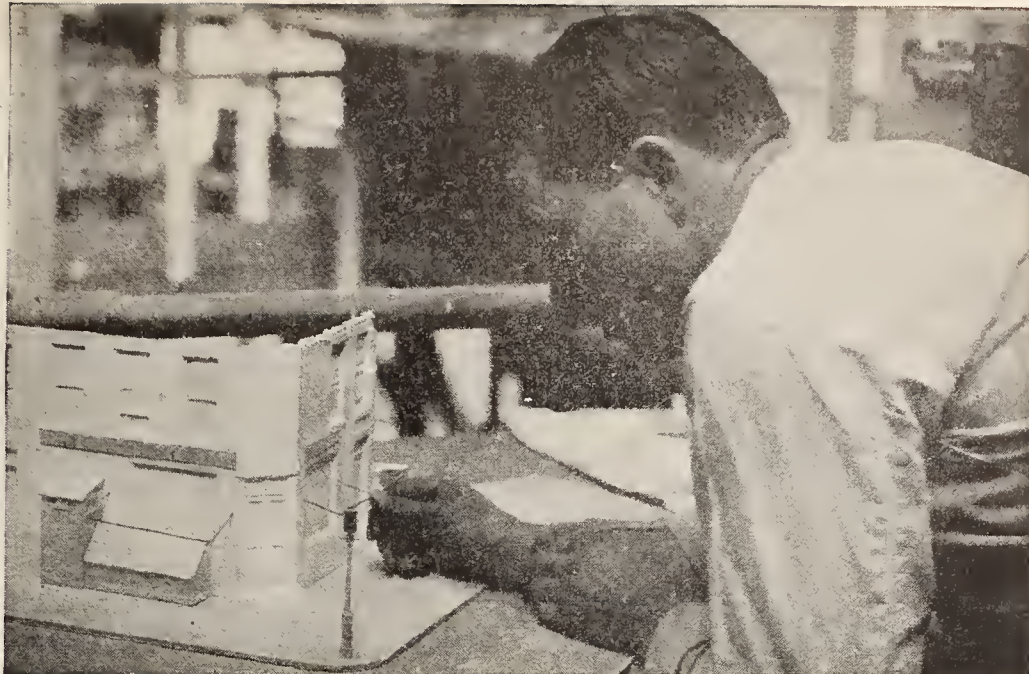
Carter

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is not an isolated case. I know of another lad who began in a similar capacity and who is now the general manager of a big company, and of others who are on their way toward the top.

They are in every studio, these ambitious youngsters who are destined to achieve big things within a few years. You might not always recognize them, for their present jobs are in many cases mere stepping stones, and the man with the biggest future before him may be doing the roughest kind of work and wearing the most soiled clothes to-day.

But let's peek inside of a few studios and see a few of the occupations that offer a chance for congenial employment.



The builder of miniature sets, like the draftsman, is a trained architect. Perhaps, he, too, will some day become an art director. The purpose of miniature sets, by the way, is to give the director an idea of how the finished set will appear. For, when the miniature is complete, the director can visualize the finished work, and it is cheaper to order the changes in the models than it would be after the large sets were completed.

Since Jesse Lasky began his professional life as the leader of an orchestra, and Maxwell Karger, director general of Metro, was formerly first violin at the Metropolitan Opera House, isn't it natural to conclude that there's some subtle connection between music and the art of the screen? At any rate the young violinist in the accompanying picture, who is engaged to play in the studios, seems to be extremely interested in his work. He may become a director general some day!

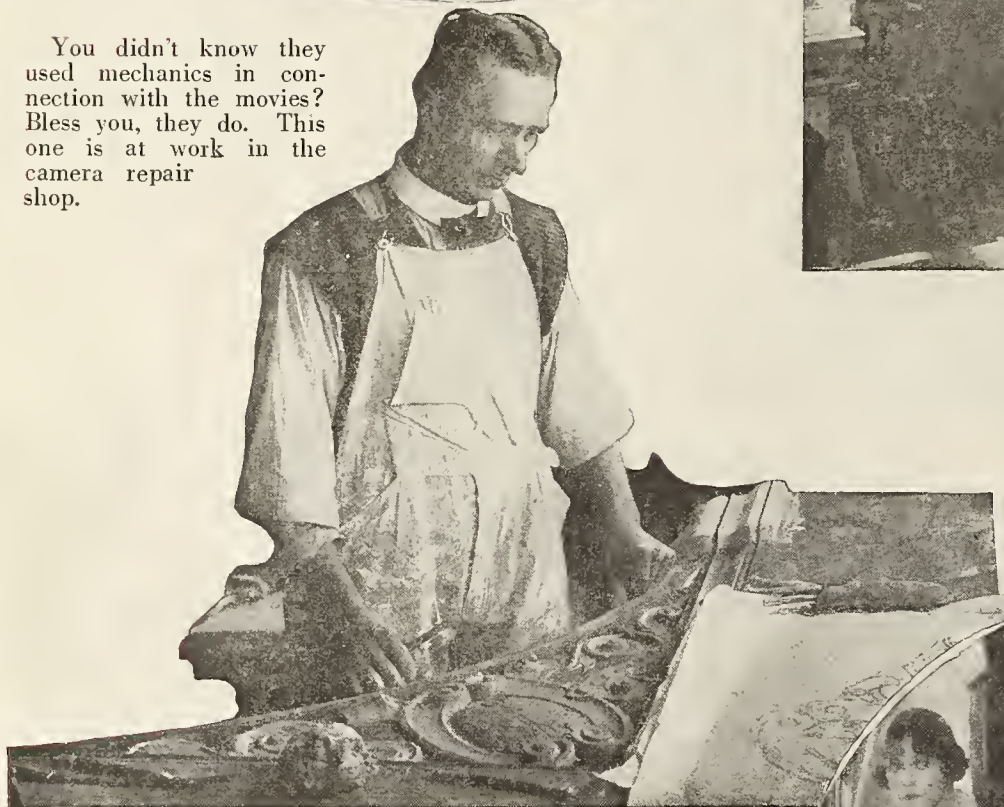


Studio electricians are craftsmen who come to the studios fully trained for their work. Usually they are recruited like the scene painters, from the theaters. Probably no greater improvements have been made in connection with the art of the screen than in the lighting, and there are still more big things to be achieved in this line. Perhaps, the lad in this picture will contribute his share, and become famous.

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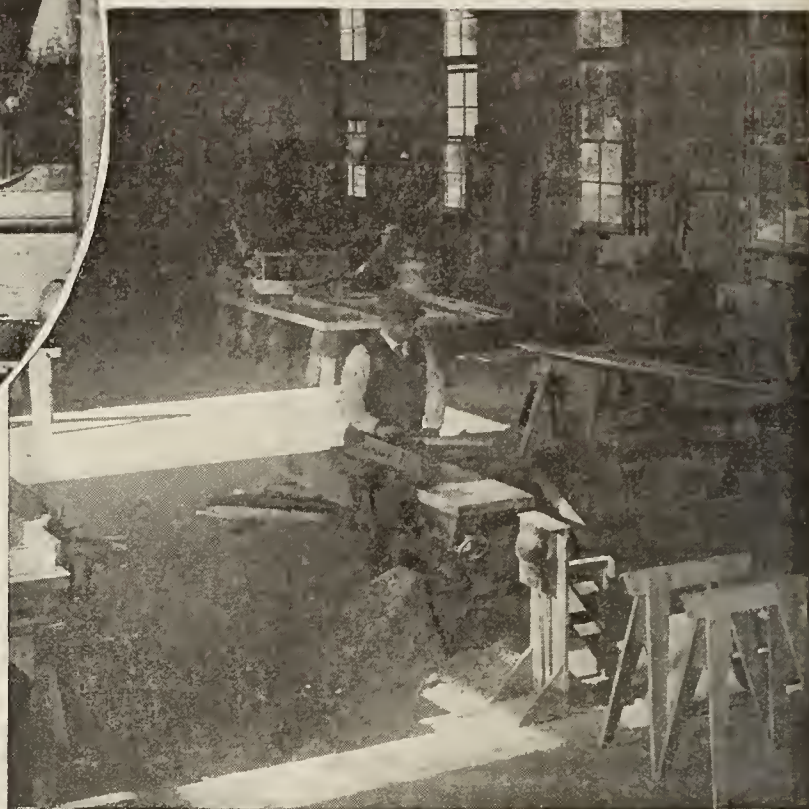


You didn't know they used mechanics in connection with the movies? Bless you, they do. This one is at work in the camera repair shop.



Among the studio trades that are seldom heard of is that of the sculptor. Architectural decorations, such as the artist is working on in the picture above, are modeled in clay, from the designs of the draftsman, as you can see. Like the scenic artist, this sculptor has studied in one of the art schools. This is a comparatively simple piece of work he is on now. But he may be called upon next to model a Venus or a Hercules.

The carpenter shop doesn't offer so many opportunities, perhaps, as the scenario department, but when a man rises to have charge of the building of all the sets—well, you can see that that is quite a responsible job—and a well-paid one.



Ah! Here's a job—that of wardrobe mistress. To be responsible for all the gowns of a studio is no small undertaking. Once learned, it becomes a job for a lifetime. And though the rewards do not equal those of the star—they are more permanent.

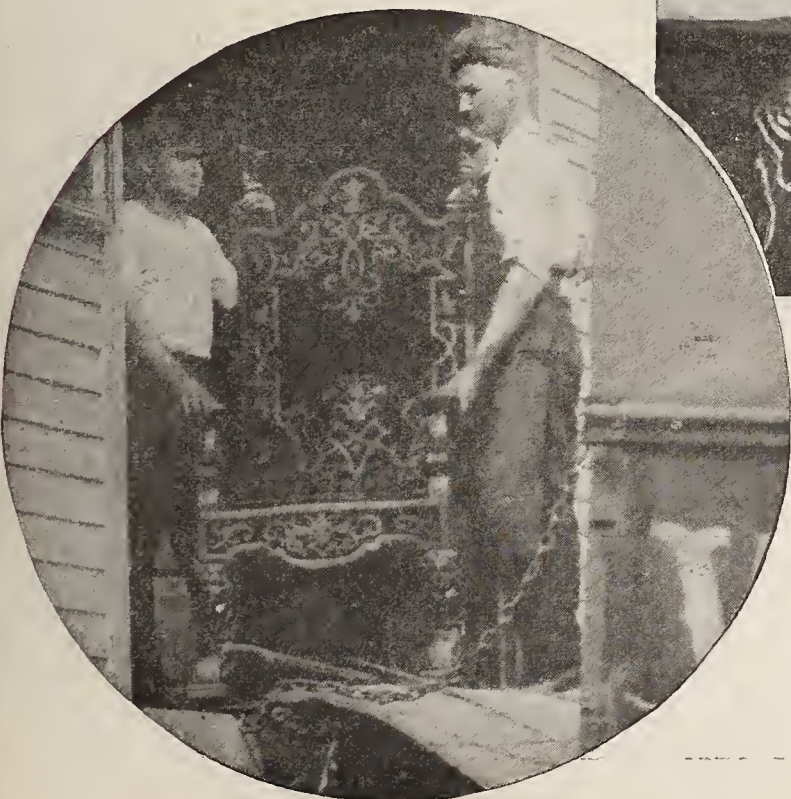


The cameraman rivals the director in being responsible for the fine effectiveness of a picture. Sometimes he shares the credit. He is not so highly paid as his superior in puttees, since he receives a mere one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars a week. But then—think of the fun he has!



More than one bright stenographer has procured a job in a scenario department, and learned to write screen plays. That's a tip for some one!

Even if you have no trade at all you can find some way to get connected with the industry in some such department as the film-cutting room. Then, if you have other talents, you may find a way to be transferred.



At least, you can help move properties! It may not be a very lucrative job, but it will get you inside the studio. And that, after all, is the main thing. But remember that, though there are several other trades, professions, and jobs connected with the making of the movies, beside those we have mentioned here, the only way of getting a foothold in any of them, is to be on the spot. Writing letters of application for a job will do you no good. You can only get one by applying in person at the studios, for the competition in this alluring field is tremendous, and only the most persistent ones survive.

# A Cynic of the Screen

Conway Tearle loves to make very surprisingly frank remarks such as stars are not supposed to indulge in.



*He has dark brown eyes and wavy black hair.*

By Frances Gray

YES, preaching is now my favorite indoor sport."

Conway Tearle spoke lightly, with that inflection of tone and voice which betokens the typical New Yorker. He is starring, you know, as the English rector in "Michael and His Lost Angel," and though he was correctly garbed in the cloth of the Church of England there was something about him that suggested a corner in the Lambs' Club, a game of cards, or, if it were in the old days, a cocktail or a high-ball.

Conway Tearle is tall and wonderfully built, with dark brown eyes and wavy black hair—just the kind that you—if you are a girl—would like to run your fingers through; but with a detached air of dignity and reserve that would forever banish the thought from even the boldest feminine mind.

I found him on the set doing a scene with his secretary. It was an exquisitely appointed library, furnished, as novelists would say, "with elegant simplicity," old mahogany furniture, rugs, and draperies of rose and dull blue, and a few good reproductions of paintings by the old masters on the walls. The furnishings for the set, he told me later, were designed by Clara Kimball Young, who puts her personality into interior decorating quite as effectively as she does into her own acting.

"I'm afraid I'm going to be terribly uninteresting to interview," he began apologetically as he strolled off the set at the end of the scene. "You see I have only played in about fifteen pictures, so I am not at all a veteran at the game."

## This Way,

By Vara

I'VE read about the screen producers' troubles  
To find "real" types to fit their different plays,  
Of how they're forced scenarios to alter,  
And change their scripts a dozen different ways.  
So I make bold to offer this suggestion,  
As Baedeker for types 'twill aid their tour:  
They need not search the highways and the byways,  
Their hunt will end right on our street, I'm sure.

Now if they're looking for a real Beau Brummel  
Just stop and note the barber on our street;  
His marcelled hair—style debonair—and blandness—  
Could polished Chesterfield with him compete?  
And when they need a brigand, there's our grocer,  
With the glitter of malevolence in his eye!  
He can stage a highway robbery with a cabbage,  
And never yet has victim gotten by.



"You might tell me what your hobby is," I suggested hopefully.

"Well, I hardly know," he replied. "I'm very fond of boxing—though I'm not in Doug Fairbanks' class, by any means. And then I love to tinker with anything, from trying to fix the spring in the kitchen clock to taking my car to pieces and being unable to put it together again."

By just such a tinkering man has many a well-ordered household been upset, I thought inwardly, but, of course, I didn't mention it aloud—Conway looked too sort of aloof for any such frivolity.

So I waited in expectant silence while Mr. Tearle applied more powder to his already cosmeticked countenance.

"This California weather takes all my pep," he wearily complained. "I don't see where people get all these stories about California climate being so much more wonderful than any other. I prefer New York myself. I don't see why all motion pictures can't be made there. That is the real theatrical center."

"How long do you expect to be out here, then?" I ventured.

"Only long enough to complete 'Michael and His Lost Angel' and one other picture. I love the snow, and by the time I get back to my home in Westchester, New York, it will be all gone."

I surmised that what he really loved more than the snow was Gotham's gay winter season, and he admitted it, his clerical garb notwithstanding.

"You have been on the legitimate stage quite a long time, haven't you?"

"Yes, and I never mean to quit it," he emphatically replied. "Of course, there is less money in it than in the screen, but there is a great deal more thrill. I've played with Ethel Barrymore, Ellen Terry, Grace George, Billie Burke, and Viola Allen. I only leave off long enough to make one or two pictures and then hurry back to the footlights. My first picture was with Marguerite Clark—'Helene of the North.' Later ones have been with Mary Pickford in 'Stella Maris,' with Clara Kimball Young in 'The Common Law,' Constance Talmadge in 'The Virtuous Vamp,' and with Anita Stewart in 'Mind the Paint Girl.'"

He pronounced "paint" with just enough of the English tang to make it sound like *pint*, and when I mustered up courage to chaff him about it, he replied that he was not the first to say "Mind the Pint," since quarts are a thing of the past.

"The thing I detest from the very depths of my soul," he went on, "is getting up early in the morning. You don't have to do that when you're on the legitimate stage, you know. Your mornings then are your own except for special rehearsals, but in the pictures your mornings and your afternoons and any other time that he wants are the director's. I have strong constitutional objections to putting on my dress clothes at seven-thirty in the morning and wearing them all day," he finished, with conviction.

"Do you expect ever to retire from the screen?" This cautiously from me.

"Well," said Mr. Tearle. "I can't say anything definite on that score. I hear that Mary Pickford is going to retire when she has made six million dollars, but I won't make any reckless statements, because no matter what mark I set I would probably die of old age before I reached it. You ask me if there is any thrill to the picture business. Yes, there is, and that's the weekly pay check. But aside from that," he finished in his perfectly modulated, though world-weary voice, "it's a dull, drab world; that's all."

And from the kind of life that the cultured Conway Tearle has led, I imagine it is, at that.



He wears a clergyman's garb in his first starring vehicle.

## Director!

Macbeth Jones

And for a grand dame, I propose the lady

That condescends to sell me lingeree;

Her majestic air would paralyze a mummy!

Ne'er such hauteur did royalty display.

Or if they wish a maiden quite alluring,

Coy, coquettish, and delectable to view,

There's the girl that juggles sundaes at our drug store,

She could surely put the "new" in ingénue.

And right beneath my rooftree is a vampire,

A siren wished on me by dire Fate;

The original home-wrecker, I assure you—

She's wrecked my nerves, my bank book, and my plates!

And not content, she now has ruined my husband—

Gastronomically he'll never be the same;

Oh, if it is a *vampire* they are needing

My cook can out-vamp any in the game!



# A Modern

We never really "grow up," and back, every now and then,

By Martin

**S**HE was beautiful, was *Lady Falkland*—I needn't set any standard of comparison for her beauty, because she is played by Mae Murray on the screen, and so comparisons are unnecessary. And she had had a very unhappy past, before the picture began, with ugly shadows all through it, cast by the wealthy



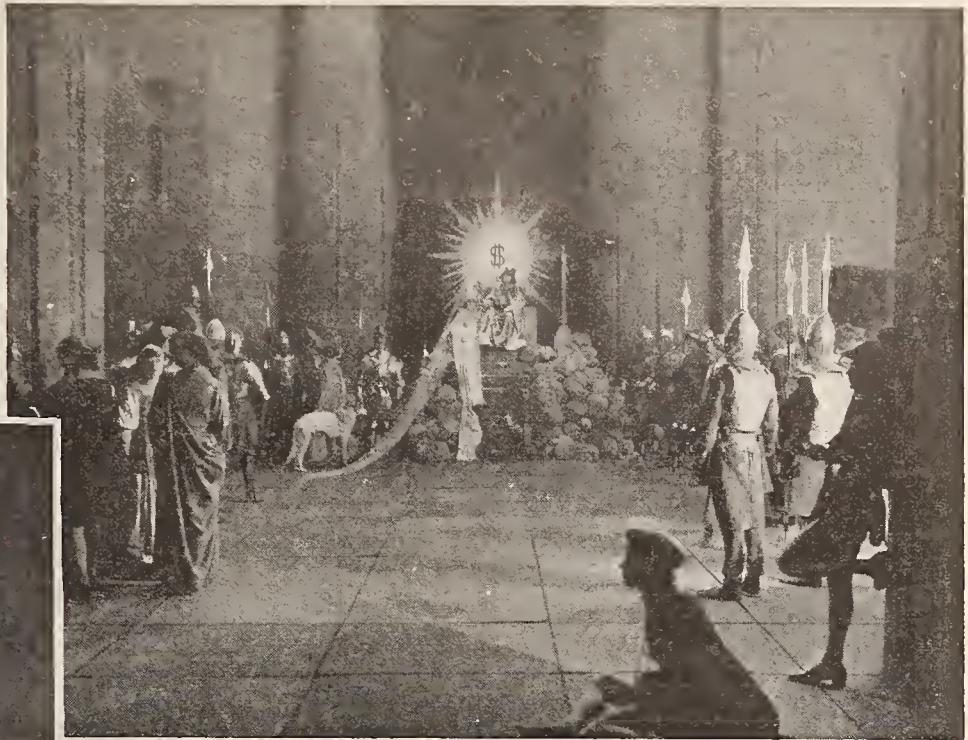
father who, eager for power, forced her to marry the man who could give it to him, and also by that man himself, who tilted the silver cup of her life so that she tasted only its bitter dregs.

George Fitzmaurice, the Famous Players-Lasky director, didn't care much for that wretched, sordid past that the heroine of "The Man Who Killed" had to look back upon, and he didn't feel that you'd care much about it, either. But Ouida Bergere, his wife, and also one of the cleverest of scenario writers, obligingly had an inspiration that would sugar-coat the disagreeable bit of a background and yet give you all its facts when the story opens. She knew the potency of fairy lore—of knights in armor and fair ladies in dire distress, and so she let the story of that past be all silvered over

# Fairy Tale

wise directors, knowing it, take us into the land of romance.

J. Bent



of the costume drama, while rejoicing that it can be put over in the picturization of such classics as "Treasure Island" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." But he is not producing it in tabloid form as consistently as has Cecil De Mille; the picture on which he is working now has no trace of it.



with the magic of olden times. Each of the characters in the main story was given an allegorical rôle, such as "The King of Power," "The King of Wealth," "The Ice Lady"—and they enact the story of the heroine's past as she tells it, in the form of a fairy story, to her little son.

It is interesting to see Fitzmaurice's use of the material of which costume plays are made, and to speculate as to whether he has unconsciously been influenced by Cecil De Mille's use of that same material in somewhat the same way. Everybody remembers the "vision" scenes which have marked the De Mille productions; "Old Wives for New," "Don't Change Your Husband," "Male and Female"—the gorgeous miniature costume plays that were introduced in them easily found a place in one's memory.

Mr. Fitzmaurice regrets the enforced absence



"I'm the velvet-and-soft-satin type of person," said Miss Glaum.

## Are You a Velvet or a Calico Girl?

Don't wear one if you're the type to wear the other,  
says Louise Glaum.

By Louise Williams

**I**T was in Algiers, on a golden day, when the city's pink and blue and green houses slept in the sunlight, and the sea slapped lazily against the wall that restrained it.

A peacock came across the grass toward me, with proud, slow gait and then suddenly stopped and spread his tail so that its green and royal blue made a vivid half circle against the walls of the old palace behind him. And I looked from his brilliancy to the Arab attendant near by, with his white burnoose and bare brown feet, and wondered if in the future anything would ever bring back to me in a sudden vivid sweep of memory the atmosphere of that languorous, colorful afternoon.

Recently I went to see Louise Glaum in her suite at a New York hotel, and, when I met her, that bit of old Algiers was brought back to me. The background had nothing to do with it; it was just a typical hotel living room, looking down on strident, blatant Broadway. Nor was it due to anything that Miss Glaum did, consciously, to produce an unusual effect. She does not try to be exotic or temperamental; yet, the moment you look into her eyes, you are reminded of all sorts of things that are foreign to just plain America—moon-flooded lagoons

and the music of muted violins and, in my case at least, bronze and green and blue peacocks proudly displaying their beauty. For her eyes are remarkable. They are very large and a yellowish brown, with a hint of green, in color. They are the sort of eyes you see once or twice in a lifetime.

We talked about peacocks, Miss Glaum and I; two great metal ones on an electric sign just across from the hotel brought up the subject.

"It was nice to have them here to welcome me when I arrived," she laughed, "I have two at home, you know; they're my favorite pets."

She spoke of them as casually as if they'd been kittens. And I repeated "two" quite inately, because my mind was busy with pictures of the stunning Louise in a California garden, with her birds posing beside her.

"Yes, they're very interesting, except when they run away. One of them got out the other day and flew into the trees, and I had a terrible time pursuing him, with all the small boys in the neighborhood joining in the chase. I almost sent for Bill Hart to come



Soft lace and satin make an effective negligee.

to the rescue with his lasso."

The transition from peacocks to clothes was a short one and came about through my reference to her odd little silk blouse—a Persian-patterned one of interesting design and dull green and blue coloring.

"Women ought to know the texture of their own characters," she declared, after we'd discussed the fact that she designed her costumes for "Sex," as she has for many other pro-

ductions of hers. "I mean that they ought to know just what their own type is and then bring it out by the fabrics they wear as well as by the designs and colors they select.

"For example, don't you know women whose coloring and features and brisk, alert type of mind suggest smart, crisp frocks of taffeta and freshly pressed serge suits and white blouses with crinkly frills? They ought to wear materials of that sort, instead of slimpsy crêpe de Chine things or soft materials, like duvetyn, for instance. Then, there's the girl whose face is of the quaint, old-fashioned type; the girl who loves home making and nice, simple things—and doesn't care for my pictures," with a little laugh. "She's what I call a calico girl; she ought to wear simple little dresses of English print or plain, dark stuff, with ruffy fichus.

"It's tremendously interesting to classify women and select characteristic fabrics for them. Just try it yourself. For instance, there's the tailored woman, the athletic girl, the vivacious, piquant one, the solid, dignified type, the motherly girl, the smart, sophisticated one—always wears hats with loads of black bird of paradise feathers, you know, and sleek satin frocks, and even sleeps in her earrings, I'll wager—and the one who's just girlish and refuses ever to graduate from sailor collars and bow ties."

"And how about you; where do you fit in with this theory—or don't you?" I asked. So often those who make general rules for other women's clothes



*She predicted the shawl's return to favor.*



*Silk Jersey and a scarlet sash for sports wear.*

exempt themselves as you doubtless know!

"Oh, I do—I'm easy to classify," she answered quickly. "I'm the velvet-and-soft-satin type of person. I don't mean that the heavy, clinging things suit me best; what you'd think of as a Madame Petrova gown would never express my personality at all, of course. But the softer materials, that are supple and drape beautifully—they are the ones that are appropriate for me when I'm just myself. Of course, in pictures I have to consider the type of woman I'm playing; that makes a great deal of difference.

*Continued on page 80*



*It's easy enough to look pleasant while the ostrich is standing still—but oh, boy, when he bolts! Shirley had it all figured out that when she landed it would probably be on top of Viola, and Viola's mind hastily arranged a backward flip that would make Shirley act as cushion. Incidentally, neither plan worked.*

*Any traffic cop who thinks he's busy ought to talk to Shirley Mason. She drove an ostrich five minutes and has been talking ever since about what the crossing policemen would have on their hands if the ostrich took the place of the Ford. "Garbage instead of gasoline—no tires to buy—it'd be cheap—but, oh, so swift!" said Shirley.*

## Anything— to Get a Picture!

**G**ET ready to jump!" shrieked Viola. "Not till they take our picture!" Shirley made grim reply. She clung to her sister till the camera had clicked, then both tumbled to the ground just as their steed caromed off across the inclosure.

Having your picture taken on ostrich-back is no joke, and if you've never been one of the hundreds of tourists who try it you can't imagine how exciting it is. They put a blindfold on the somewhat erratic steed, help you to his back, hastily remove the bandaging handkerchief, snap your picture, and you get off just as fast as you can, or else have a wild ride that's faster than it is pleasant.

I won't tell you how Viola Dana and Shirley Mason got off; if they could do that same stunt on the screen some of our professional comedians would be green with envy, but the well-known Metro star and William Fox's recent stellar acquisition both swear they'll never repeat it, *never*—not on any provocation! So your chance is gone forever—you should have been at the ostrich farm the day we were there, and you'd have remembered Viola's agility and Shirley's acrobatics all your life.

"What do we do now?" demanded Shirley, who was bound to see all there was to be seen. They'd already had a safe and sane ride in the little cart that one of the birds draws, and Viola vouchsafed the



What these stars won't do in order to appear in a novel setting.

By  
Caroline Bell

*"You feed him first," urged Viola. So her sister did—and if you want to know what happened then you'll have to read this story. Furthermore, if you ever see Viola Dana surreptitiously leaving home with a watermelon under her arm, just follow her to the ostrich farm; it isn't safe to let her take such a trip alone.*



*"They do everything in high; haven't any reverse mechanism—don't know how to manage speed. And I couldn't find the brakes." That's Viola Dana's description of her attempt to ride an ostrich. She's never been quite the same since she tried it, either; no automobile's greatest speed seems more than a crawl to her.*

information that she didn't care to try any more rides that were closely connected with ostriches.

"They don't know how to change speeds; they do everything in high," she commented. "And they haven't any reverse gear. I couldn't find the brakes on that one that I rode, and when we were driving we went so fast that I expected a collision any minute. No more for me!"

"Why not feed them?" suggested Shirley. "It's nearly time for tea."

So they acquired a supply of oranges and tried it. The first experiment was almost disastrous. Accompanied by Viola, who clung to her arm in case a speedy withdrawal was necessary—she told me afterward that she fully expected that "the beast," as she called it, would swallow her sister's arm along with the orange—Shirley advanced gingerly and held up her contribution. It was accepted; yea, even gulped. And then—shrill soprano shrieks rent the air.

"He'll strangle—he'll choke—save him, somebody!" You could have heard Viola at the Alexandria Hotel, miles away.

"He didn't chew it—he took it whole," howled Shirley, covering her eyes with her hands so that she wouldn't see the ostrich's suffering. But she peeked through her fingers,

*Continued on page 82*

# Her Private Stock

By  
Elizabeth Benneche Peterson



"Aren't they wonderful?" she demanded, as she showed me photographs by the dozen. "Of course, I don't own all this stock yet, but some of it belongs to me, and some of it is going to, I hope. The rest would if I had everything I want—but I haven't—not in the line of prize stock, at least.

"People say I ought to specialize on just one kind of cattle," she went on, pausing in her photographic orgy. "That's what I started out to do, but I could no more resist one kind of animal than I could another. First I said I'd make it horses—but then somebody showed me some baby pigs, and I couldn't resist them. Besides, the bigger hogs look so awfully prosperous, don't they?—in terms of chops and pork roasts, I mean. Why, once I wanted to have a whole roast

pig, with an apple in its mouth, for Christmas dinner, and it cost—well, if I ever want to sell some little pigs I only hope the market price will be half as much!

"Then, just as I had my vocabulary all geared to bring in Poland Chinas and Percherons every other sentence or so, I saw the sweetest Jersey cow! And somebody gave me a lesson in milking that absolutely finished me. If you've never milked your own cow in a clover field—well, you can try it with one of mine some day, and you'll know why I insisted on buying cows."

And I think I'll accept her invitation.

**N**O, you're wrong. Gladys Brockwell's private stock isn't the kind you think it is, at all. She hasn't roped off a corner of the cellar next the preserve shelves and installed there the demijohn which her father brought back from the World's Fair, nor is she experimenting with home brew in the attic. There isn't even a bottle of vichy on the brand-new ranch which she's just bought, and all the stock—and it's very private, too, let me tell you—is out in the barnyard.

*Her private stock comes, not in demijohns, but in Jerseys.*





# HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William

Lord Wright

## Don't Forget Production Costs

A scenario editor takes into account not only the value of a story and its worth to some particular star, but he also considers the approximate cost of producing a story. The writer should guard against calling for a large number of expensive interior sets and a large number of expensive exterior locations. To call for too many elaborate sets is a weakness that many a writer never overcomes. One of the best-known screen writers of to-day has this weakness, and it is taken into consideration when his plots are considered.

Don't call for a fleet of battleships, a flock of aeroplanes, five or six differently furnished ballrooms, the entire interior of a millionaire's mansion, from den to drawing-room; spectacular scenes calling for "thousands of persons," private trains, ocean liners, and the like.

Consider the motion-picture stories you have seen on the screen. Maybe you have not noticed it, but here is a fact: in most productions you will find two or three really big interior sets. Maybe there will be a large ballroom set, a throne room—if it is a "Graustark" story—a street in Bagdad; at any rate, there will be two or three big sets that are built especially for the play, but seldom more than three. When a good scenario editor considers your plot, he considers it with an eye to expense. Of course, there have been a few notable exceptions, in which the cost of production is ignored. But these are very few. If your plot calls for a succession of massive sets, streets, palace reception rooms, et cetera, the play will surely be returned to you.

## Some Interesting Figures

Let's consider for a moment some production costs. Street sets, ballroom sets, palatial reception halls, et cetera, cost from ten thousand dollars apiece upward. And the sets are not the only items. There is the star's salary, twenty-five hundred dollars weekly or more. The supporting cast will cost five thousand dollars a week, perhaps, for the principals, and as much again for the extras. You must pay the director five hundred dollars or more a week. Camera men, frequently two of them, will draw one hundred and fifty dollars or more a week apiece. The continuity writer must be paid one hundred dollars a reel. The cost of a story is from five hundred dollars upward. To all this must be added the cost of costumes, cost of studio staff, cost of distribution, et cetera.

Now remember that it will take six weeks to make the picture, and you will see that expenses mount alarmingly.

So if you would prosper in the movie-writing game, judge the cost of expense to put on your story—in regard to locations. The exterior of the millionaire's mansion is inexpensive to "shoot," but the interior, which means the building of elaborate sets, is another matter. Try to cast your action logically, of course, but without summoning private yachts ad lib. If the producer wants to put added money into your story, well and good. But give him a plot that can be filmed within the bounds of financial reason.

**Q**UESTIONS 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.*

## Specializing

This is the day of specialization, in movieland, as elsewhere. A few years ago the contributor of plots just fired at random, and was reasonably certain to hit some mark or other. The members of the old General Film organization, which included Kalem, Edison, Vitagraph, Selig, Lubin, et cetera, each had half a dozen or more companies, comedy and dramatic stock, and all of them were crying for new material. It was the same with the independents of

that period: Imp, Thanouser, Powers, Yankee, Reliance, and Champion. Everything from split reels to five-reel features was in demand, and anything was grabbed up and used. The writer had a large market to select from and could "free lance" in the truest sense of the word.

It's different to-day. The one, two, and three-reel features have gone. The demand is for feature material to run five thousand feet or more and suitable for the talents of some particular star. You don't write so much for the general movie market any more—you aim at some star. The contracts of most of these stars call for their approval of all stories in which they are to appear, and so business must be written in by which said star is everything, and all else subservient.

## The Story Must Fit the Star

Each star has limitations and peculiarities which must be taken into consideration. Each one has little individual tricks and characteristics which must be played upon. To put a star in the wrong sort of story is dangerous both to the star and to the play; hence the star's contract clause. They put Edith Storey in Westerns once, and it didn't

pay—she needs the high-class, vampish rôles. Tom Mix tried to play the lead in a “six best seller” for Selig, and the picture was shelved and never shown. Submit anything to the managers of Mae Marsh but the “rags-and-tatters” scripts, and they will be immediately rejected. Why? Because she does better in that sort of atmosphere, as does Bessie Love. Have you a good story for Lew Cody? If so, send it to him. This means an above-the-average vehicle suited to his peculiar qualifications. He excels in the “male vamp” atmosphere—a plot in which Mr. Cody is made to appear a “devil with the women,” but which develops to show that he has saved a home from disruption or teaches a foolish swain a lesson or impels a too romantic maiden to keep in the straight and narrow. There must be a lot of pretty girls in the Cody stories, and preferably high-class society drama with sex interest.

It's the age of specialization, I repeat. The one who is to succeed in writing the motion-picture-feature plots *must study the screen*—not for the finished screen technic—leave that art to the studio-trained writer of continuity—but to study the capabilities of the stars, male and female. They all have their strong points, and they all have their weaknesses. Study their methods, their favorite tricks of acting, and their favorite expressions. Pay attention to the types of tales in which they appear. You will find, with some notable exceptions, that they all have plays calculated to make them appear at their best, and to develop that which they do best.

### We Unconsciously Copy Our Favorites

Great minds may run in the same channels—but not in motion-picture-plot writing. Every one has a natural tendency, either consciously or unconsciously, to embody plot, action, or style first originated by some other author. Submit to me a motion-picture scenario, and nine times out of ten I can tell what kind of an education the writer has, even if I do not know the scribe personally. I can easily ascertain whether he is well grounded in the classics, partial to the “six-best-sellers” type of fiction, or the Bertha M. Clay sort of novel. The influence of the kind of reading one has indulged in will be apparent in his handiwork. The lover of Dickens will develop characterization along Dickens' lines. This does not mean that the author is attempting to imitate Dickens. It is only the unconscious influence of the favorite authors on the writer.

There are, however, some authors, real and near, who take another course. One very successful movie-scenario writer cannot sell me anything at all. Why? Because on three occasions this happened: He sent in motion-picture plays that were founded on a thread of more or less original plot, but all the big situations literally were “cribbed”—to put it mildly—from various authors. This scenario writer played no favorites in a literary way. In one story of his I detected a little of Dickens, more of Wilkie Collins, one excellent situation from a B. M. Bower Western story, and a touch of John Galsworthy. Now the writer might have encroached successfully upon the old-timers like Collins and Dickens, but contemporary writers, such as Bower and Galsworthy, are rather inclined to reserve the right to their own stuff. This particular writer submitted to my company a third story, which seemed almost entirely original. It was a good story, too. However, I was fearful of taking a chance. I consulted with the powers, saying: “This chap has sent me a fine and dandy story; his other two manuscripts were steals; this seems entirely original; I haven't read *everything* in the world and cannot swear that it is not another adaptation;

shall I take a chance?” I was instructed to reject the story. Later it was produced by another concern, and a lawsuit developed for infringement of a copyright.

### The Plagiarist Is Soon Detected

The above circumstance is related just to show that a reputation for honesty is just as necessary in selling movie plots as in any other walk in life; that scenario editors nowadays are not recruited from the ranks of stock actors, but are widely read men and women; that to attempt something doubtful is likely to bar your particular work from the studio for all time; and yet some really talented authors, who have tried to put over steals, wonder why their stuff comes back. It reminds me of the well-known writer of movie continuity who, exceptionally talented in every detail of the art, yet insisted in “borrowing” continuity titles from Jack London. By some strange mental quirk this continuity writer seemed to think he was the exclusive reader of London, and seemingly he could not resist copying that author's word pictures for movie titles in other plays. Keep plugging away—but be honest always!

### What Is It?

What is that “hunch” that whispers to the experienced scenario editor that “here is a good story” as he wades through a bale of manuscripts? The editor will go along reading script after script in a half-hearted manner, for usually something tells him, even before he finishes the initial paragraph, that there is something lacking in the story. Then he takes up another manuscript the same as the rest in appearance. He reads the first few lines, and he feels the interest surging up within him—that indefinable something that foretells that he has “found something.” As he reads he has misgivings that the plot will “peter out” in the final wind-up. He hopes that the interest will keep up, but he is afraid it won't. As he reads page after page, and the story moves faster and faster, his eyes brighten, and a smile plays around his mouth. He is as pleased as an urchin with a new bicycle. And when he finishes the story he jumps up and shows it to every one in the shop that they may rejoice with him because a good one has been unearthed. It makes no difference who is the author of the story; the fact that it is a *good story for the screen* is the prime essential. Is it second-sight, psychology, or what that gently whispers to the editor right at the very beginning of the manuscript that “perhaps here is a good one at last?” Any experienced editorial reader will tell you of this strange premonition, and none will explain it satisfactorily.

### Losing Manuscripts

Manuscripts will occasionally get lost even in the best regulated scenario offices. Sometimes the author is to blame by forgetting to send his or her complete address, by putting down a wrong street number, or by writing illegibly. Sometimes, of course, the scenario department is to blame. It is a wonder that more scripts are not going astray when you consider the large number that are constantly going in and out of every motion-picture-scenario department. You should always retain a carbon copy of your story, so if it is lost the story can be recopied. If your script goes astray don't jump to the conclusion that the entire movie company is engaged in a deep, dire conspiracy to steal that story of yours. In the first place, if any one desired to steal a story he would be sure to return your manuscript, but

*Continued on page 92*

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# Vive La Vampire

She was not dead, she was just away. And now she's making the world safe for sin in several siren pictures which will soon be forthcoming.

By Herbert Howe

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**M**Y fellow Pan of this magazine, Mr. Peter Milne, alluded somewhat flippantly last month to my exposition of the spiritual drama. This fellow, Milne, knows me off press. He used to let me pay his check at the famous Rector's before that gilded place became a parfait parlor. Hence he knows that I am a cosmopolite in taste, treating impartially both with the spiritual and the spiritous. Having been thus unsurprised, I feel free to pulpit the vampire.

A solon of the studio realm proclaimed to his cabinet recently:

"The vampire is dead. What we want now is pure pictures mit a punch."

But it is just as hard to get a substitute for the vampiric punch as for other kinds. Thus it is gratifying to know that the vampire is not dead, she was just away. Vive la vampire!

No star will admit the title "vampire," because obsequies of that creature have been pronounced—and who wants to be a dead one? But a vampire by any other name may be as deadly. There have been evil-working ladies since the time the serpent visited Eve's boudoir, and there always will be.

Maye Yohe, erstwhile Lady Francis Hope, tells of a luncheon in London, at which various celebrities, including herself, Lily Langtry, and Oscar Wilde, were discoursing upon sin and its horrors. The famous Langtry—famous for her devastating beauty—was arraigning sin as conscientiously as any board of censors. This was sesame to the wit of Wilde. He said: "Eve discovered sin. Cleopatra passed it on. And sin in the future, my dear Lily, is safe in your hands."

Our favorite stars are making the world safe for sin by uncovering it. In so doing they uncover a lot more than sin. But that's just to show that sin may inhabit a divine form. Verily, I say, the youth of our



*Every posture of Clara Kimball Young as she appears in "The Soul of Rafael" is a picture.*

land, receiving their education in motion pictures, need never be fooled. Any child knows the deadly symptoms—the rolling eyes, the quivering bosom, the smoky lip, and the debilitated gown.

I never considered the vampiric potentialities of Anita Stewart until I saw her in "The Yellow Typhoon." Now I realize what would happen to us men if such good girls went wrong.

Miss Stewart plays a dual rôle—twin sisters—for one price of admission. I'd be willing to pay grand-opera prices if she played triplets. She has more charm in her slight one hundred and ten pounds than can be found in all the operatic tonnage of a "Lucia" sextet.

Her twins, one blond and bad, and the other brunet and good, are startling in their lack of resemblance.



There ends the startling virtue of "The Yellow Typhoon." If you are a devotee of Siren Stewart, and I believe most every one is, you will rejoice to find your faith in her acting ability confirmed. She salvages an obvious melodrama. Edward Jose, the director, doesn't tire the mind of the moviegoer with subtleties. His direction has a Diamond Dick charity. Without Miss Stewart "The Yellow Typhoon" certainly would be an ill wind. She is beautiful—both of her—and so are the sets and photography.

"Below the Surface," in contradistinction, is masterful in its subtleties. Irwin Willat is one of our finest directors, if this picture and "Behind the Door" are fair criterions.

Grace Darmond is the lady who vamps up the trouble. Hers is the most convincing vampire I have seen. In fairness to the male, I must say I think a

major percentage of credit is owed Mr. Willat. This siren is wise enough to fool Solomon or Lew Cody. Miss Darmond is too clever to be at large. I've wondered what handicap keeps her from stardom. It's not apparent on the picture-sheet.

The salty atmosphere in the first reel is charged with drama, which builds steadily to the last foot of film. Mr. Bosworth is superb as the sub-mariner, and the entire cast is his equal. This picture has more vitality than any other I've seen for some time. Luther Reed is responsible for its dramatic sinew.

C. Gardner Sullivan and Thomas H. Ince are a combination you can't beat. Add Enid Bennett, star, and Fred Niblo, director, and you have such an excellent picture as "The False Road." The regeneration of evildoers through association with good people is not a new story. Mr. Sullivan, however, has the Shakespearean faculty of pouring new thought into old receptacles.

I have never before seen Miss Bennett so beautiful or so mesmeric. She vamps open bank vaults as well as men's hearts and pockets. The character is exquisitely wrought. Her husband-director, Fred Niblo, does as well by her as she by him. This is their best work. Lloyd Hughes plays with a quiet, square-jawed force. Edith Yorke, who also played the mother in "Below the Surface," should elicit filial love from every mother's son. You'll be well entertained if you follow "The False Road" with the luscious Enid.

Apropos of the ubiquity of the vampire: When a convoy dumped some twenty thousand of us in Brest, France, in 1917, the first familiar thing to greet us was a scarlet poster of Louise Glaum, in "The Wolf Woman." The Y. M. C. A. didn't sell many cups of chocolate *that* night.

*Louise Glaum's latest picture bears the name of "Sex."*

Louise's latest picture bears the name of "Sex." They say this picture cost a lot to produce. I believe it after noting the number of cigarettes Miss Glaum smokes.



"Sex" is a vulgarization of a strong story by C. Gardner Sullivan. The dramatic purport is lost in ribaldry. Miss Glaum gives a literal reproduction of the cabaret flapper, as common as beer once was. De Mille has presented some highly perfumed, violet-hued sex studies, but to J. Parker Read belongs the honor of hanging the red light on the photo drama. It is not unlikely, I fancy, that the film will be considerably trimmed in places before reaching the public, at least in some States.

Every man who served in France owes it to himself to see Charles Ray in "Paris Green." It does not concern the man in war but the man returning to the life he left behind him. Buck Private Green spent forty-five minutes in Paris, and his knowledge of French is typically A. E. F. He can say "*Voulez-vous promenade avec moi ce soir*" and "*Vous etes un morceau de fromage.*" Nevertheless, he was in Paris, and that's something to live up to.

Like all other fellows who returned, he finds things changed. His dog has died. His girl gives him the ice. His home town idolizes him and demands that he speak French and speak it fluently. One of the best scenes is that of his renewed acquaintance with mother's flapjacks. Mother says, "I don't suppose you'll be satisfied with my cooking after all those fancy French dishes." This remark is good for a mighty A. E. F. roar.

I may be particularly partial to "Paris Green," but no more so than two million other fellows will be. In my opinion it is one hundred per cent entertainment and the most enjoyable comedy, so far, of the year.

The Observer beat me to it in calling Charles Ray the greatest actor on the screen. Mr. Ray is a genius. I doff the chapeau also to Jerome Storm, his director, to Julien Josephon, who conceived this classic of the man who came back, to Ann May, who shows the world that all French girls are not vampires, to Bert Woodruff, the dear old dad, to Gertrude Claire, the lovable and tender mother, to all the players who infuse their characters with the semblance of life, and to that supervising genius, Thomas H. Ince. There is not enough white paper at my command for listing all the good

Anita Stewart plays a dual rôle in "The Yellow Typhoon."



Bebe Daniels appears with Wallie Reid in "The Dancin' Fool."

points of "Paris Green." With prophet's pride, I utter a stellar prediction for Ann May, who plays opposite Mr. Ray in this picture and in "Peaceful Valley," which he now is making.

You may have your silken, peacock-plumage vampires, but, as for me, give me that slapsticking siren in calico, Louise Fazenda. I prefer to die laughing. Even the geese chase her in "Down on the Farm." This Sennett special has the same gags and live stock as a Sennett two-reeler, only more. M. Sennett's harlequin supremacy is based on the law that to spare the shears is to spoil the film. Brevity is the soul of slapstick. This rule is not observed to the limit in "Down on the Farm." Reduced to three reels, it would create more hilarity. All the Sennett stars are present, including Teddy, the dog, and Pepper, the cat, whom, I'm told, is Mr. Sennett's favorite actress.

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Tourneur's "Treasure Island" is so picturesquely staged as to merit no small measure of praise.

## A Tabloid Review

Of some recent plays  
offered for your guidance.

By Peter Milne

**M**AURICE TOURNEUR'S picturization of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island" is so suggestive of the original work and so picturesquely staged that it merits instant attention and no small measure of praise. All the vicious old pirates are brought to life on the screen by such capable and popular players as Lon Chaney—who carries two parts—Charles Ogle, Bull Montana, and Al Filson. The island used is a real treasure-trove that delights the eye. Tourneur may have discarded some of the random spirit of adventure and romance bound between the covers of the book, but at least he has endowed his screen opus with artistry, imagination, vivid color, and varying characterization.

That he saw fit to alter materially the plot in a few places has been objected to by some lovers of the book. Yet I have heard others—craftsmen in the writing game—who defended the changes, arguing that, for the purpose of making a play, Tourneur was justified in abandoning the random romance, and in changing it so as to heighten some of its dramatic moments.

What caused the greatest roar was his having a girl play the part of *Jim Hawkins!* This from the male admirers of the book, and a mighty roar they have made. There are many explanations which have been put forward in regard to this. One is that he was following the stage tradition. Another was that it was an attempt to work in a bit of feminine interest

in a play of all male characters. A third is that only a girl could have acted in the romantic key in which the production was pitched; in other words, that, had a boy been employed, he would have appeared so realistic and modern as to have made a jarring note in this fanciful bit of romance.

However this may be, "Treasure Island" is a delightful picture.

"Terror Island"—"Treasure Island" is a veritable treasure of a picture; "Terror Island," a terror of a picture. With Houdini, the escape artist, in the principal rôle, it resembles a fifteen-episode serial jammed helplessly into five thousand feet of film. The stunts are not thrilling, but ridiculous; the plot not melodramatic, but impossibly pop-eyed.

"Humoresque"—Here is a picturization of a Fannie Hurst story that is destined to take its place with the best that the screen has produced. It is a simple tale of a Jewish

family, of the mother's all-consuming happiness when she discovers that her youngest son has musical talent, of his success before the American public, of the parting of the two in a great crisis, of his return with hope and love and faith gone, and of his redemption through a great love.

Never before, it is safe to predict, has such a perfect atmosphere of reality been communicated to the screen. Any fine work of art must have the power of drawing the spectator into its very center. This "Humoresque" accomplishes. The life of the Jewish family is your life while you sit and watch the screen. You are as much a part of it as your teeth are a part of you.

That is why the joys, the sorrows, the humor, and the laughs of "Humoresque" strike way down deep within you. For this truly great work of art we have Frank Borzage to thank for transferring Miss Hurst's story to the screen with such fidelity and such a sure dramatic touch. The continuity of Frances Marion's must, too, be praised. And, last but not least, the work of Vera Gordon and Dore Davidson, as the Jewish mother and father, is work that will never be forgotten. I predict that it will live for years, and will be held up as a standard for aspiring artists to aim at.

"Humoresque," the picture, penetrates to the heart through the eyes, even as music does through the ears.

"The Inferior Sex"—Proving by means of comedy and rather inconsequential drama that the right way for a wife to hold her husband's love is to be demonstrative, not toward him, but toward another man. Proved by Mildred Harris Chaplin and Milton Sills.

"The Amateur Wife"—Proving by means of comedy and rather inconsequential drama that the right way for a wife to hold her husband's love is to be demon-

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# Over the Teacups

Marriages, new stars, trips to Europe—everything come to the ears of Fanny the Fan.

By The Bystander

WE'RE going to one of Margaret Ettinger's office teas." Really I don't know when I've seen Fanny more interested than she was when she bounced into my living room the other day. "Hurry up and put on your best hat—she's a writer and knows the whole colony; you may expect to meet any one from Cecil De Mille to Pepper, the Sennett cat!"

"And there'll be news of engagements and weddings till the air is pink," I warned her, pinning on my hat as she hustled me out of the front door.

"Yes, as some one was saying at Betty Blythe's wedding——" Fanny paused just there to straighten her veil and cast a wary eye at me. But I refused to be impressed, even though I realized that she'll act superior for two months at least, on the strength of having been there.

"It's so nice to have a screen star indulge in a regular old-fashioned wedding, without any secrecy or denials or anything like that," she went on, a few minutes later. "And Betty certainly did it up brown. She'd known her fiancé, Paul Scardon, for two years, you know; they met at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn, when he was directing Harry Morey's pictures, and she was playing in them. And they've been engaged a long time. So there was nothing sudden about it.

"The wedding was at the Church of the Angels, at Garvanza, and was simply stunning. Betty wore a gown of blue chiffon, just like the June skies"—Fanny can be awfully poetic sometimes—"and carried American Beauties; she's tall enough to get away with flowers like that. And you should have seen the wedding presents. Mr. Scardon's been directing 'Milestones'

for Goldwyn, and the people in it sent a chest of silver. And Lew Cody, with whom Betty's been playing, sent a sort of cradle-shaped basket full of roses and candy and champagne! Imagine having that champ he-vamp send you champagne!"

"Nothing's too good for Betty Blythe!" I declared. "But what worries me is the thought of her shopping

for her trousseau and the costumes for her rôle as the *Queen of Sheba* in that Fox picture she's to make soon. Complications might arise, and something disastrous be the result, if she forgot which sort of clothes she was supposed to be buying. Where are the Scardons going to live?"

"At the Hollywood Hotel till their house is done. Betty's al-

ways been able to make even a hotel bedroom look like home, so I'm eager to see what she'll do with her

new house. And isn't it funny? Just before she left New York for the Coast last summer she wrote

me that she was really worried because she didn't know where she was going to live, and I said, 'Don't you care; something perfectly lovely is sure to turn up for you!' A few more instances like that and I'll turn fortune teller."

"Betty Bouton got married, too," I volunteered, not wanting to be outdone in the matter of sentiment. "Her husband is Arthur Jackson, the scenario writer, and she's going to go

*Mabel borrowed the steed when its owner wasn't looking—and then was afraid to get off for fear he'd catch her.*

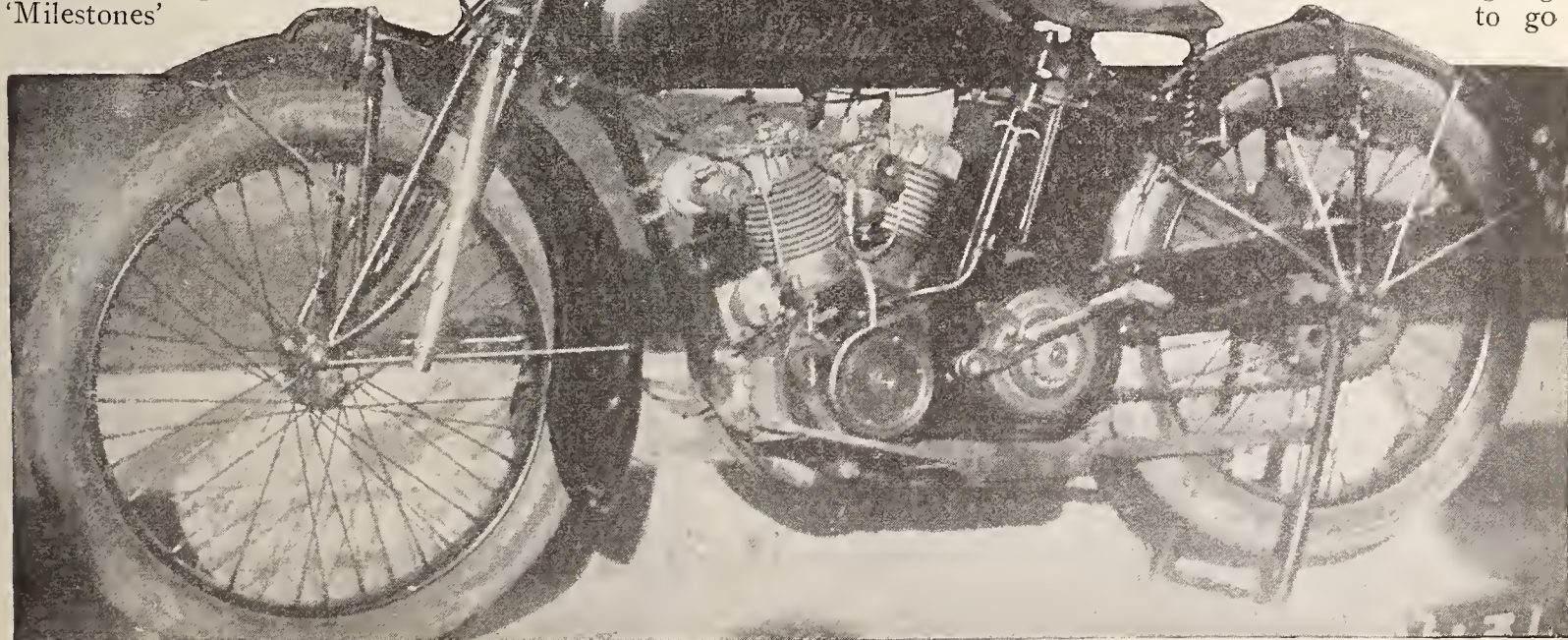
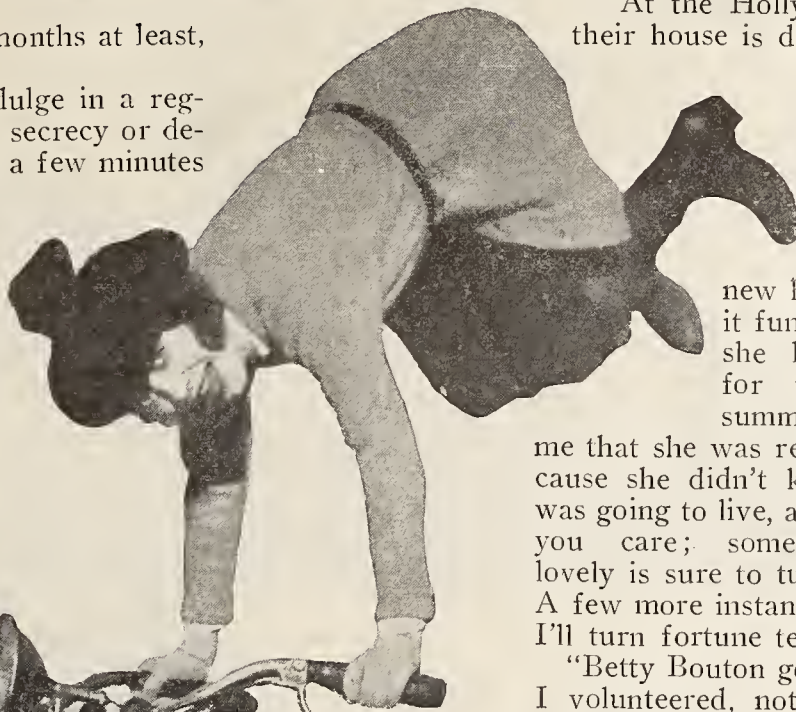




Photo by White.

right on making pictures, the way all these screen people do; since she reached the highest point of her screen career so far by playing in Marshall Neilan's picture, 'Don't Ever Marry,' she's so wedded to pictures that marrying a mere husband can't tear her away from them."

"I know one star who's going to let home and the fireside take her away from the screen for a while, at least. Gloria Swanson insisted that she'd go right on, but she told me the other day that she'd decided to retire until September or October; I only hope she won't decide to make it forever."

"Don't you worry about Gloria—she'll be back," prophesied Fanny. "That reminds me that I met Mabel Normand the other day, riding a motor cycle—strictly in the privacy of the Goldwyn lot, of course—and she swore that she was going to leave the screen and be a stunt man in a circus. She stood on her hands on the handle bars for me, just to prove that she was capable, at least, and for a moment I almost believed her. Really I think she's the peppiest person I know—and if she rides a motor cycle in a picture pretty soon don't be surprised; she was so wedded to that one that she could hardly be enticed away from it. She said she was afraid to get off, because a few minutes before, as she was riding around, she met

Jack Pickford, so she stopped and said, 'Look, Jack—isn't this a peach?' and he answered, 'It ought to be—it's mine.' She'd borrowed it when he wasn't around, and she said if she got off and depended on herself for rapid locomotion he might catch her and demand restitution. Oh, wasn't that too bad—about Clarine Seymour, I mean." She broke off as we passed a theater where "The Idol Dancer" was advertised. "I was so shocked when I heard of her death. She was ill such a short time, you know—only about a week or so—and was in the hospital just four or five days. Griffith considered her one of his greatest finds, they say, and certainly she had a wonderful start toward stardom. She was to have been married after 'Way Down East' was completed, I heard."

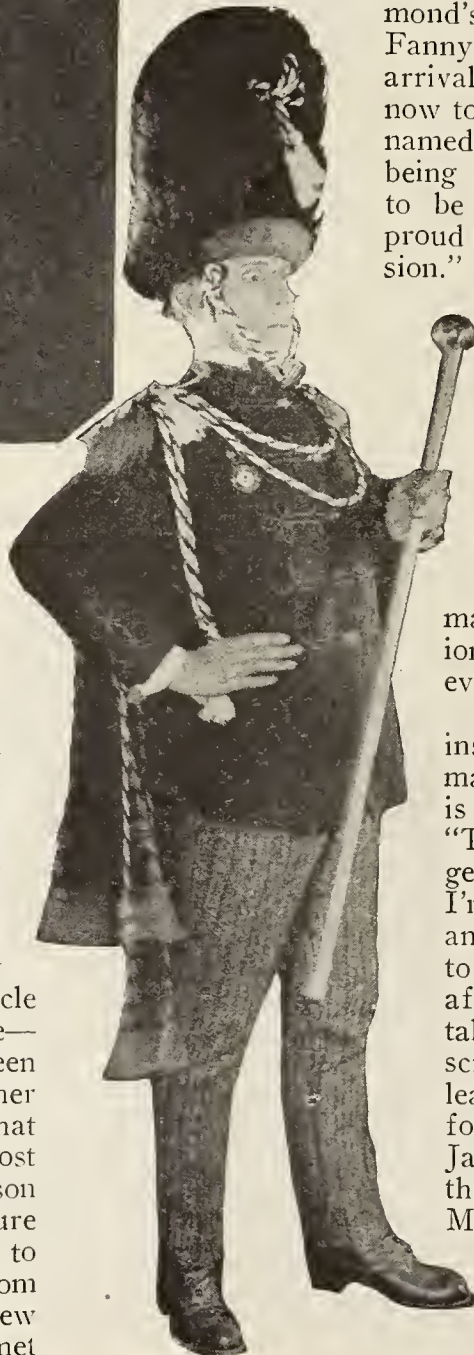
We walked on silently for a few moments; I was thinking of the lithe, little, dark-haired girl who had caught the public's eye as *Cutie Beautiful* in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home"; that name always stuck to her. I remember, when the Griffith forces came to New York for the opening of "Broken Blossoms," having Dick Barthelmess say to me—"Cutie Beautiful's here; don't you want to meet her?" and wondering for an instant if that was the girl's real name, before I realized that he meant Clarine Seymour.

"Have you seen Bill Desmond's baby daughter yet?" asked Fanny presently. "She's an April arrival, you know, and big enough now to receive callers. And she's named Mary Joanna, the 'Mary' being for her mother, who used to be Mary McIvor. Bill's so proud he's on the verge of explosion."

"He's no prouder than Madge Kennedy is of the denim dress she made," I retorted. "It's awfully pretty, and cost only four dollars—that is, if you don't count Madge's time while she made it; if you do, at the rate she gets per day for acting, one made of gold tissue by a fashionable dressmaker would be ever so much cheaper."

"Then it's hardly likely to inspire an orgy of home dress-making among the film stars, is it?" commented Fanny. "Though really, the colony is getting so domesticated that I'm ready to expect almost anything. Everybody seems to be getting so happy-ever-afterish that I think all this talk about the wild lives screen stars lead is more misleading than it ever was before. Yes, I know about Jane Novak's divorce—but on the other hand, look at Mae Murray and Bob Leonard.

*Chic Sale, one of vaudeville's funniest men, has been captured by the screen.*





Have you seen them since they came back here to make pictures for that new company? Well, they were as delighted to get into their own home once more and see what the people who rented it while they were East had done to it as any suburbanite who's been to the shore for the summer. And look at the recent marriages. Why, Josephine Hill and Jack Perrin are a happy-enough bride and groom to make all Universal City look like Niagara Falls—though Josephine is shedding some of it on the Metro lot these days, while she's working in 'Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath.' But Jack's still at Universal; so the spell still holds there."

"That reminds me—wasn't it interesting about Sylvia Breamer and her fiancé? He was Lieutenant F. C. Lewis, you know, of the Intelligence Corps, and went overseas two years ago with the army. And he'd been reported dead, and nothing more was heard of him till he appeared in Los Angeles! Isn't that romantic?"

"Sort of startling for Sylvia, it seems to me. And speaking of Universal, wasn't it funny the way Priscilla Dean and Edith Roberts swapped stories? Priscilla was to have done 'Marimba,' a Hawaiian story, and then somebody insisted that 'The Cat that Walked' was much better for her, and so she handed 'Marimba' over to Edith. But she wouldn't do it till she found out whether the cat referred to meant her or not."

"Swapping stories is never as interesting to me as swapping companies—and everybody's doing that now, as usual. Sessue Hayakawa left Haworth to form his own company; Madlaine Traverse and Gladys Brockwell and Vivian Rich left Fox; Pauline Frederick left Goldwyn—I swear I think fate plays checkers with movie stars, with the squares on the board representing the different companies."

"But on the other hand, just see how many stars sign up again with their old companies. I felt so relieved when Billie Burke promised to love, honor, and obey Famous Players-Lasky for a few years more. And little Lila Lee has signed again with Famous Players, too."

"I wish I felt certain that a little thing like a contract would guarantee our seeing Elsie Ferguson on the screen again soon," I remarked. "When she closed her stage play and declared that she was going to take a rest and go to Japan my heart sank within me. But then, with everybody

*Here's a glimpse of Madge Kennedy's home-made denim frock.*



Photo by Evans.

*Betty Blythe Scardon is one of our newest brides.*

rushing abroad to make pictures, I suppose that ought not to matter. And maybe she'll be moved to do something for the movies while she's away. 'The Lady of the Decoration' would make a nice little story for her, if it were properly handled."

"The members of Marshall Neilan's company were notified some time ago that they'd have to work before the camera even when they were on the briny deep," Fanny told me. "And that reminds me that I had a post card the other day from Julian Eltinge, from Manila. He's on a trip around the world with his vaudeville act, you know. And he's having a gorgeous time and all kinds of success."

"But what a time he'll have catching up on the news of the movies when he gets back! Here's what happened while I was up in the mountains for a week: Anita Stewart's brother George and Robert Harron were both booked for stardom, that Louise Huff signed as a new Selznick star, Monroe Salisbury formed his own company, and it was announced that Bebe Daniels was to follow Wanda Hawley as the latest Realart star. I——"

"Here we are," Fannie interrupted. "I do hope we'll learn something interesting. Nothing seems to have happened of late."



*Santa Cruz, where the shipwreck scenes from "Male and Female" were taken, is one of the rockiest little chunks of land in the Pacific.*

## Gloria, the Occult

Like so many persons, Gloria Swanson has a chapter of her own to add to the great mass of evidence concerning mystic matters. Whether you're credulous, or whether you scoff, you can't help being interested.

By Gordon Gassaway

**I**N a way, I didn't like to write this story. You see, even those who devoutly believe in spiritism and the occult know what a lot of faking is done that is claimed to be genuinely supernatural. And as for those who are skeptical—well, I know just about what *they'll* say. So please understand that I'm not telling this story to try to get any one to believe it as an evidence of anything supernatural. I don't know that I do myself—I mean that perhaps it could be explained on the basis of the subconscious mind or coincidence or something along that line.

But understand this, please. Gloria didn't especially want to tell me the story. I know that, because I had finished my interview and had said good-by.

As I was about to leave her dressing room on the Lasky lot, it just popped into my head to stop and ask.

"By the way, Miss Swanson, are you at all interested in spirits? Almost every one is these days—in one way or another——"

"Well, that's rather a per-

sonal question," Gloria shot back, with a disconcerting glance from those wonderful sea-green eyes. "If you're trying to be funny about home brew and things—which isn't at all funny to a lot of people—I can't say that I am, personally. If you mean psychic things——"

"That's what I meant," I replied, pausing. "And I wasn't trying to be funny."

She gave me a rather searching look from those strange eyes. "Sit down," she said. "I never thought much about this sort of thing until lately. And even now I don't know what to think about it. And I don't especially care to talk about it. But I had a strange experience on Santa Cruz Island. Thinking about it has recalled several other experiences much less pronounced, which I've had from time to time, ever since childhood. If you've never had any of them you probably know people who have—for instance, such things as walking down a strange street in a strange town and suddenly feeling a strong conviction that you've been there before.

"Well, as I said, I've often had 'psychic twinges' of that sort, which I never thought much about—until this affair at Santa Cruz, you know, where we went to film 'Male and Female.'"

I remembered quite well that Santa Cruz—that little island lying off the California shore, where the shipwreck and tropical scenes from that most interesting play were made—is one of the rockiest little chunks of land in the Pacific. So much for that.

"Those rocks," continued Gloria, "seemed to be charged with an abundance of warmth as old as the ages. Their very touch affected me curiously.

I seemed to be absorbing something from them which loosened some-

*"If you remember the picture, I was wearing a torn gown which was not exactly made of flannel."*



thing in me which had been bottled up always. If you remember the picture, I was wearing a torn evening gown which was not exactly made of flannel, and so often I was very close to those rocks indeed. In fact, the rocks and I became almost as intimate as a barnacle and the under side of a ship.

"In the company there were two persons who were not exactly friends. Their natures were antagonistic. One day, as one of them was sitting apart playing mumblety-peg or something, a sudden idea came over me to make those two friends, and so I 'willed' that the younger, a boy whose name I cannot tell you, should carry a cup of hot coffee just made at the camp fire to the other.

"Honestly, as soon as I held to that thought, the boy acted as though he were in a daze. He picked up a steaming hot cup of coffee and seemed undecided what to do with it. Then reluctantly he walked toward the other, stopping to take a sip on the way. I could see that he was going against his will, but in accord with mine! He gave the other the coffee, apologizing for having tasted it.

"The next day I was sitting on a rock beside Major Beith, the writer, when suddenly, as clearly as could be, I had a vision.

"I turned to the major and said:

"I know what you are thinking!"

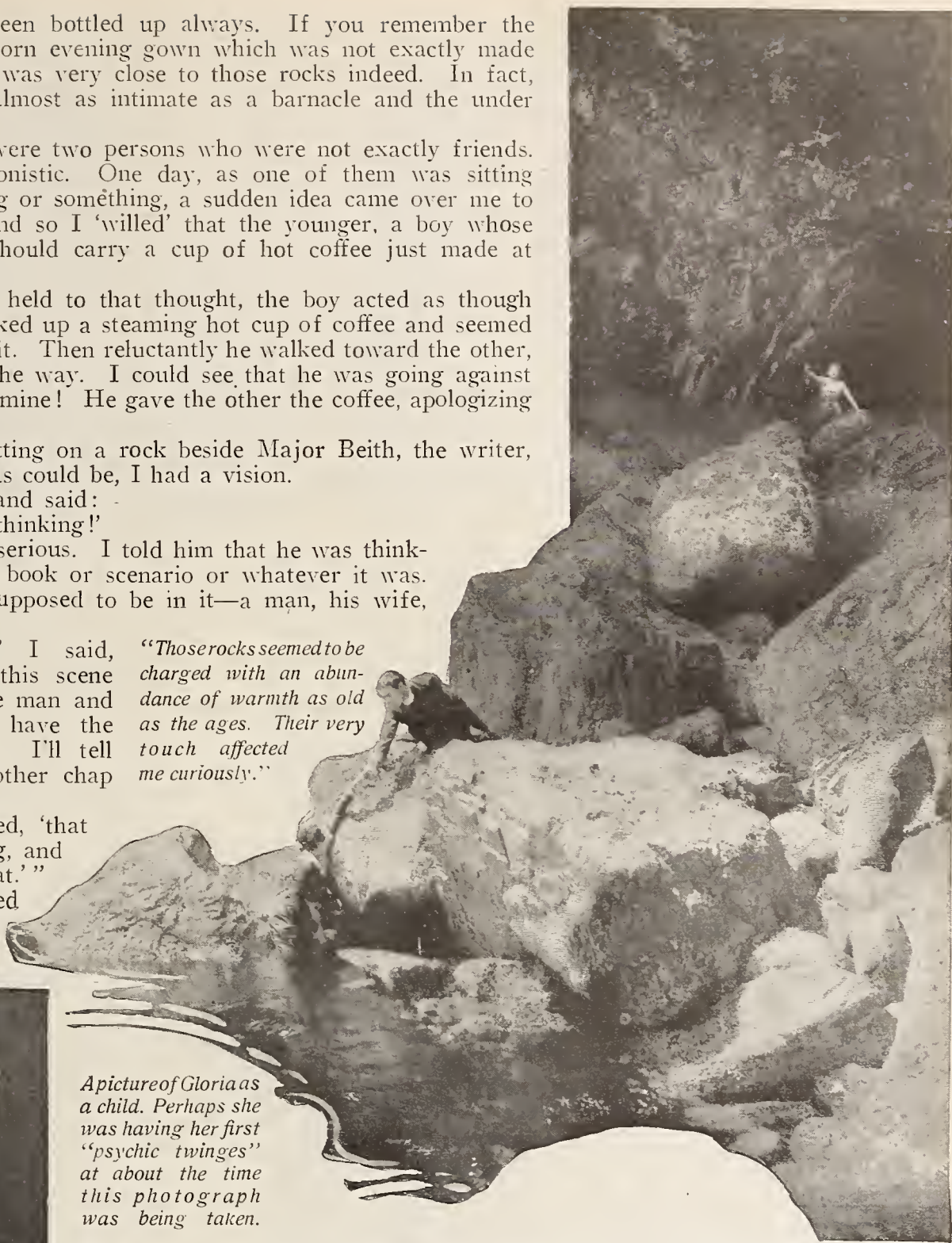
"He laughed, but I was serious. I told him that he was thinking of a scene in his next book or scenario or whatever it was. There were three people supposed to be in it—a man, his wife, and the 'other man.'

"You are wondering,' I said, 'whether or not to have this scene acted out between only the man and the wife, or whether to have the "third ingredient" present. I'll tell you—you must have the other chap present.'

"By Jove!' he exclaimed, 'that is just what I was thinking, and I believe you are right, at that.'

Gloria, by this time plunged in her narrations, seemed to glow like a wonderful

*"Those rocks seemed to be charged with an abundance of warmth as old as the ages. Their very touch affected me curiously."*



*A picture of Gloria as a child. Perhaps she was having her first "psychic twinges" at about the time this photograph was being taken.*



jewel. As you know, she uses very little make-up in the De Mille pictures, and her heavy, deep-brown hair frames a face which reflects every passing thought as clearly as a phonograph transcribes the voice. I sat silent while she continued.

"In the meantime, the boy, whom we will call Sam, since that is not his name, had gone to the mainland.

"And that night, when we were all grouped about the fire, talking of this and that, I had another vision—my last, as you shall see. I told it aloud to another of the company as it passed before my eyes.

"I can see Sam to-night ashore. He is visiting at the house, in Hollywood, of a famous sculptor. He is standing by the piano, and he is running his fingers over the keys aimlessly. Now he is going to the kitchen alone. Now he is—and this really seemed absurd—he is eating radishes! Lots of them!"

"A few days later we returned to Hollywood, and in company with those who had been around the camp fire when I had seen his actions, I asked Sam what he had been doing on that certain night.

"Oh,' he replied, 'I didn't do much of anything. I went over to So-and-so's house'—mentioning the famous sculptor.

"Did you play any musical instrument?' I asked him.

"I can't play. You know that.'

"Like a Spanish inquistador I went on. 'Were you near any instrument?'

"Yes,' he said, 'I fooled around the piano some—ran my fingers up and down the keys.'

*(Continued on page 81)*

# What the Fans Think

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

## An Exhibitor Speaks.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I have been associated with my father for the past four years in operating a string of picture theaters in the Middle West, and during that time there certainly has been a shake-up of movie conditions. For one thing, we exhibitors are looking more to fan magazines like PICTURE-PLAY than to trade papers for our news, especially our criticisms of pictures. Now that you have reviews in advance of the picture's showing, we can count pretty well on whether the picture is worth booking and how much it is worth playing up in advertising. We also gain through a fan magazine an idea of who the really popular stars are, and we get advertising ideas from your stories. That's why I am interested in what the fans say.

Our theaters have played practically all the different companies' releases. In our opinion the screen has been asleep for the past couple of years, but there is a tendency just now for a little awakening. Back in the days of Triangle we had some of our best pictures from Ince and the old Griffith-Fine Arts place, pictures with fine casts and real stories. Ince still holds up the best. The mistake companies are making is that they all are rushing out to buy novels and plays for picturization. Few novels and plays make good pictures. As for the author's name bringing us business—that's the bunk. There are not a half dozen authors in the world whose names have any percentage of drawing power worth counting. I heard a woman in our theater the other night remark during the showing of a picture featuring the author, "Which one is So-and-so?" naming the famous writer. "I never have seen him, that I know of." The gentleman with her said, "I dunno any of these picture players, except Fairbanks and Chaplin and Ray." Looking back over our records, we find that the best drawing pictures have been from original stories. Such men as C. Gardner Sullivan know how to write screen drama, which is different from novel writing, or play-writing for the stage. Rex Beach is about the only novel writer who has box-office value, since his stories happen to make good pictures because of their action.

Of course, the story is the thing. There are about a half dozen stars who have real value. I mean so far as our box-office records show. As for the rest, they all hit about the same, and a picture without a star will draw just about as well as one with an ordinary, so-called "star." There are a few players who will put over any picture on the strength of their personalities. I'll say this for Nazimova, Charles Ray, Chaplin, Anita Stewart, and maybe the Talmadges. Dorothy Gish is coming along fast into that class. But even these can't put over many poor ones and keep up their averages.

We need new personalities on the screen. The public certainly does tire of the same old names and faces. Priscilla Dean has a new style that puts her over. John Barrymore will go big if he keeps at it; so will Lionel. Among other newcomers that are beginning to attract some are Douglas MacLean and Doris May, Shirley Mason, Larry Semon, Betty Blythe, Harrison Ford, and Dick Barthelmess—just as your magazine has stated. Sometimes we pick these people out of the cast and feature them, providing the company doesn't do it. As for featuring directors—*good night!* Griffith is all right—sometimes—though he's slipping of late, and De Mille excites some interest. But as for the rest, you might as well feature the electricians.

Once again I express my regards for your magazine. It gives us real tips on who's who and what's what.

Glad to see more general stories of interest, instead of all about players, their homes, et cetera. Yours truly,

C. B.—St. Paul, Minnesota.

## Just Half and Half.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I have become much interested in "What the Fans Think."

I think that well-known stars and pictures derived from popular stories draw the crowds equally. For instance, when Mary Pickford played in "M'liss" the star was just as popular as she was before. But a popular movie theater on the West Side was practically empty when it was on. When "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" was shown, seats were not to be had. This shows that people are interested in what the picture is and not just in the star.

Clara Kimball Young is one of the most popular stars in this district. All her pictures are booked from ten days to two weeks. Mary Pickford, Nazimova, and Norma Talmadge are well liked, but their pictures run for only three or four days. Plays like "The Miracle Man," "Male and Female," and "For Better, for Worse" are booked for five or six days. This would seem to show that features by Mr. De Mille and Mr. Tucker are more popular than Mary Pickford. Yet Miss Young is more popular than even these releases—so, on the other hand, that would prove that a star is more popular than a good story, a good director, or an all-star cast.

W. E. L.—Chicago, Illinois.

## In Reply to "Mary's Admirer."

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Your department is great—I do enjoy reading other fans' opinions of the plays and players. But I cannot understand how "Mary's Faithful Admirer" can ever think that Nazimova is not like a real person. I am sure she has not seen "Toys of Fate" or "The Brat." Even little Mary never did better work than Nazimova did in the latter. She fairly sparkles with life, and mirrors every changing thought in her expressive face.

I am sure that after "Mary's Admirer" has seen these two she will love Nazimova. But I do hope that some one else will come to my aid in defense of this delightful star.

AN INTERESTED FAN.—Toronto, Canada.

## Too Much in a Name!

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

"What's in a name?" Too much, sometimes. Last evening I saw a picture which I can only compare to that wonderful "Miracle Man." And do you know, if I had known it was to be shown I should never have gone to the theater? Why? Because the name is terrible. Yet it was one of the finest, if not the finest, pictures I ever saw.

Last winter my husband wanted to see this picture, and I said, "No." You know, often it is up to the wife to decide which picture to see. This was a first release then, but I didn't want to see it because of its awful name. Last night I saw it, and haven't stopped raving yet. The story was great, the picture was action from beginning to end, and the players were wonderful.

I say that such pictures as "Don't Change Your Husband" are nice to look at, but they leave your mind almost as soon as you see them. Not so with "When Bearcat Went Dry." This "husband" stuff gets my goat. I fell for the name of that picture, as did a good many others—but never again! The other was just the sort of picture I like—but the name kept me away.

A BUSY MOVIE FAN.—Utica, New York.

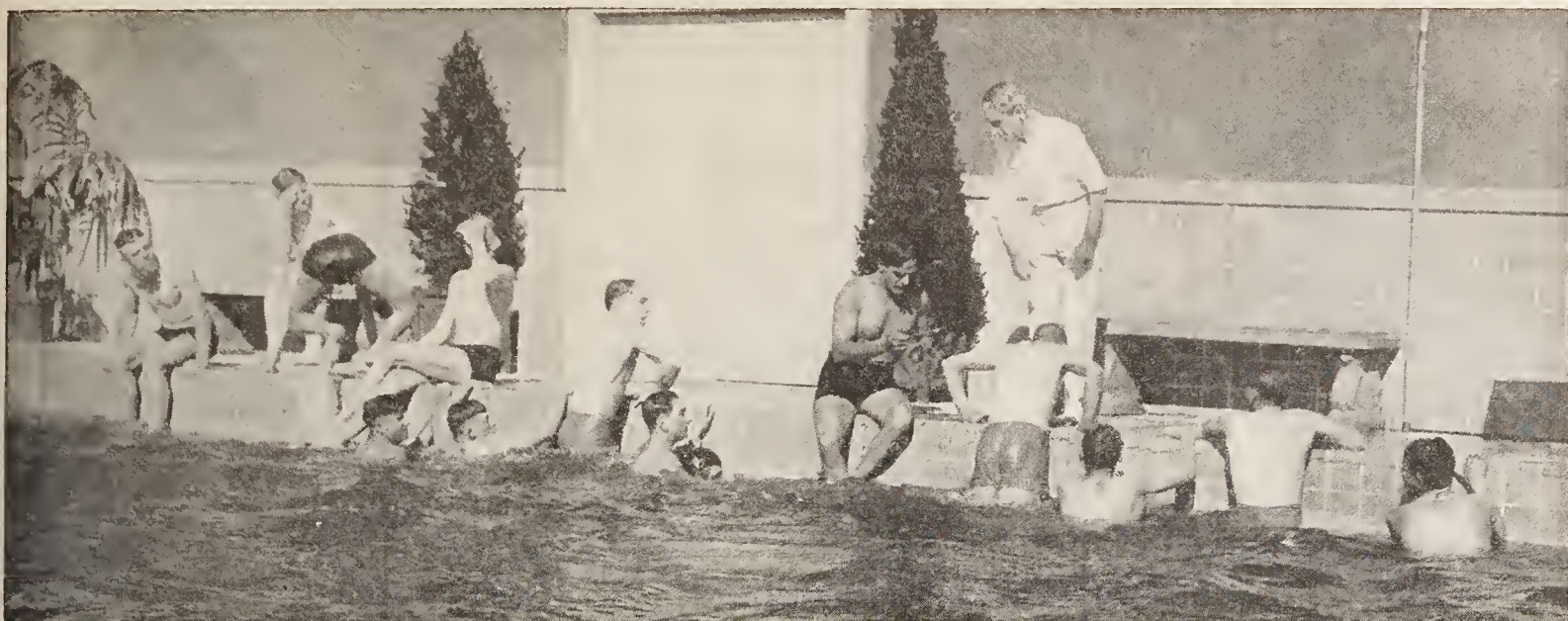
## Let Us Have Something New!

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Why don't producers go in for filming legends and fairy stories more? The screen has such wonderful opportunities to do things of that sort where the stage has not. There are unlimited possibilities for scenic effects, magic actions, and the like. In my opinion, the screen has a better chance to develop in a pictorial way than in any other. There is a sameness about "sets." Even the stage has innovations, such as Urban settings. But the screen is all for realism. Why not give us "The Arabian Nights"? The stage couldn't—at least, not with the effect the screen could. Instead of simplicity of settings which suggest mystery, like those of Urban,

Continued on page 85





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## Annette's Aquatic Rival

Tony Moreno is so expert at water sports that they are used in his new serial.

By Charles Carter

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**I**T sounded like feeding time at the hippopotamus house in the zoo: grunts, splashes, dull thuds—then a wild yell, a gong, and a voice shouting "Time!" changed the grunts to shouts of laughter.

"I always thought water polo was a gentle, cooling little game," Tony Moreno remarked to me, climbing out of the pool and shaking himself, so that the water shot off in sparkling drops from his body, that looked like tanned ivory. But look at my nose! It feels as though it were inflating like a balloon, and my leg—wow—it feels dark blue. This bunch of fellows are the members of the crack water-polo team from the Los Angeles Athletic Club."

Tony is the screen's aquatic rival of Annette Kellermann, and for that reason his feats in the water are often filmed.

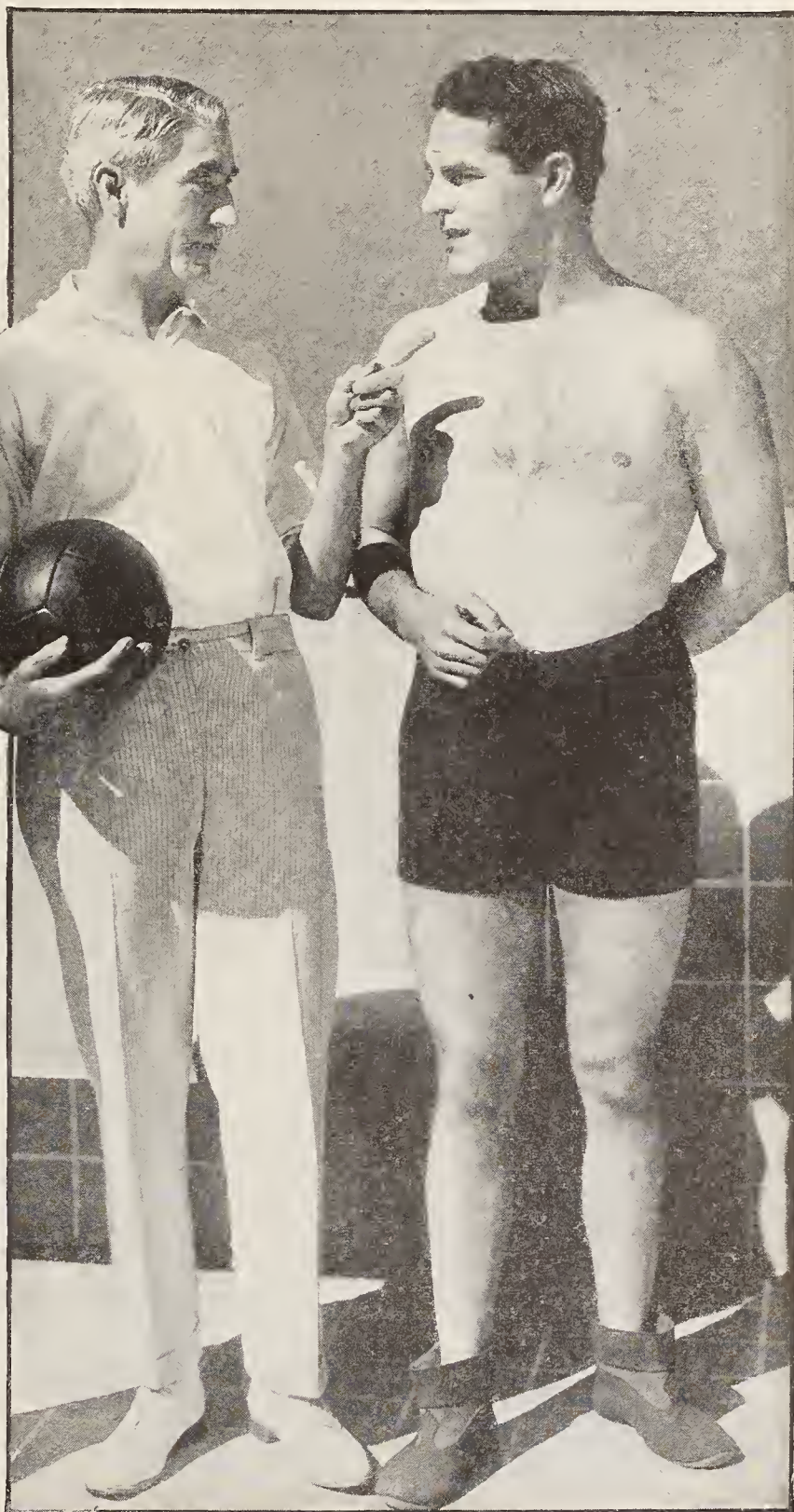
The polo game, which is one of the athletic events that open the new Moreno-Vitagraph serial, was photographed by three cameras placed on the edge of Tony's tank in the Vitagraph lot.

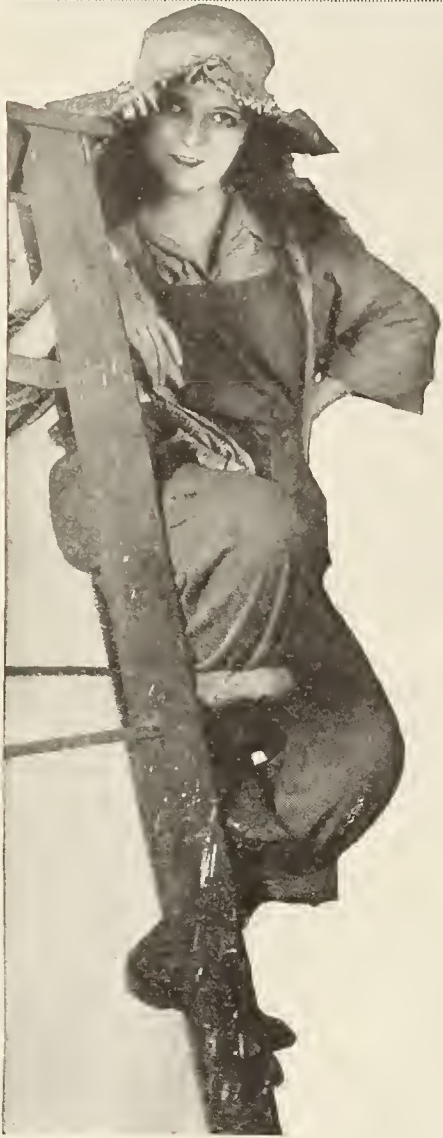
It is a pool of many purposes, this tank. Deep enough for submerging a submarine, and large enough to float a yacht; it can be used for many purposes.

Recently a cliff of plaster was constructed on its edge. This was a background for certain "close-ups" which could not be filmed in the rushing mountain torrent, where the rest of the action was filmed.

Moreno not long ago performed some genuinely hazardous stunts in the Pacific Ocean, off Balboa, California.

He learned a lot about submarine topography when he went down in a diver's suit. But it was impossible to get a camera in range for a good close-up of some business he did in the water, so again the pool was brought into use.





## A New Fad? Well, Not Much!

Those who advocate donning overalls are merely catching up to the screen stars.

By Ted Evans



**M**AYBE you're one of the "white collar" persons who has recently joined a Cheese Club and promised to wear overalls every day as a protest against the high cost of clothing, or maybe you're a vertebra in the backbone of the country, one of those who wear them every morning when they get up to milk the cows and feed the chickens. In either case, you've got the best sort of company.

For instance, take little Jean Paige, up above in the corner. Jean adores overalls—simply swears by them. Every time she gets a chance to rush back to the home farm near Paris, Illinois, she scrambles into her favorite pair.

As for Bessie Love, who's managing the mammoth canteen in the other corner—blue denim trouserettes are Bessie's favorite garb for beach picnics. We caught her in those days when she and her mother and father were picnicking, and



Bessie made no apology at all for her very becoming garb.

Charlie Ray's stellar overalls are justly famous, of course; some day they'll be exhibited in a hall of fame along with Gloria Swanson's headdresses and Thomas Meighan's butler clothes. Charlie's trying to prove to the public that his ability can be housed quite as well in more sophisticated garb as in blue jeans—but whether the fans will accept him de-overalled remains to be seen.

Lots of other stars wear these economical garments, of course. The driver's suits that Wallace Reid dons in his whiz-bang automobile pictures are one version of them, and Mary Pickford once wore a pair, with ruffles around the ankles and a big, frilly collar—quite Pickfordesque. Shirley Mason got into overalls recently for pictorial purposes, and her sister, Viola Dana—well, surely you remember "Blue Jeans"?

So if you yearn to don denim you'll have plenty of company.

# A Star at Seventeen

The Far East was after Alta Allen, but Fate intervened and snatched her into stardom.

By Selma Howe



*Some day she may regret that she disclosed her real age!*

CHINA'S a nice place, of course; we've always yearned to go there and sail in sampans, learn the gentle art of eating with chopsticks, and all that sort of thing. Alta Allen felt just that way

a while ago, and when the Chinese consul in San Francisco made her an offer from the Oriental Hotel, in Shanghai, to become an entertainer there, she said she'd go.

But along came Fate in the guise of an Irishman—Winfield Sheehan by name, high administrator of the William Fox Company by profession. He saw little Miss Allen dancing in the "Follies" at the Fairmont Hotel, in the Golden Gate City. He promptly asked for an interview, and made an offer that made no mention of Shanghai. The result was that her baggage was transferred from the steamship docks to the first train for Los Angeles, and now she's a brand-new Fox star, making her bow in the first five-reel production made under the Sunshine Comedy brand.

I met her in company with the purveyor of publicity for the Western activities of the Fox company, and she was

very much embarrassed, because she didn't know what you're expected to say in an interview, and when she said what wasn't supposed to be made public the publicity man cast her a warning glance, and she promptly became dumb.

"I'm seventeen," she began bravely, not aware that such data is the state secret of stars. You see, no matter how young you are, there is a time coming when you will want no clues to your age to be public property. A frown from her escort nipped her confessions in the bud right then, so I'll tell what I learned and guessed of her.

When she was eleven she played *Beth* in "Little Women" during an Easter vacation, with an Oakland, California, stock company, and she was much encouraged because her schoolmates came to see the show, and all cried when she died. But her mother insisted on her going back to school, despite this promising beginning, so she confined her dramatic activities to being star and director of all the school cantatas and plays. When she left school she had some offers to go into vaudeville, but her mother frowned on those; later, the engagement at the Fairmont Hotel was offered and

accepted, since it meant only two hours' work each evening. And then along came Shanghai.

That much I know. Here's what I guessed—or rather, what I observed. She's what you might call "a meadow girl"—eyes like violets at dawn when the dew shines on their petals, hair that has the sheen and ripple of a brook into which brown leaves and buttercups glance, and cheeks like apple blossoms—all of which poetic outburst is inspired by the ingenuous youth of little Miss Allen.

The Sunshine Special in which she makes her bow on the screen is a sort of movie musical comedy, and she's delighted with it.

"I've sung in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas," she told me, with a watchful eye on the press representative. "And so I feel quite at home in this part—I'm a prima donna, you know. And I do think it's going to be lots more fun than

being on the stage. I'm looking forward to the biggest thrill of my life—getting my first letter from a fan. And won't it be nice if some one in Scotland writes to me—I was born in Dundee, you see."

So it's up to somebody who lives in the land of the heather to take pen in hand and see that this naïve young person gets a letter from Scotland. Perhaps when she replies she'll tell all the things that the press representative would not let her tell the day I met her; if I thought she would, I'd sail for Scotland to-morrow!



*Will yours be her first fan letter?*

## Old Comedies—Or New?

Continued from page 14

pace is furious, you can just go crazy. But you can't stretch the same stuff which is the life of a two-reeler into a length of five or six. It would crack under the strain. In a long tragedy it is wise to introduce comic relief. In a long comedy it is well to make use of serious relief. We haven't named our new comedy feature yet, but you won't mistake it when you see it. It's wholly different from anything we've ever produced before."

Director Del Ruth's eyes twinkled at last, and something like a smile fluttered for life as he concluded:

"What will surprise you most will be the *beauties* of it."

Rumor has it that these "beauties" are not all clad in one-piece bathing suits. Some of them wear dresses of stiff cardboard. A real novelty of photographic effect is promised.

At the Christie studio near by, the same news of an expansion from two-reel comedies to a flyer in fives was told, and the same general philosophy of methods described, but with even more emphasis upon the necessity of a sound plot. Mr. Christie cheerfully announced that he has bought the picture rights of Irvin Cobb's magazine story, "The Smart Aleck," and has invaded vaudeville's domains to hire the inimitable Chic Sale to play the rôle of hero.

While we talked, an informal parade of small-town characters, with Chic himself leading the scarlet-coated band, marched down Hollywood's principal boulevard to the "lot," paralyzing the motor traffic. Every one was in high spirits, Chic enjoying the lark most of all.

"We don't make as much money as Rockefeller," observed one of the marchers, "but we sure have a lot of fun."

And that sounded the note of the occasion. Every one was joyously putting his heart into an effort to do something bigger than the company ever has tried before.

Universal City, in a distant cañon of the suburban mountains of Los Angeles, was our final port of call on this long cruise of investigation. Here we met, as we long have hoped to do, the famous Hibernian twins of filmdom, Lyons and Moran.

Their headquarters were discovered in what to an ex-soldier appeared to be the barracks of Officers' Row. In fact, it was a film cantonment's equivalent of this—"Directors' Row." For Lyons and Moran, besides being the leading men of their own company, are also their own directors. Which was Eddie and which was Lee your correspondent shall never know. Nor does it matter much.

The main issue, as explained sometimes in chorus by Lyons and Moran, is that they, too, are making a five-reel comedy, with a certified plot, a slower tempo in action, more characterization—and you know the rest. The scenario is based upon Edgar Franklin's magazine serial, "Everything But the Truth." With more time to do the work, more money to spend, and a real story to play with, they look forward, like their various rivals in the comedy field, to making five-reel productions which shall far eclipse former efforts limited to two, and which they hope will bring greater proportionate returns.

Thus the revolution in film comedy spreads. By the time this magazine is in circulation, the film public will be called upon by its patronage—or lack of patronage—to decide the future of the movement. And shortly thereafter the revolution will know its joyous or unhappy fate.



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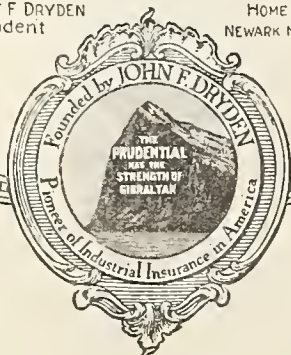
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## Are You a Velvet or a Calico Girl?

Continued from page 61

"I think it's because colors fascinate me so that I like fabrics that make good backgrounds," she went on after a moment, playing with the sash of her peacock-colored blouse. "You can't use what might be called an obtrusive material and bright coloring and material that's noticeable in itself all in one gown; it would be too much like trying to listen to a good orchestra and a jazz band and a violin solo all at once. And it's the color that I love to emphasize; in embroidery on a dark

satin frock or in the shade of the fabric itself, color is always what most interests me. You can express anything in color; any mood, or characteristic trait—people often do it unconsciously. Why, I know a nice, peaceful, retiring sort of man whose wife nearly drives him crazy by wearing red—bright, shrieking red—so much. Her nature simply revels in that shade; it's a keynote to everything she does. And he's got a disposition as calm and unexciting as the deep green of water



in a cave by the sea. Now, could you expect those people to be happy together?"

She went on to talk about the gowns she wears in "Sex"; the wonderful "Sequinade," as it is called, an evening gown made entirely of sequin-sewn net; the gorgeous white costume which she wears as a dancer; the stunning black dinner dress of tulle and velvet cleverly combined.

"But color deserts you on the screen; what do you do in place of it?" I asked.

"Depend entirely on difference in fabrics; I have a sort of a scale of correspondences in my mind, you see—certain clothes suggest certain colors to me. But it's involved, and I don't always follow it consistently, so let's not bother about it."

So we didn't. In fact, Miss Glaum didn't bother about anything. But I did then and still do—I bother a lot about those green-yellow-brown eyes of hers.

### Gloria, the Occult

*Continued from page 75*

"What else," I asked, "did you do, that was out of the ordinary?"

"He laughed. 'I went out in the kitchen and ate two bunches of fresh radishes and the gardener had just brought in, if you think that's funny. They were the most wonderful radishes I have ever tasted!'"

"There you are," smiled Gloria. "What's the answer?"

"Are you still—er—rockult?" I ventured.

"No," she replied, a frown showing a bit, "I lost it all the next night after that vision. I was prostrated with electric pains which wakened me from sleep. It was like a play, and I thought I must be playing a part. And since then I have never experienced anything like the power that was in me for the five days on the island."

And that, expectant reader, is the tale that Gloria told us in her dressing room below the Lasky stage. Just then her maid came in, carrying a very wonderful robe indeed, all shimmery gold and green, and quietly announced that Mr. De Mille would like to have Miss Swanson get ready for an afternoon in front of the camera. So I was shooed out, with the nicest of Swanson smiles and a pleading that I never, never should tell what she had told us that afternoon. But I decided that—whether I believed it or not—it had interested me very much, and that it probably would interest you as well.

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## Fade-Outs

Continued from page 49

While you are figuring out how much per minute this is, we'll gab along with the wheeze that 'twas a good thing for the Ray bank roll that New Rochelle is not an hour and forty-five minutes from Broadway.

—o—

### Personal:

Will the publicists who perpetrated the paragraph below kindly send the solution to Fade-Outs? We've tried to dope it out from every angle, but it seems as if it just can't be did.

If it's a puzzle—how do you do it? If it's a riddle, we eagerly give it up.

"After the strenuous time he spent making 'Wait Till the Clouds Roll By,' Doug decided to take a vacation. A vacation to Doug would mean hard work to the average person, for it was fifteen hours on a ranch that he spent for a week."

—o—

### Scientific Stuff.

That theory of the transplanting of monkey glands into the anatomy of a used-up citizen appears to be gaining strength. It is attracting much attention among the scientists and rubber-necks. We come in with the last bunch.

The idea of the theory is that this gland juggling will allow a man to live to be as old as a monkey, which is a couple of hundred or so. Perhaps during the last hundred years he'll become as handsome as Joe Martin; we dunnow!

Personally, we cannot understand why any guy wants to live to be two hundred, and have to keep on working every day, but, as usual, we ramble.

What we're getting at is this. 'Twill be a great thing for directors. A director, to be real good, must be at least one hundred years old. Owing to our inclement weather, or doctors, or something—directors, like the rest of us mortals, are presented with a halo or an asbestos ulster at about fifty or sixty, and led to the exit.

Now, a director never has perfectly good sense until he is forty. Then he spends the next ten or fifteen years puttering around trying to get the sense he has accumulated onto the screen.

At sixty-five he has become qualified to produce really commendable pictures. Yes, and then his teeth fall out, and he can't yell at the actors!

Come on, you monkey glands!

## Anything—to Get a Picture!

Continued from page 63

I noticed, and then, as the orange made its way down and down and down, steadily and in the most orderly fashion, there were no more shrieks. Viola gazed in open-eyed wonder, and Shirley quite unconsciously followed, with her hand on her own throat, the progress of the orange down the ostrich's. And then, when the bird's five-o'clock tea was no longer visible, they turned and stared at each other. Viola smiled, and Shirley giggled.

"Wish I could see him tackle a watermelon!" remarked Viola longingly.

"I'll stand by with a shoehorn if you want to feed him one," offered Shirley obligingly. But the attendant who was acting as escort hastened to divert their attention; he was quite obviously worried.

"Perhaps it would be best not to try it to-day," he suggested anxiously, trying to shoo them toward the gate. "It's a little late in the afternoon for ostriches to eat watermelons; before ten o'clock——"

Shirley cut short his labored explanation with a chuckle, but Viola's face was determined. I wouldn't have trusted her with a melon at that moment.

"We've had such a gorgeous time this year, being out here together," Shirley told me as we sauntered away. "In the movies families are so likely to be separated, of course, and we think we're awfully lucky to be working on the Coast at the same time. I'm doing 'Love's Harvest' now, and *what* do you suppose is the name of Viola's picture? 'The Chorus Girl's Romance'—isn't that simply wild? But they'll probably change it before it's finished."

On the way home we fairly shot through space, it seemed to me. We whizzed past street cars and whirled by other automobiles till my hair curled with horror. But Shirley settled down with a little sigh of content, and Viola murmured happily:

"Isn't it lovely to go so nice and slow!"

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# Mildred Harris Chaplin—Child Wife

Continued from page 35

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played children's parts with Thomas H. Ince, at his old studio at Inceville, a ramshackle old place situated on several thousand acres of land where wild West pictures were made, and which fronted on the sea. Mildred owned a Shetland pony, in those days, on which she used to ride three miles daily each way to and from her work. Sometimes she didn't get home until late at night, but then some kindly cowboy always saw to it that the small, blond beauty got safely back to her mother. One night it was William S. Hart himself who brought her home, and as it was a particularly dark night she got a bit frightened, leaned over and grabbed Bill's horse by the forelock and has that bit of the forelock yet that she pulled out in her excitement.

But Mildred wasn't satisfied. She wanted to play grown-up rôles. So she borrowed some grown-up clothes one day from an actress friend of hers, and went down to the photographer's to pose. But she forgot all about her shoes, so there peeped out from beneath her dress her own childish, spring-heeled "Mary Janes."

Pretty soon, whether the photographs helped her or not, she began to get grown-up parts to play, and you doubtless remember her as Bobby Harron's sweetheart in one of the Triangle films. When Mr. Griffith left for Europe he had a contract with her, but she didn't want to remain inactive at home, and as he could not take her with him she went down to see Tom Ince, and once more became one of his players, but in his handsome new studio this time. She played a couple of leads with William S. Hart, and also two with William Desmond. And when Mrs. Smalley—Lois Weber—wanted somebody to play the lead in "The Price of a Good Time" she tried scores of girls, but none of them would do. Then some one suggested

Mildred Harris, whereat Mrs. Smalley exclaimed:

"What, that baby?" remembering her only as the child actress.

But when she saw her, she at once cried out: "The very girl."

And from that time on Mildred was made. She played leads in seven pictures with Mrs. Smalley, the most notable one being "For Husbands Only."

But back of it all, Mildred had a wonderful training, for, while she was with Griffith, he rehearsed her in all the leading rôles for his pictures, but she was somehow always too little and childish for the parts. But she says that while she was bitterly disappointed at the time in not getting any of those big parts, she wouldn't give up that training for anything.

An amusing little thing happened when Mildred first went to seek work with Thomas H. Ince. She was a very little girl then, only twelve, I think. Somebody had told her she should learn to dance if she wanted to be graceful on the screen. So she studied classic work, practicing until she wept, and her small feet were bruised and sore. When Mr. Ince asked her what she could do, she didn't say a word, but just picked up her skirts and did a wonderful little pirouette, and Mr. Ince patted her on the head and told her he guessed she'd do.

But even the picture success isn't enough for Mildred. She seems to be immersing herself in work, and it is whispered that she is shortly to make a stage appearance in Los Angeles.

Having sipped the last drop of milk, Mildred smiled, and, as the director called her back to work, she gave me her hand, ran out of the door, looked back over her shoulder at me, and threw a kiss in quite her old Doralike way.

And *Dora* to me she will remain to the end of the chapter.

## Everybody—a Drama

With our own specially selected All-Star Cast.

- |                                |                              |
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| Ennui—Elsie Ferguson.          | Geniality—Tom Moore.         |
| Sophistication—Gloria Swanson. | Strength—William Russell.    |
| Daring—Antonio Moreno.         | Witchery—Priscilla Dean.     |
| Spirituality—Bessie Love.      | Charm—Mary Pickford.         |
| Hilarity—Charlie Chaplin.      | Wistfulness—Mae Marsh.       |
| Mischief—Dorothy Gish.         | Innocence—Madge Kennedy.     |
| Delicacy—Lillian Gish.         | Reserve—Alice Joyce.         |

## What the Fans Think

Continued from page 76

we have a cluttered mass of stuff, realistic, no doubt, but not impressive. "The Red Lantern" and "The Virgin of Stamboul" offered wonderful opportunities for suggestive backgrounds and lightings. Instead, we have just the ordinary "sets" seen a thousand and one times. The screen seems bound by convention. Griffith may produce some bad pictures, but at least he gives us everything that is new. Witness his fuzzy close-ups. They are all using it now. "Broken Blossoms" was a step in the right direction so far as poetic expression in setting, lighting, and atmosphere are concerned. Can't some one invent something new besides Griffith? MRS. J. K.—Chicago, Illinois.

### Let the Leading Men Alone.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Here's something that strikes me as peculiar. Why is it that as soon as a leading man has shown himself entirely capable, his producer takes him out of his natural and proper environment, and makes him a star? Here are Eugene O'Brien, Elliott Dexter, and now Conway Tearle, doubtless three of the most popular leading men that ever graced the screen. O'Brien is a star, Dexter will be seen in his own pictures, Tearle is now working on his first starring picture.

Wouldn't a boxing promoter be censured if he took a champion lightweight and called him a heavyweight just for the additional publicity such an act would receive? Not that all our screen leading men are lightweights in any sense of the word, but they often are not "heavy" enough to stand alone without the support of a feminine star. To cite a case in point, I have seen all the pictures in which Eugene O'Brien has starred, and not one of them even approaches anything he ever did when he was appearing in support of Norma Talmadge.

Of course, there is a distinction in being a star instead of merely a supporting character. But when better performances are given in support, why make pictures weaker by separating a cracking good team like the Talmadge-O'Brien combination? And good leading men are all too scarce on the screen to-day. Wouldn't a way out of the difficulty present itself by having the producer costar his feminine luminary with his masculine lead. Or won't most of the famous ladies permit it.

A. FAN—San Francisco, California.

### A Plea for the Screen Father.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

There is a certain thing in pictures that strikes me as being rather peculiar, and I've never heard it explained.

Why is the screen father so old? While the heroine is invariably depicted as being eighteen or twenty, her father is generally shown to be sixty or seventy.

In real life all around us we find daughters of that age whose fathers are only forty or forty-five—which is not considered old these days. Why do we not see them on the screen?

Is the screen father shown aged just to give the character actor a chance? Respectfully,

G. D.—Lake Forest, Illinois.



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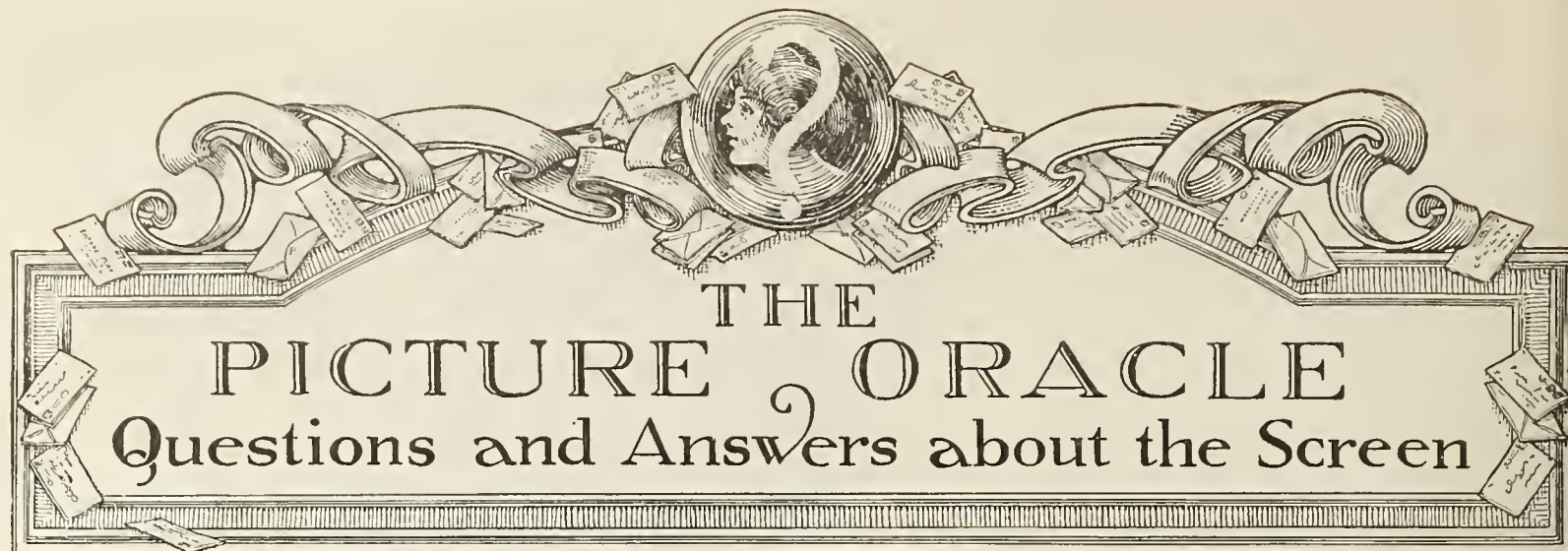
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THE  
PICTURE ORACLE  
Questions and Answers about the Screen

**WINIFRED L. DOVE.**—What's the matter with The Picture Oracle for your friend in the U. S. to write to? I assure you it is no trouble at all to answer your questions. Robert Warwick, Earle Metcalfe, Richard Travers, Jack Pickford, Kenneth Harlan, Larry Peyton, Wheeler Oakman, Jack Jaccard, Albert Ray, and Eugene Pallette are a few of them. I don't see how you figure you took up "so much of your time." Short and sweet, I call it.

**ANITA STEWART'S FAITHFUL ADMIRER.**—Anita Stewart was never on the stage before entering pictures. She used to pose for calendars and illustrated song slides while she was still attending Erasmus Hall High School, in Brooklyn, New York. Ralph Ince, her brother-in-law, was directing at Vitagraph at the time, and Anita went down to the studio one day. They thought she ought to photograph well, so they gave her a part in one of Ralph's pictures. There were two girls in it—a nice girl and a mean one—and Anita was given the mean girl to portray. Zena Keefe played the nice girl. Anita continued to play small parts until 1913, when she was given the leading rôle in "The Wood Violet," and she made such a hit in it that they raised her salary from twenty-five dollars to thirty dollars a week. She continued with Vitagraph, playing leads until she left that concern to be starred by Louis Mayer in First National features.

**E. B. P.**—See addresses at the end of this department.

**BLONDIE.**—You will have to write to the editor about pictures in the magazine. I haven't anything to do with that end of it. Beverly Bayne is not playing on the screen. She is on the stage with Francis X. Bushman in "The Master Thief."

**U. No.**—You refer to Charles Murray in "Puppy Love," with Lila Lee, and not Mack Sennett. The largest studios are located in California. Tom Mix was a ranger, a sheriff, and almost everything else in Texas before he went into motion pictures. It isn't a question of age; it's one of ability.

**HONOR BRIGHT.**—I have been writing for PICTURE-PLAY for five years, ever since it started. Mr. and Mrs. Carter de Haven are still making comedies, which are now released by Famous Players-Lasky. I don't know whether Constance will have a chance to answer your letter or not. She receives hundreds of similar requests every week, and she surely can't possibly attend to them all. Rich-

ard Barthelmess was born in New York in 1895. Niles Welch was born in 1888.

**FRANK MAYO LOVER.**—It is hard to say whether or not Francis X. Bushman will ever return to the screen again. Frank Mayo is still making features for Universal. His latest is called "The Peddler of Lies." Julia Dean is not appearing in pictures any longer. Yes, it will seem like old times to have Lottie Pickford

to you. Yes, it is quite right to inclose six cents in stamps. Viola Dana is married. Elaine Hammerstein is the lady's right name. She is the granddaughter of the late Oscar Hammerstein. Norma Talmadge was born in 1897.

**A ROLAND ADMIRER.**—Ruth Roland was born in 1893. Fannie Ward is in France at present. She is going to make films over there. W. Lawson Butt was "Bad Anse" Hovey; George Anderson was Roger Malcolm, and George Cooper was Jeb Hovey in "Her Man" with Elaine Hammerstein. Frank Keenan is still making features for Pathé. "Smoldering Embers" is one of his latest plays. He was born in Dubuque, Iowa. He doesn't say when.

**HAROLD LOCKWOOD FAN.**—I agree with you that the screen lost one of its most pleasing personalities with the passing of Harold Lockwood. Harold started out to be a business man and went to business college after he left Newark High School. He secured his first job with a wholesale dry-goods company, but was let out by the firm when they ran into a slack season. He tried for several weeks to land another job, and failing, secured a position as chorus man in "The Broken Idol," with Otis Harlan. He worked his way up very quickly until he was playing juveniles in stock companies. He secured his first picture engagement with the Rex Company, and in 1910 joined the Nestor Company, going from there to the New York Motion Picture Corporation and then to Selig. He went to the American Film Company after playing with Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark at Famous Players. Then came his starring vehicles for Metro, and he was with that concern when his untimely death occurred on October 19, 1918.

**BUNNY.**—I should be delighted to hear from you again. No, Santa didn't bring me any of the things you mentioned, although nearly all of them would have been quite acceptable. It's rather late to talk of Christmas, isn't it? Gladys Smith has been known as Mary Pickford since she first went on the stage as a tiny tot. Her mother changed her name because she thought it a better one for professional use. I saw Hobart Bosworth in "Behind the Door" and enjoyed it. It is too bad it was not produced during the war, as it would have been one of the best propaganda pictures conceivable. Send six cents in stamps to the editor for a copy of the "Market Booklet."

**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.

back on the screen. June Elvidge is five feet three inches. Eileen Sedgwick is five feet two and one-half inches. "The Radium Mystery" is her latest screen offering. It is a serial.

**MILLIE.**—William Farnum and Raymond Nye are both married. Nye was born in Tamaqua, Pennsylvania.

**MILDRED S.**—You will find Mary's address at the end of this department.

**PATTIE INTERESTING.**—Rena has not played in pictures for several years. She's quite a big girl now, and can't play the kiddies she used to do.

**KITTY.**—The editor couldn't send you the "Market Booklet" because you didn't put down your last name, and he didn't know whom to send it to. Send in your full name to him and it will be mailed

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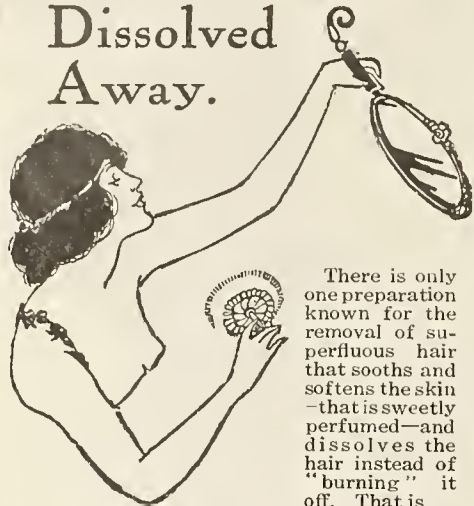
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# A Tabloid Review

Continued from page 70

strative, not toward him, but toward another man. Proved by Irene Castle and William Carleton.

"The Miracle of Money"—Romances of old and middle age are sometimes more touching than those of sweet sixteen. If a director knows life he can make them so. Hobart Henley does. And his "Miracle of Money," dealing with love and middle age, is another pictorial achievement that stamps him as one of the original and distinctive directors of his time.

"The Orphan"—William Farnum in one of the most enjoyable "bad-man" pictures ever produced. Highly melodramatic, it is made engaging because of the star's personality and the author's originality.

"The Love Expert"—Constance Talmadge in another "innocent vampire" rôle. Blessed with the star's irresistible buoyancy, the John Emerson-Anita Loos brand of subtitles, which constitute a virtuosity in themselves, and with some novel tricks of production, it matches with her best.

"Don't Ever Marry"—A Marshall Neilan chocolate sundae, frapped with nuts, cherries, orange, and all sorts of yum-yum. Really the most amusing mixture of all sorts of comedy, from the sublime to the ridiculous. Neilan cares little for law and order in his pictures, and this one is as varied and as appealing as a confectioner's concoction is to a schoolgirl's taste.

"Bullet Proof"—Harry Carey in a Western that accentuates gun fights and neglects plot. Principally attractive to the small boys in the first rows.

"A Fool and His Money"—Eugene O'Brien in a moderately engaging romance that has nothing whatsoever to do with the picture's title.

"Slam Bang Jim"—A Western comedy-drama, with William Russell doubling as the tenderfoot Easterner and the Western bandit. The complications resulting are cleverly handled and productive of comedy and surprise.

"The Cup of Fury"—Rupert Hughes' story of German spies and labor unrest seems quite out-of-date

in this day. Can the Eminent Authors branch of the Goldwyn company produce nothing but feature after feature dealing with the war or with highly colored slants on labor questions?

"Carmen of the North"—A British-made picture introducing Anna Bos, who outtheda Theda Bara at her most vamping darndest. Miss Bos has both charm and a seductive figure. She knows how to use both, and use them she does in a picture which—though almost storyless and lacking in the qualities that make a good production—is likely to revive the censorship question once again.

"The False Road"—A crook picture starring Enid Bennett supported by Lloyd Hughes, that shows C. Gardner Sullivan at his best as a continuity writer but at his weakest as an author.

"Captain Swift"—C. Haddon Chambers' play of English society and the Australian bandit is rather old-fashioned, but it makes moderate entertainment as presented herein, with the gentlemanly Earle Williams in the title rôle.

"Would You Forgive?"—William Fox and Ivan Abramson take turns asking the screen public somewhat hackneyed questions, and then pretend to answer their own queries by means of more or less isolated melodramatic cases. The general character of Fox's latest may be sounded when it is stated that the wife is asked to forgive her husband after she has discovered the child she had adopted is his by another woman. The material is not expertly handled.

"Desert Love"—Here is another Western with thrilling stunts and gun fire, but with small semblance of convincing story. Tom Mix is the hero in the case.

"Rio Grande"—The general idea of Mexico to-day is akin to a Sennett comedy. Putting this idea into melodrama is rather dangerous work. "Rio Grande" lacks conviction and is not told in the best manner. A novice can spot the continuity as all wrong from the standpoint of true technique. Rosemary Theby is the Mexican girl, and Allan Sears the Irish-American sheriff who wins her and alters her viewpoint on the "gringo."



Vive La Vampire!

Continued from page 69

"The Heart of Twenty" is a lackadaisical and amateurish picture, somewhat enlivened by ZaSu Pitts, who displays more verve and versatility than she has in previous plays. Sarah Y. Mason seems to have given Director Henry Kolker a story with a rather ingenious plot and amusing situations, but Mr. Kolker mislaid the plot until the end, at which point you are too tired to be interested. Too much footage is given each situation. Consequently the humor goes stale by attenuation.

"For the Soul of Rafael" is chromatically rich, but dramatically tenuous. It is optical entertainment rather than mental. With a glamorous texture of violet and blue and green moon gold, overcast with romantic shadows, it has the charm of a painting—and just about as much drama.

Of late, Clara Kimball Young seems striving only to be beautiful. And she succeeds—beautifully. Every posture is a picture. The old emotional fire has crystallized like lava. At times she is as lovely, and quite as cold, as a marble Madonna. Bertram Grassby, as *Rafael*, supplies the only histrionic warmth in the picture. He is a Dædalian worker in characters.

Art director Ben Carré and photographer Arthur Edeson should have credit for giving this picture distinction. They invest it with the panoply of romance, the romance of the Spanish epoch in California, when the mission was the sanctuary of civilization. There are scenic bits in this cloisonné that shine forth like Louvre gems. Thus at times the characters seem mere figurines, their motives subordinate to the pictorial beauty.

If any of the better half of the fans—meaning, of course, the feminine—have been at all fickle to Wallace Reid, they will be vamped back by "The Dancin' Fool." There may be dissension as to America's Queen of Beauty, but even the men will award Wally the king's title. You behold him in the rube attire, evening clothes, apache garb, and leopard-and-Reid-skin in "The Dancin' Fool," and even the leopard spots become him. This story is not as swift or joyous as his recent automobile yarns. In fact, Mr. Reid himself supplies most of the good humor. Then there is that glowing peony, Bebe Daniels, who achieves something more than a De Mille poster effect.



Paul Schofield

A year ago he was a rank outsider. He studied the Palmer Plan. Today he is under a 2-year contract as staff writer with Thos. H. Ince Studios

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## Bab's Candidate

Continued from page 40

drawal; you have no opposition. And this is doubtless the last day you will ever spend with me as my fiancée. You won't go fishing with me?"

Darrow knew about Barbara's habit of curing jangled nerves by whipping the brook for trout. She had got herself into a nervous complex by vowing she would break their engagement if he won the election. She would need the day's fishing and his company to pull her out of the hole that her hasty tongue had put her into.

"Of course, I will go fishing with you," Darrow vowed warmly. "I am more than pleased to have the invitation."

A few moments later Barbara's coupélet, driven by that able young woman herself, rolled up to the curb by the post office, where Darrow awaited her.

"You haven't voted, have you?" Barbara asked.

"Sure. Why not? Every vote helps, even when there is no opposition."

"Oh, pshaw," cried Barbara disappointedly, "I didn't want you to vote. I wanted to pair with you, as they say in Congress. That's why I planned for us both to go fishing."

"Sorry I didn't see the point," Darrow apologized laughingly as he climbed into the car beside his sweetheart.

"But now I must vote," Barbara announced, "since you have already voted."

"But you'll have to vote *for* me," Darrow explained, "and that's worse than not voting at all."

"I'll not vote for you, silly," Barbara declared. "I'll scratch out your name and write in some one else's. That's legal, you know."

She ran to the booth, and three minutes later she was back at the wheel, and the coupélet was bounding along the hill road toward Cedar Brook.

Sure enough the trout were biting that day, and before noon Barbara had caught five. Darrow had no luck whatever, as he was not familiar with fly casting. Barbara wore hip boots and waded above her knees in the purling stream while Darrow did his unsuccessful fishing from the shore.

"Gum-shoeing, or rather gum-booting, is successful in this kind of work," Darrow joked as Barbara hooked her fifth fish. "But back in town is where I am making my haul to-day."

Barbara smiled, but said nothing.

The trout were cleaned and cooked at a camp fire. While the appetizing lunch was being eaten, Darrow said suddenly:

"Whose name did you write in on your ballot?" Then he laughed as if he had caught Barbara by surprise.

"I wrote in the name of the town pauper, Henry Dawes," she replied, without hesitating.

"Why did you do that?"

"Because you suggested it. You said that Sprague ought to withdraw in favor of the pauper."

"You stick close to the organization, don't you?" laughed Darrow.

"That's politics," declared Barbara solemnly as she helped herself to an olive. "And if I had thought of it in time, I could have defeated you in this election."

"How?"

"By going among the voters and telling them all to write in Harry Dawes' name. You see, it would have lessened the taxes if the voters had sent the pauper to the legislature. Lighter taxes is the only cry that can reach the voter's heart in this bailiwick. It costs the town two hundred and fifty dollars a year to feed and clothe Harry. By electing him to the legislature the State would pay him a salary to live on. It would be money in the town's pocket instead of money out-of-pocket."

"But you don't suppose that this assembly district is so lacking in civic pride as to elect a pauper to the legislature. Why, they would not dare elect a pauper to that august body. He couldn't qualify; he hasn't got the necessary education."

"Who hasn't?" demanded Barbara. "You're wrong. You don't know Harry Dawes. Harry is educated and well-read, and is qualified for the legislature. Furthermore he is not a real pauper. He has money hidden away, but pretends to be penniless because the town beat him out of a thousand dollars, and he has spent four years boarding on the town to get it back."

"Why didn't he put in a claim? I'd have pushed it free for him."

"Because he didn't want oratory; he wanted his money. So he gum-shoed and got it."

"Good heavens, Barbara! You're wise to everything. How do I know that you haven't gum-shoed to the voters and got 'em pledged to put Harry across? How do I know that this fishing trip isn't part of a put-up job on me?"

"You don't know it yet, but when you get the returns and find that you

have got all the votes but my lone ballot for Harry Dawes—then you will know that I have not used my gumshoeing tactics to defeat my own fiancé for office.”

That evening Darrow was silent and nervous as Barbara carried him back to town. Arrived at the post office, Darrow jumped out and ran to the office of the weekly *Clarion*. There they showed him the election returns. He hardly believed his eyes when he read the figures.

For David Darrow—2.

For Harry Dawes—485.

The distracted candidate bolted out of the office amid the laughter of the hangers-on, and climbing into Barbara's car he let her drive him out to her country home.

“Now do you believe that the people like your oratory?” Barbara asked gently.

“You did it, didn't you?” David asked, hot with humiliation. “Why?”

“Because you were trying for a career in politics, and in politics you are a flivver. Your future is in the law, as I have always said, and father has said, also. I told you that I would not marry you if you won this election. Yet foolishly you tried to be a politician at the cost of being a real lawyer and marrying me.”

“But I can't stay in this town, now, and resume my law practice,” Darrow bewailed. “I'm everlastingly cooked here.”

“I arranged for all that. Will you accept a job in the department of justice at eighteen thousand dollars a year.”

“Would I? But how could I get such a job, now that I have opposed the organization?”

“I've got it for you. I talked it out of papa—but not by oratory—by gum-shoeing.”

As Darrow kissed Barbara good night some hours later, he remarked:

“I wonder who that other fool was that voted for me?”

“Why, it was my ballot,” the girl said, “I knew that no one else would vote for you, so it would be just we two against the world.”

### Impressions

On goodly curves I rest my eyes.  
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The orchestra plays something sweet,  
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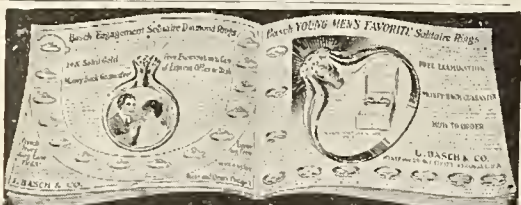
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**Edith of the Elves**

Continued from page 44

possibilities—and the one I'm perfectly wild to do is 'Marama,' a Hawaiian story. I wear shredded-wheat skirts and beads, and I do the hula on the beach—and I'm crazy to begin it!"

When Edith forgets to be shy her enthusiasm is as natural and as contagious as that of a child. But it was not until the day's work was finished, and we were confidentially curled up on the divan of her dressing room, that she felt acquainted enough really to tell me of her stage and screen career and, what was more important, to give me a glimpse into the heart of a little girl who has not been spoiled by adulation or honors, and who takes her recent rise to stardom with a wondering humility.

"To think that people really want to see me!" she said in awed tones, her eyes very wide and intense. "But I'm so glad and so thankful—you can't guess how hard I've worked for it. You see, I always loved the stage, and when I was twelve years old I was in vaudeville with my cousin, Dave Stamper, in a singing and dancing act. Of course, my mother was with me—she always is—she comes to the studio every day, and I hate to have her out of my sight. She is the *dearest* mother that—"

"But about the pictures." She flashed back to the original topic. "I made my debut as an Oriental girl, in an old Universal two-reeler. 'Three Wise Men from the East.' Then I played in 'The Toymaker of Leyden,' and my first lead—oh, will I ever forget how it thrilled me?—was with Lyons and Moran in comedies.

"But you see, I was very little—more so, even, than now"—the brown eyes sparkled at me—"and they had me playing grown-up parts, so I had to pad my straight-up-and-down figure with 'fats,' as they call them. And now and then in a particularly exciting comedy moment they would slip, and my figure would creep up around my neck or slither around over my backbone.

"I thought I would never get out of comedies. I was in them nearly three years, and all the time wanting so much to do real things. I played opposite Charles Ray in 'Bill Henry,' and then, when I came back to Universal and played opposite Frank Mayo in 'Lasca,' they said I could be a star—and I do hope I'll make good!"

I assured her that there wasn't the slightest doubt of it; it was my honest opinion, too. But I found

that she was listening in a detached sort of way, her eyes fixed on something a thousand miles away, that I couldn't even guess at.

"I *will* make good," she said suddenly, with profound conviction. "I get 'hunches' that are always right if I follow them, and when mother and I work the ouija board"—she hesitated for an expression of disbelief on my part, and when it was not forthcoming—"we get the most wonderful messages. Please don't think I'm silly," she begged, "I really believe in guiding powers that we can't see but can sometimes get in touch with."

Whatever part the ouija board may have played in the shaping of Edith's career, it is certainly true that she is on the highroad to becoming one of the screen's stellar favorites. There is something about her that goes straight to the heart, an old-fashioned sweetness mingled with a certain elfin charm. If you are skeptical, or if you don't believe in fairies—go out to Universal and meet "Edith of the Elves." I'm sure you'll be convinced.

**Hints for Scenario Writers**

Continued from page 66

would copy it before mailing. The fact that your script has gone astray is the best evidence in the world that it *has* gone astray. Don't write insulting letters to the editor; don't appeal to the post-office department to "put an inspector on this case at once." Be nice; write a kindly letter to the editor, stating that you regretted the misplacing of the manuscript, that you have a carbon copy, that you can appreciate that these things are bound to happen sometimes, and—when you send your next story to that concern you will find the editor has appreciated your attitude, and he will take a personal interest in some one who does not do the usual thing. When you submit stories to most film companies you do so at your own risk, especially when sending to concerns that do not advertise, asking for scripts.

**"Love Stuff"**

We know one expensive picture carrying an all-star cast, wonderful sets, and beautiful photography that is "shelved." That is, no market can be found for it, though it is a costly production. Why? Because the director paid minute attention to every detail except the most important one of all—the love interest. Love interest is a prime essential in the world of make-believe.

# Film Gossip

By the Film Colonist

"Don't Ever Marry" is the title of Marshall Neilan's latest picture. Al Cohn says Hollywood is an ideal locale for the story.

Charlie Chaplin has made a six-reel feature picture. It is a regular drama, we're told, not a series of "gags." No information is being given out concerning the nature of the story, save that it does *not* deal with matrimonial relations, that story having been released already by Mrs. Chaplin.

Following Mary Pickford's announcement that she will go abroad, Mary Miles Minter issues an edict stating her intention of going overseas, too—to the Orient. Mary Pickford announces she will receive the King of England. Miss Minter hasn't offered to receive any one, but it is probable she will give audience to the mikado and a coupla maharajahs.

'Tis said that Cecil B. De Mille may sue Metro for producing "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath." Every one knows Cecil discovered the bath and has held exclusive screen rights to it.

"Billions" will be the title of Nazimova's picture from the story "L'Homme Riche," which deals with Spain. Later she will produce "La Maison du Dances."

Monte Blue and John Bowers are added attractions for "The Mountain Europa," by John Fox, junior, in which Mary Miles Minter will make her entrance on the back of a bull. That is, she will if she follows the story.

Anita Stewart has purchased "Sowing the Wind" for her vehicle following "The Yellow Typhoon." D. W. Griffith also was a bidder for the story.

Betty Blythe has signed a contract to play the leading rôle in First National's "Nomads of the North," by James Oliver Curwood.

Tom Terris is the latest director to be starred. He will make "Tom Terris Productions" for Vitagraph. His first is Gouverneur Morris' story, "Trumpet Island." Then he plans to do "The Great Ruby," a Drury Lane melodrama, and "The Great Divide."



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"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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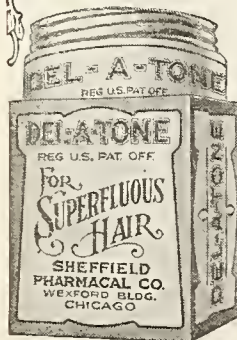
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Antonio Moreno is another who threatens to quit us for Europe. When he completes his serial by Albert E. Smith and Cleveland Moffett, he expects to sail for Spain to make a picture for Vitagraph.

Our celluloid cupid says that Louise Glaum will become the bride of J. Parker Read, junior, the producer, who sponsors the Louise Glaum and Hobart Bosworth productions.

"Bert Lytell Productions" are imminent, we hear. When Mr. Lytell's present contract expires with Metro, that organization will resign the star and give him carte blanche with his own company. He is leaving for New York to make his future pictures at the Metro studio in Long Island.

Casson Ferguson will have the rôle of *Raymond*, the son, in Goldwyn's production of "Madame X," Pauline Frederick starring.

Charles Ray paid fifty thousand dollars for "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," the George Cohan musical comedy success. He will produce it as the second of his First National pictures, following "Peaceful Valley."

Richard Barthelmess will remain a Griffith star until 1924, according to terms of a contract now said to be consummated. The salary and percentage of profits will place him in the star millionaire class.

"So Long Letty," the famous musical comedy success of Oliver Morosco, has been purchased for forty thousand dollars by the Christies for film production. Besides their comedy activities, the Christies are making ambitious plans to enter the arena of special multiple-reel features.

"The Queen of Sheba" will come to the screen, we hear, as a spectacular William Fox production comparable to "Cleopatra" and "Salome." J. Gordon Edwardes, who directed the Theda Bara spectacles, is planning to start work on it in June. The cast has not been selected. Solomon in all his glory, with his five hundred wives, may be expected to appear.

Will Rogers says he will not send his pictures to fans. Instead, he sends ropes. Will and his rope have been inseparable; hence the star thinks a rope represents him better than a photograph.

Sam Goldwyn turned down Doug Fairbanks' offer of two hundred thousand dollars for the screen rights to "A Tailor-Made Man," which Goldwyn purchased of George Cohan for one hundred and four thousand dollars. Tom Moore will star in it.

The faith drama flourishes. George Melford is to do "The Faith Healer," from the play by William Vaughn Moody, for Paramount-Artcraft. He will also make "The Translation of a Savage," by Sir Gilbert Parker, and "The Shulamite," from Edward Knoblauch's drama. Milton Sills will play leading rôles in all three.

Florence Deshon has left Goldwyn for Maurice Tourneur.

"Oh, Dad!" is the title of Mildred Harris Chaplin's new picture.

Anne May, the young millionairess who quit society for the screen, will be leading woman for Charles Ray in "Peaceful Valley."

Mary Charleson—Mrs. Henry Walthall—comes back to the screen as leading lady in "Crossed Claims," with Harry Carey.

"Homespun Folks" is the title of the second picture in which Lloyd Hughes, the new Ince star, appears.

Jack Mulhall has signed to play leading rôles for Famous Players-Lasky.

Charles Hutchinson is to make four more serials for Pathé.

Universal announces that Anne Cornwall will be starred in "Virginia," by Ida M. Evans.

Hobart Henley is now under contract to direct pictures for Selznick.

Thomas Santschi is to star in a Western picture for the Cathrine Curtis Company and direct it as well.

Another Hawaiian picture! Hope Hampton is the heroine, and Waikiki Beach plays an important part as a setting.

Claire Whitney has a three-year contract as a star with the Tri-Star Company.

Madlaine Traverse announces "The Stain of Innocence" as her first picture as a star at the head of her own company.

The Monroe Salisbury Players will make their bow on the screen as an organization in "The Barbarian." Jane Novak and Barney Sherry are among them, and their first picture will be made in the Mount Shasta region.

Emil Chautard has been engaged to make a series of special productions for Fox.

Robert Warwick's lawsuit was not the conventional one for divorce, but one against Famous Players-Lasky for breach of contract, a welcome novelty.

And now it's Louise Lovely who comes forward to announce that she has formed her own company, and will go to work on a schedule of six pictures a year as soon as she finishes the two which she is under contract to make for Fox.

The Historical Film Corporation has at last begun work on its filming of the Bible, the first picture being based on the Epistle of Paul to Philemon.

Martha Mansfield will be seen from now on in Selznick features.

The Lord Northcliffe Press of England is to publish the story of Antonio Moreno's life in serial and book form.

Ethel Barrymore will star in the film production of "Declasse," the play in which she has been appearing on the New York stage all season.

Geraldine Farrar's screen appearances will henceforth be made as an Associated Exhibitors' star.

"Midnight Gambols" is Marie Doro's new picture, a Pioneer production.



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## The Picture Oracle

*Continued from page 86*

H. D.—See above. Nell Lockwood was the lady.

FLO D.—I answer only questions pertaining to motion pictures.

MRS. R. G.—The "Market Booklet" has been mailed to you.

GIRLIE.—They are not married. Neva Gerber and Ben Wilson were in "The Voice on the Wire." They are not related. Francis MacDonald is his right name. He is still working in pictures. Leon is always grouchy. Baby Marie Osborne is not the youngest. Mr. and Mrs. Leon T. Osborne are her parents. William S. Hart is not married. I have been The Oracle for five years.

ANITA STEWART ADMIRER.—There is no way of keeping track of "extra" people, so I can't tell you who the maid was. You will find all you want to know about Anita Stewart in another answer in this month's replies to questions.

C. H. C.—Elsie Ferguson had the principle rôle in "Barbary Sheep."

DELLA B.—Earle is dead. The reason the actresses who get the idea that they want to retire don't do so is because there is an even greater demand for their pictures when the public learns they are thinking of leaving the screen for good, and they are induced to remain at work. The "Market Booklet" has been mailed to you.

MISS BOBBIE McC.—Marjorie never played in Fox features.

INQUIRER.—You have Pearl White mixed up with Lillian Lorraine. Pearl did not play in the serial "Neal of the Navy." It was Lillian. You refer to Tom Powers in "The Auction Block." He is now on the stage in New York. Ruby de Remer played the feminine lead in that picture.

O. ROOSEVELT A.—See addresses below. Nazimova was born in Crimea, Yalta, Russia. Tom Moore was born in County Meath, Ireland. Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887.

S. K.—You are all wrong about Pearl White. Antonio Moreno is not married. I don't know their exact salaries, but they receive plenty.

U. S. RAY.—Doris Lee is now Doris May. Her correct name is Helen Garret. She was born in 1902. Josephine Hill is playing in Universal two-reelers.

MARTHA E.—Irene Castle is now Mrs. Tremaine. I think both the Lee kids and Irene would send you a picture.

EDITH A. GRAVES.—That's perfectly all right. May Allison is not married. Viola Dana is married. Her hair is dark brown. Charles Ray is twenty-nine and Albert Ray is twenty-six. Constance Talmadge is not married. The stars don't often give away their old clothes when they have used them in a picture, as there usually comes a time when they will be called upon to play a part in which the clothes will just suit. No pun intended. Maybe if you write to the editor he will put the pictures of Jack Pickford and Albert Ray that you want in the gallery. I have nothing to do with that end of it.

I. C. U.—I can't tell you where and how Theda Bara died, because she is still very much alive and playing on the legitimate stage at the Shubert Theater in New York. Charles Chaplin was married in October, 1918. Theda Bara was recently married to a theatrical producer.

C. AND C. ADMIRER.—Your questions regarding Constance have already been answered in this issue. Her latest picture is "In Search of a Sinner." Conway Tearle has always played leading rôles. He is now going to star in his own right. He was born in New York in 1880.

JEANNETTE HUMMEL.—Yes, Gloria Swanson lived in Chicago. In fact, she was born there. She is five feet three and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. Ethel Clayton was born in Champaign, Illinois, in 1890. She is five feet five and one-half inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. That's their names.

LONESOME SUE.—Corinne Griffith is married to Webster Campbell. Lila Lee is five feet two and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896.

OTTO J.—Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889.

KWIZES ON MAE MARSH.—There was a picture of Mae Marsh and her baby in the March number. She was on the cover in June, 1917 and in the magazine in June and August, 1917, and May, February, and November, 1918, and January, 1919. Mary Pickford was on the cover in April, 1916, and September, 1917.

ELINOR F. ALLEN.—Mary Pickford hasn't any children and Mabel Normand is not married.

IMA DAISY.—Ann Little has been the most consistent leading lady for Wallace Reid, but, like most male stars, he changes his leading women with nearly every picture. Elaine Hammerstein was on the stage before going into pictures. She is the granddaughter of the late Oscar Hammerstein, the well-known theatrical and opera producer. Norma Talmadge was born in Niagara Falls, New York. She was at Saranac Lake.

MICKEY.—I don't wonder that Pearl White didn't answer your letter. It seems to me that your questions were a little too personal, and Pearl might have thought that they were nobody's business but her own. Her father was not a policeman. "The White Moll" is her first starring vehicle with Fox.

DORIS OHLER.—No, I haven't any relatives in comedies. Theda Bara did not go blind and kill herself. That's somebody's nightmare. Theda is now starring in "The Blue Flame," a legitimate play, at the Shubert Theater, in New York. Charlie Chaplin probably doesn't like to wear a mustache, so he doesn't raise one, even if it would save him a lot of trouble gluing on a phoney one each working day. Wallace Reid is wed to Dorothy Davenport. Charley Ray is married to Clara Grant. Your Viola Dana question has been answered.

SAHARA.—E. K. Lincoln and Elmo Lincoln are two entirely different persons. Geraldine Farrar is an American. Her father, Sid Farrar, used to be a well-known ball player.

GLADYS A.—You should have inclosed a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wanted a personal reply. May is twenty-two. I do not send out pictures of the stars. You will have to write to them personally for their photographs.

LOCKWOOD FAN, NOW AND FOREVER.—It is not true about the wolfhound. He never had one. You refer to Seena Owen in "Victory." I'm sorry, but I am not allowed to give any names and addresses of any of my correspondents.



MISS HERMAN E.—Mary Pickford was married to Douglas Fairbanks on March 28, 1920. She has no children. Your other question has already been answered in this issue.

DORCHESTER FAN.—After writing to all those stars whose addresses you want I don't see why you want to join a correspondence club. That ought to keep you occupied for some time. Look for the addresses at the end of this department.

ELAINE AND JULIET.—I should say it did take you a long time. Edith Roberts lives in Hollywood, California. Marguerite Clark and Theda Bara were both born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Niles Welch is still living. He is playing opposite Bessie Barriscale at present. Richard Barthelmess was born in 1895. Niles Welch was born in 1888. Earle Williams was born in 1880. What do you mean—short life? Write the editor about pictures in the magazine. My job is only to answer questions about the movies and movie folk.

CONWAY'S ADMIRER.—Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland, the vaudeville and musical comedy headliner. Tom Santschi played opposite Kathlyn Williams in "The Adventures of Kathlyn." You certainly think nice things about me—even if they aren't true!

LUELLA.—I don't think William S. Hart will mind a bit. Waiting for three years won't help you get into pictures. You should have been busy those three years getting experience.

FRANCES W.—What Walker do you mean?

BLANCHE KASHETA.—You refer to Darrel Foss opposite Ora Carew.

MARGARET D.—George Larkin played in the last of the "Hands Up" serial. Pearl White is married to Wallace McCutcheon. William Duncan is not married to Edith Johnson.

JERRYDENE.—Nazimova is married to Charles Bryant. That is her right name. Francis Ford is making serials. He is married. Your other questions have already been answered.

ZAFINA.—Kathleen Clifford played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "When the Clouds Roll By." You did very well for your first attempt on a typewriter.

EILEEN PERCY ADMIRER.—Eileen Percy is being costarred with Warner Oland in a new serial for Pathé. She is married. She works at the Gasnier Studios, in Glendale, California.

MARY REGAN.—Wheeler Oakman is married to Priscilla Dean. Marguerite Clark was born in 1887. Dick Barthelmess was born in 1895. Dorothy Gish was born in 1898. Wheeler Oakman was born in 1890. He is five feet eleven inches and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven inches and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Mary Pickford is five feet and weighs one hundred pounds. Dorothy Gish is five feet and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. Constance Talmadge was born in 1900. She is five feet six inches and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Nazimova weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. "Mary Ellen Comes to Town" is Dorothy's latest. "The Virgin of Stamboul" is Wheeler Oakman's. "A Modern Salome" is Wyndham Standing's. "Civilian Clothes" is Thomas Meighan's.



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SUSIE FALK.—Mary Miles Minter is making features for Realart and not the World Film Corporation. A vamp doesn't have to have dark hair and eyes. I know of lots of blond ones, with big blue eyes, and several red-headed ones. Roscoe Arbuckle is not married to Bebe Daniels. William and Dustin Farnum have never appeared on the screen together.

NURSE.—I distinctly remember answering your letters, so you must have overlooked them. Monte Blue is married. Dustin Farnum is not married to Winifred Kingston. Your other questions have already been answered in this issue.

MAE.—Cleo Ridgely and Edna Goodrich are not acting on the screen. Cleo is Mrs. James Horne, wife of the serial director, and it takes up all of her spare time now looking after their twins.

U. ADMIRER.—Josephine Hill's latest picture is "Burnt Wings," in which she appears with Frank Mayo.

G. C. E. M. B.—Caroline Harris is Richard Barthelmess' mother. She used to be on the stage, and also in pictures, but a nervous breakdown compelled her to retire and let Dick carry on the acting honors for the family. Barthelmess is his correct name. His first part was a small one in a picture with Herbert Brenon. When he was very young he was on the stage at various times, once being dressed up to play a little girl, much to his disgust and resentment. Later on he used to usher in the Fourteenth Street Theater on Saturdays and holidays just to get a chance to watch the actors.

O. C.—I forwarded your letter to Eileen Percy, as directed.

F. E. B.—Thanks for the compliments. That is Nazimova's own hair. She wore two wigs in "The Red Lantern," when she played the dual rôle. Charles Ray does not always play the awkward country boy. Most of his plays have been of this type because there is such a demand by the public for him in "rube" parts. "The Black Secret" is Pearl White's last serial.

M. M. M.—Bert Lytell is quite popular, and even more so since his picture "The Right of Way" was released. Bert was born and educated in New York City. He is five feet ten and one-half inches tall and weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds. He has brown hair and hazel eyes.

LENA CLARK.—I think you are wrong on both Harold Lockwood and Dorothy Phillips as childhood friends. It must have been some one with a similar name. Dorothy is a Baltimore, Maryland, girl.

FRANCIS LANE.—Joe isn't playing in pictures at present. He may return to the silver sheet, however.

MISS VICTORIA F.—I am sure William Russell will send you one of his photographs. Tom Moore was born in Ireland.

VIRGINIA LIBKE.—Richard Barthelmess has appeared in "Scarlet Days" and then in "The Idol Dancer," both Griffith photoplays, since you saw him in "Broken Blossoms."

MAYSWORTH N. C.—They never heard anything about your friend Dorothy's signing with them at the Fox Film Corporation. Mary Jane Irving was born in Columbia, South Carolina, in 1914. She will send you a picture. The Theatre Magazine editor will be glad to answer any questions regarding players on the legitimate stage.

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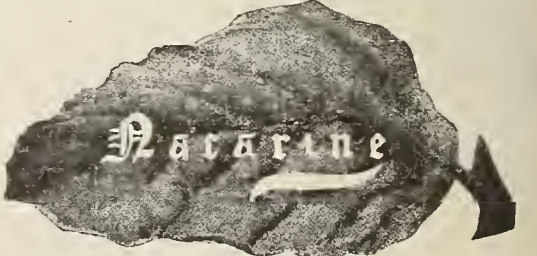
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**P. A.**—It costs a little over a cent a foot to develop. Your other question has been answered.

**PEARL WHITE FAN.**—That's her real name. Your other questions have been answered.

**JUST ME.**—Constance and Harrison are not married. Pearl White is. She has no children. Your other questions have been answered.

**IRENE G.**—Space is limited, so I can't give you the names and addresses of all the children in pictures and where and when they were born. Let me know the ones you are interested in and I will give you the information you require. Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are sisters. Constance, Norma, and Natalie Talmadge are all sisters. Harold Lockwood has been dead nearly two years now. Pearl White will make no more serials. Mae and Marguerite Marsh are sisters. Wanda Hawley was *Beauty*. Frank has a different leading woman in each picture.

**L. M. S.**—Your Pearl White questions already have been answered. Theda Bara is married. She is an American. William S. Hart's latest picture is called "The Toll Gate." William Farnum and Franklyn Farnum are not related.

**SNIPPY.**—Your question concerning the Talmadge sisters have already been answered in this issue. When they get that young, they are considered. As to who is the most beautiful and the best actress, that is a matter of opinion on which very few critics would agree. If I should tell you who I think the best it would only be my own personal opinion and not a universally recognized fact.

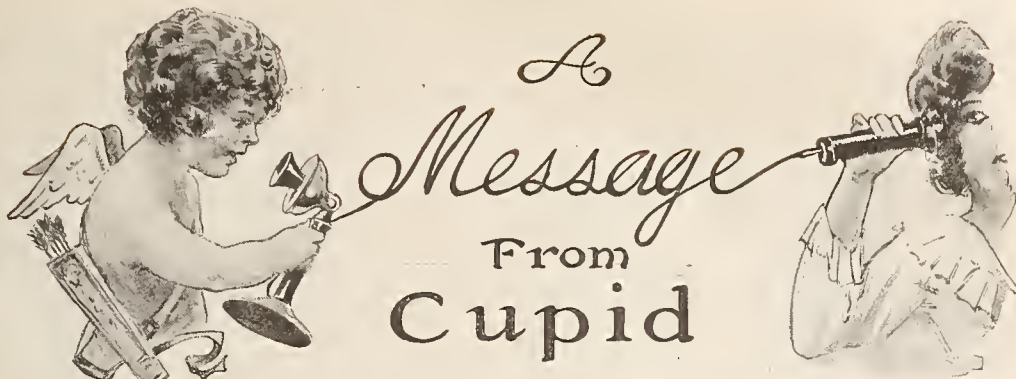
**HARRY LEE.**—Thanks for calling that to my attention. I did not mean to credit Walter MacNamara with the direction of "Traffic in Souls." He wrote the story, and Imp gave him all the credit for it, leaving Tucker, who directed it, without screen credit. The tale of his trials while producing the picture is well known to me.

**E. G. P.**—Frank Mayo is not related to Edna Mayo. Your other question has been answered.

**A. D. S.**—Donald Crisp played the rôle of *Battling Barrows* in "Broken Blossoms." Norman Selby, or "Kid" McCoy, as he is better known, played the other prize fighter.

**BILLIE S.**—William S. Hart has brown hair and blue eyes. Quite the opposite from what you pictured him, isn't it? Louis Bannison has dark hair and gray eyes. Bill is single. Louis is not.

**MONIQUE S.**—Your Pearl White and Tom Mix questions have already been answered. "The Perils of Thunder Mountain" was made in California. Bobby Connelly was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1909. He lives in Los Angeles. Bob White is not Pearl's brother. He is the only son of George Behan.



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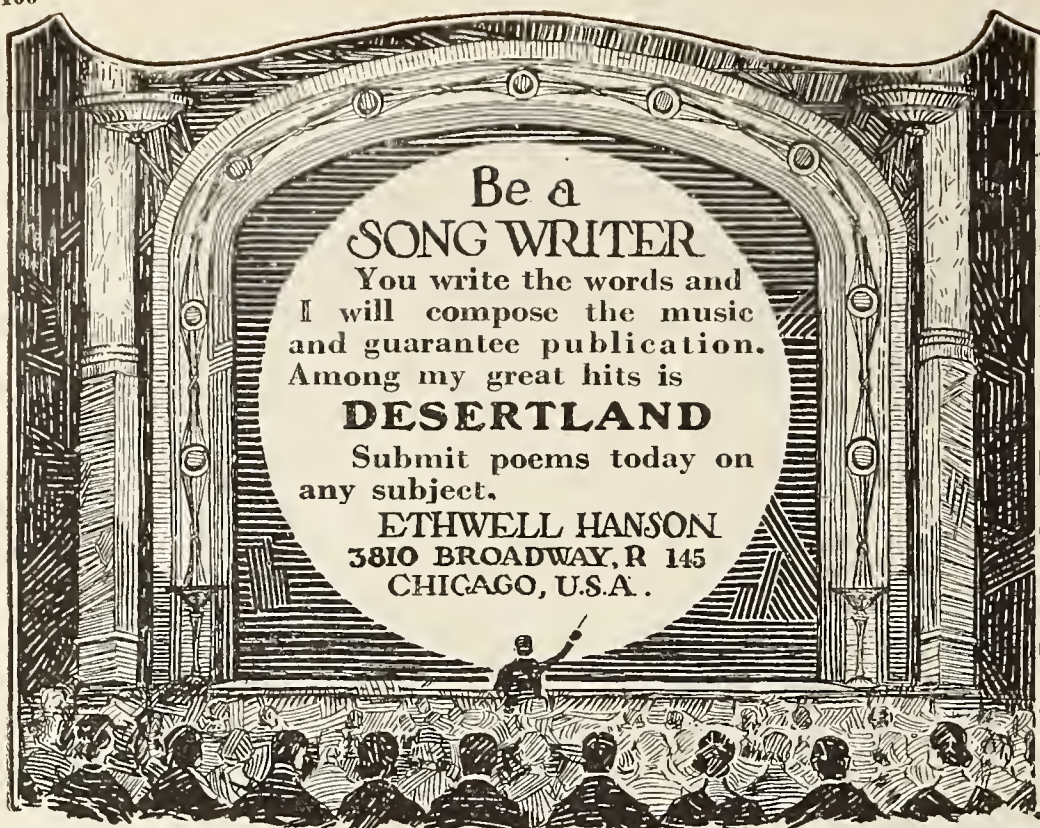
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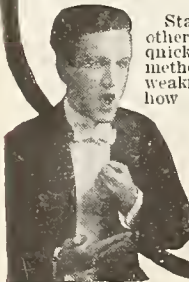
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**ALMA REUBENS FAN.**—Alma Reubens is with International. That was Robert Vignola whom you saw directing her. Alma was interviewed in the June, 1919, issue of PICTURE-PLAY. I am sure Alma would send you one of her photographs. He has only been in the movies a short time. Grace Darmond is not married. Don't know what has become of Alton. Victor Moore is not Tom Moore's brother, and he isn't dead, either.

**SMILES.**—Your questions have already been answered.

**EVA S.**—The "Market Booklet" has been sent to you, as requested.

**A. G. K.**—Eddy Polo is the way he spells it now. He is not an Austrian. Whatever put that into your head?

**AGNES.**—"Peaceful Valley" is the title of Charles Ray's newest film. "The Night Riders" is Albert Ray's newest.

**W. B. McK.**—The "Guideposts for Scenario Writers" has been mailed to you, as you requested.

**THE MYSTIC ROSE.**—Evidently you don't care so much for Eugene? I should say you were quite fortunate. The editor is a pretty good fellow on Saturday—pay day. It must have been on Saturdays that he wrote you those nice letters. Grace Darmond, Mary Miles Minter, Wanda Hawley, and Winifred Westover are a few of the blondes. Olga Petrova and Pearl White have auburn hair. Pearl is very nice to meet. You are quite right about Mildred's playing in "The Wizard of Oz."

**ELIZABETH P.**—You should have inclosed a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wanted a personal reply.

**FLORENCE T.**—Her hair is not naturally curly. It takes a curling iron to turn the trick.

**BETTY G.**—Charles is married. You will have to write him for his picture.

**MEANNESS.**—Never heard of Carrine. Clarine has been in pictures a little while. She was born in Brooklyn, New York. Richard Barthelmess plays opposite Clarine in "The Idol Dancer." Casson Ferguson was born in 1891. He has brown hair and blue-gray eyes. Pauline Starke was born in 1900. Your other questions have already been answered.

**JUST FANNING FOR HARRY.**—Gladys hasn't been on the screen for several years. Sidney is still playing in pictures. I can't tell you who played opposite Gladys in that picture, for you tell me nothing about it—not even the name. I can tell you for sure, however, that it wasn't Jack Pickford, for he was never with that concern. I don't think she's Harry's ideal leading woman; she just happened to be in two of his films. Harry Carey was born in New York in 1880.

**BARTHELMESS ADMIRER.**—I am sure that Dick would send you one of his pictures.

**SNOW WHITE DORCHESTER.**—Why don't you write to Maurice Tournour and tell him yourself? The editor has mailed you a copy of the "Market Booklet." Madge is not playing in pictures at present. Monte Blue was born in 1890. Eugene O'Brien was born in 1884. Roscoe Arbuckle was born in 1887. Your other questions have already been answered.

**M. R. O.**—Alla Nazimova was her own name and not her married name. She is Mrs. Charles Bryant in private life.

**HOWARD F. C.**—That firm intended to start, but never did. That is why your letter was returned unclaimed.

**PEARL'S FAITHFUL FRIEND.**—Pearl will send you one of her photographs. Better inclose a quarter with your request. Your other questions regarding Pearl have already been answered in this issue.

**HARRY AND JUDD.**—William Russell is the taller. Bill Hart hasn't any set salary. He works for himself, so he makes whatever the profits come to on his pictures. Eddy Polo was born in Los Angeles, California. He was a trapeze performer before he went into pictures.

**MESIE.**—"The Auction of Souls" was made in California. "Easy to Get" is Harrison Ford's last picture. Lew Cody was Mr. Dorothy Dalton. Charles Chaplin had a little son, but it died when three days old. Lew Cody was born in Waterville, Maine, in 1885. Your Pearl White questions have all been answered.

**JACK G.**—I don't remember receiving your other letter. Ann Little's latest picture is "Excuse My Dust." She was born in Sisson, California, in 1894. She started her screen career with Thomas H. Ince in the old New York Motion Picture Corporation days.

**AMY.**—See addresses at the end of this department.

**B. S. EE.**—You can obtain a picture of Lillian Gish by writing to her for one. She was born in Springfield, Ohio, in 1896. She has blond hair and blue eyes.

**BILLY JOHNSON.**—It was Cleo Madison who played the two sisters in the serial, "The Trey o' Hearts." "Peg o' My Heart" has never been done as a serial on the screen. Wanda Hawley made it for the Famous Players-Lasky Company, but because of litigation it has not been released yet. Enid Markey played the feminine lead opposite Elmo Lincoln in "Tarzan of the Apes."

**THE VAMP.**—There is no studio in Dorchester or Boston. Nazimova is five feet four.

**DOT GISH ADMIRER.**—It is always best to inclose a quarter with your request for a photograph.

**EILEEN PERCY'S ADMIRER.**—Margery Wilson is not married. Edith Johnson is not married to William Duncan. Bill is not a real Indian. "Desert Gold" is not an old picture. What a lot of notes! Margery was born in Gracey, Kentucky. Eileen has blond hair and blue eyes.

**A FAD.**—You mean "Smiling" Bill Parsons and not "Laughing" Bill. Bill died several months ago. Jane and Katherine Lee are making comedies for the Rodgers Film Corporation. You will find your other questions already answered in this issue.

**BROWN EYES. R. M. D.**—William Duncan and Edith Johnson are still making serials together. We do not give the home addresses of players. Earle Williams is still with Vitagraph. Anita Stewart is making features for Louis B. Mayer. What ever kept you away so long? A whole year!

**NATALIE N.**—Look at the end of The Oracle for the addresses you want. Olive Thomas is considered by Harrison Fisher, the artist, to be the most beautiful girl in America. I know both Norma Talmadge and Olive. Ann Pennington will most likely return to the screen in the near future. There are a great many film fans who would like to see the diminutive Ann once more.

**BERYLE, OTTAWA.**—No objection at all to changing your heading. You can do so every time you write, if you wish.

"She Loves and Lies" was a fairly recent release with Norma Talmadge. Roy Somerville, the scenario writer, is in New York, and not in California. Several of Ralph Connor's books have been contracted for for screen presentation. He did not appear in "Little Miss Hoover." Yes, I saw the "Thunderbolt." Look through the other replies and you will find your other questions answered.

**MIRIAM.**—The facts concerning Katherine MacDonald were gathered from the lady herself, so they must be right.

**HIS FRIEND.**—The Oracle is always open to be shown an error, as such things happen in the best of families. If we didn't all make mistakes, they wouldn't put erasers on lead pencils, would they? Sometimes the type setter is to blame, and sometimes it's an oversight. In this case, however, it is neither. The Oracle is right. Dustin Farnum is William Farnum's older brother. Dustin was born at Hampton Beach, Maine, in 1874. William Farnum was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1876.

**DORIS.**—There aren't many girls of fourteen years of age, who have never seen the inside of a motion-picture studio or back of the footlights, who are being sought by motion-picture producers to become stars. I guess about the only thing you have in your favor is the inclination. And it seems to me that you can't be very ambitious about it when you have only seen twelve pictures in the last three years.

**ONE OF BILL'S ADMIRERS.**—No, we haven't a number for sale with Bill's picture on the cover. Yes, one of his early releases for Fox was called "The Nigger." I don't think he is planning to retire for quite a while. He hasn't said anything about it.

**CATHERINE JACKSON.**—Grace Darmond played the leading rôle opposite Wallace Reid in "The Valley of the Giants." Arline Pretty is her screen name. Colleen Moore had the feminine lead opposite Charles Ray in "The Egg Crate Wallop."

**BEATRICE M.**—Gloria Swanson played the lead in "For Better, for Worse." Elliott Dexter was the doctor, and Tom Forman played the young soldier Gloria married. Wanda Hawley was the girl who secretly loved Forman from afar, and finally got him in the end. Mary Miles Minter, Douglas Fairbanks, and Dorothy Gish are all making new pictures. Bill Hart is not married. Douglas Fairbanks is, to Mary Pickford.

**JUSTICE.**—Phyllis Haver was born in Douglas, Kansas, in 1899. She is five feet six. I am sure that she will send you one of her photographs. Better inclose a quarter with your request. Photos just took about a twenty-five per cent increase a little while ago. Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1898. She is five feet four and a half. Jane Novak was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1896. She is five feet seven. Marie Provost was born in Sarnia, Canada, in 1898. She is five feet four. Yes, I like hazel eyes. What's the answer? Wanda Hawley has just signed to star in features for Realart. "Peg o' My Heart" has not been released as yet. Your William Farnum questions have already been answered.

**OSCAR.**—Some one's been spoofing you. There's no such star as Ima Good.

**GWENDOLYN C. S. H. B.**—You haven't really that many names, have you? If so, it's the longest I've ever heard of.



FRIGHT



PLEASURE



SORROW

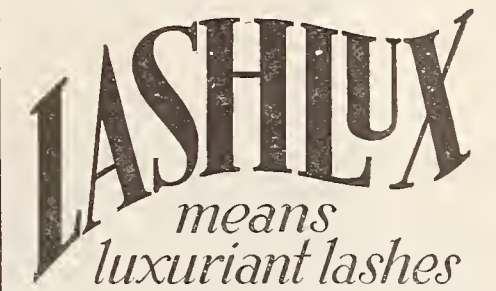
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The Metropolitan Studios  
Department 137  
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LAWRENCE K. M.—Charles Ray is twenty-nine. Albert Ray is twenty-six. Charles is six feet one. Albert is just six feet. The Willis & Inglis Studio has been taken over by Charles Ray Productions, Inc. Casson Ferguson was born in 1891. He is five feet eleven. Jack Pickford was born in 1896. Robert Gordon is six feet. Monte Blue was born in 1890. He is six feet two.

MRS. L. GOT'EM.—Houdini is married. Dorothy Gish is not.

NAZIMOVA ADMIRER.—Alla Nazimova is married. She hasn't any sisters or brothers. Charles Bryant is her husband. Mabel did not wear a wig in "Mickey" and she hasn't red hair. She is a brunette. So is Elinor Fair.

ENRIQUE J. E.—You should have inclosed a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wanted a personal reply.

ANTHONY K.—William Stowell, who played the lead opposite Dorothy Phillips in "The Heart of Humanity," was killed in a train wreck while he was in South Africa on a film expedition for Universal.

M. E. G.—Florence Turner is still making pictures. She can be seen in the leading feminine rôle opposite Sessue Hayakawa in "The Brand of Lopez" and with Albert Ray in "The Ugly Duckling." Sigmund Lubin has retired from the picture game. John Ince is directing for Metro. Romaine is not working in pictures at present. Harry Meyers is working with Bessie Barriscale.

ART AND ART.—You refer to Harvey Clark as *Two-gun Billy* in "Six Feet Four."

SAVA EARLE.—Inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a personal reply.

KATHRYN C.—Send six cents in stamps to the editor for a copy of the "Market Booklet," which will give you the names and addresses of all the film companies now in the market for original scripts. Enid Bennett was born in Australia. It is when you use a curling iron on it. Edith Storey is making features for the Haworth Company.

HEDDA NOVA FAN.—William S. Hart has a sister, Mary Hart, who is not an actress. Hedda Nova is twenty-four. Her right name is Hedwiga Leonie Kuszewski. She was born in Odessa, Russia. She is married to Paul C. Hurst, her director.

G. K. B.—Harold Lockwood is dead. Carlyle Blackwell isn't. Your William S. Hart question has already been answered.

SEATTLE.—Yes, I remember the film you describe very well. It was a Vitagraph production called "Captain Alvarez." William Desmond Taylor, who has been directing Mary Pickford, Mary Miles Minter, and other special productions, played the leading rôle in that picture. He decided that he would rather direct than act, so he retired from the front of the camera to get behind it.

RENEE.—Betty Compson was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. She is not married. She is now working for the Betty Compson Productions. You are right about the color of her hair. I don't know whether she would have time to answer your letter, but I am sure she would send you one of her photographs. Yes, a thrift stamp will do just as well. Olive Thomas was born in Brooklyn, New York, on October 20, 1898. Shirley Mason was born in the same place, in 1901.

S. BASTEDO.—You must have overlooked your answers. Pearl White answers as much of her fan mail as she can, but of course it is impossible to answer the tremendous stack of letters she receives every week. She is signed up with Fox for two years.

Q. T.—Alice Brady is married to James Crane. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron. Corrine Griffith is wed to Webster Campbell. Fred Niblo is Enid Bennett's husband. Elaine and Phyllis aren't married. Why tell my name? The fans want to know all about the players—not about me. That's some story. Your other questions have already been answered.

Jos. F. V.—There is no standard salary for cameramen. Each is paid according to his worth. "The History of the Movies," in the April number of PICTURE-PLAY, tells who invented the motion-picture camera and all about it. Your face has nothing to do with your being a cameraman. It's what's inside your head that counts.

BILLIE.—Douglas Fairbanks, not William S. Hart, played in "The Man From Painted Post." Dick Barthelmess did not play in "Luck in Pawn" with Marguerite Clark. That was Charles Meredith you saw in that picture. You seem to have the players quite mixed up, don't you?

LOIS OR JIMMIE.—Of course I have a name. I'm called lots of them—some of them are worse than others! You have evidently run across some mighty good pictures, judging from the list you have seen. Your Charles Ray and Betty Compson questions have already been answered. Dorothy Dalton was married once—to Lew Cody. She was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1893.

MARY JEAN TUCKER.—Viola Dana's latest picture is called "Head and Shoulders." It was adapted from a magazine story of the same name. The Dolly sisters are not playing in pictures at present. Alma is still working before the camera. Yes, I know Louise Lovely. I don't see where you figure that she looks like Mary Pickford, however. Anita Stewart has a sister, Lucille Lee Stewart.

## How Fast Can You Read?

The person who can read fastest has the greatest chance of acquiring knowledge. Professor Edward L. Thorndike, Columbia University's famous psychologist, tells you how to improve your speed in reading by scientific methods, in the June-July issue of

## PEOPLE'S Favorite Magazine

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M. G.—“The White Moll” is Pearl White's first starring vehicle for Fox. This will be followed by “The Tiger's Cub.” “The Screaming Shadow” is Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber's newest serial. Mollie King is still making pictures. “Women Men Forget” is the title of her latest. Neva Gerber is not married.

BILLY F.—Write to the editor about interviews—not to me. Norma Talmadge is an American. She has black hair. Mahlon Hamilton is married. He does not play opposite any special star. Norma began as an extra at Vitagraph. Gloria Swanson is married. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, on January 14, 1901. Monroe Salisbury is not married.

PAULINE.—So you run in Phyllis' family by marriage? I suppose you saw her when she visited the old home town about a year ago? It is against the rules to give the names and addresses of any of my correspondents. Charles Ray is married.

DOROTHY S.—You certainly have a long list of favorites. You refer to Cullen Landis as the *Curly Kid* in “The Girl From Outside.” PICTURE-PLAY does not recommend any schools of acting to its readers.

A MARIE WALCAMP ADMIRER.—Alfred Whitman played the leading rôle opposite Marrie Walcamp in “Tongues of Flame.” Marie is married to Harlan Tucker, her leading man. She has just returned to Universal City after touring the Orient making scenes for her new serial.

MARGARET M. B.—Mae Marsh married Louis Armes two years ago. Mollie King is Mrs. Alexander. Natalie Talmadge is the youngest of the Talmadge sisters.

APPLEBLOSSOM.—You can get Pearl White's book, “Just Me,” at almost any bookstore. You certainly have a collection of photographs to be envied. June Caprice was born in Arlington, Massachusetts, in 1899. She is five feet two inches tall and weighs one hundred and five pounds. She has light hair and blue eyes. Now do you think you resemble her?

J. H. R., OKLA.—Neal Hart is not. He is no relative of William S. Hart. Viola Dana and Bert Lytell are not related. Pearl never lived in Shawnee. Marie Walcamp starred in “The Red Ace.”

CECIL N.—If your friend who used to sing in the church choir is in pictures she is keeping mighty quiet about it, because I have never heard of her. She may be playing extras and bits, but not any regular parts of any consequence.

H. D. C.—Bert Lytell is in California working at the Metro Studios, and not in New York. Helen is five feet three.

V. R. T.—You will find addresses you want at the end of this department. Hal Cooley was born in New York in 1888. Alan Forrest was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1890. Emory Johnson was born in New York, in 1894. Philadelphia is Doug MacLean's birthplace. Conway Tearle was born in New York in 1880. May Allison was born in Georgia in 1898. Pearl White will most likely send you her photo if you ask for one. Better inclose a quarter.

J. R. VEST.—Billie Ritchie is not playing in any comedies at present. His last appearance was in Henry Lehrman's “A Twilight Baby” for First National. He will in all probability return to the screen again in the new Lehrman comedies.

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powder is called La-may (French Poudre L'Amé). Because La-may is so pure and because it stays on so well, it is already used by over a million American women. All dealers carry the large sixty-cent box and many dealers also carry the generous thirty-cent size. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. Women who have tried all kinds of face powder say they cannot buy a better powder anywhere at any price. There is also a wonderful La-may talcum that sells for only thirty cents. Herbert Roystone, Dept. V, 16 East 18th St., New York.

AN ARDENT ADMIRER OF WALTER Mc-GRAIL.—Yes, the mustache Walter wore in “The Black Secret” with Pearl White is his very own, and not a made-up one. I never heard of the engagement you speak about. He was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1888. His latest plays are “Blind Youth” and “Invisible Divorce.”

KATIE GROSSMAN.—I looked all through the envelope and letter, but could not find the stamp you mentioned. Look at the end of this department and you will find the addresses you want.

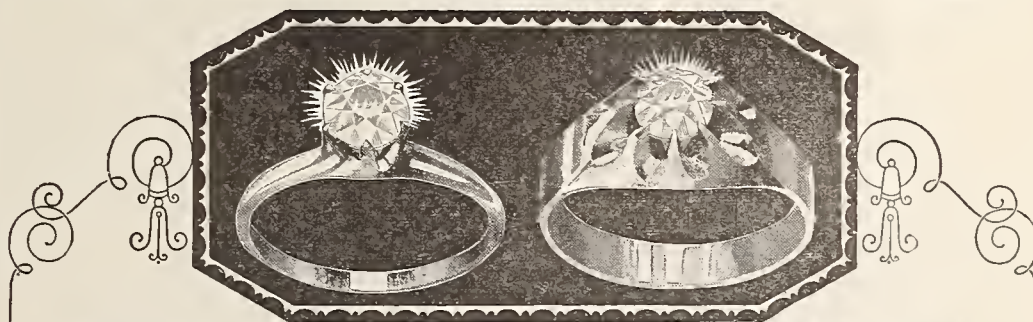
MRS. IRA S.—Grace Desmond played opposite Wallace Reid in “The Valley of the Giants,” and not Wanda Hawley. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. Ethel Clayton was born in Champaign, Illinois, in 1890. Norma Talmadge was born in 1897 and Constance Talmadge in 1900.

WINIFRED F.—You certainly have seen about all of Mary Pickford's pictures. The only ones you seem to have missed are “Caprice,” “Heart of the Hills,” and “Stella Maris.”

KATHRYN C.—See addresses at end of this department.

KIWI, NEW ZEALAND.—Glad to hear that you are getting along so famously with your stage work. Success to you! I see you aren't too busy to remember The Oracle and see a few pictures on the side. If Pearl gets that letter you will no doubt hear from her. Lillian Gish is not married. She was born in Springfield, Ohio, in 1896. Your other questions have already been answered. Do write again.

DAISY B.—Send a stamped envelope for a personal reply. Harrison Ford is in New York at present.



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H. M. HART.—I have forwarded your letter as requested to William S. Hart. No trouble at all, I assure you.

INTERESTED.—You are quite right. Mary McLaren's real name is MacDonald, and Katherine MacDonald is her sister's correct name. Katherine was married to Malcom Strauss, the artist, before she went into pictures. Glad to hear that you like PICTURE-PLAY so well.

M. W. AND E. C.—You can't get a job in motion pictures by merely going to a certain place. It takes more than the art of traveling to be an actor. Clara Kimball Young is not married. Mildred Rear-

don played the rôle of *Conscience* in "Everywoman." Marjorie Bennett was born in York, West Australia, in 1898. Ethel Clayton was born in Champaign, Illinois, in 1890. She was married to Joseph Kaufman, her director, who died suddenly two years ago after an attack of pneumonia.

INTERESTED.—At first I thought you were my interested friend above, but I soon saw my mistake. It seems quite funny to have two with the same headings so close together. Talmadge is their correct name, so is Anita Stewart's her very own. Anita first entered pictures at the Vitagraph Studio, where Constance

and Norma also began their careers. Anita is married to Rudolph Cameron, who used to be one of her leading men at the Vitagraph. She was born in Brooklyn, New York. Eugene O'Brien is not married. Earle Williams is married to Florine Walz. He was born in Sacramento, California, on February 28, 1880. Your other questions have already been answered.

A MONTHLY READER.—Wallace Mac Donald is not married.

JOE WHEEZE, JR.—Doris May's correct name is Helen Garret. Charles Lynn and Charles Conklin are one and the same. Doris was born in Seattle, Washington, in 1902, and not Canada. Charles played in "Uncle Tom Without the Cabin." I am sure they would both send you pictures.

A CONSTANT READER.—We had an interview with Will Rogers in the January number of PICTURE-PLAY. We certainly *must* print that story about Lou Cody right away. Thanks for reminding us about it!

G. G. & N. T. FOREVER.—Jack Pickford was born in 1896. Thomas Meighan made two pictures with Norma. Tom is being starred by Lasky, so I guess there is little chance of seeing him with Norma again. Smith is the family name of the Pickfords. Lucille Lee Stewart played with Anita in "Sins of the Mother," an old Vitagraph film. Jack Pickford played in "Freckles." Robert Harron and Lillian Gish in "The Escape." Don't believe all you hear. Your other questions have already been answered.

F. W.—Metro has recently completed a Jack London story. It is called "Burning Daylight" and it features Mitchell Lewis.

G. B. C.—Marguerite Snow is not in pictures any longer. In private life she is the wife of James Cruze, the director. "The Million Dollar Mystery" was her first serial.

WENDELL L.—George Larkin opposite Betty Compson in "The Terror of the Range." "A Fight for Millions" was not taken from any novel.

ABIE.—Your Albert Ray and William S. Hart questions have already been answered.

Miss E. N. H.—Yes, it is true that Sidney Drew is dead. William S. Hart uses his own name in pictures. He was born in Newburgh, New York. He is not married.

ADRAH BORDERTOWN.—The players all use make-up, but they don't all use the same color. Some use the yellow grease paint with pink powder and some use pink grease paint with pink or yellow powder. Those scenes you saw in the "Iron Test" were not faked. Frank Mayo is married. Antonio Moreno is not.

G. W.—You don't have to be a singer or dancer to be a motion-picture star. Of course, the dancing helps. Earle Foxe opposite Pearl White. Send all questions pertaining to the writing of photoplays in a separate letter to William Lord Wright, editor of PICTURE-PLAY's scenario department. He will be only too glad to help you in any way he can. Your Pearl White and Mary Pickford questions have already been answered.



Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Viola Dana, Bert Lytell, Eugene Palette, Darrell Foss, May Allison, Cassou Ferguson, Carol Holloway, Helen Ferguson, and Alla Nazimova, at the Metro Studios, Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Frank Keenan, Dustin Farnum, Earle Williams, Kenneth Harlan, J. Warren Kerrigan, Mary Pickford, Lew Cody, Niles Welch, Bessie Barriscale, Olive Thomas, Kathleen Clifford, Eileen Percy, Mary Jane Irving, Mae Marsh, Harry Meyers, and Betty Compson, at Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Violet Heming, Bryaut Washburn, Elliott Dexter, Mildred Reardon, Gloria Swanson, Robert Warwick, Thomas Meighan, Roscoe Arbuckle, Bebe Daniels, Ethel Clayton, Lila Lee, Wallace Reid, Tom Forman, Seena Owen, Donald Crisp, Jack Holt, Harry Houdini, and Kid McCoy, at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Priscilla Dean, Wheeler Oakman, Harry Carey, Grace Darmond, Pauline Starke, Edith Roberts, Art Accord, Pete Morrison, Hoot Gibson, Helen Gibson, Frank Mayo, Kathleen O'Connor, James J. Corbett, Eileen Sedgwick, Marie Walcamp, Josephine Hill, Ben Wilson, Neva Gerber, and Eddy Polo, at Universal City, California.

William Farnum, Pearl White, William Russell, Tom Mix, Virginia Lee Corbin, Shirley Mason, Raymond Nye, Louise Lovely, Wallace McCutcheon, and Buck Jones, at the Fox Film Corporation, New York City.

Mabel Normand, Madge Kennedy, Tom Moore, Joe Moore, Milton Sills, Pauline Frederick, Helen Chadwick, W. Lawson Butt, Will Rogers, and Jack Pickford, at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Irene Castle, Marguerite Clark, Elsie Ferguson, Harrison Ford, Marion Davies, Dorothy Dalton, Alma Rubens, Lina Cavalieri, and Billie Burke, at Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Albert Ray, Charles Ray, Charles Chaplin, and Antonio Moreno, at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Gish, Clarine Seymour, Robert Harron, and Lillian Gish, at the Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, New York.

Hobart Bosworth, Enid Bennett, Lloyd Hughes, Douglas MacLean, and Doris May, at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Charles Murray, Phyllis Haver, and Marie Prevost, at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Eugene O'Brien, Elaine Hammerstein, and Walter McGrail, at the Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

June Caprice Margarita Fisher, Arline Pretty, and Ruth Roland, at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

William Desmond, Mary McFvor, and Blanche Sweet, at the Jesse Hampton Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Marjorie Daw, at the Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, California.

Wanda Hawley and Mary Miles Minter, at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Theda Bara, at the Shubert Theater, New York City.

Francis MacDonald and Grace Cunard, at the National Film Corporation, Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Mildred Harris and Anita Stewart, at the Selig Studio, Eastlake Park, Los Angeles, California.

Marie Osborne, in care of Leon T. Osborne Studios, Long Beach, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter de Haven and Edith Storey, at the Sunset Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

William S. Hart, at the Hart Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Douglas Fairbanks, at the Clune Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Clara Kimball Young, at the Garson Studios, Edendale, California.

Norma and Constance Talmadge, at 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Alfred Whitman, at the Morosco Theater, Los Angeles, California.

Elmo Lincoln, at the L-Ko Studios, Gower Street, Los Angeles, California.

Geraldine Farrar, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City.

Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman, in care of Oliver Morosco, Morosco Theater, New York City.

Alice Joyce, Robert Gordon, and Corinne Griffith, at the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

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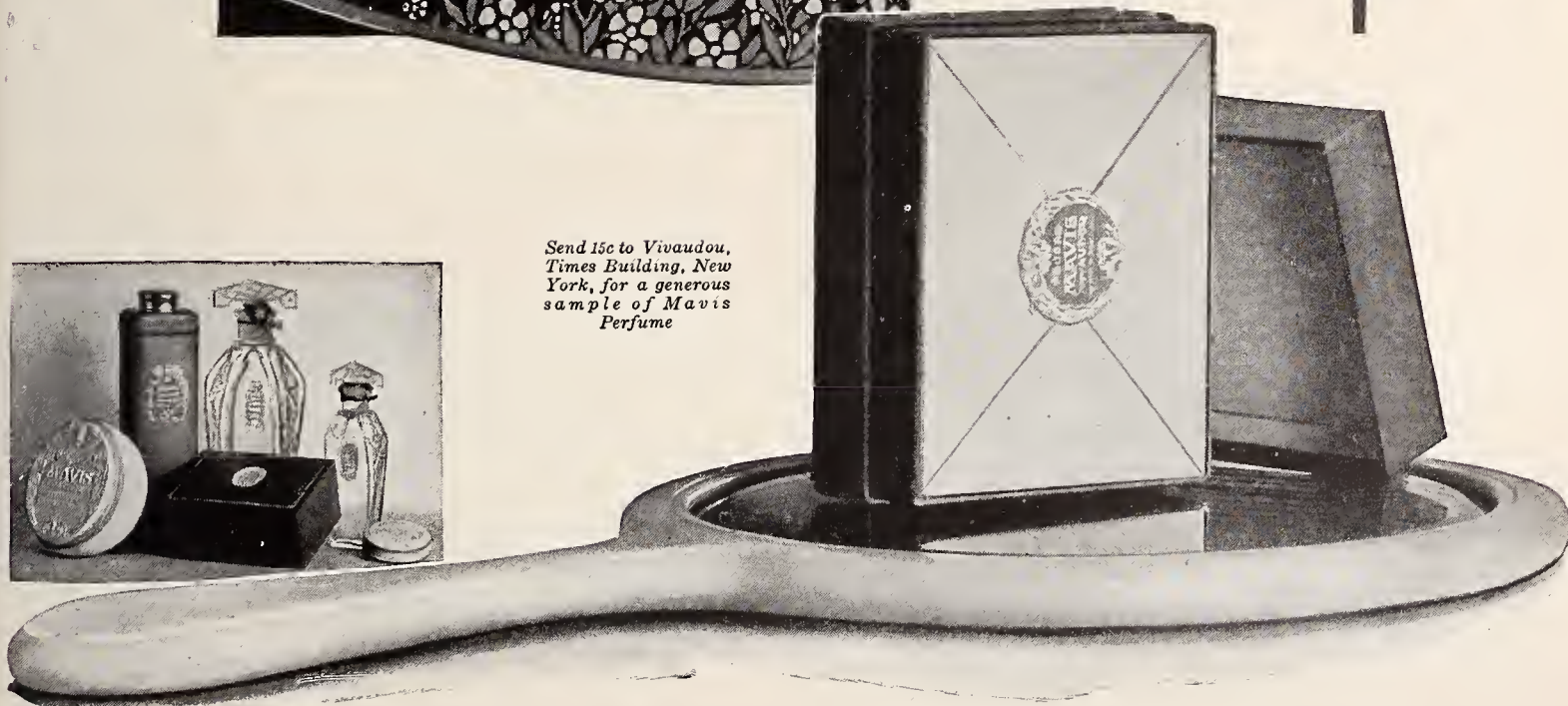
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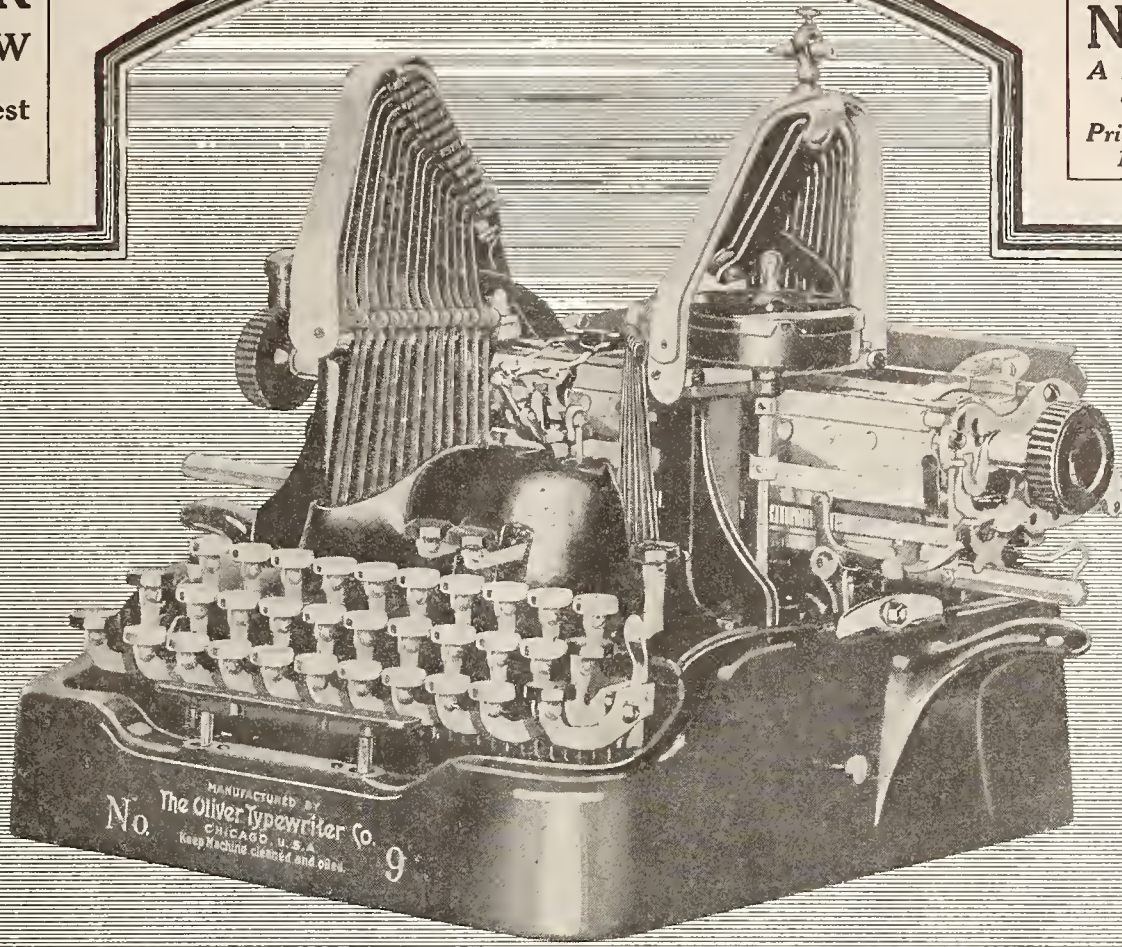
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**D**ONALD MACGREGOR, PICTURE-PLAY's Washington representative, a few weeks ago called on George R. Goergens, of the United States department of agriculture. He found the "father of government motion pictures" hobbling about on a pair of crutches.

"I got a bit bunged up falling out of an aeroplane in California," Goergens explained.

"Joy riding?" inquired MacGregor.

"No," replied Goergens; "taking pictures showing patrol work for forest-fire prevention. The pilot dropped us from three hundred feet above the ground, and I got hurt in twenty-seven different places."

That started MacGregor off. He began finding out so many interesting things that Uncle Sam is doing in the way of motion-picture making that he decided they were worth retelling. That article will appear in the September issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and will teach you some things about your government's activities in motion pictures that you probably have never known.

Then, jumping to Los Angeles, you will be given an account of the manner in which the stars gather in a certain popular eating place in Hollywood for their noonday meal. The story is told by Herbert Howe, and as Mr.

Howe knows all of the movie folk intimately, you may be assured that he missed nothing that went on during the half hour which he has reproduced. It is a vivid picture of the players off duty—so vivid that you will think you were a member of the party.

Stories of difficult achievements are always fascinating. Eric Stroheim recently came to New York and told us a tale of how he fought his way past almost unsurmountable difficulties to the position he now occupies. You'll admire the author-producer-star of "Blind Husbands" after reading his story.

There will be stories and interviews with several other stars and well-known players, of course; stories about Thomas Meighan, Agnes Ayers, Bert Lvtell, Constance Binney, Ann May, Florence Vidor, Bebe Daniels—a truly remarkable story about Bebe, written by Grace Kingsley, who has known this dark-eyed beauty ever since the new Realart star was a baby, and a most unusual interview with Nazimova by Herbert Howe, which will serve as a key to unlock for you the secrets of her mysterious personality. Of course, there will be another article on "Dressing to Suit Your Type," by Louise Williams.

Altogether, it is to be an unusually interesting number. Don't fail to read it!

# Wanted: Screen-Faces for the Movies

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**G. Lerol Clarke**  
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**Dorothea Nourse**  
Attributes her success as a motion picture writer to the Palmer Plan. She quickly sold "Daffodils and Diamonds" after enrolling.



**Paul Schofield**  
A year ago he was a rank outsider. He studied the Palmer Plan. Today he is under a 2-year contract as staff writer with Thos. H. Ince Studios.



**Mrs. Caroline Sayre**  
Wrote the photoplay "Live Sparks" for J. Warren Kerrigan, one of scores of new writers we are developing by correspondence instruction.

# 5000 New Story-Ideas Wanted for Motion Pictures

(The above figure does not include material needed for religious, commercial and educational films.)

The motion picture industry is confronted with a grave dearth of story-plots. Producers will pay you well for any workable story-ideas. 95% of book material is unsuited to their needs. And as yet not enough people are writing for the screen to supply the demand. Somewhere in America this year, scores

of new photoplay writers will be developed. Many of them have never written a line for publication. Literary genius is not a prime factor to success in motion picture story writing. If you have a story-idea as good as some you have seen produced—this opportunity is wide open to you.

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Producers will pay \$100 to \$500 for comedies; \$250 to \$2,000 for five-reel dramatic scripts. People who never saw a motion picture studio have succeeded.

### Learn how you too can master this high-paid art in spare time

The famine in story-plots acute about two years ago changed. Play-goers began to demand real stories. Plenty of manuscripts were submitted, but most were unsuitable.

For writers didn't know how to adapt their stories for the screen. Few people could come to Los Angeles to learn. A plan for home study had to be devised.

Frederick Palmer (formerly staff writer of Keystone, Fox, Triangle and Universal) finally assembled a corps of experts who built a plan of study which new writers could master through correspondence. It is called the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing. It is endorsed by every big producer and star. We have developed scores of new writers. Many have taken staff positions in studios. One of our members was paid \$3,000 for his first story. James Kendrick of Texas has sold 6 stories since enrolling a year ago.

#### Special Contributors

Twelve leading figures in the motion picture industry have contributed special printed lectures covering every phase of photoplay plot construction. These special contributors include Frank Lloyd and Clarence Badger, Goldwyn directors; Jeanie MacPherson, noted Lasky scenario writer; Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, of

Metro's staff; Denison Clift, Fox Public taste scenario editor; George Beban, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, president Christie Film Co.; Hugh McClung, expert cinematographer, etc., etc.

#### Free Elaborate Book

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#### Advisory Council

The educational policy of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is directed by the biggest figures in the industry. They include Cecil B. De Mille Director-General of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; Thomas H. Ince, head of the Thomas H. Ince Studios; Lois Weber, America's greatest woman producer and director; Rob Wagner, motion picture writer for the Saturday Evening Post.

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**T**HIS 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 today.

## LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

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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!

**B**UT 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?*

**L**ISTEN! 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 hook, 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

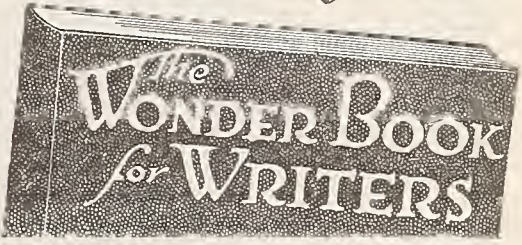
own Imagination may provide an endless goldmine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you **ARE** a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your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

AUGUST, 1920

No. 6

## The Movies' Magic Tank

Within its inclosure have been created some of the most effective scenes ever shown on the screen, some of which you will be amazed to learn were "made to order."

By Melvin H. Riddle

ON the Lasky lot, in Hollywood, there is a huge tank which has furnished the mechanical foundation for more really marvelous screen illusions than perhaps any other piece of studio equipment in the world.

In and around this tank have been built a succession of scenic wonders, most of them combination land and water scenes, each one of which has figured very prominently in some screen play of note. If you attend most of the big motion-picture productions you will recall the majority of the big scenes which so far this tank has made possible, and the thing which will amaze you, as your mental impression of these scenes is recalled, is that they could have been created on a studio lot. For nearly every one was the truest sort of an illusion, the sort of scene which you take for granted was made out on some location.

There is nothing unusual about the tank itself. It is merely a concrete-lined excavation, eleven feet deep, thirty-five feet wide, and sixty feet long, lying out in the open under the blazing California sun, save when the shielding canvas shades are drawn over it on the wires stretched above.

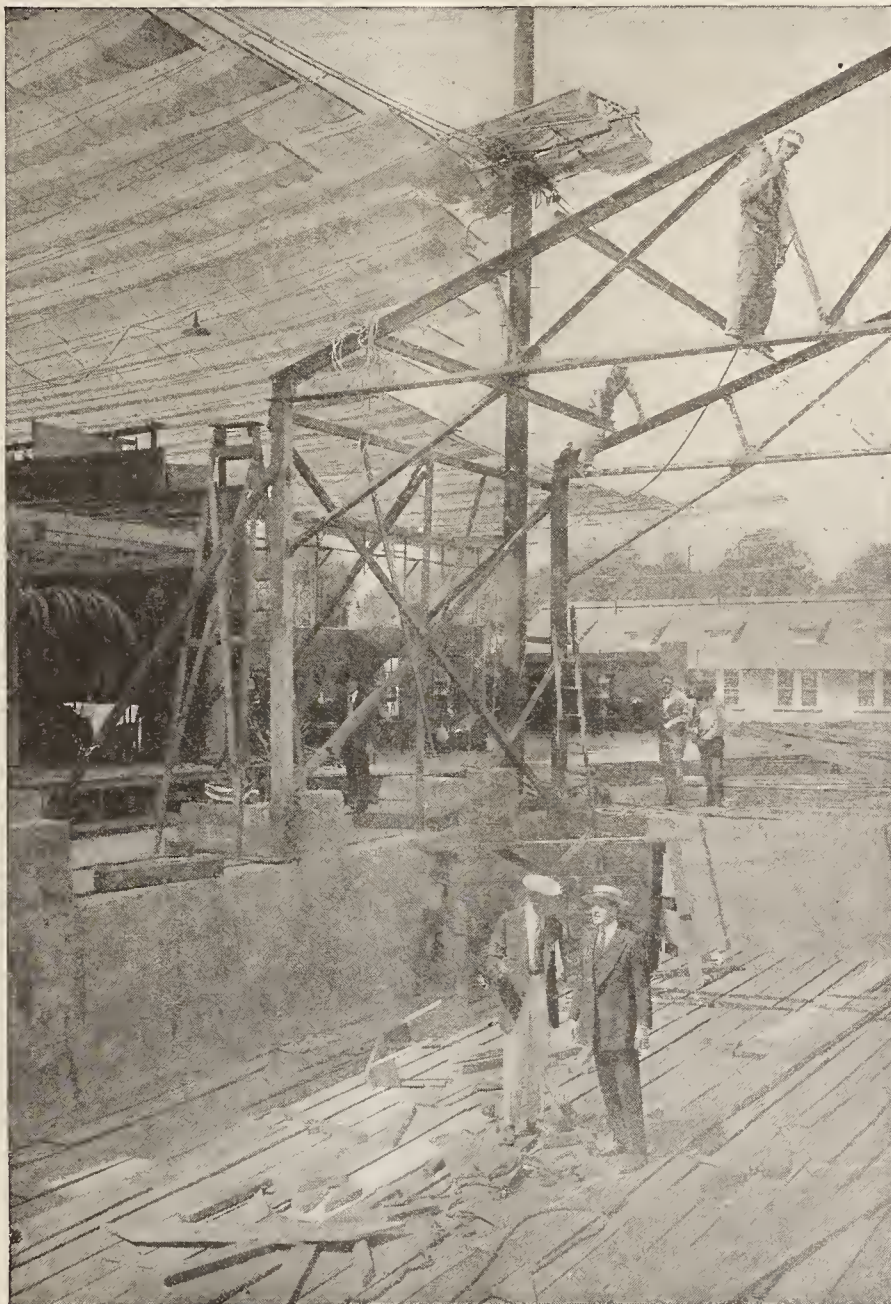
It was built in 1916. At that time the Lasky studio consisted of one big stage, and the site where the tank now is was a vacant lot, several hundred feet from the studio. The land was bought, a fence put around it, and the tank was built for the scenes of Mary Pickford's picture, "The Little American," which showed the sink-

ing of the *Lusitania*. As you probably remember, in this production there was a scene showing people dancing in the saloon of the ill-fated liner when it was struck by a torpedo. The saloon was constructed on rockers, and when the ship was supposed to lurch to one side and water was shown gushing in the room

through the portholes and doors, the whole set was tipped and rocked violently by specially constructed mechanism. After these scenes had been filmed the debris was removed, and another set, showing the side of the ship from without, was erected. This broad-side was forty-five feet high. It was shown under the impact of the torpedo, and then, as it lurched to one side, the passengers were hurled down the inclined side of the ship and plunged into the surging water.

After that the tank was not used again until C. B. De Mille again made use of it for "The Woman God Forgot," with Geraldine Farrar. If you saw that picture you will remember the magnificent court scene of Montezuma, then supposed to be the Aztec ruler of the ancient Mexican race. This court scene was constructed around the tank, and the tank itself was the beautiful bathing pool which was so effective on the screen. A platform was laid at the bottom of the tank, so that the depth was lessened,

making it possible for the bathers to stand on the bottom of the pool without going beneath the surface. It is interesting to note the special inventions and developments which have been caused by the various uses



Look well—here's the birthplace of many of the screen's most remarkable illusions.



of the tank. One resulted from this picture, for at this time the famous tropical garden which is now a permanent adjunct of the studio was planted, as a background for the bathing pool.

The tank seemed to be slated for shipwrecks during its early career. A Clara Kimball Young picture demanded one, and difficulties promptly arose in connection with it. For the star had to plunge into the water, and, as this was during the winter months, the water was icy cold. Something had to be done, and so, of course, something was done; those who have charge of the sets in a modern studio don't know that there is such a word as "impossible." So they went to work. A large boiler was brought from the studio and set up at the edge of the tank, and for twenty-four hours steam gushed through a connecting pipe into the icy water. But at the end of that time the temperature of the water remained unchanged. For two days more

*Some of the loveliest scenes of "The Secret Garden" were shot there.*



*The Sahara—oasis, pyramids, and all—came to the tank for "The Woman Thou Gavest Me."*



the engineers worked, and the steam continued to shoot into the tank. No change. And then, in dismay, the director summoned Miss Young and explained what was holding up the picture.

"Why, I'd just as soon take a cold plunge as a warm one—in fact, I'd rather; why on earth did you go to all that trouble?" she demanded. And the scenes were shot without further ado.

Far different was the next use of the tank, though it was for another water scene. No one who saw De Mille's picture, "The Whispering Chorus," will easily forget the weird, eerie scenes on the island, in which Raymond Hatton fished up the dead man's body from the icy waters, and, dragging it to a deserted cabin, maimed and

disguised it so that it would look as though he himself had been murdered. It was one of those scenes that make your flesh creep—and to imagine the men who made that picture taking it on some island far from any human habitation increased the effect immeasurably. It's too bad to take away some of the thrill at this late day, but, as a matter of fact, the island was constructed in the Lasky tank, and the chunks of ice that floated in the water were really not ice at all, but great pieces of a special preparation invented by one of the men at the studio—another case where necessity was forced to become the mother of invention, you see—and found to be better than ice, since it would not melt in the water as ice would, and yet could not be distinguished from the real thing when seen through a camera lens. Special lighting effects were used, of course, and the scene made far more weird than if it had actually been shot where it was supposed to take place.

The tank came to Cecil De Mille's aid again, in "We Can't Have Everything," in the terrific storm scenes wherein Kathlyn Williams and Elliott Dexter drove up to a condemned bridge and, after being warned by the guards that the bridge will soon collapse and be carried down the raging torrent of water sweeping along beneath it, got out of the car and walked across the bridge, which fell in when they had barely reached the other



side. For these scenes the road house set was constructed on the edge of the tank, and the bridge built across it. Many nights of persistent labor by De Mille and his staff finally obtained the proper effect, when they resulted in the construction of a gulley and the use of powerful propellers and water wheels, the water being made to rush in a torrent through the gulley and under the bridge. It took months to put this mechanism into execution, and the work expended on it made it one of the biggest tasks ever put up to the engineering forces of the studio, although to see it on the screen one would never suspect that anything unusual had been done. However, the very fact that every one supposed that those scenes had

been shot at some outside location goes to show how perfect was the building of this set.

One of the biggest exterior settings ever constructed in a studio was built in and on the edge of the tank for a picture starring George Beban. An entire open stage adjoining the tank was made to resemble a pine forest; huge trees were transported and set up on the stage, and earth and vegetation were so placed that one would have sworn, when it was thrown on the screen, that a trip to the Canadian Northwest had been made specially to get that bit of scenery. In the forest many log cabins were constructed, and at the edge of it was a beautiful lake, on which was a twenty-five-foot sailboat. A terrible storm, punctuated by lightning and gushes of rain raged over lake and forest—a brand-new experience for the tank, but one which it went through admirably.

"The Woman Thou Gavest Me," which Hugh Ford filmed from Hall Caine's novel, seemed to demand a trip to the famous Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, Egypt. To take an all-star cast to that distant spot would, of course, involve a tremendous amount of time and money—and nothing could be simpler than to build pyramids on the edge of the tank and let a pseudo River Nile flow through it. All who saw that picture will recall the vista showing the pyramids, the Sahara, the river,



*Rose-decked gondola and Venetian canal—they combined with the tank in "Old Wives for New."*



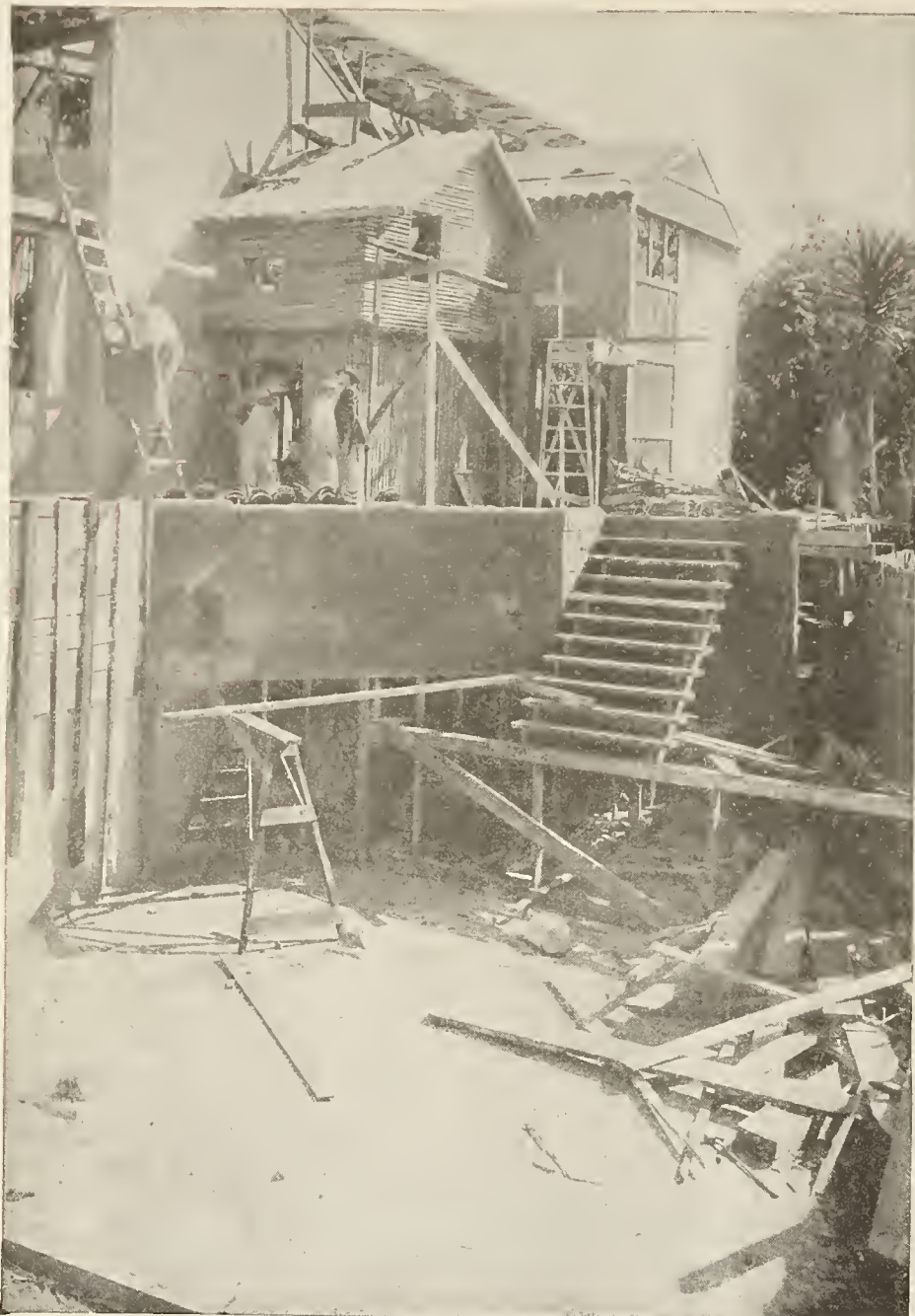
*Any architect designing a fashionable hotel could have learned things from this set for "Why Change Your Wife?"*

and an oasis—the century-old calm of Egypt seemed to have found its way into the picture.

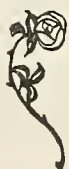
Italy had its innings in the tank when "Old Wives for New" was screened by De Mille. A Venetian set was needed; one showing a canal, and beautiful buildings, typically Italian, on either side. And so it was built. Beautifully carved bridges arched over the water, and moonlit promenades brought the romance of Venice the beautiful to the Lasky tank. A rose-decked gondola floated on the water, bearing Florence Vidor and Elliott Dexter—a gondola thirty-five feet in length and possessing a history of its own, since it was one of the four brought to America from Venice for the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1904, and later purchased by a company in Venice, California, and secured from them by Famous Players-Lasky for this production.

For "Everywoman" the tank served a double purpose, and the settings built for it went to two extremes





Shanghai? Certainly—reproduced in California, with the tank as an accessory.



They couldn't film this panic on a wrecked ferry in San Francisco—but they could on the Lasky lot.



of artistic skill—great beauty and the most relentless realism were reproduced. The first settings showed the beautiful garden in the courtyard of *Everywoman's* home, with fountains and flowers of remarkable beauty. Nine out of every ten people who saw the picture set it down as part of some great estate near Los Angeles, and wondered who owned it. After the scenes laid in the garden were completed it was removed and another set built—the one toward the end of the picture showing a dreary portion of the New York docks along the lower water front, on a bleak, wintry night. Dull brick warehouses filled the background, and snow covered the pavement and lay in drifts on window sills and in crevices and depressions in the pavement. It was indescribably drab and gloomy. To the edge of the docks came Theodore Roberts, as *Wealth*, and Bebe Daniels, as *Vice*. Irving Cummings, playing *Passion*, followed them, and in a jealous rage attacked *Wealth*. The two fought furiously, and finally, locked in a clinch, plunged into the dark waters of the river. As it happened, this scene bordered on real tragedy, for both men wore heavy fur coats, and as these became saturated with water, they bore the wearers down as if they had been leaden weights, and Roberts and Cummings had a serious time of it.

Quite a different sort of set was one of those erected for the De Mille production, "Male and Female." It was used in the vision scene in which the Babylonian king forced the Christian slave girl to go down into the den of lions. The great den, with its huge brazen gates, was built in the bed of the excavation. Gloria Swanson, who played the rôle of the girl, descended the steps of the den and posed under the paw of one of the lions—and has confessed that it was the scariest moment of her whole life, and that she fully expected the lion to make a meal of her at any moment, despite the assurance of everybody who didn't have to play the part that nothing of the sort could possibly happen.

Gloria also appeared in the other scene of this production for which the tank was used; that showing the cabin of the yacht after the boat was wrecked. The cabin was built on rockers, as was that used in "The Little American," and when the water poured through a jagged hole in the side of the ship the entire room listed and swayed, and the inmates struggled desperately to escape. The other shipwreck scenes of the picture were made at Santa Cruz Island, off the California coast, but were no more realistic than those done in the tank at the studio.

No more attractive set has ever been built in the tank than one used for "Why Change Your Wife?" in which a swimming pool in a fashionable hotel was constructed in it. A runway was built out across the water, so that the swimmers could dive from the edge of it, or dancers

Continued on page 84

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# The Spirit of the Northland

By  
Jerome Weatherby

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**A** HOT street—sizzling hot, with the asphalt pavement soft enough to show the marks of weary horses' hoofs, and fire escapes in the tenement districts heavy with sagging mattresses—makeshift beds where the city's poor vainly try to catch some breath of air.

Not a pretty picture! Well, the highways of a great city don't pretend to be pretty in the dog days, when the heat sticks closer than any brother ever did. You can get away from it, though—you can go straight into the frozen North for a blissful hour, if some theater in your town is showing "The Courage of Marge O'Doone," a Vitagraph picture. Here is a quotation from James Oliver Curwood's story, on which the picture is based and some scenes from it—and if they don't bring you the real spirit of the Northland—you'll never be cool!

"He felt, suddenly, that a dark and purposeless world had slipped behind him. Here was the sun. A sky blue as sapphire. A great expanse, a wonder-world. Into this he had escaped—to see the real Northland in action. There was almost the spirit of the epic about it. They were the survival of the fittest—these men and dogs."





Mme. Maeterlinck played the part of "Tyltyl" in the French production of "The Blue Bird."

YOU who are familiar with the Maeterlinck of "Pelleas and Melisande," "The Blue Bird," and "The Intelligence of Flowers," would naturally imagine him as inhabiting some strange enchanted palace in the midst of a forest. The eerie depths of his retreat should be lighted by sunshine drifting down through masses of overhanging foliage. You would expect to find about his habitat mysterious flowers with countenances like human beings almost speaking to you as you passed. In the straying surrounding pathways, half lost in the dusk of the shadows, you would look for white-robed and sad-eyed princesses, linking hands with sweet-visaged children in a never-ending search for intangible azure birds.

Had I not been forewarned, I know I should have started a quest of him in some such place, were it to be located. But my directions were quite definitely, and I thought, unpoetically, to go to the palisades overlooking the sea at Santa Monica, and that there I should discover the genius of symbolism sequestered in a California bungalow, "with flowers." The flowers, I was informed, had been especially ordered by the dramatist himself, along with the bungalow.

I discovered for myself that the officials of the Goldwyn Company, for whom he came West to write his first cinema drama, had seen to it also that he was located on the edge of a cañon in whose depths there were some of the seemingly necessary overhanging trees. This helped materially in adjusting my perspective. I could imagine the man of recluse temperament spending his time in philosophic speculation, amid the quiet of wandering pathways, and perhaps occa-

# Maeterlinck and

How the Belgian master of mystic thought has

By Edwin

sionally rehearsing some Merlinish fantasy superinduced by the harmonious surroundings.

When I actually arrived at the house I found that my conclusions regarding the forest meditations of the dramatist-philosopher were more or less true, and I began to feel better contented with the world in general, and M. Maeterlinck in particular. I still retained a speaking acquaintance, if not an actual friendship, with some of my illusions. But all was not sweetness and light, for I was assured immediately upon my arrival that Maeterlinck regarded interviewers as leagued with the devils of the dramatic world, and that I must be exceedingly wary and not bore him with questions. So I humbly

hastened onto the porch to be introduced.

But in two minutes I gained back the self-esteem I had previously lost, for upon my removing my hat, a very natural token of respect toward Maeterlinck and his wife, the dramatist immediately displayed great and typically French perturbation lest I should catch cold.

"*Votre chapeau,*" he said. "Put it on," almost before I had done shaking hands.

I subsequently learned that this quaint mixture of his customary speech and English is what he frequently employs when speaking rapidly. When he is at full speed ahead the English reverses and comes to a stop.

On the other hand, I learned that Madame Maeterlinck, that diminutive personage, known as the "child wife"—auburn-haired, black-eyed, a sparkling Frenchified personality from the ends of her fingers to the tips of her toes—can bubble along with English in a way to make you sorry you didn't leave your rusty old apparatus of foreign-language

study at home in the attic.

You may remember that she was the *Tyltyl* of "The Blue Bird" production in France, and I thought as I looked at her that she had remained for the poet-philosopher a sort of dream child, whom, of the many people he has created, he has kept for himself. Madame Maeterlinck—the name seemed hard to repeat when I responded to the introduction; I wanted to call her *Tyltyl* or *Myltyl*—seems still a part of the "Blue Bird" fantasy. She even wears boy's clothes similar to those

**T**HERE is something of far greater significance than a mere expenditure of a large sum of money in the Goldwyn Company's exper-

iment of bringing Maurice Maeterlinck, the "Belgian Shakespeare," to Los Angeles, where he has been studying the making of motion pictures in order that he may the better write for them.

What Maeterlinck has been doing is, we predict, a forerunner of what many a great writer will do in the future, for there are many indications that the next big change in motion pictures will be the development of a group of writers of the first rank who will write, with understanding, directly for the screen, instead of merely taking huge sums for the screen rights of their works, to be "adapted" by some trained, but un-inspired, continuity man.

For that reason all students of the screen will be especially interested in the forthcoming pictures by Maeterlinck, and for that reason, we have had prepared this scholarly and thoughtful impression of the man.

EDITOR.

---

# the Shadows

become the apostle of the silent drama.

Schallert

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she donned on the stage. In this garb she attires herself when she is "playing," I was told, which is now chiefly at tennis, with the visitors who come to the house.

As we went into the great living room of the white house I could not but marvel while looking at the heavy-set, white-haired man, at how peculiarly this abode contrasted with my preconceived notions. How remarkable, too, was the divergence between his solemn, deeply thoughtful yet illuminated countenance and the bright vivacity which shone forth laughingly from the tiny face of his girl wife! They say that his love for her partakes of the paternal, and that he is also her instructor in that he is ever desirous that she be delving into the study of subjects which seem far beyond the ken of any ordinary human being, let alone this child of twenty-three years.

The house, however, now interested me. I looked in vain for those infallible signs of the temperament of the man which I remember as being so well described as they are seen in his Paris residence by James Gibbon Huneker in his book, "Iconoclasts." No, this was the typical, furnished dwelling—supplied with all elegance and refinement admittedly, but not with Maeterlinckian lares and penates.

*"The Blue Bird," Maeterlinck's stage play, of world-wide renown, was adapted and shown on the screen two years ago.*



*The eerie depths of his retreat should be lighted by sunshine drifting down through masses of overhanging foliage.*



The dramatist made the remark some time during the course of our talk that the house was "like a violin," because every sound vibrated through the whole structure. "All your houses are like that in the United States," he went on. "So many things—everything in fact seems built for noise—excitement—haste.

"It is the same with your screen plays. You do not take them seriously enough—you are too hasty in the treatment of this great new art.

"It is very surprising to me to discover that in the United States the motion picture is relegated to being what you would call a second-rate art. That is farthest from my own conception. To me it appears as the art of the future,



*The flowers were especially ordered by the dramatist himself, along with the bungalow.*

for it is democratic and belongs to the unsophisticated—those whom we speak of as the naïve, as well as to the educated.

"Because it is new and popular, it is classed unfavorably by the so-called artistic. Nothing irritates me so much as the ideas expounded by a certain type of writers who have adopted the notion that in order to breathe the higher strata of air one must dwell in an ivory castle, as far as possible from the ordinary pursuits of humanity. As a matter of fact, the quest for truth and beauty is along unexpected ways, whose beginning is in the hearts of men, women, and children."

This viewpoint expressed by a man who is suspected of always having his mind in the clouds struck me with surprise. I began to feel as if after all there is no really deep idealistic thinker without his strong sense of practical humanness.

It became quite apparent as we continued that in his own screen work Maeterlinck is seeking to bring this human practical force to bear upon his ideal theme. He has been evolving his subject in various ways—and has finally resolved to create something that shall combine both his power as a symbolist and his concept of realism. The finished story will perhaps assume a hue more like "The Blue Bird" than any other of his plays, or else it will be something far removed from any of his past achievements.

It is with painstaking care that Maeterlinck, typically a Gallic thinker, has studied the details of cinema making and presentation. He goes back and forth between his residence and the Goldwyn studio to be present in the projection room when pictures are run off. He has watched the taking of scenes and then come back to see the "rushes." He is ever the seeker after the essence. He wants to know all about the new medium, so that he can properly adjust his own scheme of writing. For the cinema is entirely a new venture for Maeterlinck. While he has had a great

interest in the screen drama he has never yet essayed to write for the silver sheet. Not until he came to New York a few months ago did he expect to bring his gifts to the youngest child among the arts.

Maeterlinck is destined to write a story a year for the Goldwyn Company as long as the contract runs. He will probably remain in California until he completes the first, and it is possible that he will return to the coast next season, all the way from France, to "do" his second.

Every day a little French stenographer comes to the Maeterlinck residence to take the poet-philosopher's diction. And when she is not present and he wants to write he uses the typewriter just like any ordinary newspaper reporter or magazine writer. Typewriter! Here again I had an earthquake shock the realm of my illusions and preconceptions. Another strange combining of the idealistic and practical, I said to myself.

Naturally, not all of his work in California is concerned with the pictures. Much of it deals with those intangible topics of metaphysics which continually absorb the Maeterlinckian mind. Some of the time is perhaps taken up with the spoken drama, the most popular form of Maeterlinck's writings.

Throughout the interview it was difficult to associate the shadowy mood of so many of those plays with the quickly voiced answers and expressions of opinion of the man—opinions essentially down-to-earth and thoroughly comprehensive. In Maeterlinck's dramas so much that conveys the deeper meaning is left unsaid. You who are conversant with "Pelleas," "Alladine and Palomides," and "The Death of Tintagiles" know how often the dialogue reverts to those peculiar broken sentences, which suggest as in a flash varieties of significance. It often seems with Maeterlinck as if language were not sufficiently great in power to formulate the expression he wished, yet he is a master of finer method in expression.

*Continued on page 99*

PICTURE PLAY PLAYERS



**BEATRICE BURNHAM**

is on her way up the road to fame by the stereotyped route that has made many a star. Comedies, Westerns, small rôles, such as hers in "Burnt Wings," leading lady—in "Bullet Proof," with Harry Carey—she'll reach the very top some day at this rate.



C. Evans

### KATHLEEN CLIFFORD

hasn't had much chance to come into her own on the screen, though she did it long ago on the stage, as every one knows. But she met success face to face in "When the Clouds Roll By," with Douglas Fairbanks, and now is starring in "Boy Blue."





Hoover

### TSURU AOKI

has been a Universal star for some time, with such productions as "The Breath of the Gods," and "Locked Lips," to prove that Sessue Hayakawa isn't the only star in their family. Just now she's interested in a long-planned trip to Japan.



C. Alfred Cheney Johnston

**CORINNE GRIFFITH**

has developed an interesting habit of changing the color of her hair with each production—her collection of wigs is constantly growing. However, for photographs like this one, Corinne clings to her natural crown of glory, which is fortunate.



C. Alfred Cheney Johnston

### MARJORIE DAW

must have gone fishing successfully, if interesting experiences were what she wanted. To be Mary Pickford's only bridesmaid, to go abroad as star of Marshall Neilan's company, to have every one want her as leading lady—all these things happened to Marjorie.



Evans

### RHEA MITCHELL

is a new star, but not a new arrival on the screen, by any means. Her most recent appearances have been in Sessue Hayakawa's pictures, and now she is to be seen in stellar rôles in the productions of the new Screen Arts Corporation.



Evans

### MONA LISA

was thought by those who chose her screen name to have something of the cryptic expression of the famous painting, "Mona Lisa," by Leonardo da Vinci, which hangs in the Louvre, in Paris. They said— "The eyes have it"—and we're inclined to agree.



**ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN**

has stepped through the gateway of "The Country Cousin"—just as you see her doing here—and into bigger dramatic rôles, such as are afforded her in the dual part she plays in Grace Sartwell Mason's story, "The Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes."



*The Griffith studio. The wooden structure on the right is the old Flagler mansion, to which the studio proper, the large wing on the left, was added.*

## The Filming of "Way Down East"

For six months D. W. Griffith has been at work on what promises to be another of his monumental productions. The following is an impression of the immensity of the undertaking, and of the peculiar method by which the dean of directors works.

By Charles Gatchell

ON the north shore of Long Island Sound, not far from New York City, there is an estate of sloping lawns shaded by giant elms, on which Henry M. Flagler, the former Florida railroad magnate, once planned to have erected what he hoped would be the most beautiful country home in America. It was to have been a monument to the success of a multimillionaire, as distinctively the last word in dwellings of its kind as the Woolworth Building and tower was the last word in its type of city architecture.

On this same estate, D. W. Griffith is now completing a film production which I believe will be, in its way, a monumental work, the last word in a certain phase through which motion pictures are passing; a phase which is marked by the purchase, at fabulous prices, of the great stage successes of former days, and of their transformation, by amazing expenditures of time and care and money into plays for the screen.

The play in question is "Way Down East," a vehicle well chosen for such an endeavor, for the record of its phenomenal run still stands unbeaten by any similar stage production, and the purchase price of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for the screen rights stands, at this writing, as the top figure for such a transaction. Impressive as this figure is, the story of

its filming is, to me, even more impressive. I shall not attempt to tell the entire story of this undertaking, but I am going to endeavor to show something of the infinite pains with which the work is being done by the impressions of a single day spent at the Griffith studio.

It was a day set apart for work on interior scenes, which were to be filmed on the set representing the dining room and kitchen in the old New England home of the Bartlett family.

The set, which stood in the center of the spacious studio, was, to all appearances, complete to the last finishing touch. The fire-stained pots and kettles hung above the charred logs that lay across the andirons. All the rustic properties from the Seth Thomas clock to the farmer's almanac had been carefully put in place as indicated on the detailed sketch. Twelve of these sketches had been made, from which but one was to be chosen; twelve finished pieces of work, each a different design, combining, together, all of the most characteristic bits of home atmosphere which Mr. Griffith's art director, an Oxford-trained authority on architecture and design, had found in a trip through New England. I was later to learn that before this set finally had been decided upon as satisfactory,



A Griffith rehearsal, in which every bit of business is gone over time after time, until the desired effect is obtained.

four other sets previously had been built and torn down.

Any one accustomed to the methods of other producers would have concluded, from the appearance of the studio, that everything was ready for action. From overhead, the set was bathed in the diffused light of the Kliegs. Through the open doorway at the right entrance came a flood of yellow sunshine thrown by that marvelous invention, the sun-ray arc, whose beams reproduce so literally those from which they take their name that if they shine upon you for long you will be burned as you would be by midsummer sunshine.

Standing in place, ready for the long interior shots, were the two motion-picture cameras, manned by the camera men and their assistants, while near by was stationed the "still" photographer with his big bellows camera.

As a final indication that all was in readiness for action, Mr. Griffith, who was personally directing the production, had taken his position in the open space between the cameras and the front of the set—a distinctive figure—his rugged height accentuated by the short raincoat which hung, cape-wise, over his broad shoulders, and by the large derby hat which, tipped far back on his head, vaguely suggested the pictures of the Mad Hatter in "Alice in Wonderland."

But no command was given to the waiting camera men. There was no expectant hush, as when a conductor mounts the dais before an orchestra. The members of the cast, fully costumed and made up, knowing the methods of their chief, stood or sat about in little groups, as they had for several days, patiently waiting. The studio orchestra, for no particular rea-

son, was softly playing "Turkey in the Straw," to which *Martha Perkins*, a prim and severe-looking New England spinster, was executing, with grotesque solemnness, a very creditable, though strangely incongruous, buck-and-wing shuffle. The atmosphere of the entire studio was that of a highly trained organization, ready to spring to instant action, but resigned to await the order, forever, if need be.

"I don't quite like that door," said Griffith, suddenly breaking the silence he had maintained for several minutes. He called for one of the decorators.

"It looks too new," he explained. "The edge of it, don't you know, in a house like this, would be worn down, and the paint darkened near the knob by years of use."

The decorator nodded understandingly and started for his tools.

"Be careful not to batter it up any," Griffith called after him. "I don't want anything to look mistreated, but to have just the appearance of long years of careful use."

"Now, how about those chairs?" he went on, addressing the art director this time.

He walked on to the set, seated himself in a rocker, rose, and returned. "That chair's comfortable enough, but it doesn't *look* comfortable enough for the effect I want. I want this room to radiate from every last touch the feeling of being homelike—a home of comfort and welcome and coziness. Let's get some cushions for the backs of the chairs."

The art director groaned.

"A hundred dollars' more time to be charged up while we put them on," he began. "But we'll do it," he added



hastily, as Griffith gave him a look that said, "Huh—a lot I care about a hundred dollars' worth of time, or ten hundred dollars' worth, if I get the result I'm after."

"Now let's see," he went on. "There's something lacking—something—I know. It's flowers! Oh, Miss Gish, how does the idea of having some flowers on the table or on the mantelpiece strike your feminine taste?"

Lillian Gish, who has had some experience of her own as a director, looked thoughtful for a moment, and then voiced her approval.

By this time several decorators were at work again on the set, making the changes that had been suggested. But Griffith was not yet satisfied. I am not going to attempt the tedious task of recounting in detail the suggestions that followed, but for the rest of the morning—the work had begun at about ten o'clock—one thing after another was criticized, discussed, and debated; scarcely a detail of the set was overlooked. The floor, it was decided, was a shade too light, and the painters were set to work on it again. The bunches of seed corn were taken down from the ceiling beam on which they had hung, and were tried in almost every possible place from which they could be suspended. The pots in the broad fireplace were rearranged. The figured tablecloth was removed and replaced by a plain white one. And not until the technical staff had received enough instructions to last them until late into the afternoon did Griffith consent to consider the work as even temporarily completed.

"This business of getting the exact pictorial effect is of the greatest importance," he said when at last he left off, and walked over to where I had stood watching

him work. "And it might interest you to know that I believe that to be a matter to which the average dramatic critic who is sent out to review pictures is somewhat blind.

"Your dramatic critic obviously doesn't pay much attention to stage pictures," he went on, speaking earnestly and with emphasis. "In the spoken drama the pictures are only incidental. At the best they are poor reproductions of nature, mere backgrounds which may even be dispensed with. So your critic devotes his attention—and rightly so—to the play—the drama—the *story*, if you will.

"But a moving-picture production is a different thing. It lacks the chief element of the stage play—the spoken word. It is—or should be—as its very name implies, a series of wonderful *moving pictures*. The values you see are completely reversed. But does your dramatic critic recognize that? Usually he does not. He comes and views our work with but one of his two eyes. He looks upon it from the same point of view from which he considers a stage play.

"Take, for example, my picture, 'The Idol Dancer.'" There was a note of impatience in his voice. "We went to such *great* trouble and expense to reproduce a certain phase of nature and of life, and I think we succeeded in our attempt. But the reviewers, many of them, dismissed that succession of beautiful screen paintings with a word, and spoke disparagingly of the story. Perhaps the story was not unusual, perhaps it was slight. Should they, on that account, dismiss the entire production as of little consequence?"

Moved by the eloquence of the Griffith argument, I shook my head in mute agreement—though I could not help thinking, at the same time, that I had heard a good many persons who were *not* dramatic critics speak



One might think that Griffith had been hunting locations for "Uncle Tom's Cabin," instead of "Way Down East."



*Dick Barthelmess and Lillian Gish, waiting to be called.*

disparagingly of "The Idol Dancer" and many another production, finely wrought from a pictorial standpoint, because the story had not satisfied them. But I was of no mind to argue the matter; moreover, I felt, at least, respectfully inclined toward this point of view, which, it occurred to me, I had never given much consideration.

"For myself," Griffith went on, after a moment's pause, "I hold that if we but reproduce beautifully one single effect of the movement of the wind upon the water, the swaying branches of a tree, or even an etching on the screen of the wrinkled face of an old man in the shadows, we have done something that the stage, at its best, cannot do, and something which, in itself, is an artistic achievement.

"I do not mean to disparage in the least the value of a good story," he added, "I merely offer a protest against the ignoring of every other phase of a production by some of our reviewers. Do I make myself clear?" he concluded abruptly, with a smile and a whimsical bow, as though apologizing for having delivered so serious a lecture.

I replied that he did, and it occurred to me that what he had said was worth setting down and remembering, as a means of understanding better what Griffith is striving to attain in the making of a picture.

"While we're waiting for the set I am going to hold

a rehearsal, and if you care to see it——" Griffith said, with the courtesy and cordiality which is shared by the entire personnel of his studio.

A Griffith rehearsal was something which I had wanted to see for some time, and I followed him and the members of the cast into the old Flagler home, which would not be standing to-day, had its former owner's dream materialized. This rambling old mansion connects with the studio proper; it is used for dressing rooms, and by the executive and scenario staffs.

The rehearsal was to be held in the former state dining room of the late magnate, a magnificent room overlooking the sparkling waters of the Sound, its massive walls hung with dark, rich, hand-tooled leather, and its ceiling decorated by carved beams brought from Europe. And there, where groups of men representing the wealth of the nation had often gathered to dine, a company of actors ranged themselves about an imaginary table, prepared to enact a dinner scene in a humble, old-fashioned country home.

They were far from being humble folk, though, these actors. Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess, two of the regular Griffith players who have the principal rôles, on the completion of this production are to begin separate

starring engagements with salaries that will place them in the first rank of featured screen players. Creighton Hale, who plays a character part, has been a well-known star. And the other members of the cast, who were engaged solely for this production, had been chosen with more care than the furnishings of the famous room in which they had gathered. Accustomed as I was by this time to the convincing evidence of the infinite pains which were being taken in this production, it hardly seemed credible—though I was assured of this by Mr. Griffith's personal aid—that a list of nearly one hundred actors had been considered in the selection of the man who was to play the part of *Lennox Sanderson*, the villain of the piece, and that before the part had finally been given to Lowell Sherman—who is playing a similar rôle in "The Sign on the Door," an all-year Broadway stage success—twenty-eight other actors had actually been tried out.

The rehearsal was but a variation of the Griffith method which I had previously seen applied to rearranging the details of the set in order to heighten the desired effect, or feeling. This time the action, which the players evidently had rehearsed many times before, was criticized and altered in as minute detail, with the same object in view. Each bit of business, each expression, each gesture was done over, time

*Continued on page 82*

# Well, They Ought to Be Happy!

Doug and Mary had to give up their wedding trip, but they don't seem to mind it.

By Ted Evans

I PRESUME you think of such movie stars as Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks as being able to do practically anything in the world they want to.

But, bless you, they're as tied down as any one else. For example, the trip to Europe, which they had planned for a honeymoon was called off and abandoned—and without any regard to their personal wishes, either.

You see, Doug and Mary form one half of the United Artists' Corporation—the "Big Four," as the company is called. And when it was found necessary for the Fairbanks family to deliver a certain number of pictures this summer, there was nothing to do but to cancel steamship and hotel reservations, and to set to work, so that the only trip they got was a short "flyer" to New York City.

There are compensations, though. Most of us wouldn't mind going even without a honeymoon if we could enjoy a home such as the Fairbanks mansion, with its mountains, broad lawns, and a river running by, some views of which are shown in these pictures. And we probably wouldn't mind keeping on working, if we were paid the Fairbanks family income.



# "But Don't Go

And the Bathing Beauties

By Peter



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**T**HE letter of the bathing suit may not be here expressed, in a manner of speaking, but the spirit certainly is; short, chic, and, shall we say—snappy? And who cares if some of these bathing beauties who appear in Christie and Sennett comedies can't swim a stroke, and that all of them wear frills which would wilt if they came in contact with a dipper full of water, let alone a whole ocean full? Anybody can wear clothes that will stand meeting the wild waves face to face, but few can appear to such good advantage in three ostrich feathers and two yards of silk, so that audiences, like Lot's wife and Dick Whittington, will look and turn to look again.

Despite the fact that they don't bother to go swimming, these bathing girls are life-savers. Every single one of them—of course, they're single; if you doubt my word communicate with them and find out; the names of those pictured here, given for your convenience, are Florence Long, Genevieve Berte, Marie

Prevost, Enza Leigh, Jessie Fox, and Bessie de Palma—every single one of them, as I was saying, does her part nobly in keeping screen comedies from becoming too highbrow. You've heard a lot lately, if you've been keeping up with current events, about the change comedy is undergoing; they're attempting to



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Photo by Evans

# Near the Water!"

swear they never will.

White

park the pies, take the slap out of the good old slapstick, and turn peppy two-reel laugh makers into five-reel affairs with real plots woven into them. Well, that's all very well in its way; but there's one thing the uplifters will *never* be able to do; the bathing girls will remain the same fluffy-ruffled, be-



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witching young persons, with none too many ruffles, perhaps, but with plenty of charm.

They're life-savers in another way, too. Perhaps you don't know it, but the salaries of chorus girls have gone up right along with the cost of living, and nowadays the manager who wants to send a musical comedy on the road is hard put to it to find girls

who'll go along. They don't want to leave the big cities, and don't want to make one-night stands.

Here's where the bathing beauties come in. The pictures in which they appear are shown in every town in the country, or nearly every one. Even the most retiring of retired New Yorkers can still imagine he's back on Broadway, and the snap and go of the theatrical season's smartest revue can be brought into even a crossroads town. So don't lament your inability to be on hand for the first nights of all musical comedies in the future; the girls in the screen comedies will gladly make up for all you lose!

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*She's the kind that spends the summer house partying along the coast.*



Photographs copyrighted by Evans.

# Flappers—Beware!

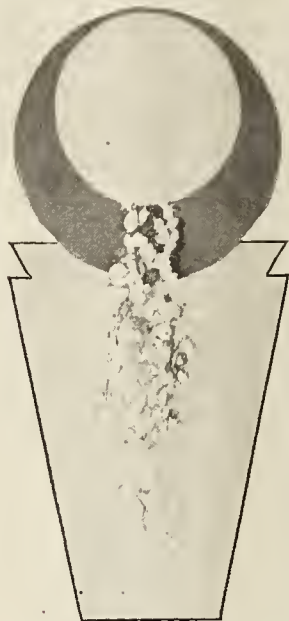
May Allison knows just how to dress—but you mustn't follow her example. The first of a series on dressing according to your type.

By Louise Williams

Now, you may not have as much money to spend on your clothes as May Allison spends on hers; therefore all the more does it behoove you, if you're of her type, to find out what she knows about how to dress. For the smaller one's wardrobe is, the more carefully selected must it be, and the girl who supports herself on twenty-five dollars a week and the one whose dress allowance runs into the thousands must obey some of the same general rules.

May Allison knows them, particularly as they apply to blondes who are at the far end of their teens or just nicely started on their twenties. And though you may not happen to have blue eyes, yellow hair, and pink cheeks, you'll find that to talk with her about clothes is a liberal education.

"Please let me launch a whole lot of 'Don'ts'—just general ones, at girls everywhere, to begin with," she urged, the afternoon we met to settle the question of clothes once and for all.

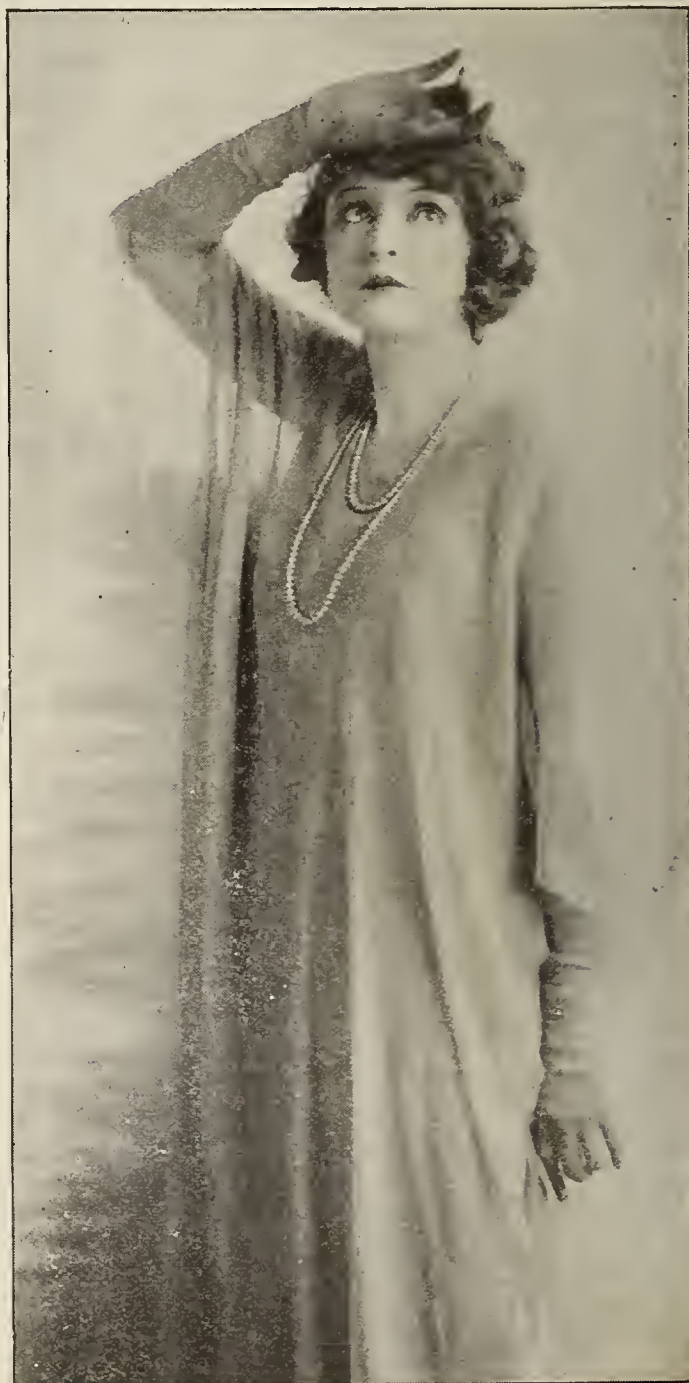


*You may not have as much money to spend on your clothes as May Allison spends on hers; therefore, all the more does it behoove you, if you're her type, to find out what she knows about how to dress.*

**I**F you're just the right age to be May Allison's little sister you're not to read this—absolutely not! What age is that? Well, it's the age at which you'd be fox-trotting at the country-club dance with the boys just home from prep school while sister May was playing bridge, or being the bright particular belle of a big dinner dance, or hieing along the coast or the lake shore from one summer resort to another, linking together all the season's very nicest house parties. And when she came home on flying visits, to catch up on her beauty sleep and her supply of clothes, you'd have the fun of rummaging in her wardrobe trunks and seeing all the gorgeous frocks and wraps and everything else that she'd bought everywhere.

But not for the little sister are those enticing things—those fans, made from a single, curving jade-green ostrich feather, those seraphic hats, those gay dancing frocks, with rosebuds holding the frail laces together, and silver and old-rose ribbon twisted into love knots just where they'd be most effective. For they belong to the May Allison type of girl; quite obviously not the flapper, but not the awfully sophisticated type either; rather, the débutante who's been out just long enough to have lost the stupidity of guilelessness and retained all its charm. She's the kind of girl you see playing golf at the country clubs, or having tea at the most exclusive hotels. You meet her at dinner parties—the hostess always selects her for the partner of the eligible man from out of town, whom her husband is anxious to keep on a friendly footing. That's the type—and May Allison just fits it. Perhaps you do, too. If so, you'll profit by what she told me.

*Pale pink coral beads go well with blond coloring.*



"They're such important ones. Don't ever buy anything cheap; good materials last so much better, and can be used again and again, while slazy ones make a dress look shabby when it's been worn only a few times. Don't change your color scheme every season because fashion does; find out whether you're the sort of girl who ought to wear grays and dull blues and soft greens, or browns and yellows and orange—and then stick to that general scheme. That will mean that quite often you can apparently be extravagant, because it means being economical in the long run. I know a girl who pays a perfectly staggering price for her footgear—pale coffee-colored suede shoes, and bronze pumps straight from Paris, and amber buckles, and embroidered stockings that just match her shoes—but she is careful of those things, and as her frocks always follow the same general color scheme, she has those same things season after season! Now, that's true economy.

"And it's economy, too, to know exactly what type of things you can wear; what models are best for you, I mean. The girl who works, whose whole day is taken up, as a rule, hasn't much time for shopping, and so must make selections quickly, without looking about much. Now, she has to save both time and money. And if she knows just what she can wear she can decide instantly whether a frock is what she wants or not. A short time ago, for in-



"A perfect hat is the exclamation point that finishes a costume."

stance, after I had bought all my gowns for 'Fine Feathers,' my next picture, it was decided that that wouldn't be a good story for me, and I was given 'Held in Trust' instead. I had just two days in which to buy seven frocks. The first one I selected, an evening gown, a negligee, an afternoon frock, and a sable coat. I could do that because long ago I learned just what I could wear best."

"But let's talk about you in particular; about why you wear what you do, and how."

"I wear background colors," she began obediently. "That is, my coloring doesn't need vivid colors to bring it out; it's better for me to select a black taffeta street frock, for instance, than a bright green or vivid red one. A girl with black hair, a very white skin, and no color, could wear the green dress, and look wonderful in it, but it wouldn't do for me. Neither would red, except some of the 'off' shades. The girl who is neutral in coloring can indulge in gay colors, but not the girl of my type, except on rare occasions."

"I wear background colors—a black taffeta street frock, for instance."

"Let's go into detail," I suggested. "Start at the beginning, with the new short-vamp shoes, and lingerie, and go right along to the top layer."

Continued on page 86



# Annette Is Back Again!

After a long absence  
from the screen, she  
has come back in a  
new comedy.

By  
Selma Howe



WE lounged around the pool, stretched out in deck chairs or sitting on the marble ledge, dangling our feet in the water. It was at the Turkish baths in one of New York's largest and supposedly most exclusive hotels, and every woman there was trying to be just as exclusive as the hostelry. Such language. Never an "r" sounded, and French and Italian phrases dropped wherever they'd do the most good, especially by the women who'd never sailed the ocean blue.

And then a dark-haired girl sauntered down the steps into the pool and began to swim. Nobody paid much attention to her at first, but when she'd gone the length of the tank twice under water, every maid, matron, and flapper was on her bare feet—to say nothing of the attendants.

"Annette Kellermann!" we cried with one accord.

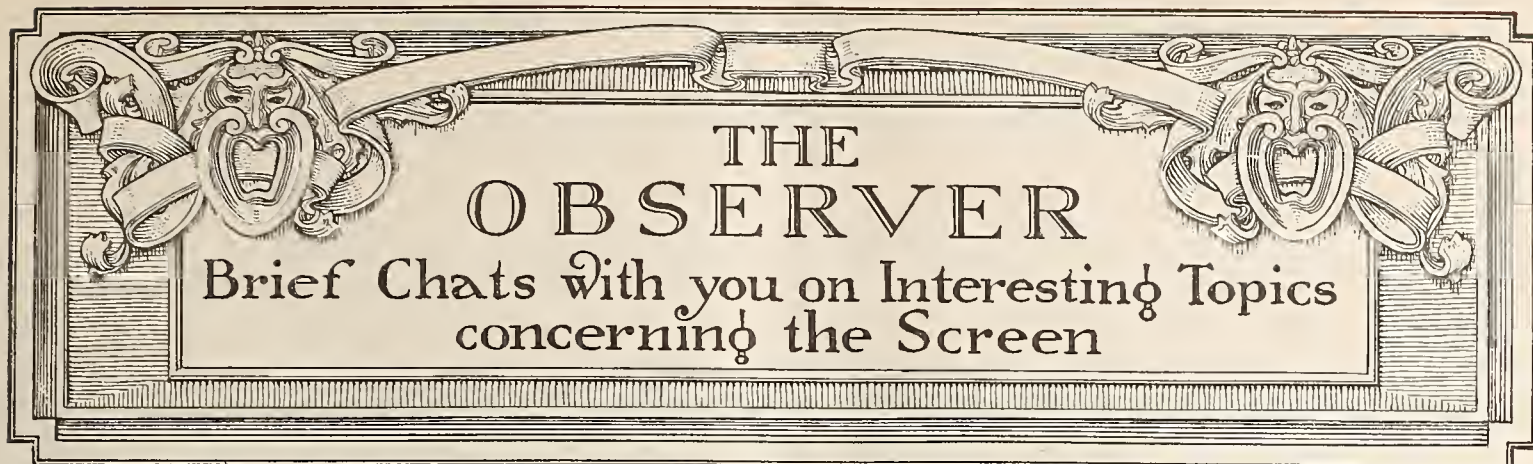
And Annette Kellermann it was, and not at all surprised at being recognized, since her name has been for several years a household word, from Fifth Avenue in New York to Euclid Avenue in Cleveland and then on out to the heights of the highest hill in San Francisco's smart residential section.

Almost every one is informed on her personal history—the story of her struggle for health when she was young, which was won through her learning to swim and dive.

After appearing as a professional swimmer in Australia, England, France, and America she went on the stage and then into the movies, "Neptune's Daughter" being her first picture, and "A Daughter of the Gods" her second. She's not been seen in pictures for some time until recently, however, when she returned to appear on the screen in a new five-reel comedy in which her swimming and diving ability will be displayed to as great advantage as ever. And it is said that she will make personal appearances in some of the large cities where the picture is shown.







THE  
OBSERVER  
Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics  
concerning the Screen

*Sending the Authors to School* The motion-picture industry has reached an interesting point in its career. It has plenty of good actors, almost enough first-class directors. The theaters worthy of presenting properly an expensive and artistic production are increasing daily.

But the offices of the scenario editors have become a land of famine. Lean and hungry are the scenario editors, panic-stricken are the production managers who are seeking material, pale from want of nourishing plot are the directors. There is an abundance of chaff, but very little wheat.

There are not enough expertly written stories for the screen to go around. So the few authors who can turn out a rattling good motion-picture yarn are rapidly getting rich. Dramatists who own the rights to plays that look as if they might be good for pictures are making so much money they have quit working, thereby decreasing production and putting prices up even higher.

I am talking now about stories that can be classed as motion-picture masterpieces, such as "Old Wives for New," "The Cheat," "The River's End," "The Miracle Man," "Blind Husbands," some of the works of Rex Beach and of Zane Grey—stories that stand up and wallop you between the eyes because of their sheer fiction value; stories that put a picture over without the assistance of a leading man's mustache, or a leading woman's bare back.

They're mighty hard to get, these stories. The woods are full of fellows who are turning out *ordinary* stories, but name me a man or a woman who is dealing out the real stuff even half of the time if you can.

There are many good writers of motion-picture plays, but so far there has been no *great* writer.

The screen has, as yet, no writer who compares with George M. Cohan, Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch, or—no need going further. There isn't a man or a woman of great story-telling ability who is regularly delivering first-class stuff direct to the greatest medium ever invented for expressing human thought.

Motion-picture producers are doing everything in their power to develop good writers for the screen. Goldwyn, Metro, Famous Players, and others are paying good salaries to important playwrights and are sending them to school in the studios in the hope that they will learn the technique of the screen drama and will turn out a few stories of high caliber that will help for a time to supply the demand for better plots.

Famous Players, it is reported, bought Charles Frohman, Inc., not because Adolph Zukor had a hankering to produce spoken dramas, but because through this holding he and Jesse L. Lasky could get on better terms with dramatists and coax them to study motion-picture writing in an effort to develop better writing for the screen.

Even Maeterlinck, one of the greatest writers of the present generation, was not above going to Los Angeles, when he contracted to write a series of screen stories for Goldwyn, to study diligently and under the guidance of experienced craftsmen, the technical process through which the modern motion-picture story is developed.

### *A Prophecy*

This business of recruiting playwrights, and trying to turn them into writers of pictures by a special course of study is interesting. Whether or not it will be the answer to the producers' great need remains to be seen. Like every other new move in the picture industry it is somewhat of an experiment. Incidentally, it is asking a good deal of a man who has always thought of stories in terms of *words* suddenly to begin thinking out stories in terms of *pictures*. For that is what writing for the screen means.

At any rate, it appears to be an experiment in the right direction. So long as present conditions obtain, most screen productions will have to be prepared as they are at present: the original story being done by an outside writer who has fresh, inventive, story-telling talent, and the continuity being made from that story by a studio-trained technical expert. But the ideal way for the story to be written would be for the writer of the original plot to be able to lay out the story scene by scene, just as a dramatist writes a play, with all the stage directions and light effects indicated. Such a method, we predict, will be employed in writing the great screen masterpieces of the future.

### *Germany and Motion Pictures*

Already the big American companies are completing plans for selling American pictures in Germany. Through Sweden and Switzerland, neutral countries, the pictures will be distributed. In turn, Germany is said to have ambitious plans for distributing German pictures in America. If the pictures are any good, The Observer is willing that they shall come in. We make that statement after learning from experts that the German pictures are not much good from our point of view.

We have little to fear from the importation of German pictures. Even English and French producers have failed to do much in the way of making productions that suit our taste here, so it is hardly likely that Berlin will send us anything that can compete with our own productions.

It is possible that some producers may further anger the Germans by taking away from them what motion-picture experts they have. The salaries in Germany are very low, and France, England, and Sweden are said to be planning to take the best directors, writers, and actors that Germany has.

In the theater in Vienna and Berlin there is a lack of talent, because the best artists have left Austria and Germany. So it may be that Germany soon won't have anything left of motion-picture production but the idea.

### *To Dominate the World*

America is the heart of motion-picture production, and it now looks as if American producers intend to dominate the world. Famous Players are now producing pictures in England, and Fox and Goldwyn are making plans to do likewise. Famous Players will open a studio this fall in India to make pictures primarily for distribution in India.

The foreign countries are in about the same condition in regard to motion pictures as the United States was seven years ago. So the opportunities seem great.

Had The Observer known seven years ago that the motion-picture industry would develop as it has done, he would have bought himself a motion-picture theater and by this time would have become quite wealthy.

Perhaps the thing to do now is to go to Shanghai, where they're ten years behind us, and open an airdrome.

### *The List of Hired Hands*

Some day some producer is going to show that he knows what the public wants. He will go to his studios and announce that from that day on the only persons whose names will be used to clutter up the film will be the important members of the cast, the director and the author of the story.

This producer will say: "For ten years the public has been laughing at me, and I have just found it out. I have been allowing the names of camera men, art directors, stage managers, scene painters, and costume designers to injure my pictures.

"I thought I was a smart man. I put these names on the film because it was a good way to keep these people happy and contented on a salary lower than some other producer would pay them.

"At last I have found that I am starting every one of my pictures under a handicap when I put all that junk on the film. The public laughs. The folks out in front read this rot and say: 'What a lot of fools these motion-picture people are,' and just at that moment my picture begins, and I try to interest them in it.

"I have found that the public will protest so much about the fact that a camera man's name was on the film that they will forget to tell their friends how good the show was. I'm going to prove to the world that I'm a real showman. Out with the superfluous names!"

Some day that's going to happen. When it does, we hope to be able to get ouija-board connections with the world and tell it that we predicted this phenomenon.

### *Where's the Comedy?*

Several months ago we called attention to the fact that the motion picture lacked real comedies, and what we said has been echoed by a good many fans who have written to us. Apparently we have had little influence on the industry, however. No exertion seems to have been put forth by Chaplin to relieve the situation. "Fatty" Arbuckle has gone in exclusively for five-reel pictures that are to be comedy dramas. Mack Sennett is paying more attention to five-reelers than he is to his short comedies, which are no longer being done in the fine Sennett manner.

Harold Lloyd and Larry Semon are the young men

who seem to be advancing in the two-reel comedy field.

Once there was a time when John Bunny was thought to be as funny as any man could be. His place was taken by Ford Sterling, who gave way to Chaplin, who, because of inactivity is almost losing his title.

Will the comedy championship go by default? Is it possible that it is about time to begin talking about how Chaplin "was" a great comedian?

### *What Holds the Star?*

The story is holding up the star, these days, not the star the story. As it is in motion pictures, so it is on the stage. We just looked through the advertisements of shows now in New York. Exactly twice as many starless shows as there are shows depending upon a big name to bring in the crowds—thirty-six without stars, eighteen with stars. And many of those shows in which the name of the leading performer is set in type larger than that of the play itself, depend for success upon the story, rather than upon the personality of the performer.

The ratio, of course, is all the other way in motion pictures. There probably are ten times as many "star" pictures as there are pictures without stars—or "all star" as the press agent sometimes labels a cast made up of persons who never were starred, or who failed as stars. But the trend is away from the star and toward the story. It's a battle between the star and the author, and the star has been having the better of the first ten rounds.

### *Mary and Doug Costarred?*

There is a report that Mary and "Doug" may appear in one picture together, just as a stunt. They are said to be looking for a story that will be suitable for such a production, a sort of "biggest show on earth."

For one production the idea is great—for the stars as well as for the public. Probably such a picture would make more money than any other picture ever made.

It wouldn't do for more than one time, however. The novelty would put it over. After one costarring picture, back to the one-star pictures for the both of them.

Outside of the first production it is not likely that any picture starring the two together would make as much money as two pictures, with half of the Fairbanks family in each. However, it's said to be lack of a story, rather than mercenary reasons, that now holds up the production.

### *Sad News*

Some inquiring person has intimated recently that no motion-picture star is getting more than fifty thousand dollars a year, actual cash money good at the savings bank. This person figures that the government takes most of the money the stars get, and that the dressmakers and tailors get most of what's left.

If Nazimova, for instance, were incorporated and the net profits were computed, the stockholders would get no more than fifty thousand dollars of the five hundred thousand dollars or so that she gets for a year's work. That's what this fellow says.

In other words, according to his conclusions, Nazimova probably doesn't save more than fifty thousand dollars a year, after paying all her expenses.

That's tough! Every mail carrier and school-teacher knows how hard the big stars must work to make both ends meet.

# My Crush on Gloria Golden

The story of a girl's infatuation for a movie star.

IT was on a Saturday afternoon, and, as usual, I had been to the movies with Sallie Roberts. Ordinarily we would have walked out home together, but on this afternoon Sallie had to meet her mother; so I went on to attend to a few errands of my own, one of which led me to the biggest jewelry store in town—to have mended the clasp on my white coral beads, which I wanted to wear to the sophomore reception. Every October the high-school principal has a reception for the sophomores, and it was a big event, perhaps not to girls who were going to the class dances and football games and who had beaux, but to girls like me, who were still a little on the outside of school social life, the sophomore reception seemed quite an affair.

It took the clerk several minutes to find my beads, and while I was waiting I looked idly at the back of the girl standing near me at the counter.

Even from the back, I was sure that she must be pretty and graceful. With the sixteen-year-old's ever-ready interest in clothes, I "took in" the details of every-thing she wore; the girlish little three-cornered hat, with its ostrich pompon; the straight, well-cut, dark serge street dress, softened and "feminized" by fine, white, hand hemstitching at the wrists and neck; the fluffy scarf of some dark, rich fur I did not recognize; the heavy silk stockings and trim, slim walking shoes. She had drawn off one

gauntlet glove, and her bare hand on the glass show case was ringless, but so white and well kept that it seemed a pretty ornament, rather than one of the useful but unattractive tools my hands had always been.

I laid my Dennison's "Plane Geometry" and "The History of the Ancient World" on the counter and tried to see her face. Just then the clerk came with my beads, and the pretty girl went out as I turned to speak to him.

"Did you notice the girl at the corner there?" the clerk asked me, as he took my dollar bill.

"Yes," I said.

"I guess mighty few people in this store now know who they've been in the store with," he said mysteriously.

"Who was it?" I asked.

"She's just in town for the day," he went on, enjoying my suspense.

"Who is she?"

"Gloria Golden."

I stared at him a moment, my mouth ajar. No, he was not joking. If he had said the woman was the Queen of England or wife of the president or Sarah Bernhardt, I should have smiled mild, polite interest and waited for my change. Gloria Golden! Without a word I turned and ran out of the store.

She had disappeared. I looked wildly up and down the street; there was no slim, little figure in a three-cornered hat in sight. I hurried to the corner, looked up and down the cross street, back to the other corner, looked up and down that street. It seemed to me I *could* not let her go like that. A little boy was playing near the curb, and I caught him by the shoulder.

"Did you see a girl go down the street here?" I demanded frantically, "a—a girl with—with a hat on?"

He looked up and down the crowded street, then up at my excited face. He wriggled free from my grip and retreated several steps.

"Say!" he inquired plaintively, "what's the matter with you?"

I turned back to the avenue, and all the afternoon I walked up and down the street, in and out of the stores, looking for a girl in a three-cornered hat. As the afternoon shopping crowd grew greater it made my search more difficult, but I kept it up. It began to grow dusk, and still I could not bear to stop. To think that she was in our town!

It was nearly seven o'clock and dark when I finally reached home. The family was at dinner.

"Where on earth have you been?" mother demanded.

"Mother, Gloria Golden is in this city!"

"And where on earth are your books?" mother went on, as though the most astounding piece of news in the world had not just been told her.



*With the sixteen-year-old's ever-ready interest in clothes, I took in the details of everything she wore.*

"Gloria Golden——" I began again.

"You haven't been to the movies again?" mother demanded accusingly.

"No, but——" And I told of having stood within four feet of the real girl whose film shadow had scarcely been out of my thoughts for weeks, of having brushed so close to her that I might have touched her, might have spoken to her—and I had not even seen her face. Mother did not sense the poignant tragedy of it, did not feel the thrill that even so much had come into my life. She was far more concerned over the fact that I had walked out and left my books and the change from a dollar on the store counter.

I couldn't eat any dinner to speak of. I went into the living room and curled up in a corner of the couch, wanting to be alone with my disappointment, to go over those brief moments in the jewelry store again and imagine all the things that might have happened if I'd only known in time who the pretty girl near me was.

I picked up the evening newspaper and glanced through it, more for something to do than because I was interested in the city's news. And there was the final touch that completed my misery. For on the front page was an account of the meeting a reporter had had with Gloria Golden. It told all about how she'd come to our little city, which isn't so awfully far from New York, to take a few scenes at a famous old bridge that couldn't very easily be duplicated at the studio. And she had spent the afternoon—the *whole* afternoon, till six o'clock—going about the city, without being recognized by any one but the reporter who interviewed her, and, I presume, that clerk who told me about her.

Before I had seen Gloria Golden in the jewelry store, I had had for several months the strangest feeling about this pretty movie star. It was such a strange, unaccountable sort of a feeling that it seemed as though nobody but me could ever possibly have had it. And yet I believe it is as common among girls in their teens as measles and mumps among their little sisters, though it is not always caused by a movie star. But it is, in fact, so common that it has even been given a name. It is called a "crush."

I think, perhaps, that I had a particularly bad case of it. I remember just how and when it started. My brother and I had gone to see Gloria Golden in a pretty little love-story film. I had watched her, mildly interested, through several scenes. Then came a close-up, and she looked out of the screen and smiled, straight at me.

Then something very strange happened. A tiny shiver ran over me; my scalp seemed suddenly tight; I felt all cold and goose-fleshy. And when the close-up had vanished and for several minutes she did not appear again, I felt a lump in my throat and a tear trickling down my nose.

Being an emotional little thing, I perhaps took that sort of experience a little hard, but that was just exactly the way it affected me. And every girl who has ever had a crush knows that my description is not the hectic, false thing it must seem to anybody who has never had the feeling.

I came out of the theater in a sort of daze; "pie-

eyed," was my brother's description. I could not believe that the feeling I had experienced had been born in the brief moment in which that close-up had flickered on the screen. It was too huge. It seemed more as though the feeling had been waiting there, full sized and ready for me to find it.

That day began a period of several months that was amazingly, bewilderingly happy for me and sorely trying for the rest of the family. I saw every play in which Gloria Golden played, not once each, but as many times as my finances could possibly cover.

I always went to see her pictures alone, at least one; it seemed as if I was so much more intimately associated with her when there wasn't any one to interrupt my thoughts by talking to me.

I cut out every picture of her I found in a magazine, newspaper, or advertisement. Some of these I mounted, some I framed in passe-partout; every one I had up in my room in some form. I even got up courage to write and ask for a photograph of her; just a polite but very formal note, because I felt sure she got loads of letters from people telling her that she was their favorite actress and asking for her picture; I know a girl who wrote that

same letter to every single actress whose photo she wanted! She sent me the most beautiful picture, with "To my little friend, from Gloria Golden" written on it; I'm sure it was her writing, because the writing on the picture was quite different from that on the photomailer it was in. After that I never believed the stories about her having a secretary who read and answered all her mail. And the very day the picture came I began trying to write as she did; even yet I make my capital "G's" that way.

I would go to bed early, so that I could lie, undisturbed, and think about her. I always went to sleep with her in my eyes. I thought of her during almost all of my waking hours. Such time as I was forced to study seemed to me a huge sacrifice. That first close-up picture would come into my mind at mealtimes, and such a surge of feeling would begin somewhere near the pit of my stomach and tingle all over me that I would not be able to swallow food.

My family was decidedly unsympathetic. Such a gigantic preoccupation left me, naturally, a little absent-minded, and my mother quite resented the vacant look with which I helped with the baking on Saturday morning, and the way I was always using saleratus when it should have been baking powder. My father did not approve, either, of my spending all my money on movies and then coming to him for a quarter for a history notebook or a dollar and a half for a French dictionary. My brother made fun of my new purchases in the way of clothes—of course, I had taken to dressing as much like Gloria Golden as can be done on a one-suit-and-hat-a-season average of spending—and assured me that the three-cornered hat I bought made me look like George Washington.

But I weathered all the opposition patiently and clung to my dreams. I continued to cook in a vacant and dangerous manner. When my father cut off my allowance entirely for a while, I conceived the brilliant scheme of selling my schoolbooks and using my chum's when she was not studying. My father, however, over-

### Would You Recognize a "Screen Crush?"

**"She looked out of the screen and smiled straight at me. Then something strange happened. A tiny shiver ran over me, my scalp seemed suddenly tight, I felt all cold and goose-fleshy. And when the close-up had vanished and for several minutes she did not appear again I felt a lump in my throat and a tear trickling down my nose."**

**That is the way it begins. It's almost as common among girls in their teens as mumps and measles with their little sisters, as every woman knows. And if you're acquainted with any one who has the symptoms you'll be interested in this story.**

heard me explaining the plan to her, and came down with a most emphatic veto. Then I went over to my married sister's every evening and washed her dinner dishes at fifteen cents a night, spending the income, of course, on movie tickets. And every girl who has hated to wash dishes knows what a labor of love that was, and how much I cared for Gloria Golden.

I made money in other ways, too. I gathered up every scrap of old cloth or clothing that I could find and sold it to the ragman; even the doll clothes which I had made so carefully a few years before went in with the rest. I made candy and sold it to the Women's Exchange, and spent the whole of one Saturday afternoon making a school emblem for my brother's sweater, for fifty cents—I bought a frame for Gloria's photograph with that. And I walked all the way to the movies and back; three miles from our house to the theater where they showed Gloria Golden's pictures first. But I didn't mind doing all those things; the glory of sacrifice appealed to me. I liked to think that my idol would have appreciated the effort I was making to see her on the screen.

I did all I could to boost her pictures, too. I wrote to the managers of the different movie houses, asking them to show Gloria Golden's releases, and once when the movie critic in the newspaper said some very unkind things about one of her pictures I wrote him a letter in her defense, signed "Gloria Golden Admirer"—and he printed it!

Nobody could prevent my dreaming about her, wondering what she was doing, what her voice sounded like, where she lived, and who were her friends. Upon the bare framework of real knowledge about her that I was able to glean from the motion-picture magazines and newspapers, I builded my air castle as fragile and as brightly hued as a soap bubble. I walked as she walked, I wore my hair as she wore hers, and in trifling little everyday occurrences I behaved as far as possible as I imagined she would behave.

Then came the exciting experience of really seeing her, of almost brushing shoulders with her in the flesh. I added the tasks of careful manicuring and hemstitching fine little collars and cuffs to my labors of love. The very fact that I had not really seen her, that my brief glimpse had been so tantalizingly short, that she had vanished like a fairy queen, the sweet poignancy of having been so near her, all added fuel to the fire of my infatuation. It was romance, mystery, adventure to me—what wonder that I clung to my dreams and would not give them up because older people, who had doubtless had their own, thought mine silly!

And, then, just as mother and father were really beginning to be seriously worried over my "crush," it suddenly vanished.

I had gone to the sophomore reception, and a tall, handsome sophomore had asked to come home with me. Blushing and quivering with excitement, I had walked home beside him, and when he had taken my arm at a snowy crossing, a strange little thrill, not unlike the one that had come at the close-up of Gloria Golden, rippled down my arm and tingled in my very finger tips.

He asked me to go to a class dance, and mother made me a wonderful pink dress to wear. My chum coached me up on the new dances, my married sister lent me her fan and scarf. And without the least consciousness that a dream was slipping, I saved my dish-washing money for ten nights and bought a pair of slipper buckles to wear to the party.

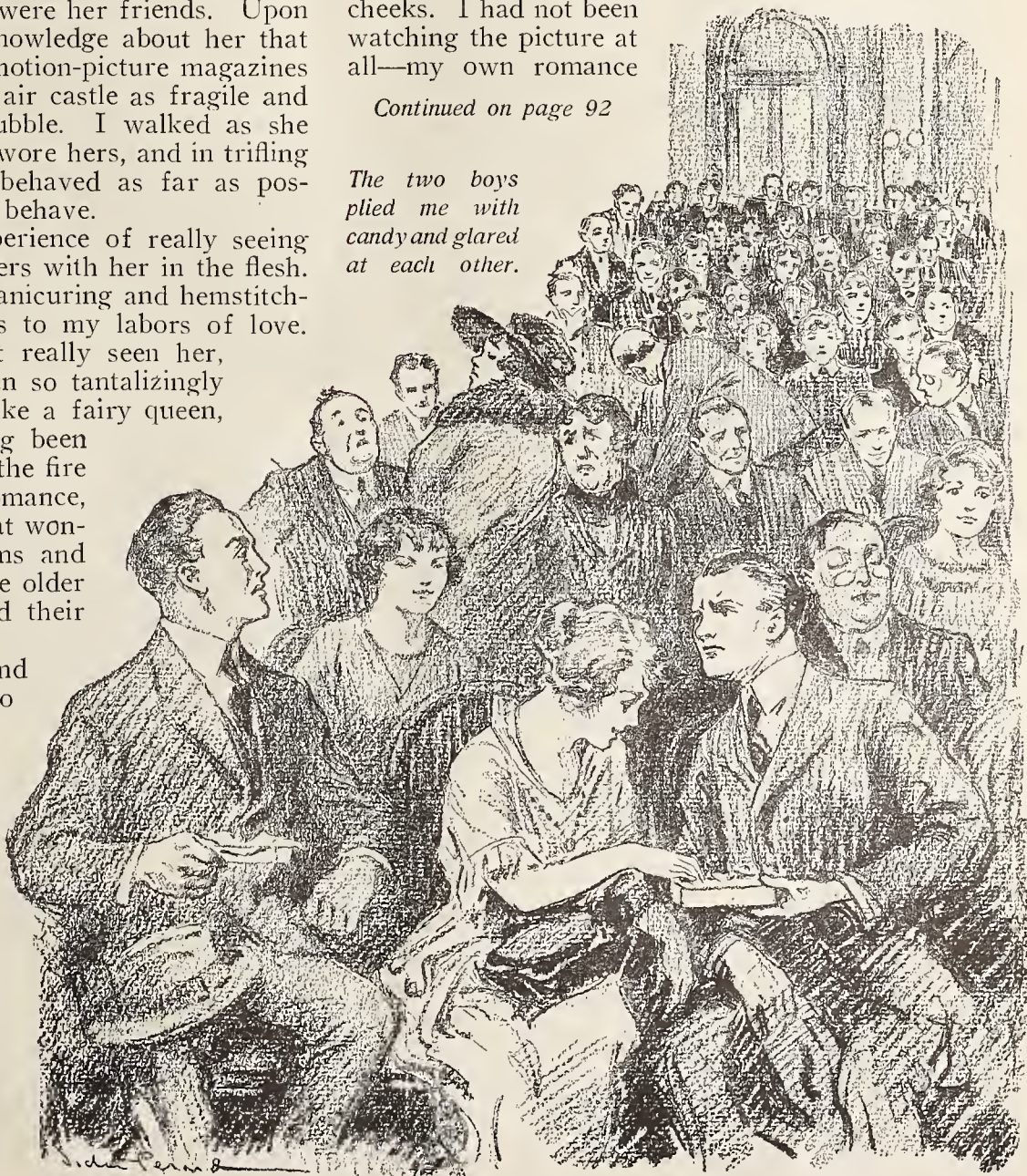
The tall, handsome sophomore took me to the next football game and to a senior rally. And before I knew what had happened I had ceased being a lonely little outsider in high-school social life; I had become a part of the brilliance, the color, the gayety, the excitement of it all. Before his attentions had ceased to seem a roseate wonder, his chum had begun to like me, too, and then I tasted a new tingling, sparkling wine of conquest, the Eve-old, thrilling, guilty intoxication of playing off one man against another.

The tall, handsome sophomore took me to the movies one Friday night, and just as we were seating ourselves in the whispering half darkness of the theater his chum appeared as though by accident and seated himself on my other side. The sophomore put a dime in the little patent box on the back of the seat ahead, and brought forth a box of hard, dry marshmallows for me. His chum bought chocolate chips from an aisle boy. Across the little three-cornered hat I held in my lap the two boys plied me with candy and glared at each other.

I turned from one to the other, while the warm blood raced in my veins and flamed in my cheeks. I had not been watching the picture at all—my own romance

*Continued on page 92*

*The two boys plied me with candy and glared at each other.*





## Crooked Streets

Through the winding byways of Shanghai ran an American girl, with adventure ever at her heels.

By I. K. McCleary

ALL the pageant of the Far East made its way past Gail Ellis—mandarins, stately and aloof; tourists, eager, wrinkled of clothing; beggars, conjurers, merchants, their hands slipped into their wide sleeves, intent on their own affairs. But no detail of the scene penetrated the girl's mind, as she stood there in the hotel doorway, trying to catch the eye of a ricksha runner; if she could only make her escape

before Professor Griswold and his son returned from the steamship office she would be safe; if not—she dismissed that unpleasant possibility with a shrug of her pretty shoulders, and, beckoning to a coolie whose face seemed dimly familiar, she gave him a little cardboard tag, covered with Chinese lettering, and made him understand that she wanted to go to the shop from which it had come.

"And hurry!" she urged, as she stepped into his ricksha; then, remembering that he probably couldn't understand, she drew her scarf closer about her throat and settled back in a reverie, reassured by his easy, tireless stride. She would surely have plenty of time to accomplish her mission if they made as good time as that all the way.

All of her trip to the Orient passed through her mind as the man sped along; it had been so different from what she had expected that Gail could forget no bit of it. Beginning with Mrs. Griswold's display of jealousy on the steamer, it had been unpleasant; her son Lawrence's attempt to make love to Gail that very afternoon had been quite as unwelcome, and as uncalled-for. And Professor Griswold's actions—his purchases of so many vases and odd bits of pottery—good cloisonné and blue and white, of course, but not remarkable—and his insistence that they be concealed in safe places—even an ardent curio hunter would hardly be so eager to hide his treasures. Making the trip as his secretary had been no easy task, yet now that it was over and the next morning would see them all bound for home, she almost wished that it were not going to end quite so soon.

Old China spread its charms all around the girl as she slipped back to recognition of what lay around her; China, redolent with the strong odors of sweating coolies and queer things to eat. It was early evening, and the street was dimly lighted by lanterns; down by the water front the girl could see hundreds and hundreds of matting-roofed sampans, closely packed together.

"Oh, I love it!" she exclaimed with a quick little thrill of pleasure. "I'd never have seen it this way with the Griswolds. How I wish I didn't have to go home!"

But her coolie was stopping before a shop which she recognized as the one she was seeking, and she hurried over to its doorway, quite businesslike again, and forgetful of her own personal preferences. So intent was she on her errand that she did not notice the tall, unusually stalwart mandarin who followed closely at her heels. She looked about for the proprietor of the shop, anxious to finish her business with him and leave, but he was nowhere to be seen, and she began to look about for him, stepping between the great blue and white jars that rose higher than her pretty yellow head. The dim lights made her nervous, and she felt for the little revolver which she always carried.

"Might I—might I be of assistance?" It was a very English voice, just at her elbow, and Gail whirled around eagerly, welcoming it. A man of her own kind, in this place that so suddenly seemed eerie—it made her feel safer at once.

"I wanted the proprietor——" she began quickly, then stopped as she saw his face. Only that afternoon he had tried to make her acquaintance in the lobby of the hotel; she could not accept the help of a man of that type! She turned away and slipped out to the street with a sense of disappointment obliterating all thought of fear; if he had only been the right sort of man it would have been such a help. Now she would have to give up her search; it was growing



### "Crooked Streets"

Written from the picture based on "Dinner at Eight," a story by Samuel Merwin, and produced by Famous Players-Lasky with the following cast:

Gail Ellis.....	Ethel Clayton
Rupert O'Dare.....	Jack Holt
Professor Griswold.....	C. H. Geldart
Mrs. Griswold.....	Josephine Crowell
Sailor Hugh.....	Frederick Starr

too late for her to be out alone in this rather questionable district of the city.

But at the doorway her fear returned. Her own coolie had disappeared, and a crowd of grinning Chinese surrounded her ricksha, some of them shouting at her and others laughing at their companions' witticisms. She felt for her revolver again, and then sank back against the doorway, white with fear; now she remembered her coolie's following her into the shop to ask some useless question, and brushing against her as he turned to go. Doubtless at that very moment he was serenely selling it but a few streets away.

"Oh, dear—I must get back to the hotel; I *mustn't* be afraid!" she told herself determinedly, but she was trem-

bling so that she could hardly stand, and her heart seemed to have stopped beating.

The mandarin's voice, oily, suave, cut in across her turbulent thoughts at that moment; suddenly she remembered having seen him before, when she had come to this shop to buy curios with the Griswolds; she shrank away from him, as she caught the insinuating glance of his slant eyes and the furtive stretching out of his long yellow hands. The next moment she was fleeing madly down the street, frantically brushing aside the foreign sailors and Chinese who crowded the way. Go with him to a tea house—that was what the mandarin had proposed—and had reached out one long, sinewy arm to grasp her by the shoulder. Fear lent her wings, and she darted wildly up an alley and into another street, caroming into a huge, drunken sailor, who caught her arm and, guffawing with delight at her beauty, swung her up on a fruit vender's cart.

"Ah, mademoiselle—to you!" he cried, bowing with a grace that went oddly with his bulky, thick body. "I dreenk your healt'." And almost before Gail knew what was happening he had pulled off one of her slim little pumps and was pretending to drink a toast to her.

She was too frightened to scream. Cowering down in the midst of the throng of shouting, boisterous men that promptly surrounded her, she hardly knew that the mandarin was pushing his way through them to her, or sensed the trend of events when the sailors who had applauded their companion's gallantry turned on this newcomer and engaged in a scuffle with him that landed the mandarin and several sailors in the sluggish river. For the Englishman who had spoken to her in the shop was at her side; how or when he had come Gail did not know, but he had brushed the huge sailor aside and was arguing with him in French too rapid for Gail's American ears to follow.

Finally he turned to her, flushed, apologetic, but with a courtliness that even in her fright made her wonder.

"I have talked with him," he said, indicating the brawny sailor with a nod of his head. "You can see that they outnumbered us, these men; that there is but one way to get you away from them, and that is to do what they say. And they have agreed with me—I



*Cowering in the midst of the throng of boisterous men, she was too frightened to scream.*

can take you back to the hotel if I fight with him and win; otherwise—you go with him.”

“Oh, no!” she cried, “I can’t have that; I can’t let you fight for me.”

“There is but this one way.” He was quietly helping her down from the cart as he spoke. “They are drunk; we cannot argue with them. He is bigger than I—but I have speed, and some skill—and he is drunk. Now shall we go?”

Needless to ask that question; the sailors, jostling each other, were sweeping them down that street, around a corner, and into a wide, low-ceiled room, misty with smoke and lined with couches.

“An opium den,” Gail’s companion murmured in a matter-of-fact voice. “Now, if we can find a place for you somewhere out of the way——”

But when a rope had been hastily fastened about four of the posts in the middle of the room Gail found herself pressed close against it; she did not quite know how she got there, yet knew that she couldn’t have possibly stood it to have been in the background. And to hold the Englishman’s watch and fob and talk with the battered, unshaven, young man who was to act as his second seemed the most natural thing in the world.

“I’ll look after ‘im,” the battered young man was saying to her. “I’m an old hand at this—worked at a gym in New York three years.” He looked away hastily then, and Gail’s heart warmed with a quick compassion as she guessed at the reasons that kept him in this gutter of the world when his eyes confessed his longing to go home.

And then they fought—the sailor, big, battered of face and head, solid of muscle, and the Englishman, lithe, quick, far lighter of weight than his companion.

The girl’s whole being was centered on those two half-naked bodies, shifting and ducking in deadly silence, while the crowd of men around them murmured in admiration or disgust, and back against the wall the Chinese, complacent, lay sunk in slumber or “cooked” fresh opium over their little lamps.

As the girl watched, her deadly fear gave way slowly to pride in this champion of hers; easily outweighed, he was keeping up his end gallantly, and between rounds she helped the nondescript little man who, far from that New York gymnasium that had known his happier days, used now the training he had gleaned there, and kneaded the shoulders and back of the Englishman, while Gail fanned him with a towel.

It seemed to the girl that she had been there hours, and would stay in that stagnant, smoke-filled place all the rest of her life, when a shout from the crowd, coming as suddenly as a slap in the face, made her realize that she had lost sight of the fighters for an instant; her heart turned to water within her as she saw the Englishman stagger back against the ropes, while the sailor, still groggy with drink, reeled toward him.

“Finish him off, Frenchy—finish him off!” the crowd was yelling, and the sailor stumbled forward, lifting one arm. And then, almost too quickly for Gail to see just what happened, the Englishman straightened, and his arm swung out and up; the thud of the sailor’s body on the floor and a howl from the fickle crowd interpreted the result for her.

The Englishman crossed the floor to her slowly, smiling a little; it was a shock to Gail to see how bruised his face was, and how wearily his shoulders sagged. The nondescript little man helped him to dress,



and Gail held out his coat for him. Turning half away from her as he thrust his arm into the sleeve, he failed to notice the cardcase that fell from it to the floor, but Gail, gathering up the cards which slipped out, felt as if one of the sailor's blows had struck her. For even in that brief instant she had caught the significant words engraved on them—and she followed him into the street, frowning a little in bewilderment. Why had Rupert O'Dare of the British secret service followed her into that curio shop—and then fought for her with a French sailor in an opium den?

Her question was answered as they waited for a coolie to bring up his ricksha. Rupert O'Dare was there to arrest her for smuggling, as he told her very politely and regretfully, but firmly nevertheless. To arrest her—Gail Ellis, an American girl who would as soon smuggle as she would commit murder!

He turned from her just then; the sailor who had fought with him had followed him into the street for a handshake, by way of proving that there was no ill will, and, as the handshake ended in the sailor's insisting on kissing O'Dare on both cheeks, Gail hastily beckoned to the little man who had acted as O'Dare's second in the fight, and slipped out of her ricksha into the dark street.

"Quick—take me to the commissioner of police—or whatever he is here," she ordered, racing down the street and around the nearest corner, while he panted along at her side. "I'll explain as soon as we can find a ricksha—hurry!"

But O'Dare made no attempt to follow them; instead, fifteen minutes later, he entered the Griswolds' apartment at the hotel just as they were to depart for their ship, and announced that they were under arrest, the charge being smuggling. Mrs. Griswold promptly collapsed, and the professor and his son angrily protested, but O'Dare silenced their objections by drawing his revolver.

"If you'll just telephone down to the desk and ask them to send up a policeman——" he suggested to the professor, still as suave as he had been with Gail.

"I'll do nothing of the kind; I'll see you in——" Griswold began furiously; then, as he caught sight of something behind O'Dare, his face suddenly changed, and the Englishman turned just as Mrs. Griswold pressed close behind him, the cold metal of her revolver chilling his neck.

"Now — Lawrence — come on!"

The professor rushed forward, and, despite O'Dare's struggle, his hands and ankles were tied with the curtain cords, while Mrs. Griswold stood by and taunted him with his inefficiency.

She turned toward the door almost before the last knot was tied; hastily catching up their hats and bags, her son and husband

followed her, when the door was abruptly opened, and Gail, followed by two policemen, hurried into the room.

"The evidence must be right here—if you'll just come with me," began Gail, leaving one policeman on guard over the astonished Griswolds and turning toward the bedroom with the other. And there, bound, she discovered the man who had fought for her.

She dropped to her knees to cut the cords that bound him, and to hear and make explanations as well.

"I've just had the Griswolds arrested for smuggling," she told him as she freed his hands. "I went down to that shop this evening to follow up a clew I had. I came over with them from the States because they were suspected, but never until to-night could I get enough evidence; you forced my hands, as it was."

"Had to—they were leaving to-night," he answered, and went on to explain his official status.

"Yes—I know," she answered. "I should have known before, I suppose; I'm Ellis of the United States internal revenue department."

And she left a very much astounded Englishman to stumble to his feet unassisted, while she went into the hall, where the policemen had opened a great packing case, knocked the bottom out of one of the vases it contained, and disclosed a small box of opium.

"A little while ago I thought I never could leave China without wanting to come back," a yellow-haired girl remarked some weeks later, as she waited on the hotel porch for a ricksha, and watched all the pageant of the Orient sweep by. "But now somehow I don't mind going a bit." And, as the tall Englishman at her side signaled to a coolie, Gail Ellis O'Dare followed her husband down the steps.



"You really forced my hand," she told him, laughing.



Photo by Abbe

*He likes careless-looking clothes, and always wears white shirts.*

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## The Real Dick Barthelmess

An intimate study of one of the most interesting of our "stars of to-morrow" in which something more than surface impressions are recorded.

By Herbert Howe

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**S**ELDOM in the course of interviewing events is there an opportunity for real portraiture. Even a highly sensitized reporter catches but one or two surface high-lights of personality during the hour from appetizer to demi-tasse, which constitutes the short span customarily allotted the interviewer. Rare, too, are subjects with such positive individuality that they are worthy of any real contemplation. Richard Barthelmess is one of the select.

Without attention to foibles or follies or biographical details, I am going to try to project a close-up of his personality. It may be slightly out of focus, but in this it will harmonize with the Griffith style. There's a certain charm in the indefinable.

*A touchstone to his character is his devotion to his mother.*

That no man is a hero to his valet is aphoristic. Richard Barthelmess is an exception to prove it. He would be a hero even to his press agent. His natural reserve is a barbed-wire entanglement to the approach of familiarity. So exclusive is his nature that I sometimes wonder whether he is on very intimate terms with himself.

While familiarity may not always yield contempt, it invariably dwarfs the heroic stature of one with whom association is intimate. I have known Mr. Barthelmess sufficiently long to call him "Dick," and I assure you that such is not the daring of a month. Dick belongs to that school of gentlemen where one does not take license with nicknames until friendship has been established.

We met at a luncheon in the New York club of Psi U fraternity, shortly after Dick's appearance in a Triangle picture called "For Valor." He was considering a return to Trinity College, where he was then a junior, and I boast some credit for dissuading him, realizing that he had brought to the screen a none-to-common quality—the quality of intellectual refinement and good breeding combined.

Dick is a graceless subject for the casual interview. He has the boldness of a turtle, whose cranial withdrawal is no more rapid or consummate than his. Yet even on a casual meeting—despite his guarded reserve—one gains at least the impression that he is a gentleman—a gentleman in the Chesterfieldian sense. If you recall Lord Chesterfield's req-



uisites for gentility, you know that to be a gentleman requires something more than expertness with teacups and conversation. It demands an innate desire, as well as ability, to please others. Unless courtesy emanates from the heart it is an affectation. Dick is sturdily immune from all such rococo. His reserve is never aloofness.

He has been fortunate in life. Even the forces which control our natal allotments were in favor of him. I agree that a major part of his success is due the fortuitous circumstances which gave him a mother of natural nobility—a woman who inspires affectionate reverence not only for her attitude toward life, but for a mind of versatile resources and attainments. She has been Dick's mentor constantly. A touchstone to his character is his devotion toward her, not merely an acquiescent filiality, but a love and solicitude manifested in loyalty, service, companionship. She is his best critic, and, despite her pride in him, a singularly impartial one. She once characterized him in a sentence: "Dick is cautious—almost wary—about forming friendships, but once he has done so nothing in the world can shake his faith or loyalty."

He is not impulsive. Once



Photo by Abbe

As the beachcomber in "The Idol Dancer."



he loosed some rare profanity upon a man who was kicking a dog. A columnist of a New York paper happened to witness Dick's espousal of the canine cause. The next day the incident was recounted as a tribute to the Griffith star. Instead of pleasing the young man, the article vexed him, almost paralyzed him with embarrassment. To commentators he said:

"I think I must have been drinking to make such a scene."

The apology for his impulse is typical. He is curiously unemotional for one of his profession. It is repression, rather than any lack of emotion, which makes him a stoic. The deeper a man's feelings the more intense they are, the more exclusively masculine and the more impressive when actually brought to the surface. Lionel Barrymore as *Milt Shanks* in "The Copperhead" seemed a man of stone. You concentrated for a sign of emotion. When he so much as twitched a muscle the effect was startling.

I believe it possible for Dick to invest the name of Barthelmess with as much histrionic dignity as distinguishes the name of Barrymore. He resembles John in some phases of technique and temperament.

I say that he has such possibilities. It requires a fine mental equilibrium in a young man to withstand the adulation attending sudden fame in the profession of pictures—or in any other profession. If he is not careful he will find his time and initiative sapped by sycophantic associates. All

At one time he wasn't quite so serious.

Continued on page 92



# Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

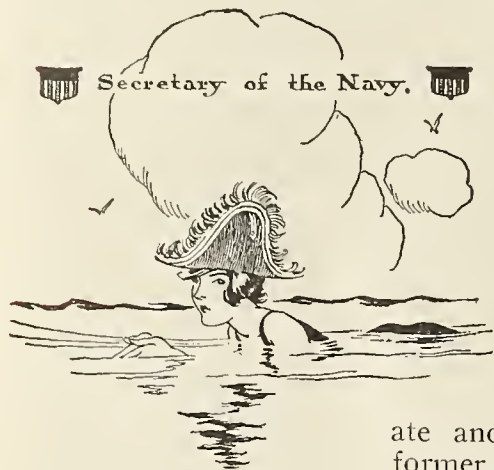
SKETCHES BY  
H. L. DRUCKLIEB



## S'more Attention—Voters!!!

Last month, (b n f s b a d) when we launched our little film presidential boomlet we thought it kinda nifty at the time. However, after more serious and mature study of the situation, we have decided to alter our, so-as-to-say, mind.

Not that any pressure, kale, or influence has been used on us, y' understand; nothing like that.



Fact is, well, we had no idea Fade-Outs had so many suffragette readers. Yessir! And they can write letters, *too!*

So, with what's left of our dignity, efronterry, and blaséness, we hastily repudiate

and likewise bust our former slate, and in its stead we tender you another. Does

this square us, girls?

For President: Mary Pickford. She leads the ticket as she does her profession; first in the hearts of her countrymen 'n everything! As there are not enough words in all the languages of all time to do justice to her beauty, charm, and mentality, we will let it go at that. A vote for Mary is a boost for joy!

For Vice-President: Bebe Daniels. Everyman will vote for her after seeing her as *Vice* in "Everywoman." And everywoman should vote for Bebe 'cause she's nice.

After our President has moved into the White House, and she has finished her sweeping and dusting, and Bebe has told the cook just what Mary likes for breakfast—the three of us will turn to affairs of state. And if Mary and Bebe listen to us this shall be our cabinet:

Secretary Of State: Marguerite Snow. She is chosen in case the President attempts to follow precedent and, well—snow cannot be fired!

Secretary Of War: Pearl White. There'll be no slackers when Pearl calls: "Come to arms!"

Secretary Of The Navy: Annette Kellermann. Her appointment would not be merely a matter of form—she has learned more about water than we could in a million Saturday nights!

Secretary Of Commerce: Dorothy Gish. If any one can keep things moving, Dorothy can.

Secretary Of The Interior: Lois Weber. Famed for her "interiors." Ask Universal or anybody.

Secretary Of Agriculture: Mabel Normand. She could wink at a desert and forthwith would it produce watermelons and bananas. Let her but smile upon a genuine January North Dakota blizzard, and the next morning the geoponics could go out in their shirt

sleeves and their garden and pick cucumbers and strawberries!

Secretary Of The Treasury: Fade-Outs. We're not exactly a perfect lady, but we'll do our best to be one for the sake of the job.

—o—

## Strange Doings!

The "Help Wanted—Female" columns of the New York press during the past six months uttered exactly 348,756 yelps for feminine assistance.

Yessir! And in spite of this the heroine in "Tarnished Reputations" couldn't get a job of work and darnnear went on the rocks!

Who's to blame for this shameful state of affairs? Is the municipality of Manhattan so utterly unanthropathical as to stand idly by while an able-bodied heroine is nearly bumped off from under-work?

Or couldn't she read? Perhaps the scenario writer and director had something to do with it. Anyway, its mighty peculiar, to say the least.

—o—

## "MEE-AN."

You wonder why Tom Meighan looks so sternful? 'Tis caused by guesses wild of fans unlearnful

Mis-pronouncing Tommy's name.

They call him "Meegan," "Mygan," "Mayne," and "Maygan,"

And even "Mine"—and other stabs as pagan  
At his monicker they aim.

No trick at all to get it right, if Irish  
You're fortunate to be, if not, it's my wish

To untangle you, kerswop!

His name, sure, is pronounced—wisht,  
d'ye mind it?

Above this little poem you will find it—  
Right where Tommie is—on top.

—o—

The Polly Moran two-reelers are advertised as being funnier than near-beer. Everything in all the world is funnier than near-beer.

Near-beer is a tragedy.

—o—

## Embarrassing.

While watching "The Inferior Sex," this subtitle pranced before our eyes: "It really is surprising that so many adorable men have remained single."

Gracious! how we wish we were not so modest and self-conscious.

Why, we blushed so loud everybody in the optience turned and looked at us.

—o—

## "Stronger Than Death"

(Metro.)

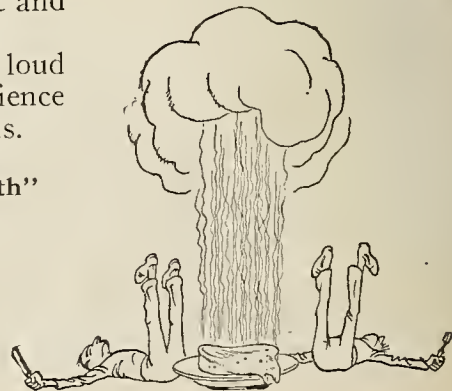
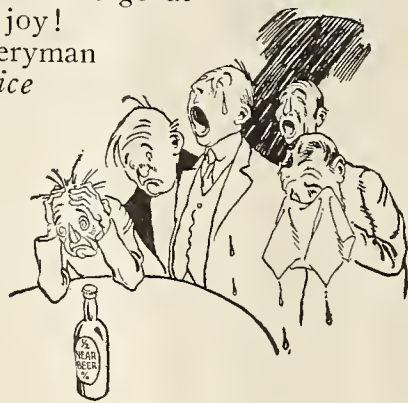
Undertaker's Bills.

German Cheese.

Wood Alcohol.

Garlic.

Elmo Lincoln.



**Answers To Correspondents.**

Abie: Yes, we think "The Birth of a Nation" is a lively picture. Considering its age.

Seedy: All words used in Fade-Outs are in the dictionary. That's what surprised us!

Ee Ef: No, we never mean what we say. Unless it is something nice.

Gee Haitch: "B N F S B A D" means "Back numbers for sale by all dealers." Go to it!

Eye Jay: Bathing girls never wear hats. No one would stop to look at them.

Kay Ell: You'll have to consult an entomologist regarding billiewests. We're not up on 'em.

Em En: There being no thermometers nor refrigerators in the desert it gets just as hot as it wants to. Ask Fatty.

—o—

**Politically Speaking:**

(As some of our best—and worst—people are doing these days)—Ben Turpin and Charlie Murray might be referred to as "Sennettors," and—

Allison fans as "Mayors," and—

Priscilla Dean admirers as "Priscidents," and—

In closing, we can state authoritatively that aldermen wax enthusiastic over the Bathing Beauties.

—o—

**The Rise Of Jane.**

The usually gentle editor of PICTURE-PLAY made Jane Novak step some and high when he thusly captioned a recent rotogravure of the charming lady: "Since playing opposite Hart in 'Selfish Yates' she has climbed the ladder of Fame several rungs at a time!"

Ah, well—we cannot all rise to the top, and, anyway, if Jane's trip was all that the editor so glowingly depicts, 'twas indeed recompense for the poor fellows at the foot of the ladder.

—o—

**Cruelty to Coppers.**

The Painesville, Ohio, police force indignantly denies it has threatened to strike on account of being obliged to work overtime every time a big film hits the burg.

We have received letters from half the Painesville police force, and both officers claim the loss of their hirculus is due to this—they are kept so tarnation busy handling the crowds, that they cannot get a chance to see the show!

—o—

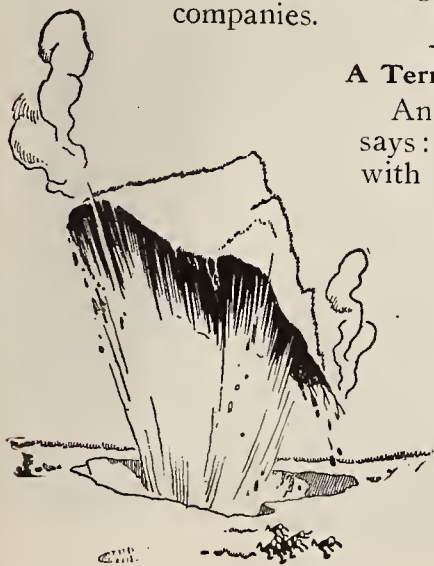
Some actors are born to trouble. Some achieve trouble. Some have trouble thrust upon them. And some insist on starting their own producing companies.

—o—

**A Terrible Crime!**

An Universal news-item says: "A mountain charged with dinamyte is blown up, etc."

The punishment was too gentle considering the crime. If the mountain was guilty of the heinous thing with which it was charged, it should have been given a life-sentence; instead of a mere bawling-out.



Whadda Y' Mean—"Fault"?  
From an ad for "The Tattlers":  
"Her husband had but one fault.  
He had a wine cellar."

—o—

**Quishy Queries.**

Emma-Lindsay Squier, the most absorbful writer of screeny events, recently authoressed an essay on "Foolish Questions" fired at the stars. Which gives us an excuse to tell our troubles.

The question that daily drives us to sun-daes and sadness is: "Where do you get your ideas?"

What's your pet interrogative horror, Emily? Betcha it's: "How did your name get that way?"



—o—

**The Airy, Bounding Mabel.**

Mabel Normand wears a rubber dress in "The Slim Princess." As an optromatic 'tis not to be compared, however, with the "rubber" costume she unwore in "Mickey" during those bathing scenes.

'Member it? Yes, the same that caused that awful epedemic of male eye-strain which swept the country at that time.

Hope they re-issue "Mickey" every month.

—o—

Admirers of the allophanic Lon Chaney, remembered for his remarkable characterization of *The Frog* in "The Miracle Man," will no doubt be shocked to learn that Lon is on his uppers.

Yep—he plays a legless man in "The Penalty."

—o—

**Why, Cecil!**

From Paramount-Artcraft publicity to exhibitors: "When you show 'Why Change Your Wife?' your local papers will join in the chorus, and you will say—'De Mille always does it!'"

—o—

**Last But Prettiest.**

Beauty is usually given precedent, but Hodkinson publicity seems not a bit gallant thataway. In advertising Mr. Kerrigan they name the four most popular male stars thusly: Charlie Chaplin, Doug Fairbanks, Roscoe Arbuckle, and J. Warren Kerrigan.

—o—

**From "Partners Of the Night."**

"Was she a clever thief or was she innocent of crime? He didn't know."

Of course, he didn't know. He was a detective!

—o—

**Random Remarks.**

(Suggested By Current Titles.)

"Nurse Marjorie."

Certainly—but what ails her?

"Shore Acres."

She did—to the chiropidist.

"Easy To Get."

Not without a prescription.

"The Skylark."

The Full Moon.

"While New York Sleeps."

She has some swell dreams!

(We met one yesterday)

Continued on page 96



Now, Robert W. Chambers had a wonderful time writing about this submarine kiss, but Conrad Nagel is ready to wager that he never tried to do the trick. I have Nagel's word for it that the submarine kiss is heaps sportier than the subrosa kiss; that it is a science as well as an art.

It seems he could find the girl, all right—she was Anna Q. Nilsson—because he can open those wide, gray eyes of his and see perfectly under water—and a chap like Conrad Nagel can always find a girl.

He could embrace her, all right, because he had a year in the navy during the war, and that's an important part of naval training. Then, too, he had just married a charming Chicago girl and was up to the top notch in loving.

But to keep on kissing for thirty

*I don't suppose you live in the pages of a Robert W. Chambers novel.*

## The Secret of the Submarine Kiss

And a few things that are *not* secrets about Conrad Nagel.

By B. Henry Smith

**O**F course, you can't all have the cameo-faced Adonis, Conrad Nagel, or the radiant Anna Q. Nilsson—as the case may be—for a kissing partner. You can't all have a wonderful palm-shaded pool in a millionaire's summer palace in the Adirondacks—because I don't suppose you live in the pages of a Robert W. Chambers novel, or in filmland.

But maybe you know somebody who will do, and, if so, you probably will try it in the next lake, pool, sea, or river you happen to go swimming in. Don't, however, be disappointed if it isn't quite as idyllic the first time as it looks on the screen. Before you go diving off into the first pool you come to let me tell you a few things I saw at the Lasky lot when they shot the submarine osculators in "The Fighting Chance."\*

Conrad Nagel swims like a merman. He had an idea that he could dive right down into the water, find and embrace his lovely ladylove who, in the story, had just turned him down for a rich, rich man, and give her a farewell kiss that she wouldn't soon forget.

\*This scene was taken in the Lasky tank described at length on page 11 of this issue.

*Mrs. Nagel gave her husband some suggestions about that particular bit of action.*



or forty feet of film when the camera had only one little peep-hole in the bulkhead that held the water in the tank—that was the trick. I wonder, too, if Conrad Nagel was just a bit nervous because his dazzling, brown-eyed bride, who used to be Ruth Helms, was looking on, for it happened that when this bride appeared at the Lasky studio with her husband the director didn't do a thing but offer her such a big salary to take a part in this very picture that she coaxed Conrad into letting her do it. She was just out of Northwestern University—a Delta Gamma, by the way—with trunkfuls of trousseau, and it was rather a lark to do a picture that took her honeymooning all over California. It was at her house party—in the picture—that the two lovers stole their underwater farewell kiss. Incidentally, she gave her husband some suggestions about that particular bit of action.

It's one thing to kiss for fun, and quite another to kiss as part of the day's work. And so these two tried swimming head on into the camera, kissing. Then they tried swimming past the camera's peep-hole head first, kissing. Then they tried passing feet first, kissing. After every trial in that icy water, Conrad Nagel went home to bed for the rest of the day, to learn next morning that the picture was a failure.

Then somebody hit upon a new plan. A big iron ring was fixed in the concrete bottom of the tank. Conrad Nagel dived down and grasped the ring, Miss Nilsson swam down to him, and, kissing, they swam upward giving you the perfect picture of the soul of a modern merman speaking to the soulless modern mermaid who preferred dollars to love.

Conrad Nagel is the newest type of screen hero. The day of the romantic-

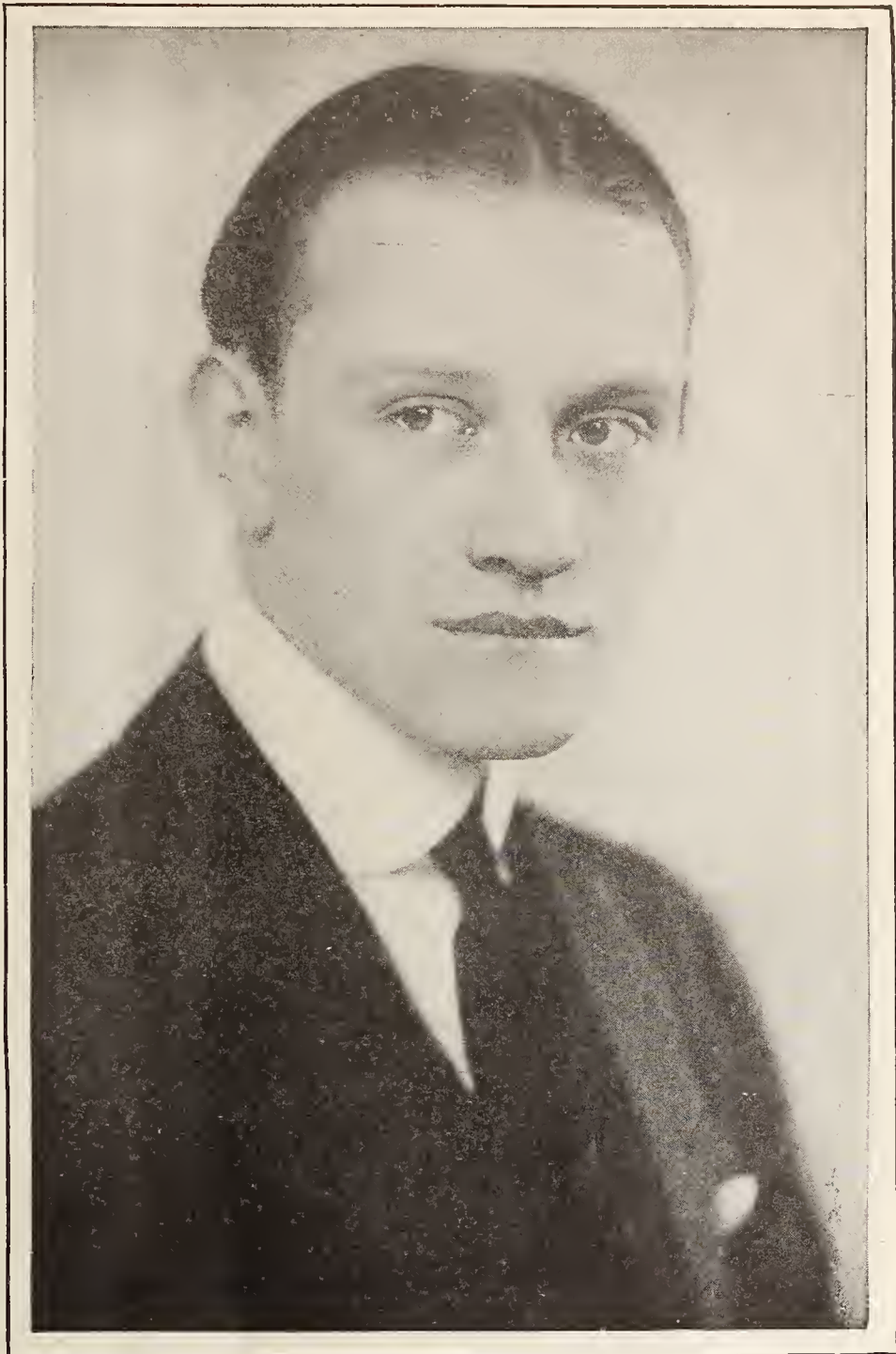


Photo by Evans

*Conrad Nagel is the newest type of screen hero.*

*Rehearsing the kiss.*



Photo by Scott

heroic type is past; so far past that some of the favorites of five years ago are begging for jobs at a quarter the salary they once had. Now we have this clean-cut, clear-eyed, straight-haired, crisp, young conqueror of the world, the flesh, and the devil—and, incidentally, the girl, at the end of the last reel.

Conrad Nagel came out of the Middle West, the boy wonder of Highland Park College of Des Moines, graduating at seventeen with honors academic and athletic. He had chosen his college course with reference to just one thing—the stage. And when Fay Baynton picked him fresh from graduation and put him on the stage, his living grandmothers looked down their noses, and there was a general turning over in their graves of a long line of Baptist preacher ancestors extending back to Roger Williams.

But Conrad Nagel is chock-full of preacher blood. He has enough ideals and principles and moral standards to stock a church convention, and it makes you love him from the pongee-colored crown of his head to the soles of his feet to hear him tell what life and

*Continued on page 99*



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## Would This Have

If, like Bessie Love, you had been  
to go anywhere

By Edna

---

prise you—to put on a raggedy pair of overalls and wander around the mountains behind her home.

It's nice out in the California sunshine, you know, with just enough breeze blowing, and flowers all around



**O**F course, you've heard that old saying about not being able to have everything ever since you were born; all of us have. So it's interesting to see just what happens when somebody is given a chance to have everything—or shall I say anything?—and find out just what he or she chooses.

Bessie Love was offered anything in the world a while ago. She'd finished one picture and didn't have to begin on another right away, and she richly deserved the best that could be had. Travel, weeks at big summer resorts, dancing, motoring, swimming, pretty frocks, and all sorts of chances to wear them—all were laid at her feet, as it were. And she chose—this may sur-

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## Been Your Choice—

offered a chance to do anything or for a vacation?

Foley

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you as far as you can see. If you don't want to go home for luncheon you can stick an apple in your pocket, and curl up under a tree somewhere to eat it. And I'm inclined to admire Bessie for preferring this to a party in a crowded



hotel dining room, where the conversation is threaded on strands of "And, my dear, she hasn't spoken to him since," and similar confidences.

Of course, she abandons her overalls occasionally, in favor of a frock, or a gingham dress.

She has a lot of favorite occupations that she indulges in whenever a breathing space comes along between pictures. For one thing, she paints mottoes on the bedroom walls of her home—exquisitely done bits of work, the letters all interwoven with flowers. In fact, she does all sorts of interesting things—but not at all what the average girl would choose, I'm afraid, if she could have just anything she wanted.

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Photo by Apeda

## On the Golden Stairs

If you have dreams, this story is for you. It is a simple, direct story of struggle and achievement told by one of the coming stars of the screen whose career promises to be of even greater interest than it is at present.

By Betty Blythe

**A**LL the world's a motion picture, and one woman in her time plays many parts.

Some lives are slapstick. And some are Broken Blossoms. Most, however, blend joy with sorrow.

Every incident of my life seems to resolve itself into a picture. From a child I lived, veritably, in a kingdom of painted dreams.

In a convent at ten; compared to my present surroundings, what a bleak, dreary place it was; yet how sweet those sisters were, and how devoted to a beauty I could not see. But to me there was no beauty there. We all wore severe little gray frocks. There were no pictures, no candy, no flowers, no fragrances. How dreadful it seemed! At the age of ten one does not appreciate spiritual beauty.

A day of the week was given for visitors. With eyes bulging from our heads we gathered in the courtyard hoping for our mammas. I'm afraid my eagerness was as much in the hope of candy or pretty pictures. One day my sister brought a little book of prints—cheap copies of famous paintings. My heart seemed to leap and laugh with pure ecstasy. Those pictures gave spark to my imagination. There were the madonnas of Raphael, Correggio's "The Holy Night," the "Countess Potocka," "The Man With the Hoe," Van

Dyck's "The Children of Charles I.," "Angel Faces," "The Golden Stairs" by Burne-Jones. Every one inspired fantastic romance. I liked "The Golden Stairs" best. I wondered where those figures were going—those with the bowed heads, those erect and glad. They seemed to be entering a promised world, a world filled with beauty and riches and everything glorious.

My first step on the stairs was taken when a kind sister told me I might sing in the cathedral choir. She told me I had a lovely voice. I was given white vestments, which I thought beautiful. And there in the choir far in the rear of the great cathedral, the light mellowing through stained-glass windows, I sang with all the joy and hope that was in me.

Two years later I returned to my home. A grand piano was purchased for me. About that time I saw another picture. It was of the opera—a tiny figure with arms outflung on a lighted stage—a "long shot," from the gallery, we would call it in picture language. I wondered how that little figure got on and off the stage. It conjured all sorts of visions for me.

One day my mother sent me with a basket of fruit to the home of an old colored woman, who had been employed in our house. I saw my chance for a public appearance.



Just after her convent days.

"Do you want me to sing for you?" I cried as I burst through the door.

"Deed I does, honey," replied the old lady, her eyes on the fruit.

I sang with ardor and sense of freedom. Then a door opened, and a woman entered. She was tall and stately. I thought she looked very grand in her black silk. She said:

"Who was singing?"

"Me," I piped.

"Do you live here?" she asked.

Ready for a hike with her dog.

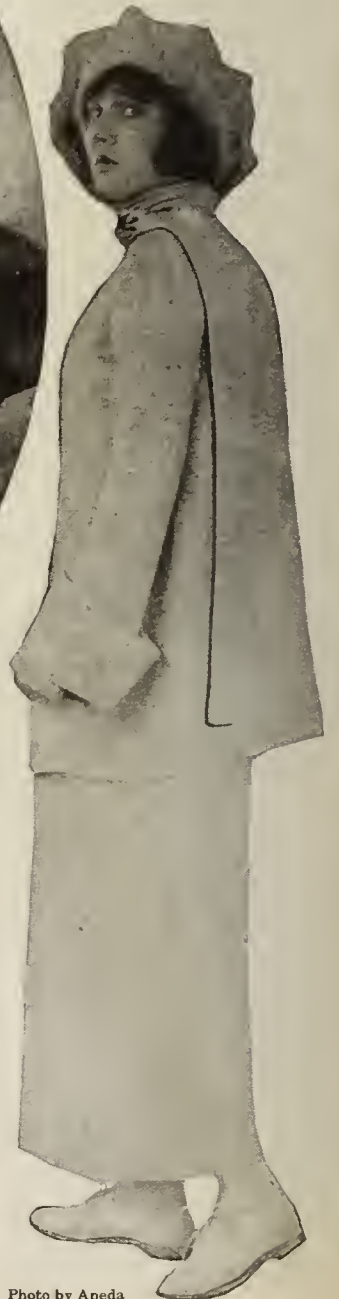


Photo by Apeda

I told her "no" and gave her my address. She called the next day and told my mother she had never heard a voice that promised so much. The lady was a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music. She insisted that I become her pupil for gratuitous lessons.

In looking back this incident seems of fairy lore. At the time, I accepted it as natural. You see I had visioned so much that I actually believed in my dreams. My future was clearly pictured. I saw myself, a tiny figure with arms outflung—in opera. When I was sixteen, my sister, then in Paris, wrote for me to come to her. For two years I studied at the Paris Conservatory. Music, languages, dancing, literature—I studied constantly. I read the French classics on my way to and from school. Then a longing for my sweet little mother brought me back to America.

Shortly afterward there were financial reverses. My mother, a widow, had made unfortunate investments. We lost everything, even our beauti-



Photo by Apeda

*She still lives somewhat in a kingdom of dreams.*

ful home. It was for me to support the two of us. Then I penetrated my picture! I went behind the scenes to become an actress.

What disillusionment!—the dirty brick walls, the boarded dressing rooms smudged with grease paint, the cracked mirrors, the electric bulbs in wire protectors, the vulgar people swearing and quarreling. It was just a vaudeville engagement on one of the poorest of circuits. The death of my sister soon brought an end to this tour. When that tragedy lifted from my mind, I again sought work. Day after day I wearily interviewed pert little office boys and flippant girls, endeavoring to see vaudeville agents or stage producers. Finally I forced my way to Oliver Morosco. I said I had a letter to him. He was very nice.

"You said you had a letter?" he remarked with interrogative inflection.

I blushed.

"Oh, no, you must have misunderstood," I lied. "I have no letter. But I *must* have work."

He referred me to his assistant, who told me to report the next day. I came—with Sudermann's "Magda" under my arm. I always read—in the street cars, walking, at home, everywhere. I was given a part in the chorus. That shocked me. I felt myself fitted to do something better than that, and above associating with the others of the chorus. And then we were sent to the wardrobe department for our costumes. Something was flung at me. I looked at it and blushed with shame.

"Is that all?" I quavered.

"What do you expect," shouted the man, "a sealskin coat?"

*Continued on page 94*

*Even now she hasn't quite achieved her visions.*

Photo by Apeda





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## Coming! The Million-a-year Scenarioist

C. Gardner Sullivan declares scenario writers will earn as much as stars. He's already doing it.

By Gordon Brooke

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**C.** GARDNER SULLIVAN speaks with some authority from his editorial sanctum at the Ince studios. He has conceived stories and written the continuity for more successful pictures than perhaps any other screen writer.

So take heart, ye pink-slip collectors, for this screen Shakespeare eight years ago sold his first story to Edison for twenty-five dollars.

When I sought audience with the holder of the quill scepter he was scrutinizing a world map.

"Funny place to find a plot," thought I.

But it developed that he wasn't hunting a plot. He was laying out the world campaign for himself and for Mrs. Sullivan. Mr. Ince had given him a two years' leave of absence in which to do what Columbus started out to accomplish.

It's only natural that when you go to interview a man you begin by talking about his work. So, after the purpose of the geographical study had been ex-

plained, and I had congratulated him on his forthcoming vacation, I began digging up the memories of some of his old successes, beginning with "The Coward."

"Yes, that's a play that I have fond recollections of," he began. "A good many people remember that play for the reason that in it Charlie Ray showed that he was destined for stardom. Of all the Ray plays I wrote since then, however, my favorite is 'The Pinch Hitter.' Of the William S. Hart pictures I wrote, I like 'The Arayan' best, although my 'Hell's Hinges' won a popularity contest as the best Hart story. Around here we were all enthusiastic about 'Civilization.' By the way, it really was a prophecy of the manner in which the World War would end. I don't claim to be a seer; but it happened my way, anyhow."

"Then since you are a prophet and mapping-out campaigner," I demanded, "tell me how you started scenario voyaging. All interviews start with where-were-you-born-and-why."

"Stillwater, Minnesota, has the honor of being my home and that of the State penitentiary," returned the writer with the Emerald Isle sparkle. "From there I drifted to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, to work on the *Daily Press*. Life after that was just one newspaper after another—the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* and the *News*, the *Chicago Tribune*, *Cleveland Plain-Dealer*, *Pittsburgh Press*, *Phil-*

*adelphia Times*, *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, and the *New York Journal*."

"Did you do fiction?"

"No. I had the distinction of being the only newspaper man on the *Journal* who had never written a short story or a play. One day, while a bunch of us were smoking, with our feet on the desk, after the hectic copy dead line for the day had been crossed, we saw an advertisement of Lubin's offering money for screen plays. 'Soft picking,' said we. 'Here's where the beer flows free.' I wrote 'Her Polished Family' and sent it to Edison. Twenty-five dollars promptly rolled back. That's often the luck of fools and beginners. I thought there was nothing to it; I wrote all kinds of them, polished and unpolished. They all came back minus checks. Then I did 'The Lieutenant's Last Fight' and sent it to the old Ince-Bison Company. Mr. Ince sent me a check for thirty-five dollars and a wonderfully encouraging letter. After I sent him 'The Cup of Life,' he sent for me and put me on his staff. That was six years ago. I've bunked my typewriter in his studio ever since.

"I really owe most of my success to Mrs. Sullivan. She used to drag me to the movie shows up in the Bronx in New York. That was when I was a reporter on the *Journal*. I hated movies, considered it a blamed impertinence to have disinfectant squirted on me. Fact! That's what they used to do in the old dinky movie houses. That disinfectant very nearly killed the scenario germ in me, all right. But Mrs. Sullivan *would* go. She seemed to have a wonderful capacity for disinfectant, to say nothing of the equally nauseat-

ing pictures. I learned a great deal about screen technique during those evenings.

"Do you think the scenario germ has a better chance in these days than in the disinfectant?"

"I should say so! The day of the original scenarioist is certainly coming. Producers are learning that not all books and stage plays make good pictures. They really have known it right along, but because the exhibitor could be bunked into the belief that pictures adapted from famous stories would attract the public, we have made a lot of them that should never have been made."

"How about the pay?" I asked suspiciously.

"No writer need take less than one thousand dollars for a story now. If it's worth acceptance it's worth that. And that's the minimum. A writer can get far more after he's sold a few scripts."

"You refer to stories in synopsis form, not continuities?"

"Yes. It is a mistake for outside writers to submit a continuity. They can't possibly write a script that a director could use, and then, too, every studio has a different style. I would advise a very complete synopsis, however, amounting to a story, with plenty of color and detail pertinent to the action. Of course, dialogue and other story material not pertaining to photographic action should be excluded.

"Not only are salaries going up, but the percentage system is coming in. As with stage dramatists, I predict the motion-picture writer will receive a percentage of profits on the picture. That is surely coming. Staff continuity men receive on the average of from two hundred to five hundred dollars. Mind, that is average. There are some who receive far in excess of five hundred dollars, and some receive less than two hundred dollars. Jeannie MacPherson at the Lasky studio must receive a tremendous salary. At least, she's worth it. She is a big factor in the success of the De Mille pictures. The day of the writer is certainly coming. He will receive eventually as much or more than stars of equivalent ability."

This statement reminded me of one which Charles Ray had made to me a few days before. He said: "The day of the star is over. This is the day of the writer."

Mr. Sullivan delivered some interesting and sane advice for those ambitious to write scenarios, and that number includes just about the entire world. He said:

"Either you're a writer or you're not. If you are, you'll write; that's all there is to it. Nothing will keep you from it. You'll plug away until you land somewhere, either in pictures, magazines, or newspapers.

"No work depends so entirely upon the individual as writing. Either you have the goods or you haven't. A player may get by with good direction or because of a good story. A writer stands on his own.

"If I had a son I would set him at newspaper work as soon as he was out of school. No other training in the world so fits a man for all kinds of work. For the writer, it is especially valuable.

## NAZIMOVA SPEAKS!

**T**HE SPHINX OF SHADOWS—so she has been called because of her mysterious silence—will open her lips and her heart to her thousands of followers in the September issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Breaking her resolution never to receive interviewers, Madame Nazimova has given Herbert Howe the privilege of truthfully revealing her to the public.

"Expose me," said she. "Describe me as you really find me—it has seldom been done."

In her own frank revelation of herself, she will explain the reasons for her unusual silence.

She will tell of many intimate things:

Of receiving the first love letter written by a young male star whom you all know;

The secret of her ability to create illusion—to dance;

To appear tall, to be whatever age she chooses;

Her opinions of Lenine, of Kerensky, of Russia;

Of her ambitious plans both for stage and screen;

Of her seclusive life away from the studio;

Of the days when she was learning to speak English in a tiny room in Washington Square.

In a word, you have the opportunity of meeting and knowing a genius—one of the most fascinating women of all time.

Lifting up her hands, she said:

"Look at that hand. It is not an artistic hand. It is not a pretty hand. It is the hand of a workman—and it *has* worked."

Nazimova—the genius and workman—will talk to you intimately next month in PICTURE-PLAY.

"Newspaper work gives you a background of incident, an insight into human nature and facile writing power. You learn character as you will in no other work, because you see it revealed as you never could in any other business.

"For practical reasons I would advise a scenario writer to write his play with a certain star in mind for a leading rôle. The star system is rapidly diminishing in importance, but while it is here it must be recognized.

"Concentrate on character. *There* is the great opportunity for individuality. Nearly every plot has been done. The only opportunity for doing something different is in the twists you give the plot, the manner of delivering the story, and by characterization of the people.

"Avoid mechanical movie thrills. Let the studio take care of that. They know their facilities better than you do. Besides, we are getting away from that sort of thing.

"Nearly all successful newspapers and magazines have a wise newspaper policy of making a special appeal to women. The same policy should be observed by picture writers and picture makers, because women deliver thumbs up or thumbs down on the photo play. They take the men and the children.

"I like to go to a picture theater for the purpose of listening to the comments. I learn a great deal about likes and dislikes of fans."

While watching the steady stream of C. Gardner Sullivan plays during the past four years, I've been moved to wonder how this writer kept up his standard. There seems no limitation to his fund of ideas. He

Continued on page 87



Photo by Evans

## The Nephew of Seven Stars

Eddie Sutherland claims that title.

By Jerome Weatherby

**E**DDIE SUTHERLAND swings from a famous family tree; like Arthur Rankin, whose kinship with the Drews and the Barrymores was told at length in a recent number of this magazine, he comes from a family of stage folk, and even in the cradle was destined to tread the boards and face the camera.

It's a tale glimmering with the light of seven stars, this account of his relatives. There's Thomas Meighan, his uncle by marriage, who's just about four or five years

older than Sutherland, and is the husband of Frances Ring, the well-known actress, Eddie's aunt. Her sister, Blanche Ring, famous as a comedienne, brings him another talented relative in Charlie Winiger, her husband, who is appearing with her in a clever skit at the New York Winter Garden. And Cyril Ring, seen in the musical comedy "Linger Longer Letty," with his wife, Charlotte Greenwood, happens to be Eddie's uncle. The list is completed by his aunt, Julie Ring, whom you've perhaps seen in "Up in Mabel's Room." His father was the late Al Sutherland, a famous theatrical agent, and his grandfather was the celebrated Jimmie Ring of the Boston Museum stock company.

The last time I saw Eddie he was lamenting the loss of a favorite powder puff, while Thomas Meighan, Tony Moreno, Monte Blue, and Harrison Ford jeered at him—he, the husky participant in "The Sea Wolf" and "The Round-Up," who boasted that he was sleeping in a bath at the Los Angeles Athletic Club rather than spend the night in a less exclusively masculine abode.

"Well, it was an heirloom," he protested. "I've carried it for eight years, and it's brought me luck."

It certainly has, and he's made the most of his opportunities. One of his latest vehicles in his pursuit of the fame enjoyed by his family is the rôle of the youth in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth"; that is, he plays *Conrad* before the quest, and Thomas Meighan plays him afterward. So Conrad is kept in the family, so to speak.

*As he appeared with Fatty Arbuckle in "The Round-Up."*



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# “How Are Your Legs?”

That was the question put to Clyde Fillmore when he set out to become a star.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

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“I’ve seen them—and they’re perfectly wonderful!”

IF you were a man with six feet and one inch to your credit, and were the possessor of a matinee-idol face—to say nothing of a dimple in the chin, and hands that a sculptor might envy—and had in addition to all this masculine pulchritude, a mellow speaking voice and a figure that would run a close second to the late Apollo Belvedere—if you were all this, I say, and went hunting for a job on the stage or screen, would you expect a manager to give you a casual once-over, and, apparently without noticing your good points, put his cigar in the side of his mouth and demand curtly: “How are your legs?”

That’s what happened to Clyde Fillmore when he invaded the film Rialto several years ago looking for a chance to hitch his wagon to stardom. Was he shocked? He *was*! He had always thought of legs as belonging to—well, that is, as being the exclusive property of chorus girls and Winter Garden beauties. It never occurred to him that a *man* would be called upon to display—well, anyway, it was an astonished young man who rolled up his trousers cuffs and allowed a businesslike manager to pass upon the quality of his well-turned calves. And it was a very flabbergasted young man who came out of the manager’s office with the part of the garter man in the Broadway success, “It Pays to Advertise,” stowed away safely in his pocket.

“I never knew I *had* legs before,” said Mr. Fillmore, with the wide responsive smile that is characteristic of him. “But I’ve found it out a good many times since. When I was engaged to play the leading rôle in ‘Civilian Clothes’ at the Morosco Theater



here in Los Angeles, they wanted to look at my legs, because one of the main features in the play is that the captain looks so well in his butler's uniform, and they all comment upon his 'beautiful legs.' And when I first went into pictures and played the 'Millionaire Pirate' with Universal, they wanted to know how my legs were. I've grown used to it now, but at first it made me feel exactly like a chorus girl."

Clyde Fillmore is one of those persons that you take on first sight. It isn't so much that he is handsome or distinguished-looking as the fact that there is no pretense about him, that he is a gentleman in every sense of the word, with inherent breeding, a keen mind, and a sense of humor. He has gray eyes and a dimple in his chin that is not in the least feminine.

The old adage about an ill wind being a good scout somewhere along the line holds true in his case. He came to the coast with Maude Fealy, playing opposite her in "The Little Teacher." Then the "flu" epidemic struck Los Angeles, and all the theaters closed. Many of Miss Fealy's company were taken ill, and she returned to New York. Mr. Fillmore, on the advice of friends, decided to stick it out, and applied for a job in motion pictures. He didn't get in right away, but the ill wind that had brought him out to the coast was still looking out for him, and finally wafted him to

the Fox studio, where he was promptly engaged as Madlaine Traverse's leading man in "The High Flame." He played a second picture with her called "When Fate Decides," and made "The Millionaire Pirate" for Universal.

Then his legs came to the fore as they had done in New York, and secured for him the engagement at the Los Angeles Morosco Theater in "Civilian Clothes," which ran for thirty-seven weeks; at the same time, he played the lead in Von Stroheim's latest feature, "The Devil's Pass Key," as an American captain with a record for heart-smashing, who finally meets his Waterloo in Paris at the hands of a virtuous wife. Recently he played opposite Mary Miles Minter in "Nurse Marjorie."

He tried just about everything before he became an actor. And now that he's found the profession he was meant for he's going to stick till he's too old to act any more, so he assured me.

"Which is a long time ahead," I predicted hopefully.

"Pray Heaven, yes!" he devoutly responded.

Well, certainly he's safe as long as his legs hold out; I saw them in "Civilian Clothes," and they're perfectly wonderful. I wanted to tell him that, but being a lady, I didn't.

I'll let him read it instead.



### "JUST FOR A DAY"

**R**ICH man, poor man, beggar man, thief—"You can have your fling at being any one of them for a while in the movies; the man who tried being king just for a day should have been a motion-picture actor!"

If I were choosing a rôle for twenty-four hours, I'd take a tip from Harry Morey, who surely must have had the time of his life when he was turned loose with

the wheel of a sea-going boat in his hands, and all the wide, dancing Atlantic ahead of him. Salt-tinged wind and flying spray and a scudding boat beneath his feet—who wouldn't have changed places with him in those scenes of "The Sea Rider"?

The fishing smack which he used went down with the captain and some of the crew on its very next trip, but by that time Morey was working on another picture!





*With a popular actor for a beau Betty became famous among her school friends.*

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## A Broadway Cowboy

The story of how a girl's crush on a leading man developed into a real romance.

By Stuart Rivers

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THE gang was too many for him. With a rush they swung Randolph on a horse, slipped a noose around his neck, and tossed the other end of it over the branch of a tree just above his head.

"Any last word to send to yore sweetheart?" one of his captors asked sneeringly.

And then came Randolph's great line as he calmly faced certain death.

"Not by you—you *skunk!*"

A slap on the flank and the horse leaped forward, but not to lose Randolph from the saddle. Up in the branches of the tree a girl had waited with poised knife, and as the horse jumped she cut the rope, allowing Randolph to ride gloriously free into the wings, half the time almost running over Jimmy, the call boy, who stood forever fascinated by that last act.

And Broadway ate it up. It had pep in it, and young Burke Randolph knew what it meant to wake up famous. He was talked about, written about, and they even said that he had once been a cowboy on the Western plains, and had only been discovered as a stage genius by a rare stroke of good fortune. This

amused Randolph very much, because he had never been west of the Hudson River in his life.

While he was being discovered as a remarkably good actor, he was also discovered by Betty Jordan, who saw "A Western Knight," with a crowd of girls from the fashionable boarding school which she was attending.

That last act took Betty back home to the little flea-bitten cow town where she had been brought up. It was like a breath from her native hills, and Betty lost no time in letting Randolph know that he had become her hero.

There was something about the letter she wrote him that charmed Randolph. He read it a hundred times, then got into his new touring car and went out to the school to see "his cousin from Montana," as he told the ferret-eyed schoolmistress who questioned him.

With a popular actor for a beau, Betty, in turn, became famous among her school friends—while she fell in love with Randolph—and all would have gone well had not one of their drives ended by Randolph's accidentally dumping their chaperon into the river. And

### "A Broadway Cowboy"

Adapted from the Pathé picture based on a story by Byron Morgan and produced with the following cast:

Burke Randolph.....	William Desmond
Betty Jordan.....	Betty Francisco
Sheriff Pat McGann.....	Thomas Delmar
Colonel Jordan.....	J. P. Lockney
Sheriff Sims.....	Clark Comstock



*"Hands up!" It was a girl's voice that shouted it.*

then it came was not her expelled!

Colonel Jordan, bank, and quite the stormed, but it was Betty; all she did her dimples coming and his blustering in his arms and kissing her, being, as he told Sheriff McGann, "dog-goned glad to get her back!"

From then on, instead of driving with Betty, Randolph wrote letters to her, and finally, the day that the show went on the road, he sent her a picture of himself dressed in all his Western regalia, big hat, six-gun hanging from his hip, and leather chaps.

"I'll be in Winslow some time about two months from now," he said in his letter. "And until then I'm not going to eat or sleep or breathe until I see you again." No one was in the dressing room, so he kissed the letter, almost believing that it was the first letter that had ever been kissed, and fondly hoping that Betty would know about it.

The photograph appeared, as if by magic, on the piano in the colonel's "parlor," where Betty could look at it while she played jazz for the admiring sheriff.

There was no doubt, in Pat McGann's mind, that he had the inside track to Betty's affections, and when his manifold duties would allow it, he spent his time in dreaming of a home where she would cook his flap-jacks and coffee, thus freeing him from the "eatin' place," of Winslow. He was a good man, and a perfectly honest sheriff, but like many a good man before him, the little green-eyed god of jealousy blurred the path of duty, and he fell. The photograph was responsible. In his long, lanky way, Pat wasn't very quick, and it took him six weeks to discover the photograph standing on the piano.

"Huh!" he exclaimed, as he picked it up. "Who is this guy? A hoss thief?"

"A horse thief!" Betty gasped indignantly. "Well, I like that! He's—well, it's none of your business who it is! Give me that photograph!"

"Huh!" Pat grunted again. "Y'u seem powerful anxious."

out that Randolph cousin, and poor Betty

her father, president of the big man of his own town, hopeless to try to scold was to smile at him, with and going in her cheeks, ended up by his taking her

He put the picture behind his back, and Betty, with crimson cheeks, made a grab for it.

"I know y'u're powerful anxious!" the sheriff decided, and forthwith proceeded to shove the photograph inside his shirt.

Betty wailed and cried and threatened, but she didn't get back the photograph. Instead Pat took it with him to his office, which connected with the jail, and held a conference with McGuire, his one prisoner.

"Look here, Mac?" he wanted to know, holding the photograph off at arm's length and scowling into the smiling face of Randolph. "Is that bird any better lookin' than me?"

Mac scratched his chin and gave judicious thought. "Well," he finally drawled, "I guess he is. 'Cept he looks like a hoss thief, in them clothes."

"You guess he is, do you?" Pat roared. "Well, you can just get back in the cell, and stay there!"

After Mac's departure, Pat continued his study of the picture, reaching the comforting conclusion that the man in the photograph was about as homely as a Mexican donkey or a skew-bald pinto. But this thought didn't help him. No, this here son of a gun was roaming loose somewhere through the country. Probably working on some of the near-by ranges, and it would not be long before he rode into Winslow and called at Colonel Jordan's. Then Betty would have another audience for the jazz.

They were not pleasant thoughts, and Pat searched vainly through his mind for some way to forestall such a contingency. If he could only stop him—and then a brilliant scheme entered the sheriff's head. He would stop him all right, stop him for keeps.

With this end in view he had some copies made of the photograph and on the backs of these he wrote: "Burke Randolph Wanted for Murder. Arrest on sight and notify Sheriff Pat McGann, Winslow."

Sticking each one into an envelope and addressing them to the different sheriffs about the county, he walked over to the post office and dropped them in the box.

"That cow-puncher'll have a fat chance of reachin' Winslow," he observed sourly. "And if I see him, me an' him are goin' to have an argument that'll be the last one he'll ever take part in!"

In the meantime "A Western Knight" had made the same popular appeal to the country at large that it had on Broadway. Things had been going well until one day when a hasty stage hand grabbed Randolph's trunk out of his dressing room, slipped it on a truck, and it was trundled away to the station and so aboard a train, before Randolph had changed from his stage costume.

"No one will pay any attention to you," the manager said, when Randolph, the following morning on the train, demanded that something be done.

"You mean to say," Randolph howled, "that I've got to wear this confounded rig into Winslow? And be seen by—"

"By who?" the manager wanted to know.

"Shut up!" Randolph exclaimed, and walked to the other end of the car as the train slowed down at a station that seemed to be more than usually woe-be-gone. "Moose Run!" he read on the sign over the

station, and added under his breath: "I don't blame the moose."

A brakeman shoved his head in at the door. "Y'eat here!" he bellowed, and disappeared.

Randolph found that the manager was right. No one paid the slightest attention to him. With Steve and Tommy Lathrop, who played two of the bandits, he walked into the eating house, "shot some grub into him," as Steve said, and walked back toward the station.

After that the manager wasn't right at all, because Randolph became the center of attraction. Sheriff Sims caught sight of him, hastily compared the face under the big hat to a photograph that he unearthed from an inside vest pocket, and a moment later the heavy hand of the law rested on Randolph's shoulder.

"Well?" Randolph said. "What th'—"

"Hands up!" Sims ordered quietly, and Randolph felt the muzzle of a forty-five—a vicious-looking darn thing, he thought—being poked into his belt with a vigor that left nothing of Mister Sims' intentions to the imagination.

"You're wanted," the sheriff explained, "for murder."

"All aboa—r—d!" It was the call of the conductor, standing on the steps of the train.

Randolph saw half the troupe leaning out of the windows beckoning to him; then, jerkily, the train started and disappeared, leaving him struggling in the mighty grasp of his captor.

"Is this a joke?" Randolph demanded with heat. "If it is, it's a mighty poor—"

"Come on," Sims interrupted, and he dragged his prisoner to the jail, threw him into a cell, and turned the rusty key in the rustier lock.

"Well, I'll be——" Randolph panted, as he dropped on the cot. "Will some one kindly tell me what the deuce all this means?"

Sheriff Pat McGann could have told him, but Pat chanced to be in Winslow, where a telegram from Sims reached him shortly after. It was brief, and to the point. "I have your man," it said, and Pat grinned as he read it.

A castaway on a desert island was in clover, compared to the way Randolph felt, in jail, in what was to him a foreign country, accused of murder.

"Good night!" he breathed, and began to whistle through his teeth as he scowled at the bars across the window.

He spent the afternoon and the best part of the night in consigning Sheriff Sims to a land from whence no return tickets are sold, and gained some small comfort from the thought that he would hire a regiment of United States cavalry to tear Sims limb from limb, when, as he was getting drowsy in spite of himself, he heard a tapping on the wall outside the barred window.

A hand appeared, holding a gun, butt first, and Randolph snatched at it with eager fingers. At the same moment Sims' step sounded in the outer room, and Randolph dove for the cot, covering himself with a tattered blanket.

The key grated in the lock, and Sims entered. For a moment he scanned his prisoner, then turned to go out.

*Continued on page 83*

*"Any last word you'd like to say?" another of the men asked.*





*There was luxury in every line of the purple dressing gown.*

**T**O sit at an open window almost as big as a barn door, in a house on the tiptop of a Hollywood hill, on Sunday morning is an ideal way of breakfasting, especially with Chow Wee frying cakes in the kitchen, and the most fascinating home-breaker of the screen as one's host. It sounds peaceful and innocent and un-idea-like until:

"You see, every woman has had a 'little devil' in her life, and she always loves him, a little, in the naughty niche of her heart—"

Lew Cody, for he was the host, and I had been contemplating the Hollywood landscape through the open window, in a Sunday morning meditative sort of way. One is so

## Introducing Every Woman's "Little Devil"

liable to have been almost anywhere on Saturday night.

He flicked the ash of his cigarette into the empty coffee cup and fixed the gaze of his gray eyes on the distant gleaming roofs of the studio world. I fixed my gaze on this magnetic young man to watch the evolution of the thoughts I had hoped would come. He had invited me, a strange reporter, two days previous, to this Sunday-morning "brunch," thinking, I suppose, to combine two evils and so have both over with, at one and the same time. But from the moment that Chow Wee had disappeared into the upper regions of the big house with the card, and the cheerful "Be down in a minute" had floated down the stairs, the atmosphere of home and hospitality had permeated the situation like an incense. Lew himself—one feels familiar, just like that, right off the bat with him—appeared in a few moments and led the way to the grapefruit without hesitation.

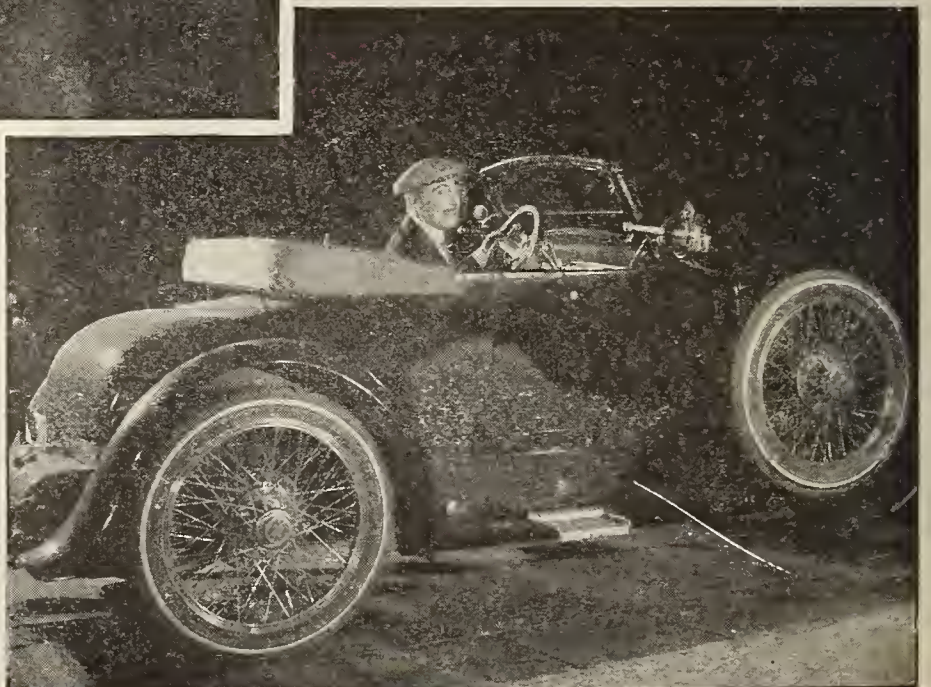
"This 'little devil,' he continued, coming back from the view below, "is the spice in the food of life. He is the caviar; the 'hero' is really only the 'ham-and—'"

"Do you deny, then," I asked, "that the characters you have played in 'Don't Change Your Husband,' 'Borrowed Clothes,' and the others, are villains and 'he-vamps'?"

"Absolutely!" His expressively debonaire little black mustache, which somehow is the Cody trade-mark, fairly bristled.

"If there are two terms I cannot abide they are 'villain' and 'vamp.' How many

*"He is the spice in the food of life."*



Lew Cody breakfasts and comments upon the characteristics of the "Beloved Cheater" type of character, which he so admirably portrays.

By Gordon Gassaway

'villains' or 'vamps' do you meet in everyday life? I have never known any." He gathered the loose folds of his gorgeous purple silk dressing gown, luxury in every line, more closely about him, and tilted back in his chair, lighting a fresh straw-tipped cigarette.

"It may be that I have been successful in evolving a more true-to-life portrayal of what the public has for years considered the 'villain in the play'—and maybe not. Some disagree.

"On the stage, and for a long time on the screen, characters were portrayed, not as they are, but as the public had been taught to expect them. The alleged 'villain' was everything bad and nothing good. The 'hero' was everything good and nothing bad. There was no 'in-between.' But they were not the real sort of people that we meet in drawing-rooms or at a dance.

"Every one of us has known men who were a little good—and quite a little bad. Most women have known men who were thoroughly bad, according to the moral law—and they were also fascinating. But this 'little devil' which I have started to portray, and which I shall continue to develop, is never unfairly 'bad,' nor is he 'bad' outside his own stratum of society, whatever stratum that may happen to be.

*His work in the De Mille productions slated him for stardom.*



*You remember him in "Don't Change Your Husband."*



"He is a diplomat with a quick wit, and he has it all over the 'hero' in that. He does not 'ruin' young girls. His little red address book is not an index of ruinable innocence—it is rather a 'blue book' of sparkling society ladies who are willing to 'play the game.' But please remember that he is not a pretender, and, above all, he does not pretend to be good!"

Chow Wee, the gray-haired factotum of the Cody household, indicated that it was time we moved if he was ever going to get any work done around there, and so Lew in his sandals and with his pantherlike grace—with him, one has a feeling of being in the presence of a strong, coiled spring—again took the lead and the "little devil" was resumed in front of the fire, away from the temptations of the Hollywood view.

Some way, I couldn't help thinking in sitting there, with the open case of

*Continued on page 84*



## A Tabloid Review

Brief criticisms of  
some current releases.

By Peter Milne

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**J**ACK LONDON'S "The Sea Wolf," produced for Paramount-Artcraft by George Melford, is but one of quite a list of stories and plays of which two successive productions have been made. Offhand I can recall "Alias Jimmy Valentine," which Maurice Tourneur made in the old days, with Robert Warwick as star, and which Metro only recently produced with Bert Lytell in the title part, "The Squaw Man," which Cecil De Mille produced twice, and "Shore Acres," produced by the defunct Alco company and recently revived by Metro. There are others coming, such as Paramount's second production of "The Old Homestead."

Why this duplication of pictures? Several reasons are offered, the principal ones being the lack of new material, and the greater appeal of pictures to-day as compared with those of four or five years ago, due to the improved methods of production. The first reason is one of the producer's favorites, but one, which, to my mind, is questionable in veracity. The other is more truthful: Pictures are better than they used to be.

But take the case of "The Sea Wolf." Mr. Melford has taken certain liberties with the London work that

are hard to understand. He has made a strong, really virile picture, but some details of it are his own. Why a director will openly court criticism by unnecessarily changing noted works is hard for me, and for most other persons, to comprehend. I met the man who made the scenario of the first "Sea Wolf" in the theater after the premier of the second. London had worked with him on his adaptation, and nothing was changed in the picture. This man had Jack London's viewpoint, and he couldn't countenance the liberties that Mr. Melford had taken.

Which reasoning, however, doesn't get us very far. The new version of "The Sea Wolf" is strong, full of color, and enriched by sincere characterizations rendered by Noah Beery in the title part, and by Tom Forman and Hedda Nova as the lovers. The ferry wreck is finely staged, but this raises the critical point again. The wreck casts both boy and girl on the *Wolf's* mercy, whereas originally it brought only the boy into the story.

Despite the changes I liked the Melford production better, because in the first I saw too much of Hobart Bosworth. *Continued on page 97*

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## Some Pre-Release Impressions

Together with some critical comments on a few forthcoming features.

By Herbert Howe

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**T**O one set of mortals is ordained the privilege which Burns implored; namely, to see themselves as others see them.

Previews of pictures are held for the purpose in Los Angeles and its film-bourg, Hollywood. Upon the completion of a film it is exhibited for the perusal of its participants and their friends, their servants, and their best enemies. You can tell how successful a player has been in procuring attendance by the applause he gets when he appears on the screen. An extra may get a bigger hand than the star, being more industrious as a procurer.

Inherently modest, the player attending a preview of his work always sits in the rear of the theater. Of course, courtesy demands that he speak to his best friend. Best friend always sits in the front row; hence the player must shout greetings or walk down the aisle and chat for a few minutes, remembering all the time his best camera angle. If the player is feminine gender she wears a veil so as not to be conspicuous. No one else ever wears a veil. You can't miss her, especially since her veil serves its purpose as effectively as Salome's seventh.

After the performance the players rush up the aisle in order to get out of the theater before any one sees them. Something always blocks their progress. Usually it is the door. Thus, against their will, they have to line up and receive the congratulations of their friends, who have been unable to express their feelings heretofore except in whispers.



Photo by Grenbeaux

Betty Blythe adds much interest to Lew Cody's work in "The Butterfly Man."



Bessie Love enlivens "The Midlanders" with the sparkle of her youth.

Having overheard the whispers, I wonder how feelings and words can so alter by audible repetition.

The preview of "The Mischief Man," starring Lew Cody, was a midnight affair in the fiery-purple suffusion of Grauman's Rialto theater. Among the celebrities present, ye society editor observed Pauline Frederick and Antonio Moreno, besides the stellar employees. Tony Moreno came to applaud his dog, Bobbie, whose emotional work will receive more comment than that of the less versatile players. I promised Mr. Moreno I would say this.

"The Mischief Man" imitates the theme of "The Great Lover" played on the stage by Leo Ditrichstein. It has forgotten to imitate the purpose and the technique.

The lady who sits next to me remarked:

"How does Cody get that way, thinking he can throw down all the women in the world without getting bumped?"

Ladies are venomous when some one steps on their pride. They may let a Lothario get away with blue-bearding in real life, but they will never stand for him on the screen. We will admit an *Anatol* in the person of John Barrymore, who has the personality, features, and amorous magnetism of Adonis, but there is only one Adonis and only one John. Mr. Cody has none of the godly attributes, nor does he manifest ardor or any other emotion. The only conclusion, then, is that women are fools. If such be true, Heaven help the movie star who tries to prove it. Certainly the ladies are not going to pay twenty-seven cents of good butter-and-egg money to be so informed.

Whatever Mr. Cody's failing as a he-vamp, his generosity to the members of his cast is admirable. He deserves more generous treatment from scenario-writers. He is prodigal, too, with settings and pho-

tography. They are optic luxuries.

Betty Blythe is one of the women scorned by "The Mischief Man." She need not be perturbed; no other male with his right eyesight will scorn her. After seeing her in this picture I'm not so sure Katherine MacDonald is Lillian Russell's successor. Miss Blythe is a vibrant, magnificent creature, a superb emotional actress. Eleanor Fair supplies a dainty lump of saccharin. She is pretty and natural. Picture fans will be interested, no doubt, in seeing Cleo Ridgley, who has been away for months. Lillian Rambeau, mother of Marjorie, adds interest to the cast. Lloyd Hamilton does a droll character that causes one to search the program to identify him. J. Barney Sherry, boutonniere elder of the screen, is as suave and histrionically polished as ever. But pulchritudinous Betty and precocious Bobbie are the real wonders of "The Mischief Man."

Had "The Midlanders" been presented to the public as I saw it at a preview, "If" and Bessie Love would once more have shown an affinity for each other. I left the projection room vowing once again that if Miss Love were given good stories and directing she would shine forth in the first rank of the screen's portrayals of girl characters. Not that I want to claim that she would take Mary Pickford's place; that would be ridiculous. But she needs only the right sort of vehicle to establish a place for herself close to the Pickford level.

Yet even so badly assembled a picture as was "The Midlanders" at the time I saw it was so enlivened with Miss Love's sparkle of youth and sensitive, vibrating personality that the picture was salvaged. She never has played with such buoyancy and delightful coloring, and I felt aggrieved that she had been given a story which, it seemed to me, could not have been more tangled if the author had rolled in the continuity.

But it is not always safe to judge by a first showing; for the picture has been reassembled, and I understand that my first criticism no longer holds good. So I shall be interested in seeing "The Midlanders" again.

King Vidor is the great humanist of the photo play. His forte, like that of Millet, Daudet, and Dickens, is the illumining of homely life.

"The Jack-Knife Man," created from the novel by Ellis Parker Butler, is his new celluloid. It will be one of the distinct novelties of the year. All box-office formulæ as to what "gets over" are ignored. There is not a volt of sex motive, no lovely heroine, no brave hero, and no deep-laid plot. When I saw it in a small projection room it had but few titles. For all this, "The Jack-Knife Man" is entrancing. The first requisite of dramaturgy is this power to take the spectator out of himself and place him in the world conceived by the artist.



Interest is focused on three strange characters—two old men and a little boy. I dare say that *Peter Lane* and *Booge* and *Buddy* will be remembered and loved long after plots are forgotten. They are as individual as characters from Dickens.

The theme, like that of any good story, may be told in a sentence. "The Jack-Knife Man" concerns the rehabilitation of human driftwood under the influence of a child who is left a foundling in a Mississippi boathouse. The spiritual warming of old *Peter Lane*, the boatman, and of *Booge*, the rollicking tramp, is rendered with a feeling that works a reflex in the spectator. This is art.

Fred Turner gives an exposition of gentle senility equaled only by Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'" on the stage. Bobbie Kelso doesn't play *Buddy*; he is *Buddy*. Mr. Vidor did not permit the boy to act. He photographed him unawares as he awakened from sleep, played with his toys or cried at the noise of lightning manufactured by the studio machines. Harry Todd's *Booge* is a lovable roisterer. It is a fine characterization. The only feminine embellishment is supplied by Florence Vidor, who does not appear until after the climax. Although she is present but for a moment, the picture is better for her passing through. Other character bits, such as that of *Buddy's* mother and of the sobbing sister, shine forth as bright jewels in the cloisonné.

"The Jack-Knife Man" is a texture of tenderness and smiles. No more human fragment of life has been film-incarnated. If a spectator is not moved there is something wrong with him, not the picture.

"Scratch My Back" introduces a vaudeville player and vaudeville methods of "kidding the show." T. Roy Barnes is the player, and he puts over his suave gusto as effectively from the screen as the stage. The subtitles do the kidding with such lines as "Now we must do something to bring our hero before the heroine." This style of comedy shatters illusion, which is the purpose of drama.

"Scratch My Back" is a thing of patches, but the patching is neatly done. The original novel, by Rupert Hughes, concerns a man who always does as he pleases. He becomes a hero when he scratches a lady's back at the opera. Later she solicits his aid to get her out of a lesser trouble. A ballet instructor has a picture of her in tights, which he intends to show her husband. Husband knows all the time that wife once did the tight fantastic. Nevertheless, the hero's action in reclaiming the picture is ap-

preciated by all concerned, and he walks on his back-scratching way never to be seen again.

The plot is light filament on which several amusing situations are strung. Helene Chadwick is not a sprightly comedienne, but she makes her points. Lloyd Whitlock appears to belong to his rôle. He plays without actory effort.

While "The Round-Up" lacks a theme to make it memorable, it is invigorating entertainment for the hour. Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, who has been capitalizing his corpulence in two-reel comedies, turns to serious drama as the sheriff. He seems funnier than when he was expected to be funny, which may be the reason he is. He's quick on the draw of both guns and grins—quick as Hart or Chaplin. Mr. Arbuckle might never have carved immortality in custard, but as the sheriff he puts his notch in the hilt of film fame.

Although Sir Roscoe is star of "The Round-Up," Tom Forman is equally brilliant in his shaded way. It is hard to understand why Mr. Lasky passed up such a safe stellar bet. Perhaps it is not his fault that Mr. Forman prefers directing to starring. This pref-

*Continued on page 98*



"Scratch My Back" is an adaptation from a Rupert Hughes novel.



## The Glorious Teens

Marguerite de la Motte is making the most of them.

By Caroline Bell

Photographs by Witzel



**W**HEN I'm twenty" is the starting point of many a conversation, as most of us know—but behold one young person who didn't have to wait even till she was eighteen to write her name in Fame's big book—and for whom the teens have indeed been glorious. For Marguerite de la Motte's interesting career began a long time ago—"way back when I was fourteen," she'll tell you.

She was a dancer in those days—a pretty good one, too; expert enough to be accepted as a pupil by the great Pavlova—and if you don't know what an honor that was you must have been out of the world all the years that famous little Russian has been in the limelight. It was while she was still "just a dancer," according to her story, that the motion-picture world's doors opened wide to her, with a part in "Arizona," with Douglas Fairbanks.

And those doors have never closed behind her. Bessie Barriscale's production of "Josselyn's Wife" gave her her second chance to appear on the screen, and then came leading rôles—with Jack Pickford in "In Wrong," opposite H. B. Warner in "The Pagan God" and "For a Woman's Honor," and in two pictures with William Desmond—"The Sagebrush Hamlet" and "Dangerous Waters." All-star casts include her now—Metro's "The Hope," B. B. Hampton's "The U. P. Trail," and Emerson Hough's "The Sagebrusher" are three of them. Verily, this golden-haired, brown-eyed seventeen-year-old has made the most of the glorious teens!

# Over the Teacups

Even at a beach tea Fanny the Fan finds time for gossip.

By The Bystander

RESPLENDENT in a brand-new, red bathing suit, Fanny left the rest of the beach tea party and joined me on the rocks, brandishing a hot-dog sandwich in one hand and carefully balancing a cup of coffee in the other.

"My dear," she began, establishing herself where she could dangle her feet in the ocean and be hit by an occasional wave, "have you heard the news?"

"I have," I replied without an instant's hesitation. "Lillian Gish isn't a Griffith player any more, or won't be after 'Way Down East,' but will be a Frohman Amusement Company star, with a two-year contract—and Mr. Griffith and she are on perfectly good terms, and his general manager made all the business arrangements for her."

"Well, that wasn't what I meant," remarked Fanny dryly. "In fact, that's a scoop so far as I'm concerned. I meant Richard Barthelmess' engagement to little Mary Haye, that cunning youngster from the 'Follies.'"

"Now Fanny, I hate to interfere with your news, but—well, last year every one said Dick Barthelmess was engaged to Constance Talmadge, and the year before it was some one else, so I wouldn't take this rumor too seriously. Then, too, with a big starring contract on hand I don't believe that he'd add matrimony to his other responsibilities; he's just barely twenty-five, you know—had a birthday in May—the sixteenth, I think it was—and there's plenty of time ahead of him to get married in. It is settled, though, that Mary Haye is to have Clarine Seymour's rôle in 'Way Down East'; I know that, and that she's to be a member of Mr. Griffith's company from now on."

"Well, you seem to be much more up on news than I am," commented Fanny, perking up the rubber flowers on her bathing cap. "But here's something that I'm perfectly positive you haven't heard, because I got it myself straight from the man in the case: Bill Hart's really going to retire—isn't going on the stage at all, even though the newspapers did say he would. He has a contract to make five more pictures for Famous Players-Lasky, and he's working on the first one now—at least, he was till his pinto pony threw him and broke some of his ribs—and he told me that just as



Photo by Fine Arts Studio

Starred at last! Lillian won't have time for tennis now.

soon as he finished those releases he was going to buy a ranch in New Mexico or some other favorite spot of his and settle down for life."

"If this craze for retirement and going abroad keeps up we won't have a movie star left on our native heath pretty soon," I prophesied gloomily. "Have you noticed the sailing lists recently? It's simply appalling to see how many of the screen folk are leaving us. Elsie Ferguson no sooner announced that she would sail in June for the Orient, pausing on the way home some time in the dim future to make a picture in Hollywood, than Bessie Love told me that she was surely going to England to do 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' And then a New York letter told me that Mrs. Talmadge and Natalie had sailed for Europe, and that Norma would soon be over to do 'The Garden of Allah'—won't she be gorgeous in that? And Constance plans to go with her, which is certainly a good thing, for she's been overworking all winter and spring and surely needs a rest; my cousin saw her in New York not long ago, and she said that Constance looked very thin. Oh, and that same cousin of mine insists that Constance really is engaged—to a man who hasn't anything to do with the stage or the movies or anything like that. But I don't believe it; she's like Richard Barthelmess—people are always reporting her engagement, yet she seems to go right on, heart whole and fancy free."

"Somebody told me Mabel Normand was going on the stage," volunteered Fanny. "Her contract with Goldwyn is almost up, they say, and the same man who put Theda Bara on the boards made her an offer, I was told. But, of course, it's just a rumor. And little Virginia Lee Corbin has followed the Lee children's example, and is to be seen in a theatrical production next September. Even the children get it, don't they?"

"They do," I agreed. "Little Pat Moore is to have his own company, I heard the other day—and, of course, you know all about Wesley Berry's starring contract. I'm waiting anxiously till Bryant Washburn's youngsters and Wallie Reid's young son are big enough to face the camera; they're perfectly certain to go on the screen, you know. And, by the way, did you



Photo by Abbe

You'll see little Mary Haye in Clarine Seymour's rôle in "Way Down East."

know that the Hal Reid who died not long ago in New York was Wallie's father? He used to write for the stage, and it was through him that Wallie got a start in pictures; Mr. Reid wrote a scenario and sold it on condition that Wallie should have a part."

Fannie, finishing her sandwich, gazed pensively out to sea till a wave hit her and roused her from her reverie. Then she remarked: "Speaking of the stage, I hear that Olga Petrova is coming back to the screen this summer, when she finishes her tour in vaudeville; I don't know any of the details, but according to my information she's actually at work now, in an Eastern studio. I would love to see Petrova again, but I hope she won't wear the kind of clothes she used to; those tailored suits positively moved me to tears, they were so archaic looking." And she spread out the very short skirt of her bathing suit complacently.

"Speaking of clothes and things, have you seen Gloria Swanson's double?" I asked, more to divert her attention than for any other reason; my bathing suit, having seen a hard season at the winter resorts of southern California, was somewhat bedraggled looking. "She looks ever so much like Gloria, and Charles Ray is said to be really interested in giving her a chance to prove her ability. However, I'd like to see her signed with De Mille, just to find out how much she'd look like Gloria if she wore the same kind of clothes and headdresses and played the same kind of rôles that Gloria does."

"Well, I saw Gloria and her husband when they got back

from that flying trip they took to New York in May, and not even any one who looked exactly like her could be as stunning as she was," declared Fanny enigmatically. "I also saw Bert Lytell just before he started East, and although he said he was going to make four pictures there and just possibly might go on the stage, I'm perfectly certain that he'll settle down in New York and never come back. So many players do that—the Gishes and the Talmadge girls and Bobby Harron have all left the coast this last winter. Oh, that reminds me—did you hear that Metro is to release Bobby Harron's pictures—after he's starred, I mean? Mr. Griffith thought that best, apparently. I'm so glad he's starred, for he's been working for Griffith ever since he was fourteen, and surely deserves all sorts of honors."

"I'd rather have somebody just discover me and make me a star right away," I declared. "I saw Barbara Bedford the other day—the girl Maurice Tourneur claims is such a find; she's just sixteen, and came from somewhere in the Middle West to visit in Los Angeles with her parents. Tourneur met her at some sort of social gathering, and offered her a part in 'Caleb West, Master Diver,' his next picture, but as soon as she began work he saw what talent she had and gave her the feminine lead. Sounds like a fairy story, doesn't it?"

"It does," agreed Fanny, "and I'm always interested in these brilliant new-

*Al Ray can direct comedies and act in them with equal ease.*

Photo by Evans



comers, of course—but somehow I cling to my old favorites. Al Ray is one of them, and I'm waiting now to see him in 'Springtime'; it's a two-reel comedy in which he's featured. He leaves the screen every little while and takes a turn at directing, you know; he's directing Fox comedies just now. Usually I run on to his pictures just by chance, but I'm forewarned about this one.

"It's terrible to pursue a favorite screen actor's releases; they've always just shown it at the theaters in your neighborhood, and you never can find it anywhere else. And speaking of favorites—aren't you glad that Alice Brady has decided to give up the stage for a year and just make pictures? They say that Realart wanted her to, and, of course, since she was so ill in the spring she's seen that she couldn't burn the candle at both ends and still keep going. I wonder if she's going abroad this summer—she and her husband planned last spring that they would, I know."

"Then probably she will; everybody does. I'm surprised that Tom Forman and his wife aren't starting for Europe with their brand-new baby; I don't see how they escaped the general craze to go. By the way, did you hear who Tom Forman, junior's, godparents are? Bessie Barriscale and Eddie Sutherland. He's starting out well, isn't he?"

"He surely is," I agreed.

"And I have some more news of new stars, too," continued Fanny complacently; that's her favorite form of gos-

*They say she's Gloria Swanson's double—  
what do you think about it.*

Photo by Hoover



Photo by Abbe

*Constance Talmadge is said to be engaged—the rumor usually comes out at about this time of year.*

sip, I believe. "Justine Johnson is the newest Realart star. And aren't you interested in Bebe Daniels' first picture since Realart starred her? She has the part of a cigar girl in a big hotel, who's decided to marry a millionaire, and does it. Of course, it leads to all sorts of complications—but trust Bebe to engineer the heroine straight through them without any difficulty!"

"I know something interesting about Justine Johnson," I contributed as she paused for breath. "She used to be famous as a Follies girl, you know, but she wanted to do something more than just look beautiful, so she went off to a little town and joined a stock company—and they say she worked like everything, playing all sorts of parts. Then I believe that she appeared in plays at her husband's theater in Philadelphia or Pittsburgh; I'm a little hazy on that part of the story. But, anyway, now that she's to be seen on the screen we'll have a wonderful chance to see what she can do in the way of straight work. I should think that would be a good way for girls who wanted to go into movies to get experience; a summer of stock would certainly give them a chance to find out whether they could act or not, wouldn't it?"

"Yoo—hoo—come on down and hear the latest news! The most exciting thing yet!" shouted somebody from the beach.

"Bill Hart's married!" guessed Fanny as she scrambled over the rocks.

"Charlie Chaplin's going to do 'Hamlet,'" I speculated. Next month I'll tell you what the news was.

# The Patricians

If you think there's no aristocracy in the movie

By Jane Mc



One of the most cultured women of the screen is Nazimova.



Louise Glaum specializes in costume design.

Katherine MacDonald has dozens of distinguished ancestors.



Nazimova. Nazimova is and always has been a brilliant student. At ten, she studied and became proficient in French, German, and music while attending school at Montreux, Switzerland. Later she studied vocal music at the St. Petersburg conservatory in Odessa, Russia, and, when still a very young woman, was graduated from a dramatic conservatory in Moscow. She is an accomplished linguist and an authority on literature in several tongues.

Elsie Ferguson has often been called "the aristocrat of the screen," a title which has never

**B**UT I wouldn't want *my* daughter to go into the movies!" I heard a perfectly nice mother say the other day. "They're all such—well, such *queer* people."

And I spent the next half hour telling that stately dowager what I'm going to tell you—that they are not "queer" at all. I admitted, of course, that it took all kinds of persons to make the movies, as it takes all kinds to make up the world. I confessed that many of those who had reached the topmost rungs of the ladder had fought their way up from the humblest of beginnings—which she had to admit was much to their credit. But I also showed her, somewhat to her surprise, that among the successful artists of the screen there is an aristocracy, based on social position, culture, and education, or on all of these qualifications combined.

To begin, there is Kitty Gordon, known in England as Lady Beresford, thanks to a marriage with one of its peers. She is our best-known screen star who has a title in her reticule, though more than one nobleman and titled woman has looked into the camera.

Katherine MacDonald, our lovely American beauty, was given good birth and lots of ability and heaps of brains when the fairies came to her christening party. She can trim a hat or write a thesis on the nebular hypothesis with equal facility and is proving that, as a star at the head of her own company, she has business

sense as well. She had just finished college when her father died, and she and her sister, Mary MacLaren, then in a convent in Virginia, were called upon to help support the family. Then, though the two girls were representatives of one of the most famous American families, Daughters of the Revolution, whose male ancestors had all distinguished themselves and become officers in the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, and, though their uncle was a judge in the higher courts of Pennsylvania, they put their pride in their pockets and went to work. Both worked first in the chorus of New York musical shows, afterward graduating into pictures.

One of the most cultured women of the screen is Alla

# of the Screen

world, look at these extracts from our Blue Book.

Naughton Baxter

been disputed. Miss Ferguson was born in New York City and attended normal college before she went on the stage. She is the patrician off the screen as well as on. Her home is on Madison Avenue, in New York, which will not mean much to you, unless you know that it is the last stand of the old Knickerbocker families and quite impregnable if one doesn't happen to be just the right sort of person to live there.

Once upon a time, there was a pretty little blond girl attending the University of Washington, who was specializing in music, and who dreamed of becoming a grand opera singer. Her name was Wanda Petit, and she studied at the university for two years, then went to New York and was graduated from a conservatory of music. The very week she received her diploma, she lost her voice! She was very miserable for a while, even accompanying Alfred Spaulding, the violinist, didn't console her. Then the opportunity came to play a small part in a picture. She accepted and has been in the silent drama ever since. Now she's a star. You know her as Wanda Hawley. Secretly, 'tis said, she hopes and hopes that some day her voice may return to a condition where she can depend upon it and achieve her big dream after all.

If May Allison hadn't been just too cute and fluffy and gay for grand opera, that highbrow form of art probably would have caught her, too. She admits that she used to want to be an opera singer back in the old days when she was graduated from the Centenary Female College of Birmingham, Alabama, where she took a special course in music. Afterward she studied music in Boston and in New York, too. But all of a sudden the family needed money, and so May went into musical comedy. In fact, she and Blanche Sweet and Lois Meredith were at one time all together in the same chorus. Later on she distinguished herself in musical comedy and farce, but left the stage to go into pictures with Metro.

A lovely and picturesque little figure was that of Tsuru Aoki as the only Japanese girl at Stanford University the year she entered. Miss Aoki, who is the niece of Sada Yacca, the famous Japanese actress, was sent to this country by her aunt to be educated. She studied first in a convent, but afterward went to Stanford University.

"But I was so lonely," she told me pathetically, "away from all my family and the sisters and girl friends of the convent that I only stayed a little while. Then I went back to my father."

Betty Blythe took two years of collegiate training at the University of Southern California, then spent two years studying voice in Paris. Once she thought to be a writer, and later she had ambitions to be a physician, but she listened to the siren call of musical comedy, and she's played everything from front row of the chorus to "Ophelia" on the legitimate stage. But, no matter what her minor ambitions were, she always attended closely to her musical

(Continued on page 85)



"The aristocrat of the screen"  
—Elsie Ferguson.



Wanda Hawley  
almost reached the  
operatic stage.



May Allison  
had a good  
musical edu-  
cation.





# “East, West—Home’s Best”

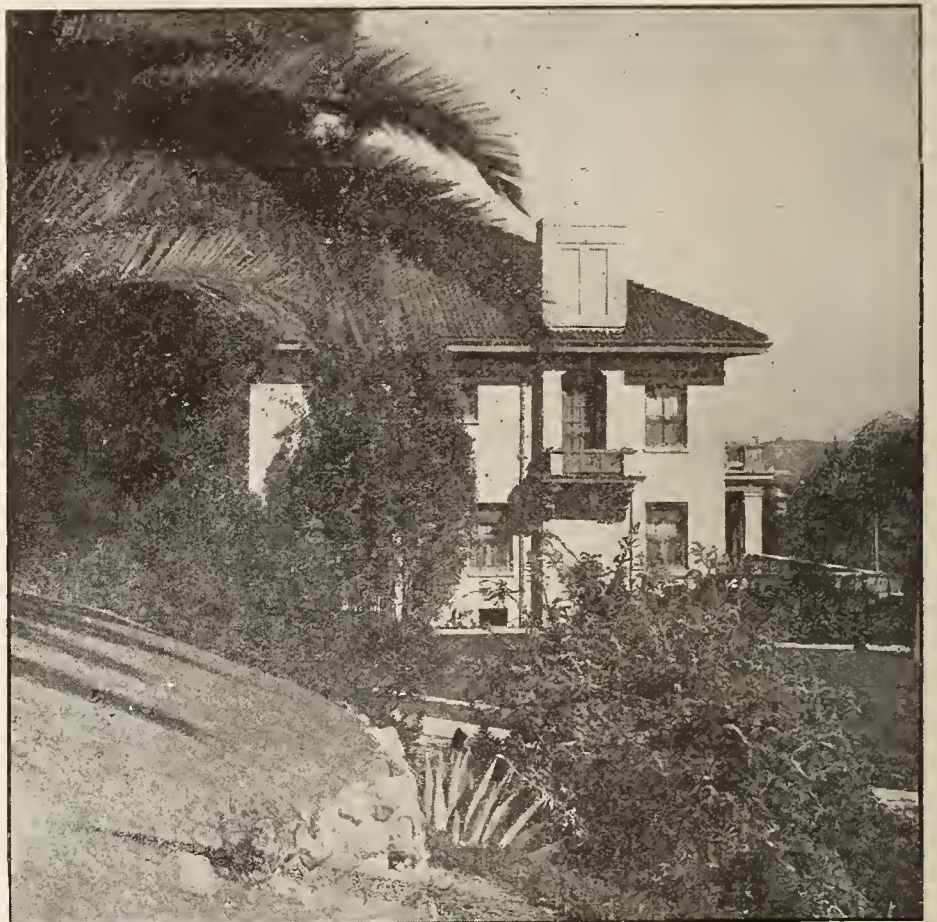
By Peter White

while,” or “This room would be very comfortable, but the things we needed for it are all in storage, and it wouldn’t really pay to send for them.”

Farnum believes that it pays to be at *home*, every time; and if what he wants is halfway across the country, he either sends for it or buys something else to take its place. So, when the Fox company decreed that he was to make a number of pictures on the Coast, he bade farewell to his beloved place down at Sag Harbor, Long Island, and telegraphed a friend in Los Angeles to buy for him a house there, which he had seen on a former sojourn in the West.

And now that house is a home where you are made so welcome that you don’t mind your climb up the Santa Monica Mountain, on which it nestles. From its broad verandas you can look down over Los Angeles, and then up again to the distant hills. Its garden is aglow with clove pinks, California

**I**T’S a terrible thing to be a home lover; if you don’t believe it, just ask William Farnum and his wife. I’ve sometimes suspected that they have moments of longing to be the kind of people who can camp out in a hotel suite, unpack the family photographs and three pet sofa cushions, and be perfectly comfortable. But they aren’t; the stalwart William simply has to have a regular home, where you can poke your head into every single corner without hearing a chorus of “Oh, we haven’t unpacked the books; we didn’t feel that it would be worth



poppies, and even with orchids imported from South America. What convinced me of the Farnums’ feeling about homes was the group of plants which would not bloom until the following year. When people take out a little mortgage on the future in that way they cease to be transients, and become real home people.

Nobody at the studio entertains any misapprehensions about Farnum’s love of his home, for every one knows the alacrity with which he jumps into his long, gray racing car as soon as the day’s work is done, and the number of times he has been held up for speeding toward home is an old tale.



# HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William

Lord Wright

## The Original Story Is Coming Back

We are glad to note that Isaac Wolper, president of the Mayflower Photoplay Corporation, believes with us that the original story is coming back. His reason for that belief, which we have already stated in this department, is that the present tendency on the part of authors, publishers, and play producers to boost prices of published works will create a demand for originals with merit regardless of their advertising value. Mr. Wolper recently expressed his views on the subject as follows:

Price does not necessarily make a story. Proof of this lies in the fact that two of the biggest screen successes—De Mille's "Don't Change Your Husband," and "The Miracle Man" were not high-priced stories. "Don't Change Your Husband" was an original, while "The Miracle Man" was practically unknown as a book and certainly not a great success as a play. Yet both these pictures were sensations, artistically and from a box-office standpoint.

The Mayflower president believes that the prevailing practice of paying fabulous prices for screen vehicles is but a passing fad—that the money expended purchases advertising and publicity value only. He says:

Take, for example, a story which costs the producer one hundred thousand dollars. At least seventy-five thousand dollars is paid for the publicity value. For actual merit, only twenty-five thousand dollars is laid out. Consider the case of the screen rights for such novels as Harold MacGrath's "The Luck of the Irish."

Such novels are bought at very high figures because they have an established advertising value. Both authors and publishers are boosting prices to a point now where they themselves will break the market. They will slay the goose which lays the golden eggs. For money cannot be made on a production when the story costs one hundred thousand dollars or more, which is the high-water mark said to have been touched in the purchase of "The Tailor-Made Man," "Turn to the Right," and "Way Down East," and a few other such works.

If a story costs one hundred thousand dollars, according to Mr. Wolper, not less than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars should be expended to insure proper production. This means, he says, that when the picture is published it must gross at least half a million dollars to cover the cost of prints, distribution, and exploitation, and even then the matter of profit will be doubtful. Which is a convincing argument for the original story—even if the original story for screening is not, in the end, the worthiest story of 'em all.

## Dual Rôles

Go slow on the dual-rôle stuff—the mistaken identity idea. Every one has been working the latter trick since long before the days when Alexander Dumas got his hunch and wrote "The Corsican Brothers." Shakespeare used the idea, and he got it from the Roman playwrights. Of late it has been overworked. Right offhand I can name a dozen pictures in which it has been used. So when you see the story of the two men looking so much alike that one cannot be told from the other on the screen, refrain from going and writing something along the same

line. There are a few dual-rôle film features as yet not released, and the market is already crowded with them.

## Five-Reel Comedies

I think I have stated before that comedy is the most difficult form of writing for the screen. Beware the story that reads humorously. Nine times out of ten it will prove a sad performance indeed. It is the idea between the lines that will *act* humorously. As those of you who read "Old Comedies—or New?" in the last issue of PICTURE-PLAY already know, there is a movement well advanced to get away from the pie-throwing

brands of film comedy, and to get into a higher class of comedy with a logical story and natural situations. Companies that have been making one and two-reel comedies are now making five-reelers—feature comedies, if you will.

Now if you have comedy ideas your time is coming, provided these five-reel comedies receive public approval. Comedy to run five reels must have plot and story. It can't be made up "as they go along." If you want to do comedies try to do something that would make a five-reeler. Don't waste your time writing ideas for short-length comedy. The film comedy of to-day consists of one slight idea and is built up as work progresses—any one having a "hunch" for funny business handing it along to the director. Your script stands very little chance.

## Stuff Must Be Better

Your ideas must not be as good as the other fellow—they must be better. This is a fact that must invariably be faced by the free-lance writer of movie plots. There are a lot of professional fellows on the "inside"—staff writers and the like, who can submit the usual thing, done with an understand-

**Q**UESTIONS 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.*

ing of the practical side of producing. The producer can always turn to them in a pinch, and it is absolutely unnecessary to go into the general market for the usual thing. Obviously, then, the outsider who wants to break in must give better, more original stuff than the staff writer. This can be done, and is being done from time to time by a few persons of real talent. The outside writer, many times, comes to market with a new vision, with a fresh invention, and his stuff fills a long-felt want.

The producer's problem is to find new and original ideas. The writers of continuity—the staff men, are, almost without exception, pretty well written out. They can furnish the technique, the mechanics, but are shy on invention. Some one must supply fresh ideas, and it is up to the outsider to do it.

### Improving the Serial

There is a market for a new kind of serial plot. The film serial thriller appeals to many, but, in the estimation of the producer, the serial audience is composed principally of those who only enjoy the "dime novel" type of literature. An endeavor is to be made to change this, and George Kleine, pioneer film manufacturer, the man who presented such film masterpieces as "Quo Vadis," "Cabiria," et cetera, to the American public, is the man who is making the attempt. Mr. Kleine has gotten back into the art with a vengeance, and Mr. L. C. Wheeler, treasurer of Kosmick Films, Inc., of which Mr. Kleine is president, says:

Mr. Kleine and I believe that serial stories must be improved. The average serial story consists of hundreds of feet of chases. Some one runs after some one else through thousands of feet of film. The first two or three episodes contain plot and some good sets, and then the story is absolutely forgotten until the final episode, when all the threads are gathered up as well as they can be, and the serial is ended. We think we have a plot that will hold up as well in the middle of the serial as at the beginning or the end.

Our company is in the market for high-class serials. We want them in synopsis form. They must have enough plot to hold up the continuity through fifteen two-reel episodes at least. We do not want "masked marvels," scientific sleuths, hypnotic wonders, et cetera. We want a strong story, full of thrills and love interest, preferably written around a girl, and cast in unusual environment.

And so we repeat this statement of endeavor to put out a new kind of serial, and to put serials in more portentous theaters should be interesting to authors.

### Old-Timers Returning

I am beginning to receive many letters from the "Old Guard"—writers who won success in the game four or five years ago, but who dropped out during the period of the Great War. Maibelle Heikes Justice, Cora Drew, Clarence Frambers, Marc Edwin Jones, and others, who have won their spurs, are again turning their attention to movieland, and it is well. We need fresh ideas, and these old-timers in the game have surely been storing up knowledge. Here's one from Edwin Ray Coffin, who several years ago was among the most successful of the younger writers for Shadowland.

You will doubtless be surprised to hear from me—if you remember me at all—but until a couple of years ago I was quite successful as a motion-picture writer and used to correspond quite a bit with you and friend Epes Sargent, while located on a ranch in New Mexico. Have done no writing for nearly two years; about two years ago I left Los Angeles, where I had been writing for Tom Mix and others, and joined the army. After being mustered out I went to Iowa and bought a general insurance agency, sold out at a good profit, and am now in Omaha in the insurance business. In the army no one could concentrate enough to write anything, but

to-day I completed my first effort for two years, and am going to try and come back. What is the proper thing to submit at this time, entire continuity or synopsis?

Mr. Coffin can write good continuity, but our advice to him is the same as to the beginner—submit synopses only. I would certainly like to hear from other members of the "Old Guard"—Campbell Hall, Shannon Fife, Lawrence McCloskey, Pop Hoadley, Giles R. Warren, and all the rest—I want to hear from you!

### Writing Begins at Home

You can write best about the people and places you know the best. If you are filled with your subject, soaked with the atmosphere of a certain locality, you can better impress your reader. You do it unconsciously. Kipling and India, Dickens and lower middle-class English types, Scott and the Scottish highlands, and so on through the list of writers of worth.

Too many would-be authors roam far afield for their color. They write of the South Seas when they have never seen salt water; they dash off long stories about English aristocracy when they have never met a butler; they write volumes about New York or Chicago, when Fort Wayne, Indiana, is the largest metropolis they really know. Write about the people and the places you know. It is not necessary to write of far-away things. Maybe you live in a country village. Why not cast your plot among the types of that village and its environment? It's as entertaining to city people as city life is to you—as interesting to "high society," so-called, as "society drama" is to you. Heart interest can be made just as dramatic in Walnut Hills as it can in Bombay, India.

### As to Author's Credit

In the old days screen authors seldom were given credit. I don't mean by the grocer, but by the producer, on the main title of the picture. With Epes W. Sargent, Pop Hoadley, Giles Warren, and other old-timers, I did what I could to wage war in behalf of those responsible for the foundation of the motion-picture structure. First a few of the authors were given grudging credit in very small type on the screen; then all authors were given small-type credit, and finally all authors are given credit in fair-sized script on the main titles of the pictures.

And now we want an "extension of credit." We are in favor of credit *for all authors* on posters and in trade journal and magazine advertising. It is true that certain authors are now given poster credit—but not all of them. The novelist with the widely known name is given credit, first because he demands it in his contract; secondly, because his name is considered of poster value. But the unknown author, the man who writes his first story—his name is rarely printed. His name may not have poster value, it is true. Nevertheless he originated the idea, without which that particular production would never have been made.

### A New Market Booklet

We have recently been getting statements from the producers concerning their needs, in the way of stories, for the next edition of our Scenario Writers' Market Booklet. This new edition, which will be ready by July 15th, will be an up-to-the-minute guide, telling exactly what each producer wants—and does not want—at this time. All of the new companies and changes in the personnel of the stars are listed. It will be sent to any address for six cents in postage.

# A Sure Bet on the Screen Track

Robert Gordon is keeping fit throughout a summer in the city, and incidentally, is nearing the end of his dash to stardom.

By Charles Carter

**Y**OU'VE heard of the hot pavements and the sweltering cañons of the City of Dreadful Night—New York in July.

But Robert Gordon argues that if you want to make the effort you can get fresh air and healthy exercise even in that place of crowded humanity. Perhaps this philosophy has made possible the beautiful apartment overlooking Central Park, which he shares with the beautiful "Pink Lady" of musical comedy fame—Alma Frances, who last year became Mrs. Robert Gordon.

Bob misses the mountains and sea of his California home, but he contents himself with the substitute in miniature which is spread out just below his windows. His routine for the day is not unlike that which he followed while in the army.

At six-thirty: reveille. He uniforms himself in a track suit



and takes a sprint through the park, climbs a tree or two in rivalry with the squirrels, dashes home for a cold shower and breakfast, then off in his car for the motor trip to the studio.

A schedule like this doesn't allow for much skylarking at night, and both Bob and his charming wife enjoy staying quietly at home in the evening to any sort of diversion which the great city offers, for they're wisely planning to make hay in the heyday of their youth, in order that they may have an orange ranch in California later on.

And incidentally, while Bob is keeping fit by this healthy mode of living, he is also sprinting along at the head of the screen profession, competing with such champions of characterization as Dick Barthelmess, Robert Harron, and others.

A group of wealthy men, after a careful examination of the screen stadium, decided to stake their money on Gordon as the best bet in the stellar race. He is to have a company of his own to produce stories dealing with characters similar to *Huck Finn*, which he played in "Huck and Tom" with Jack Pickford, and such vigorous rôles as the one he filled in "Missing."



*A picture of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon snapped in Central Park late in the spring. Above, an action picture, caught while Bob was taking his morning "constitutional."*

# What the Fans Think

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

## Shall Cecil De Mille Be Censored?

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I'm the mother of a fifteen-year-old girl, and I want to protest vehemently against such pictures as "Why Change Your Wife?" I'll admit that I see some good in them and that I enjoy seeing them; their extravagance and exotic atmosphere are such a relief from my three-meals-a-day-and-darning-in-the-evening existence. I learned something from that one, too; after I saw it I came home and cut out three new house dresses for myself, and when my husband suggested that for our vacation we go on a boat trip with some of our friends, instead of to a Chautauqua, I gave up my plans and accepted his.

But after my daughter saw that picture—and she sat through it three times—she cut all her summer dresses down as low as she dared in the back, and now she keeps a bottle of grape juice under the cushion at one end of the porch swing and a plate of fudge under the other. She uses so much perfume that her clothes fairly reek with it, and she hasn't had a petticoat in the wash for three weeks.

Of course, I know that it isn't really the pictures of this type that are at fault, but the fact that young girls like my daughter haven't good-enough judgment to accept them for what they are. These girls know nothing of life, and think what they see on the screen is real. If they'd accept the principle of that picture and adapt it to their own lives it wouldn't be so bad, but they take the actual details of its practice instead—and just now, when their whole foundation of life is being laid, it's positively injurious. Isn't there some way of censoring these extravagant productions—not merely Mr. De Mille's—so that they will have a less dangerous effect?

Mrs. R. J. D.—Winsted, Connecticut.

## In Defense of D. W. G.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I have just finished reading "What the Fans Think" in the last copy of your magazine. I think it is most interesting and sincerely hope you will continue it.

I think that D. W. Griffith is unquestionably the greatest director. He leads and the others follow. He is the great creative genius of filmdom, and a genius he certainly is, with a great deal of the poet also. Of all the many, many pictures there are comparatively few which are really fine and appeal to intelligent people everywhere. "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World," and especially "Broken Blossoms" are at the head of these few. In England, during the past few years, Griffith's plays and his actors have probably been the most popular of all. I had the pleasure of seeing several Griffith plays in London and I noted their reception.

About the actors: I think Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, and Mary Pickford have led. Lillian Gish is certainly an artist; no one can come up to her. Her portrayal of *Lucy* in "Broken Blossoms" was wonderful. Richard Barthelmess shows great promise, and I don't know of any one who can play child parts better than Mary Pickford does.

E. F.—Nashville, Tennessee.

## Why Can't Little Mary Grow Up?

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I wonder if any one else was as disappointed in "Pollyanna" as I was. It was with much anticipation that I went to see Mary Pickford in this picture. But who, after seeing the stage production, would ever imagine *Pollyanna* looking as she did on the screen? I am sure she never possessed such a wealth of curls, at any rate.

I have always longed to see Mary as a real, grown-up young lady, and I hope that some day she will give us a story which, all the way through, is like the fourth reel of "Heart of the Hills." To my mind, she was never more winsome than then.

Quite recently I had the pleasure, for the first time, of see-

ing Mary Miles Minter. It was in "Anne of Green Gables," and she certainly gave an adorable characterization of red-headed, freckle-faced *Anne*. I hope it will not be long before this charming young star will be starring equally with Little Mary in public favor.

A DEVOTED MOVIE FAN—Toronto, Canada.

## Let Well Enough Alone!

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

As a motion-picture fan I would like to add my little say. I, too, think that the leading man or woman should be let alone. As a leading man for Norma Talmadge Eugene O'Brien was great, but I do not hear any one raving over him now. I see that they are going to star Thomas Meighan. I think that will be another mistake. And Gloria Swanson—surely money is being wasted on her, for she cannot act, and people want to see something besides an ornament with a hideous headdress.

I believe the time has come when the people want a good story, well acted, with a good cast, regardless of the star. For very often the star is outshone by some one in the cast.

I wish I could see Nigel Barrie play with Norma Talmadge; I believe they would make a good pair.

E. S.—Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

## An Argument Against Types.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I must take issue with what Mr. Herbert Howe said in your magazine some months ago about one of our leading players. For one, I do not believe Wallace Reid has "reached his height." In his present type of vehicle, perhaps so, for it seems impossible to depict more perfectly the clean-cut, happy-go-lucky young American than he does. But to any one who has carefully watched Mr. Reid's career, and noted his steady, consistent, conscientious growth, it seems that there are many possibilities before him yet, if he is given the opportunity.

It is rather a pity for an actor to associate himself so completely with a type that his audiences refuse to see him in any other. Charles Ray, for instance, certainly has the "divine spark," and yet lately I find myself choosing other pictures, I am so tired of the kind of play he always appears in.

No doubt it is asking a good deal of an actor to want him to forsake deliberately a sure-fire "best seller" of the sort he always succeeds in; but with an established reputation, a long contract, or one's own company, it would be only a reasonable risk and would make enormously for

versatility and art. G. W. A.—San Francisco, California.

## The Comedies Get It Again.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

S. O. S. voices my opinion of the screen comedies. Why doesn't some one can the pies, water hose, wicked black mustaches, and the skirts that won't stay put? They are all worn threadbare and should be in ancient history. People do tolerate them in the absence of better, but watch and see how a good humorous story, minus the senseless buzzing around, is appreciated by every one. A great many comedies are hopeless, but not all of them. Larry Semon's are usually good, and Lyons & Moran's, also. There is usually something to follow in their plays. I think the others will surely drop the old stuff soon; they will have to, or be left behind.

I have been very much interested in the little announcements, from time to time, that different comedy producers were trying a new kind of five-reel comedy. I shall be watching with much interest to see these new comedies.

R. S.—Greeley, Nebraska.

## What Sioux Falls Thinks.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

In this town the people are thoroughly alive and keen for the best of things, and

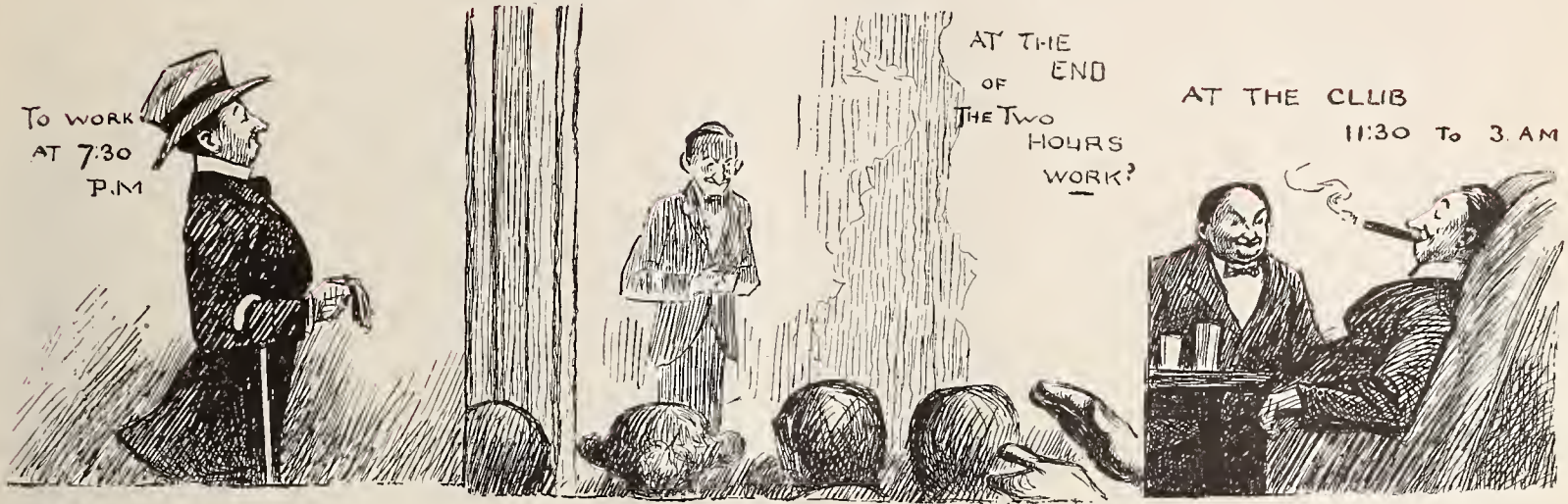
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# The Actor's Day

By E. W. Kemble

*As it used to be, when he acted on the stage*



*As it is now that he's gone into the movies*



*Continued from page 30*

after time, to give everything its proper relative value and emphasis in perfecting the effect, the feeling, which Griffith had in mind, and toward which he was patiently striving. He was like a composer who, having written a piece of music, was going over the score, indicating the accents, the tempo, the mood of expression.

"I want this scene to be played smoothly—smoothly—smoothly," he said to Barthelmess and Miss Gish, as they were working over a tiny bit of action. And I felt that I was beginning to understand, better than I ever had before, how, through his shadow pictures, he is able so skillfully to play upon the emotions, the feelings, of an audience.

Luncheon followed the rehearsal. It was a leisurely sort of "family affair," quite in keeping with the general atmosphere of the studio. I should like to visit the Griffith studio often, just to join the company at luncheon.

I sat at a small table with Mr. Griffith's personal aid and listened to a recital of incidents and figures concerning the filming of "Way Down East," which would be almost unbelievable were they not backed up by the knowledge of Griffith's former undertakings.

"This picture," said my host, "is Mr. Griffith's first personal production for the United Artists, and, of course, we hope to see it mark another step in the development of motion pictures, as so many of Mr. Griffith's pictures have done in the past—though, of course, the proof of the pudding is in the eating," he added hastily, as he laid down his fork, and solemnly knocked on the underside of the table.

"But if effort counts for anything—" He paused for a moment. "No one not intimately connected with this production can really appreciate the effort that is being expended on it; yet, perhaps I can give you a tabloid impression of the mere hugeness of the undertaking.

"Already more time has elapsed since we began in January than was spent on any Griffith production since 'Hearts of the World,' and even more time than on that one if you eliminate the months spent on the

battlefields of France. Yet the picture is by no means near completion. It will not be finished before mid-summer."

He paused, while I gulped that impressive statement down with a swallow of coffee.

"Our vouchers show," he went on, "that scouts traveled six thousand miles in the mere preliminary work of obtaining photographs of New England life. Pictures of every sort were taken, including photographs of about four hundred New England homes.

"I've no idea of how many scenes will appear in the completed production, but for the interior scenes alone forty-four different sets will be used. There were three, you may recall, in the stage version.

"Up to date two hundred and ten reels of film have been exposed, and the greatest number of times that any one scene has been taken is only thirty-one." He said this as though it were a mere commonplace to photograph one scene thirty-one times. "But none of the really important close-ups have been taken yet," he added. "Those always require much more patient effort in order to get a perfect result."

"And the cost?" I inquired feebly.

"Oh, six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, according to the present budget," he replied, as though that were the least important item.

Luncheon finished, we returned to the studio. But the alterations on the dining-room set were not nearly completed, so, after watching Dorothy Gish work in another part of the studio for a while, I came back and chatted with Lillian, who is as ethereal and appealing in person as she is in shadow.

"I hope," she said, "that the snow scenes will be worth the suffering they cost us. I don't think I ever experienced anything as severe as what we went through. Some days it was so cold that the cameras froze, and we had to stop work. We were out in blizzards for hours until, some nights, it was hours and hours before I felt really warm, though I was home early in the evening."

She was interrupted by another call for the company to assemble. The workmen had finished the alterations. But the call did not include

the camera men. The scenes which had been worked over so painstakingly in the rehearsal room now were to be rehearsed again—a dress rehearsal, as it were. And, as a bus was just leaving for the station, I thought it best to start back for New York.

I shall be interested in seeing "Way Down East," interested in seeing what the reviewers say about it, and even more interested in seeing whether or not it will take its place as another of the Griffith milestones along the march of progress of the motion picture.

For in predicting that it will be a monumental work, I do not mean to prophesy that it will mark a distinct step in picture making as did "The Birth of a Nation" and "Broken Blossoms." That remains to be seen.

But it must be obvious to any one who has read this account, that as an example of the present phase of frenzied scrambling and high bidding for popular plays and novels, to be turned into lavishly produced and sensationally exploited pictures, this production of "Way Down East" must tower above most, if not all similar endeavors, at least as a huge undertaking.

A strange undertaking, in a way, too; strange that such an attempt should be made to make a monumental thing out of this simple, homely play; it seems almost as incongruous as though some one were to try to develop "The Old Oaken Bucket" into a grand opera.

But there is something splendidly audacious about these big undertakings of Griffith, about every one of them. He is a very canny combination of showman and artist combined. He knows pretty well what type of thing will catch and hold the public interest at any given time, and I have a shrewd idea that he had his hand on the pulse of the movie-going public when he chose this vehicle for the first of his new series, and decided to "go the limit" on it. So, without having seen a foot of the finished film, I shall venture one more prophecy—that "Way Down East" in its revival on the screen will repeat the wonderful record which it made on the stage, two decades ago.



Continued from page 63

"Hands up!" Randolph exclaimed, and the sheriff, before he knew what was taking place, found himself bound, gagged, and a prisoner, with Randolph grinning at him from the outside of the cell.

"I'll leave a call for you, sheriff," he laughed, and with that he was gone.

Outside, Steve and Tommy Lathrop were waiting for him.

"We saw you get arrested," Steve explained. "And we let the train go without us. Come on, we'll hide until the midnight train goes through."

Randolph's eye scanned the unprepossessing street of Moose Run, and he shook his head. "Nothing stirring!" he exclaimed. "I'm going to take one of those horses and leave this part of the world behind me. You fellows wait and catch the train, they haven't got anything on you. I've got to get out of town!"

It was a mangy-looking little roan he picked, dejected and sad, but the pony's attitude underwent a change with Randolph in the saddle; it came to life, and with a dozen jumps started like a shot for—somewhere. A lot Randolph cared. He was headed in the same direction the train had taken, and Winslow was somewhere ahead, which was sufficient.

Dawn found him still in the saddle, wiser by much knowledge of the ways of Western ponies. It was all very well to ride a horse in the third act from the tree to the wings, which was never more than forty feet; now he was confident that he had traveled something like four hundred miles.

He stopped for a rest and dismounted. "Enough!" he said feelingly, and looked up to find himself staring into the muzzle of a gun, over which he could see a man's face, and beside this man were other men, all on horseback.

"Good morning," Randolph began pleasantly. "It's a little——"

"Hands up!" the man said, and he cocked the gun.

One of the other men unfastened a rope from his saddle and slipped the noose over Randolph's head. They were all sinister, quiet, and purposeful.

"Look here!" Randolph exclaimed, as they forced him to mount the horse, which they led away in the direction of a big tree that clung to an overhanging bank. "What's the meaning of all this?"

"You took that horse, didn't you?" the one with the rope asked.

"Yes," Randolph admitted. "But I——"

"They ain't no buts," was the ungracious answer, and he threw the free end of the rope over a bough of the tree.

"Any last word you'd like to say?" another of the men asked, as he fastened the rope to the horn of his saddle.

"Yes!" Randolph exclaimed in sudden anger. "I want you to wire the manager of 'A Western Knight' Company, at Winslow, and tell him to put more pep into the last act, it isn't realistic enough as it stands. I don't suppose you will believe me, but I'm an actor in that company, so I know. Now go ahead with what you——"

"Gidap!" one of the men said, and with a smack he whanged the roan across the rump.

Gathering itself together, the pony leaped ahead. Randolph braced himself for the jerk of the rope, half wondering if he would live long enough to feel it, and he found himself still riding, ten yards from the tree, twenty yards, the pony jumping under him like a shot from a gun, while Randolph, breathless and unbelieving, finally began to realize that the last act of his show had turned into a glorious reality.

"Hands up!" It was a girl's voice that shouted it, somewhere behind him, but as this was perfectly absurd, he laughed grimly and ducked as he slewed the pony off the trail and started madly down a long slope.

An instant later he found himself out of the trees, and, before he could check his mount, he was thrown, head over heels, down a steep sandy hill, the horse tumbling after him.

His reception at the bottom was, to say the least, unexpected, for he brought up, filled with sand, almost in the arms of two men who were standing in front of an automobile, arguing and cursing at the top of their voices. With one accord they turned upon Randolph, and before he could catch his wind he was in the biggest fight of his life.

Afterward—this was a secret that he told only to one person—he said that he hadn't the slightest idea how he accomplished what he did, or even escaped alive; all he knew was that he came out of the windmill of legs and arms to find that he had knocked the two men out, cold. Then another horse came tearing down the slope, and Betty fell out of the saddle and into his arms.

"I was up in the tree and cut the rope!" she gasped. "Just like in your play!" She glanced at the men on the ground, and her eyes opened

wide with astonishment. "Why—why—how did you catch them?"

"I didn't," Randolph laughed as he held her hand. "They caught me!"

"They are the men who robbed Dad's bank! The whole country is looking for them. I heard you had been arrested, and started for Moose Run, and on the way I saw those men catch you."

"Robbed the bank?" Randolph repeated. "Then——" He shot a glance at the machine, and, walking to it, peered into the tonneau. He was rewarded by a sight of two fat suit cases, and with a grin slowly spreading over his face, he turned to the men and bound them hand and foot.

The posse, with Sheriff Pat McGann at its head, straggled back to Winslow. A dozen voices hailed them, but received only discouraged grunts in answer. From the other direction an automobile appeared and slowly drew up in front of the bank. Pat looked once, recognized the driver and passenger, and felt the urgent call of other business. The posse, however, rode on, and with a whoop of delight saw that the girl beside the man at the wheel was Betty.

"Here's your money!" she gasped. "Mr. Randolph found it for you!" And she pointed into the tonneau, where the suit cases reposed on top of the bandits, almost like a weight to keep them down.

They didn't believe her until they had looked for themselves, then they opened their mouths to yell, but Sheriff Sims came between them and the car, and the yell died into a gasp of surprise as Sims rested his hand threateningly on Randolph's shoulder.

"Look here!" Randolph demanded. "What makes you think I killed a man?"

Sims extracted the photograph and shoved it under Randolph's nose. "Does that look like it?" he asked, pointing out the writing on the back.

"Sheriff Pat McGann!" Betty read aloud. "Well, of all——" She turned to the posse and shouted. "Boys—Pat's been trying to get an innocent man hung! What are you going to do about it?"

What they did about it was to catch Pat and line him up in front of the machine, but instead of running him down, as they wanted him to do, Randolph leaned out and shook him by the hand.

From that moment Randolph be-

Continued on page 94

## When Your Eyes Register Emotion



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WHEN your eyes "register" emotion—as Hope Hampton's eyes do so tellingly in these photos—your eyes play an important part in expressing your appeal. Long dark lashes make the eyes luminous and meaningful.

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## The Movies' Magic Tank

Continued from page 14

could make it supplement the ballroom. This was an unusually striking set, and would have done credit to any real hotel whose manager had foresight enough to make use of a similar arrangement; as it was, the setting did duty most effectively for this one picture, and then was destroyed to make room for something else.

In "The Sea Wolf" the wrecking of a ferryboat had to be shown. Exteriors for this scene were filmed in San Francisco, but scenes showing the interior of the boat, with the passengers struggling frantically to escape, could hardly be made there. And so a duplicate of the wrecked ferry was built in the Lasky tank, and the panic took place there quite as effectively as it could have taken place in the neighborhood of the Golden Gate.

Like Egypt and Italy, China has found its way to the tank. Ethel Clayton's new picture, "Crooked Streets," is laid in Shanghai, some of the scenes taking place on the water front. And the waters of the tank were cast to play the rôle of a sluggish river of the Orient, and did it most acceptably.

Far more fashionable was the set built for "The Fighting Chance," recently screened from the novel by Robert W. Chambers. The tank became a swimming pool in a millionaire's home, and the scene of one of the most striking stunts shown in a current production—the submarine

kiss, described elsewhere in this issue. Incidentally, this marked another feat on the part of those who make possible the demands of imaginative authors—a new development in underwater photography.

Of course, these pictures aren't the only ones for which the tank has been used; not by any means. "The Secret Garden," in which Lila Lee appeared some time ago, had some scenes in a very beautiful garden, at the edge of a lily-filled pool, which were also laid in the tank. You'll probably be able to remember many others which, now that you know how these things are done, you can be pretty certain were made there instead of out on location somewhere, in a place where permission to shoot had to be obtained and where, if the shots turned out badly, it would be rather difficult to repeat the performance.

Between pictures the tank does duty as a swimming pool; when he was working at the Lasky studio, Houdini frequently practiced his stunts in it, and more than one noted star has found it a welcome refuge when the Klieg lights were sending the mercury in the thermometer skyrocketing, and a solid day and night of work loomed up ahead. But, refuge though it may be, that tank is the graveyard of many an illusion as to long trips to beautiful locations. However, its uses are interesting enough to make the mere shattering of illusions of small account.

## Introducing Every Woman's "Little Devil"

Continued from page 65

cigarettes between us, that I was listening to what would be the epitome of the attractive young man who was speaking. The words came with a gentle, almost foreign twist.

"Every young girl wants to meet her 'little devil'—and every older woman remembers hers—perhaps that little smile in the gray-haired after years is in memory of the delicate love she still bears for the twinges of pain he gave her.

"To-day, as always, he is a brainy, attractive, well-groomed human being. Please remember he is a human being. He is likely to be more brainy than the hero, and as clever and intuitive as a woman.

"He is not 'sugar-coated,' this character I am trying to make live in place of the model 'villain,' but he tries to sugar-coat life. He wants his woman to see the beautiful velvet of the couch—not the dust and dirt under it. When he has his fail-

ures, and he does, he hides them gayly, but he is careful that other people shall advertise his successes. He never boasts, and he never gloats."

Then the clock butted in, and the purple silk dressing gown disappeared up the broad stairs, its owner announcing that "he would be right down" and to "wait a minute," and I did, and he was. From his glossy, straight, black hair to the tips of his shiny tan boots, and in his snappy summer suit, Lew Cody was ready for a Sunday afternoon drive in the long, low roadster waiting outside in the drive.

His grasp was firm and warm in saying good-by, and as this perfectly groomed, dark, and handsome young man with the wickedly small mustache irised out in the snorting car down the Hollywood hill, one wondered—well, how "little devils" behaved on Sunday afternoon drives!



## The Patricians of the Screen

*Continued from page 75*

education. She is a very fine pianist and singer, and might even have grand opera ambitions if she chose.

Seena Owen is a graduate of high school and of a girls' college in Denmark, where she was born. Ann May is a graduate of a Cincinnati high school and of a dramatic academy. Of course, Ann May isn't her real name. She belongs to one of the old families of her home city, and she is an heiress in her own right. Pauline Frederick is a graduate of a girls' seminary in Boston.

Among the many stars who have developed a talent for some form of art other than just acting is Louise Glaum, who, after graduating from high school, discovered an interest in costume designing which now monopolizes much of her time when she's not at the studio. And another star who loves "art for art's sake" is little Madge Kennedy, who fully expected to earn her living with her pencil when she studied at the Art Students' League, in New York, before she went on the stage and so into the movies.

Bebe Daniels, Marguerite Clark, Mary Miles Minter, and Mary Pickford, all studied with private teachers.

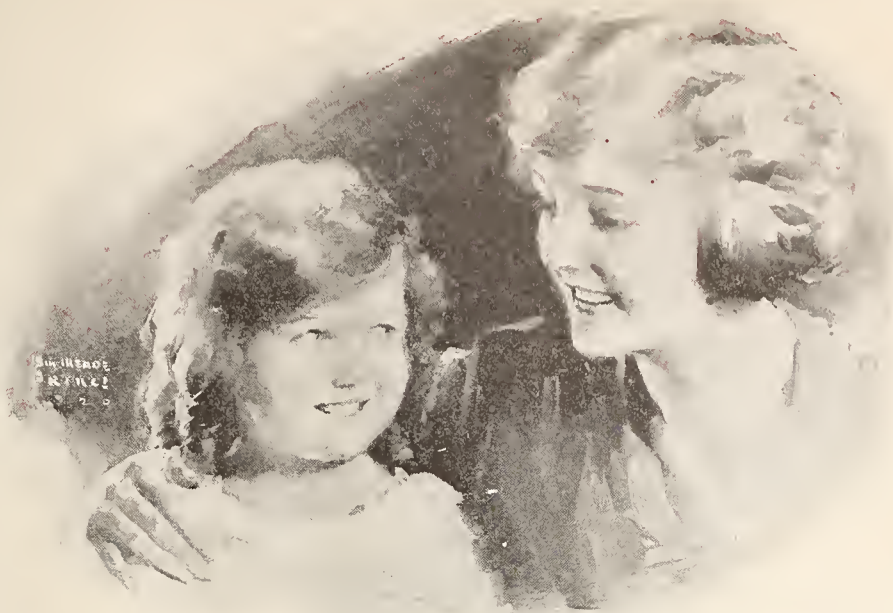
Most of the young women stars are going on with their education, usually specializing in French and music. Bebe Daniels, Anna Nilsson, Mary Pickford, Mary Miles Minter, Margarita Fisher, Billie Rhodes, Alice Lake, May Allison, Viola Dana, Priscilla Dean, and dozens of others study French during their spare moments.

There are many more patricians of the screen; to name them all would take many pages that are not available. But this mere beginning of the list is enough to convince even so conservative a person as the one with whom I talked that all actresses are not "queer people."

It should also suggest to the thousands of girls who yearn for a screen career that they cease to lament the time spent on lessons when they would rather be at a movie or standing in front of their mirror pretending to be an actress. For every one of these successful ones will tell you the same thing: that the stars of the future are going to be the ones who have brains and know how to use them.

### Stars and Their Hobbies

Rupert Julian—palmistry.  
Louise Glaum—designing clothes.  
Ford Sterling—photography.



# After 10 Days

## Your teeth may also glisten

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Millions of teeth now glisten as they have not done before. You see them everywhere.

A new method of teeth cleaning has, in late years, come into very wide use. Thousands of dentists are urging it. Multitudes of people have proved it and adopted it. And every person is now offered a free ten-day test.

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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.

### Very few escape

Very few people have escaped some of these tooth troubles, despite the daily brushing. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve film, so the tooth brush has left much of it intact.

Dental research has for many years sought a way to fight this film, and the way has now been found. Many clinical tests have amply proved its efficiency. And now leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

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teeth. But now a harmless activating method enables us to constantly fight the film-coat in this way.

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## Flappers—Beware! (Continued from page 35)

"All right—I love the little French shoes," she laughed. "But not the extreme ones. Mine are sort of betwixt and between—I think the very short ones are ridiculous—and I vary them with those cut with longer vamps, because it's unwise to cling to just one last for your shoes. I think your feet tire of it.

"As for lingerie—I prefer that which is made on tailored lines, and has flat, inset lace or embroidery for trimming rather than bows and ribbon flowers or ruffles; lingerie should be unobtrusive, and let your frocks fit their best, and too much trimming on your lingerie, of the sort that sticks up and calls attention to itself, is likely to be bunched.

"I've told you how I select the colors of my gowns. I can't give any general advice about lines, because that's a thing every girl has to work out for herself; she and her modiste can experiment with draperies and learn whether she can indulge in bustle effects or bouffant hip draperies, or whether she looks best in a skirt that has a flatter effect about the waist."

"And how about accessories?" I asked, yearning to find out everything that May Allison knew about clothes, so that I could pass it along to you.

"I love 'em," she confided. "Gloves that just match a costume, and beads that give the right touch of color to a frock—oh, I adore buying those things. But I find that as a rule it's practical to stick to white gloves—short, heavy ones for street wear with suits, and softer, lightweight ones for wear with afternoon frocks or in the evening. White gloves are so easily cleaned, and as a rule even pale-colored ones change tints in the cleaners' hands.

"As for beads—one has to be so careful! They're fascinating to buy, but so many lose all restraint and go about looking like Indians on the warpath, wearing two or three strings of different colors. Pale coral beads are good with yellow hair; so are amber ones, if they are very pale. Lapis lazuli is such a beautiful deep blue that it is effective for the blue-eyed girl—but only

the lightest green jade is good, as a rule. But I don't like the appearance of striving for effect; wearing beads and dangling earrings and a hat pin all of the same color is almost as bad as wearing a signboard saying 'I know that this color deepens the color of my eyes,' it seems to me. You know, if you're going to add the little touches of color that are most effective, you've got to do it so deftly and unobtrusively that people will exclaim in amazement. 'How beautifully that chain and pendant go with your coloring!' never dreaming that that's just why you wore them!

"That reminds me of something else. You simply must be consistent about a costume; never wear accessories that belong with one sort of outfit with another. Why, I've seen a girl wearing earrings with a riding habit! A tulle hat wouldn't have been more out of place. Riding clothes must be *trim!*"

Remembering the jaunty little habit she wore in "The Walk-Offs," I credited her with living up to her theory.

"How about hats?" I demanded, in one final burst of interrogation.

"Hats—are hats!" she remarked cryptically. "Each one is a separate struggle. I don't have them made specially, as a rule, because they're so likely to be disappointing then. I just start out with the shape and coloring I want firmly fixed in my mind—and keep looking till I find it. The perfect hat is the exclamation point that finishes the costume, you know."

And as a maid came in just then with an armful of handboxes whose contents said everything from "Oh, my dear!" to "Stop, look, and listen!" I took my departure.

Now, May Allison's clothes may be too sophisticated for the girl who's still in her teens—but Constance Talmadge's aren't. And Constance has just been indulging in a shopping orgy, preparatory to her trip to Europe with Norma. What she bought, and why she bought it—that's what I'm going to tell you next month.

## A MOVIE MUSEUM By HAROLD SETON

The movie actors now suggest  
An exhibition made  
Of articles of interest  
Connected with their trade.

A lock of Mary Pickford's hair,  
A Charlie Chaplin shoe,  
A bead that Bara used to wear,  
A pie that Fatty threw.

A gun by Hart long utilized,  
A bit of Eltinge lace.  
Two rubber soles by Fairbanks prized.  
Miss Frederick's whalebone brace.

An ancient Bible ought to yield.  
A certain yellow page  
On which the secret is revealed  
Of Fanny Ward's real age!

## Coming! The Million-a-year Scenarioist

Continued from page 57

builds bright comedy and dark drama with equal skill. I wanted to discover the secret source of his ideas.

"I stimulate my imagination by reading," said he. "I don't trouble myself with the modern writers to any extent. I read Dickens, Balzac, Maupassant, Hugo, and our old friend Dumas.

"I always know my story before I write it. I make out a sort of hypothetical case, argue all my points, find a reason for everything a character does. When I have the story completely evolved in my mind I write it."

At the Ince studio I was shown some of the Sullivan scripts. They read like novels, so complete are the details and atmosphere. Mr. Sullivan himself is on the "set" a great deal of the time while one of his stories is being put into action. He believes an author should have some supervision over production, collaborating, at least, with the director.

Mr. Sullivan gave some other sharp pointers to writers. He said: "Human interest is necessary above all.

"The fewer people in a play, the better.

"The fewer complications, the better.

"Live with your characters, revolve your story in your mind, put it into a mental picture before you write it.

"We receive from two hundred to three hundred manuscripts each week at the Ince studio," he went on. "They go first to the four readers, who enter the date of arrival, the author's name, and the title of each in a book. On those worth considering a report is made and delivered to me or to Mr. Ince. If the report is favorable, one of us reads the story and makes a decision. It is too bad we cannot read every script, but that's a physical impossibility. Every story delivered to this studio is read, however.

"The day of the original scenario writer is certainly at hand, and great are to be the rewards thereof. Note, I say *original* scenario writer. I mean this in its fullest sense."

Mr. Sullivan is now off for his world tour. While flitting from kiosk to igloo he will write three or four stories to be picturized as Ince-Sullivan special productions. The rest of the time he will just "see things," which is his way of replenishing the mighty idea-reservoir from which arise his screen visions.



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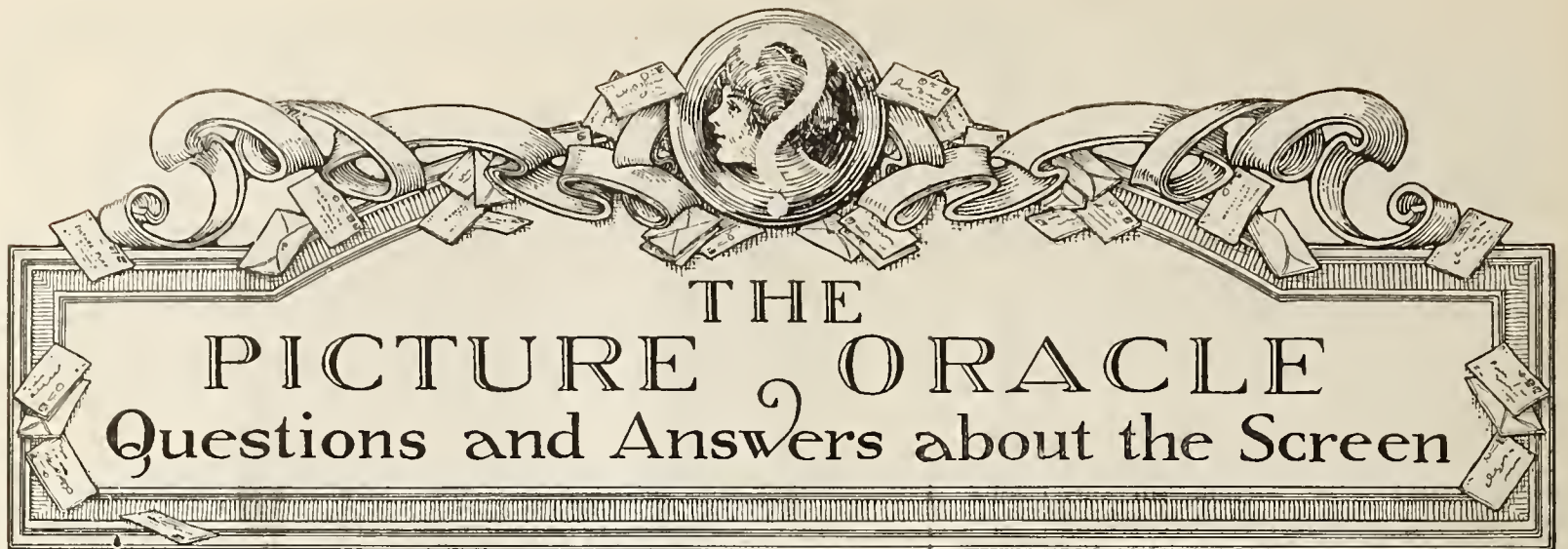
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## At last! A New Idea in Talcum Powder!

WOMEN are talking about a wonderful new, improved kind of talcum powder made by the specialist who created the popular La-may Face Powder. This new invention is two articles in one. It can be used for everything for which talcum is now used and it has double value in preventing the souring of perspiration. It is the souring of perspiration that people who perspire freely find so objectionable. Women who use this new talcum say it is wonderful for this

purpose and that it is also an excellent high grade toilet talcum. It is healing, soothing and delightfully fragrant. Of course, it is called La-may. The package is also new. The box is so attractive that it makes a beautiful dressing table ornament. When you use this new La-may Talcum you will understand why it is almost impossible to get enough boxes to supply the great demand. If your local druggist has not got it yet he will cheerfully order it for you.





# THE PICTURE ORACLE

## Questions and Answers about the Screen

**KNIES.**—Somebody's been spoofing you. Anita Stewart has no children in Spain or anywhere else. The Fairbanks twins are not related to Doug. Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland. Gail Henry is a woman, not a boy. So you want to become an actress in the worst way? The way you suggest would be about the worst way I know of. Margaret is not playing in pictures at present.

**A BEAVERITE.**—PICTURE-PLAY is certainly a mighty fine magazine to have around when you are confined in bed, isn't it? Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are married. You are wrong on both dates. Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896. No wonder you like Eugene for a name. Theda Bara is married to a theatrical producer named Bodkin. May Allison, Richard Barthelmess, Eugene O'Brien, Dorothy and Lillian Gish are not married. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron. Lucille Lee Stewart is Mrs. Ralph Ince. Pearl White is Mrs. Wallace McCutcheon, and Alla Nazimova is Mrs. Charles Bryant. Bored? Quite the opposite; your letter was very interesting.

**NOGIE.**—The cut-outs from the various films are burned up and not saved, so I guess it is impossible for you to get even a small piece of film, unless you know some one in the cutting room of the company. The clipping is quite right. Pearl White is married.

**MISS SARAH MACM.**—Your letter was read, but then went in the waste basket, as you predicted, but only because you forgot to ask any questions.

**ABIE.**—Your questions have already been answered.

**V. A. M.**—Elliott Dexter was born in Houston, Texas. He was in stock and productions on the stage before he entered pictures with the old Triangle. He is the husband of Marie Doro. He has been off the screen for nearly a year, following a nervous breakdown, but has returned to the fold again, and will soon be seen in the new Cecil De Mille film.

**PEARL P.**—You should have inclosed a stamp if you wanted a personal reply. Dorothy Gish was born in 1898.

**BETTY BARSTOW.**—That was a pretty long letter for only one question. "A Modern Salome," with Hope Hampton, has been released by Metro.

**A LASSIE FROM PARIS.**—I never heard of a theatrical producer by that name. Neither Charles nor Pearl speak French

to any extent. They may speak a little A. E. F. French, but that's about all.

**ADDIE M. D.**—Bill Hart has not retired from the screen. Sessue Hayakawa was born in Tokyo, Japan.

**EDITH IRENE.**—Thanks for all those kind words. Evelyn Nesbit is five feet three and one-half inches. Priscilla Dean is five feet five. Constance Talmadge is one inch taller than Priscilla.

**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 scenarion 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.

Neal Hart has been playing in two-reel Western pictures for the Capitol Film Company since he left Universal. Wanda is certainly getting very popular. "Lightning Bryce" is a fairly recent serial. Ann Little and Jack Hoxie play the leading rôles. PICTURE-PLAY is due on the stands about the first of every month.

**P. D.**—Ann Little had the title rôle of *Nan* in "Nan of Music Mountain."

**NANCY L.**—Frank is married.

**NORMA TALMADGE ADMIRER.**—You can get pictures of your favorites by writing to them. Inclose a quarter with your request. Tell the editor about the pictures you want printed in PICTURE-PLAY.

**ALICE W.**—You can add Corinne Griffith to your list. Lottie Pickford, too.

**DE NORVILLE.**—Jewel Carmen had the leading feminine rôle opposite William Farnum in "A Tale of Two Cities." Lillian Gish was the girl in "The Greatest Question." Herbert Heyes and Anna Q. Nilsson had the leading rôles in Rex Beach's "Heart of the Sunset."

**DOLLY.**—Eddie Polo is still playing in pictures. His latest serial for the Universal is "The Vanishing Dagger." Sounds thrilling, doesn't it? Geraldine Farrar is not divorced. Lottie Pickford is Mrs. Rupp. Grace is not dead. Charles is playing opposite Anita Stewart in her latest feature for First National. Pearl White did not play in "Neal of the Navy." Lillian Lorraine and William Courtleigh, Jr., had the leading rôles in that serial. Jean Paige was born in Paris, Illinois, in 1898.

**SPIDER, CANADA.**—Anita was born in 1896. The information comes from the stars themselves. Olive was born in 1898.

**ADMIRER OF EDITH'S.**—Olga is not playing in pictures at present. Edith Storey drove an ambulance during the World War. She certainly did her part. The Edison Company is not in business any longer. Pearl White has red-gold hair and Olga Petrova's is auburn. Edith Roberts was born in New York City. She was educated there. She began her stage career at the age of six. She is five feet one inch tall and weighs one hundred and five pounds. She has brown hair and eyes. "Dodd, His Diary," is her latest release, but the title will undoubtedly be changed by Universal before it is released.

**DOROTHY DALTON FOREVER.**—It would be a physical impossibility for a star to give a personal reply to all the letters from the fans. It is all they can do to see that their admirers get autographed photos. You will find the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle. Thurston Hall has finished his run in "Civilian Clothes" and is returning to the screen.

**D. F. B. MOVIE FAN.**—Vivian and Irene are not related. You refer to Dorothy Bernard in Maurice Tourneur's "Little Women."

**A LIVERPOOL GIRL.**—So you know where to get your PICTURE-PLAY on time now? That's fine. Glad to hear you enjoy it so well. A quarter is equal to your shilling. Your letter was most interesting, and I hope to hear from you soon again. You should have seen the new Blanche Sweet film by this time.

Continued on page 95

S

# SELZNICK PICTURES

P



OLIVE  
THOMAS



WILLIAM  
FAVERSHAM



ELAINE  
HAMMERSTEIN

## August is the Month of Fulfillment

**G**ROWING things are reaching perfection and the Harvest Moon turns the world to gold.

This August is marked by the fulfillment of Selznick's promise to give you the stars you want in the kind of pictures you like to see—pictures that charm with sentiment; lure with mystery; thrill with adventure; delight with romance.

That's why two new stars have been added to the Selznick firmament and why

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## Screen Gossip

By the Film Colonist

The Nick Carter stories, which furnished thrills to young America long before anybody had even thought of movie serials, are to be screened by Broadwell Productions, Inc., in the form of two-reelers, with Thomas Carrigan, who was *Checkers* in the screen production, as *Nick*, and May Easlon as *Patsy*. "The One Hundred Thousand Dollar Kiss" will be the first "Nick Carter" story to be filmed.

Gloria Swanson recently signed a five-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky.

"Drums of Jeopardy," the story by Harold McGrath, will be Anita Stewart's next picture.

H. B. Warner is now a Pathé star.

Florence Deshon, who recently finished her work in Tourneur's production of "Caleb West, Master Diver," is playing the leading feminine rôle in "Twins of Suffering Creek," a Fox picture.

Colleen Moore will have a leading rôle in "Penrod," in which Wesley Berry stars.

King Vidor will screen "A Successful Calamity," the stage play by Clare Kummer in which William Gillette appeared a few seasons ago.

Howard Thurston, the magician, is spending the summer making a picture called "Eternity," following his twenty-fifth season on the stage.

Doraldina, the dancer, will be starred in Metro's production of "The Passion Fruit." Her last picture was made for Pathé a year ago.

Florence Vidor will be seen in a leading rôle in "Beau Revel," a Thomas Ince production.

Hugo Ballin, the director, and his wife, Mabel Ballin, have formed a company of their own, and will screen Achmed Abdullah's "The Honorable Gentleman" as their first production.

George Larkin has left serials for a time and is appearing opposite Frances Esmonde in "Peggy Wise."

"Buried Treasure" is keeping Marion Davies occupied at present.

Billie Burke's next picture will be "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson"—to be released, most fittingly, after "Away Goes Prudence," which she recently completed.

Irene Rich, of the Goldwyn forces, has introduced a new sport on the California beaches—riding the surf on horseback. Moze, her steed, enjoys it as much as she does, but some of her friends have found their favorite horses less willing to substitute life belts for saddles.

One of the screen's deepest-dyed villains, Robert McKim, has a brand-new son to follow in his footsteps.

"The God of His Fathers" will be the next Jack London story screened by Metro, with Mitchell Lewis playing the lead.

Rupert Julian, who directed "The Mark of the Beast" and many other special productions, will make four pictures a year for the new company organized by Arthur Kane. Julian is to be both star and director.

The first picture made by Dorothy Phillips and Allen Holubar since leaving Universal has James Kirkwood as leading man.

Marguerite Clark says that she has not left the screen, and may organize her own company and make pictures again if she can find suitable stories.

"The Untamed" is the name of Tom Mix's next picture.

Jackie Saunders appears opposite William Farnum in "The Scuttlers."

"The Prisoner of Zenda," Anthony Hope's story which was filmed some time ago, is to be screened again, with Bert Lytell playing the lead.

Winston Churchill's famous novel, "The Inside of the Cup," is being filmed by Albert Capellani for Cosmopolitan Productions.

Geraldine Farrar's first picture for Robertson-Cole is "The Riddle: Woman," made from the play of the same name.

When "The Great Lover" is produced by Goldwyn, John Sainopolis, well known as a character man, will have the leading rôle.

Mabel Normand's next picture will be "Head Over Heals," made from a musical comedy.

Alice Hollister, who appears in the Goldwyn production of "Milestones," claims fishing as her favorite sport, and is an honorary member of thirty fishing clubs.

Ethel Clayton's vacation schedule includes the making of several pictures while she is in England.

Winifred Westover will appear in screen versions of books by Ibsen and Selma Lagerlöf while she is in Sweden.

Metro's production of "Clothes," made from the play by Channing Pollock, will have Olive Tell in the leading feminine rôle.

It is rumored that Estelle Talor, now working in Fox's "Milady's Dress," may be starred before long.

"Coincidence" is the name of the first production starring Robert Harron.

Lieutenant Locklear, the dare-devil aviator, has been signed by William Fox for special productions.

Sydney Chaplin has at last completed his first five-reel comedy.

"It's a Great Life," the Goldwyn picture made from Mary Robert Rinehart's book "Empire Builders," has Casson Ferguson as leading man.

Betty Compson will make four pictures a year as head of her own company. "Prisoners of Love" will be the first one, and is now under way.

Tarzan is to make still another appearance on the screen, this time in serial form, in "The Son of Tarzan," filmed by the National Film Corporation. Gordon Griffith has the title rôle.

The democrats of Hood River County, Oregon, recently nominated Bill Hart for sheriff.

Eugene O'Brien's contract with Selznick has been extended to April 27, 1924.

The second Realart production starring Wanda Hawley presents Harrison Ford and Lester Cuneo in important rôles.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter de Haven are working on a five-reel production of "Twin Beds."



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## My Crush on Gloria Golden

Continued from page 41



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was so much more interesting than an affair of moving shadows—when suddenly a close-up attracted my attention. Gloria Golden was smiling straight at me.

"Pretty, isn't she?" I said.

My cavaliers gave the screen a fleeting glance, then came back to our infinitely more important interests.

"M-hmm," they said carelessly.

And not until I was in bed at home and had gone over and over the evening, till its last flavor of memory was weakening a little, did I find time to think of Gloria Golden again.

"Well, isn't it queer?" I thought drowsily just as I was dropping off. My "crush" had smiled straight at me, and I had not had a thrill.

This happened quite a few years ago. I can look back on it now and see how funny it was—just as funny as the affair with the tall, handsome sophomore. But it happened recently enough for me to appreciate the way I felt then, and I think that one of those affairs was just as natural, and just as harmless, as the other. Neither was mere silliness; both were the result of an emotional hunger which the average girl has and doesn't recognize until something comes along that satisfies it. The "something" may be a paper-backed novel, a puppy-love affair with the freckle-faced boy next door, or a "crush" on an actress. And I have told about this experience, and have tried to analyze it, as nearly as I could, because I have come to learn that it is very common among girls in their early teens, and because I

believe that all parents should understand it and treat it sympathetically.

I don't regret my adoration of Gloria Golden. I still admire her; if for no other reason, I should admire her for the way in which she won her way to the top, by hard, sincere work. I respect her for it—and I'm quite willing to admit that not long ago, when I first began to plan my own wedding, I went to see my favorite in her latest picture, to find out how she'd draped her veil in the wedding scene.

My crush on Gloria Golden was good for me. I'm glad that I learned to walk as she did, for instance. And my imitation of her had its place in my development; we all get our ideas on externals from somewhere, and if my three-cornered hats were not becoming, neither was the style of hair-dressing that my mother copied from the minister's wife.

I'm not sure of how much I know of the real Gloria Golden, despite all I've read about her. No matter how much you may read about a person, I presume the real man or woman would seem different from what you had imagined when seen for the first time in person. But my ideal of her was all that was fine and womanly and gracious. It was the ideal Gloria Golden that I imitated in the real, secret things that nobody but myself knew. And in trying to live up to it, I was trying to live up to my own better self. I realize that now, and though when I see Gloria Golden on the screen these days she seems like an old, much-loved friend, that ideal of her is tucked away in my heart, too.

## The Real Dick Barthelmess

Continued from page 47

sorts of social and politic claims are made upon him.

Dick's conservatism and adamantine will are capable of resisting false claims if he recognizes their falsity. And his perception, bred of introspection and reflection, virtually insures that.

I have presented a rather serious study of Barthelmess. He is a rather serious young man. Of frivolities others may write more enthusiastically. They are superficial. For the benefit of those who believe that the really important facts about a man's character are the unimportant ones, I shall add that he is a worshiper of beauty in literature, art, music, and femininity, and the last is not the least important in his estimation. He

has all the bad habits worth while. One of these with which I am particularly in sympathy is the habit of going to bed after midnight and always reading among the pillows, the cigarette ashes falling where they may. His disposition is temperate except when awakened too early, and any time before noon is too early when he's not working. He likes careless-looking clothes, always wears white shirts—not silk—and black neckties, will not tolerate tinted or silken pajamas, only likes one brand of cigarette, but likes that one well enough to make up for his indifference toward the others, is positively provincial in his love for New York, approves sophistication, but not cynicism, is so urbane he al-



most missed a part in "Way Down East," appreciates Rupert Brooke, Oscar Wilde, Boccaccio, D. W. Griffith, the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, Gilda Grey, the Barrymores, the Follies—especially this year's edition—the Metropolitan opera, thinks Horace Greeley's advice very bad, and D. W. Griffith's particularly good, has a profound regard for Robert Harron, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and a filial affection for Mr. Griffith, is determined to have one hundred thousand dollars and a wife by the time he is thirty, holds an orthodox view of matrimony, is in love with his mother—has good tastes in other directions, and has a sardonic sense of humor, which permits him to laugh at himself. Oh, dear, yes, he is handsomer in person than in shadow, and if you stare at him long enough he'll give you a back view.

He never used to read motion-picture magazines. I dare say he does now, although I hope for the sake of friendship that he won't read this particular issue. Exasperated once by his lack of interest in picture affairs, I demanded to know the periodicals he *did* read.

He named a single publication—a weekly magazine which gives a condensation of the world's news and of man's scientific, literary, and artistic achievements.

My ejaculation was more picturesque than printable.

"It's a very good magazine," he insisted with his bland obduracy.

Richard Barthelmess is an aristocrat of democratic tastes. In reference to his character, as well as his deportment, he deserves, I think, the title of "a prince."

### From a Director's Dictionary

**Emotion**—The violent heaving of a lady's breast; a man pacing the room clasp and unclasp his hands behind him.

**Children**—Little creatures usually employed to bring about a happy ending.

**The Human Touch**—Scenes introduced in a film as contrast from shooting, rapine, drunkenness, and sundry brutality.

**Kittens**—Four-footed, hairy little animals employed to express the "human touch."

**Puppies**—See "Kittens."

**Wet Pavement**—Asphalt road used specially for automobiles to skid on.

**Paris**—A European city where every one is perpetually gay.

**New York**—An American city entirely paved with broken hopes, blasted ambitions, and bleeding hearts.

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# A Broadway Cowboy

Continued from page 83

gan to realize that the second act of "A Western Knight," during the scene where the cowboys greeted one of their number just returned from the East, had been sadly lacking in local color, but to make it anywhere true to nature he decided it would need a few rapid-fire guns and a cannon or two.

"Boys!" Colonel Jordan shouted, jumping to the running board of the machine. "Do we want this man for our sheriff?"

"I'm sorry," Randolph answered, when he could make himself heard. "I can't accept, but I'll give myself to you as a son-in-law instead. And now——" He threw in the gears. "If you will excuse me——"

The Colonel just saved himself, and they stared after the machine as it disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Something less than fifteen minutes later Betty was looking up into Randolph's eyes as the car apparently stopped of its own accord under some trees.

"Now," she was saying, "I suppose you'll have to run off and join your company?"

She pouted as she said it, the most charming pout in all the world, and Randolph caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"I'm off this Western stuff forever!" he gasped. "Me for Broadway and a nice quiet parlor drama—and you!"

# On the Golden Stairs

Continued from page 55

I looked again at the garment. It was a one-piece bathing suit! Sudermann's "Magda" fell to the floor. Tears of angry shame came to my eyes, then a quick resolve.

"Nothing is wrong except thinking makes it so," I argued. "I am no better than the others. I must work. I kept saying over to myself, 'It's for mother, so it's all right.'"

How I suffered no one knows. I came from a home of culture. My friends were of college circles. My ideals were inspired in the convent by music and paintings of the masters. I had read the best literature.

And then a one-piece bathing suit—the chorus caroling "For this is a jolly summer day, tra-la!"

In my mind I saw Mrs. Jamaica Dome gazing through her lorgnette at my bathing-suited person depicted in the newspaper, and saying "So this is Betty Blythe!" Mrs. Dome used to give teas at which Russian music was discussed—and worse—played, and at which I used to sing.

Yet this experience in the chorus was the most valuable of my life. It ground my pride under its heel. I had been a miserable little snob. My sister would say: "Betty, you have no right to be so proud; pray who are you?" I would retort: "Well,

I have family." I was brutally chastened. That bathing suit was my sackcloth of humility.

The chorus work was terminated suddenly. I was sitting in the wings one day reading and did not hear the stage director's call. He approached me, seized the book from my hands, and flung it in my face. At that moment the manager of the show entered. He picked up the book and glanced at the title. It was Shaw's "Man and Superman." He passed it with a significant smile to the director, who grumbled something. Soon afterward I was given a part.

In New York I was engaged for a rôle in Oliver Morosco's dramatic production, "Experience." Slowly success came to me. Another vision was realized when I was privileged to play *Ophelia* in a Shakespearian repertoire. Then a Vitagraph director engaged me for a picture. A contract to play leading parts resulted. I have since appeared in "The Golden Goal," "Beauty Proof," "The Silver Horde," "The Third Generation," "Burnt Wings," "The Mischief Man," and others.

I hope and believe that I'm still climbing. We never quite achieve our visions. Had any one told me when I was earning my twenty dol-

Continued on page 96

IMA KNUTT.—Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. His stage career consisted of a part in his father's sketch in vaudeville, "The Girl and the Ranger." He broke into pictures with the Vitagraph Company when his father sold them a scenario, and suggested that they get "Wally" to play the juvenile lead in it. He then traveled from Vitagraph to Selig, to Universal, to Griffith's, and then to Lasky's, where he has been ever since. He recently signed a contract with them for five years. He wears his hair parted on the left side, and brushed back. Are you sure that you sent your letter to Norma Talmadge at the right address? If you inclosed the quarter you should have had the picture long before this. Better sit down and write to her again, explaining all, and I'm sure that you will receive the picture in short order. See addresses at the end of The Oracle. Some actors put water on their hair to keep it down, while others use coconut oil.

MISS FLOSSIE GEORGIANA C.—Pearl White's last serial was "The Black Secret," which should have been showing in your local theater by this time. She has given up making serials, and is now being starred in features by the Fox Film Corporation. Katherine MacDonald and Mary MacLaren are sisters.

ALBERTA M.—Dolly Larkin used to be George Larkin's wife, but they have been divorced. George is now married to Ollie Kirkby. Edith and Mabel Taliaferro are sisters. Pearl and Caroline are not related. Florence Turner has been making pictures for Universal. Florence Lawrence has permanently retired from the screen. Jewel Carmen and Cleo Madison are still making pictures. Juliet Shelby is Mary Miles Minter's correct name. You must have been seeing a lot of old pictures from your letter. Some of them are as far back as the old Edison days. Brownie Vernon is not playing opposite Franklyn Farnum any more. Clara Kimball Young was starred in "My Official Wife." Margaret Marsh and

Ruth Stonehouse had the leading feminine rôles in "The Master Mystery." You can obtain pictures of the stars you want by writing to them at the addresses given at the end of The Oracle. Better inclose a quarter with your request to make sure of getting the pictures.

METRO SOB.—Anne Little is certainly a very clever actress, and it is a wonder that she hasn't been starred. She is being costarred with Jack Hoxie in a new serial, "Lightning Bryce," just released by the National Film Corporation. I agree with you about her Indian characterizations; they are exceptionally good.

Continued on page 100.

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*La Rose's*

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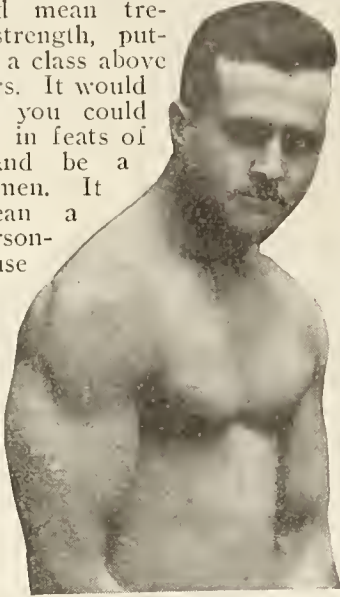
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## Send for MY NEW BOOK "Muscular Development"

It tells the secret. Handsomely illustrated with 25 full-page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained. Also contains full particulars of my splendid offer to you. The valuable book and special offer will be sent on receipt of only 10c. stamps or coin, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

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Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

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lars a week in the chorus that I would, in a few years, be able to draw a thousand I suppose I would have been dazzled by the golden pinnacle.

My life away from the studio is so simple as to be uninteresting. I do not care for society—that thing of teas and balls and dinners. My few friends I appreciate and love. I go to the opera when it is available, to lectures, to all the best pictures. I'm catholic in my tastes.

When not working I often dedicate entire days to solitude. At home in a room with windows facing the mountains, I read and write and philosophize. And then evening comes

with its cool fragrance of roses and orange blossoms in the moonlight. I put on walking shoes and a polo coat and go for an exhilarating hike with my dog.

And this climb up the golden stairs has given me a philosophy of life that I can't state better than to quote Whittier's words:

"Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come to you.  
Give love, and love to your heart will flow,  
A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your word and deed."

## Fade-Outs

Continued from page 49

Whoever thought the speedy Doug would be the first to utilize the slow-motion camera for comedy.

Next thing we know Will Rogers will be wearing beauty cream and white collars.

And Warren Kerrigan will get his face dirty.

And our stenographer will demand a decrease in salary!

—o—

### Answering An Ad.

The exhibitor's ad for "Lifting Shadows" asked: "Girls, what would you do if you had a husband who was a drug-ridden shell of a man?"

Myrtle, the ticket seller at "The Madlin," when approached by us on the subject, remarked: "Aw, you tell 'em; my mouth is full of teeth!"

And so, we answer for Myrtle in Myrtle's own peculiar language: "Aw, I'd bust the shell and let the nut out for an airing!"

—o—

### You Folks Puttin' Up Any Preserves This Year?

If so, we call your attention to the cast of "Shore Acres." 'Tis a-busting with berries! Seven of 'em! Wonder they didn't retitile it "The Berry Patch."

—o—

### (But We Really Don't Believe It!)

An ad for "Bubbles" remarks: "Fun and laughter run riot until Dan Cupid takes a hand and stops the show!"

There you are!

"Needles and pins, needles and"—go ahead and finish it.

—o—

### Givem Air.

Better take lotsa air with you when you ooze forth to observe the Selig serial, "The Lost City."

"Sensations are so crowded into this story that the spectators are hardly allowed to recover from one gasp before another is forced upon them!"

### Aw, There's No Romance In Real Life!

In "Jack Straw," starring Robert Warwick, the hero is an archduke disguised as an iceman. During a lull in our attic activities we grasped at this straw hoping 'twould lead us to a wheeze.

Therefore we investigated our own chill bringer to ascertain if he perchance was a Lord Deliverus, or something. His name, we learned, was J. J. Sullivan, and his middle name was James. Yes, you've guessed his first one!

When we mentioned "disguise" to him he muttered "Dis guy's a nut!" glommed the bale of bills we had just slipped him for our daily coolness—and giddapped.

Oh, well—things are often different in the movies than at home.

—o—

### Nothing To Worry About.

Goldwyn sued Ince because the latter's "Dangerous Hours" was, as to title, so close in point of resemblance to their "Dangerous Days" that the dear public would be deceived, confused, and exceedingly flabbergasted. Goldwyn based their claim on the fact that "Dangerous Days" was first.

According to our geography—or whatever it is we figure with—twenty-four hours must be there before a day is here. But that's neither here nor there. Lotsa people saw both pictures and survived. Probably many others saw neither and are just as happy as ever. If half the dear public saw "Dangerous Days" and the other half "Dangerous Hours," do you imagine each half sat down and bawled because they hadn't seen what they didn't see?

Not on your life! They simply went on a-wondering when the next Chapfilm would appear, and forgot all about the various and dangerous degrees of time. Didn't you, Public?

A Tabloid Review

Continued from page 66

"The Man Who Lost Himself"—Here is William Faversham displaying his ability as a comedian in the most delightful piece of nonsense I have recently seen. If Mr. Faversham chose, I feel sure that he could rise to such heights of popularity during the coming year, that the Big Four would ask him to join hands with them and make it a quintet. I hope Mr. Selznick keeps him in comedy.

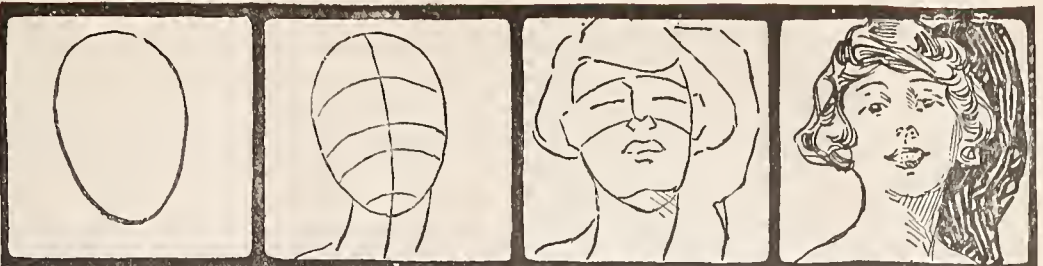
"Thou Art the Man"—A story of the South African diamond mines that should never have been attempted on the screen, because of its frequent lapses of time that break into the train of your interest. Robert Warwick deserves better than this.

"The Wonder Man"—Personally I don't fancy prize fighters on the screen, no matter *how* gentlemanly they are. I would much prefer to see Georges Carpentier in the real squared circle than "knocking out" a picture villain. For the same reason I prefer to watch baseball players on the diamond and, verily, I would prefer being held up on a train by a bandit than watch him capitalize his record of outlawry on the screen. For all that, "The Wonder Man" proves that Carpentier is a better actor than Jack Dempsey, which decision an eager world is doubtless awaiting.

"Dollars and the Woman"—A very human version of the eternal triangle story—two men and a woman—excellently written, produced, and acted. A story by Albert Payson Terhune is its basis. George Terwilliger directed it while Alice Joyce, Crauford Kent, and Robert Gordon are seen in the principal rôles.

"A Trip to Mars"—To be noted principally for its foolishness. The Martians have the Greek habit of wearing white robes, they converse with the visitors from the earth in the "language of the soul" and are shocked at a show of roughness. The earthly crew make the trip to Mars in a cute little shell of an airship that doesn't look as if it could make the short run across the Pacific Ocean.

"The Butterfly Man"—If Lew Cody wants to see all his popularity go straight to oblivion all he has to do is to make another picture like this. It is the glorification of a lounge-lizard.



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"Sherry"—The story of a reformed drunkard who makes good. Slightly out of date and not strong as to story, even though George Barr McCutcheon's name is down as author.

"Romance"—A screen version of the play that has become perennial in England, and which is still remembered here for its success and popularity during a long New York run. Doris Keane has her original rôle of the Italian opera singer, and Basil Sydney appears as the minister. The picture is solely the romance of this pair, and as such it was an extremely difficult picture to make. But if you like pure, unadulterated romance, you will like this. It is so well pictured that some censors might object to the kisses.

"Nothing But Lies"—Taylor Holmes in a screen version of a stage farce which at best was only passable, and which has been ravished beyond recognition by the producers. A picture comedy with the comedy missing.

"Jes' Call Me Jim"—Will Rogers in another just as good as "Jubilo." If it were possible for them to get such a story for Rogers every time—and it oughtn't to be so hard—

Will Rogers would be, perhaps, the best-liked and best-known eccentric player on the screen.

"The Return of Tarzan"—Further adventures in the career of *Tarzan of the Apes*, the principal features of which are two scenes in which *Tarzan* grapples with lions that are realistically wild.

"Wits Versus Wits"—Which takes the prize as the worst picture of the year. I will award a brown derby to the person who discovers what it is all about. All I made out was Marguerite Marsh.

"The Courage of Marge O'Doone"—I sat through this picturization of James Oliver Curwood's story, which contains a bear fight toward the end and a man and dog fight, too, without ever discovering just what made *Marge* so courageous. However, there is plenty of good snow stuff and reference to the "great outdoors."

"The Iron Heart"—Madlaine Traverse in a story of big business. The only picture of the sort I have seen which doesn't paint the workers as a group of lazy and hopelessly insane characters, in an effort to be antibolshevist.

## Some Pre-Release Impressions

*Continued from page 69*

erence has withdrawn an actor with ability and appeal comparable to that of Charles Ray. No other player, with the exception of Mr. Ray, can so trick the sympathy when performing unsympathetic acts. The major honors of "The Round-Up" go to Mr. Forman, because he performs a double service, that of writing the continuity as well as playing a principal rôle. Director George Melford has encompassed the story with scenic grandeur and endowed it with vigorous action that never wearies in its climactic sweep.

It is unfortunate that the term "all-star" has been perverted. "The Round-Up" deserves it. Wallace Beery gives an oily, sinister film-description of the half-breed. Irving Cummings infuses with emotional strength a rôle which might easily have been overbalanced by sentimentalism. Edward Sutherland has the metal of which the best character actors are made, and in "The Round-Up" he qualifies for a place among the few young players of that genre. His sullen presence is portentous even when in the background. "The Round-Up" is almost entirely masculine. Mabel Julienne Scott is realistic in her emotional

climax. At other times she lacks distinction.

"Homer Comes Home" gives Charles Ray a chance to manifest some Cohanesque snap and initiative. He delivers an impassioned speech to the citizens of his home town on the occasion of the laying of a corner stone. Aside from Charles' spunk, there is little new in the picture. The idea of a young man returning to his home town to make a splurge with three hundred dollars is amusing, and Director Jerome Storm has developed its comic possibilities to the maximum. Mr. Storm is an authority on small towns. I wouldn't advise him to return to his natal burg. He probably would be run out of it for revisioning its inhabitants in Ray pictures. The continuity of "Homer Comes Home" is not well oiled. There are several interrogatory jolts. One marvels that the inhabitants of Mainesville fall for Charles' line to the extent that they intrust him with their money. These flaws are minute and well glossed by comedy. It is refreshing to see Mr. Ray showing assertion and pep as the boy who always has "a

great idea." Let's hope he has some more.

Enid Bennett is about to be put on alimony when she takes the advice of a smart lady friend and gets some nonskid hairpins. This action supplies the title "Hairpins" for C. Gardner Sullivan's latest photo play.

Miss Bennett appears as a flâneur femme whose literary diet is Economical Recipes for the Thrifty Housewife. Because she cares more about the price of rib roast than she does about a permanent wave she loses her husband's attention.

"Just like a man," commented the

lady who sits next to me. "He wants a woman who will reduce the high cost of living, and when he gets her he ditches her in order to run around with a fricasseed chicken."

Here again we have the story of the sweetheart who ceases to look or act like one after she becomes a wife. It's an old story made over by the deft Mr. Sullivan, so that "it's as good as new, my dear."

Miss Bennett as the lady whose hairpins won't stay put is tremendously funny in a subtle, elusive way. With a few more such rôles she will be established as a distinctive comedienne.

## Maeterlinck and the Shadows

Continued from page 18

I was tempted to ask him whether it might not be that the silent drama was the medium for him to express that which he had left unspoken in his plays—if, by action or gesture, he could not better convey the speech that it was impossible to put into the drab form of words. And when I finally did put the question, he smiled—one of those rare illuminating smiles which scintillate like sunshine dancing on mid-ocean.

"I believe there are many things that can be expressed in the photo play which cannot be said in any other art," he replied. "It is not a simple thing for the man who has never written for the screen to compose a scenario, and it is not my intention to attempt this. But writing a story for the cinema should hardly prove any more puzzling than writ-

ing for any other form. The laws of logic are the same for all."

It was approaching the twilight hour, the perfect Maeterlinckian hour, by this time. And I felt it was the moment to leave to take with me the proper mental picture of the man. I felt that with the lengthening shadows his personality gained an even deeper significance, that he was revealed as a sort of colossal welding of mysterious forces and of the clear vigor of practicality from the twentieth century. As I left the white house on the palisades, and gradually began to return to the jangle and noise of present-day life it seemed to me that although the man appeared curiously disassociated with that noise and bustle, yet he beheld our days and methods with the eyes of a very fine comprehension.

## The Secret of the Submarine Kiss

Continued from page 51

his work mean to him. His work in "The Fighting Chance" got him the leading rôle in the Mayflower production of Mr. Chambers' "Athalie." And just between you and me and everybody else in town, the directors have had to take a good, sharp pruning knife to the work of R. W. C. before they could get him to play in these parts.

The Nagels are still so much in love with each other that they find it quite wonderful enough to walk out toward the sunset when the day's work is done and then to sit together after the sun is gone—occasionally going to see a movie.

They have been playing at house-keeping in a doll-size apartment in Hollywood, but recently Conrad Nagel was given a five-year starring contract by Jesse Lasky, whereupon they dashed out and purchased a lovely villa surrounded by flowers and fruit trees.

Mrs. Nagel is dreadfully sorry she didn't take the advice of her grandmother, who wanted her to learn to cook. She says Conrad swears he likes everything she sets before him—of course, she knows he's fibbing, but she thinks it sweet of him just the same—but she can never invite the same people to dinner more than twice, as she only knows how to cook two things really well—breaded veal cutlets and lamb stew.

Now that this story is done I'm a bit conscience-stricken over having written it; when "The Fighting Chance" is released I'm afraid not a frog or fish in the country will have a peaceful summer—and, oh, pity the owners of private swimming pools! Still, neither they nor Father Neptune supplies iron rings for lovers to cling to as ballast—perhaps that will counteract the evil effects of this exposition of the newest brand of lovemaking.



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# What the Fans Think

Continued from page 80



## "We Must Fly To-night"

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It's the beginning of one of the best mysteries ever solved by the great detective

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what's more, they soon know a good thing when they see it. Perhaps I can give you an idea of the types of pictures liked by the fans here.

There's the type that includes "The Broken Melody," "Broken Blossoms," "Scarlet Days," "The Miracle Man," and others of equal fame. Then comes the extremely frivolous kind—good for a tired business man's soul—Wallace Reid in "Hawthorne, U. S. A." and "Excuse My Dust" and Norma Talmadge in "She Loves and Lies." Regarding that one I heard such comments as: "Why doesn't Norma Talmadge stick to these light plays? She's spoiling herself for comedy, and a sparkling, vivid girl like her was never built for heavy stuff." Constance Talmadge in "Two Weeks" was another play of this kind. In this her leading man, Conway Tearle, won many a feminine heart. And at the finish of this play you felt satisfied.

Sioux Falls was terribly disappointed in Zane Grey's "Desert Gold." We were all keyed up to it, and then when it came—well, there's nothing to be said, except that it fell flatter than a pancake with no baking powder in it.

In closing I might add that a bunch of us girls have a dandy little club devoted to boosting Constance Talmadge,

Richard Barthelmess, and Conway Tearle. We even have little gold rings with their initials on, and the dues are three dollars a month. Lots of fun!

D. K.—Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

## The Play's the Thing.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

You picture fans in New York have one advantage over us who live on the western Canadian coast—you see all the plays before we do. However, they eventually come our way, none the worse for their trip from the eastern to the western brine. We have been treated to a lot of good plays of late, but sometimes a bunch will come along that make you wonder how they ever found their way to the screen. I was treated to a thrill the other evening as I watched William Farnum portray the character of *Jean Valjean*—not the thrill one gets as the silent figures flit across the screen in a serial. It was more lasting and more humane and intense. I haven't been so thrilled since I saw Theda Bara in "Romeo and Juliet." The acting was wonderful in both cases—but still, "The play's the thing."

P. D.—Penticton, B. C., Canada.

# The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 88

L. E. HOLDER.—Edith is not married. Albert Ray is married. He has been playing in pictures, off and on, for the last ten years. Never heard of your friend Graham. Rosemary Theby is the girl who used to play opposite Harry Meyers.

J. S. A.—Douglas Fairbanks is his right name. "Forbidden Trails" is the title of the latest Fox feature with Buck Jones. Marie Doro will soon be seen in a new feature. "12.10" is her latest. "The Tiger's Cub" is Pearl White's latest film. I don't know whether Theda Bara will return to the screen or not. She is now on tour with "The Blue Flame."

DOROTHY M. AND KATHRYN G.—George Larkin took the place of George Chesebro, when the latter went to war, in the Pathé serial, "Hands Up!" Pearl is married. So are Mary and Doug. Ruth Roland has been married. She is at the head of her own company, making serials for Pathé. "Love's Harvest" is the title of Shirley Mason's newest picture. She is married to Bernard Durning. "Oh, Boy!" is an old release. If I told you who and what I was it would spoil all the fun of guessing, so I'll keep it a secret as long as I can. You will find the addresses at the end of The Oracle.

MERCI.—You must have overlooked your answers before. Bert Lytell and Hoot Gibson are both married. Hoot is still playing in two-reel Westerns for Universal. "A Double-Dyed Deceiver" is Jack Pickford's latest Goldwyn feature. Cullen Landis is seen opposite Mabel Normand in her new picture, and is now being featured by Goldwyn.

PAULINE'S LITTLE SISTER.—I get quite a few letters from PICTURE-PLAY readers in England. Pauline Frederick has certainly gathered a huge following for herself in London, hasn't she? Don't blame me for not having the pictures you want in the magazine. That's up to the editor. I should say she's been very kind to you. "The Woman in Room 13" is her latest.

She has left the Goldwyn Company, and is now going to make features for the Robertson-Cole Company. I think she would receive it, all right.

TEMBANI.—That certainly was very nice of Mary. Tom Chatterton costarred with Juanita Hansen in "The Secret of the Submarine." Eugene O'Brien opposite Norma Talmadge. Tom Powers and Ruby de Remer in "The Auction Block." Harrison Ford opposite Constance Talmadge, William Stowell opposite Dorothy Phillips, and Allan Forrest opposite Mary Miles Minter in the pictures named. You refer to Arnold Daly in "Exploits of Elaine." Eileen Percy with E. K. Lincoln. I get quite a few letters from South Africa. Do drop me a line again when you have nothing better to do, as I would like to have another one of your newsy, chatty letters.

C. L.—Clara Horton played the girl in the Rex Beach feature, "The Girl From Outside." Your Cullen Landis question has already been answered.

EVELYN B.—A private party would have to pay the same rental as a motion-picture theater to exhibit a film. There is no set rental price. It all depends on the film and the size and location of the theater. It was a mistake in the advertising of those two Hart pictures. The title "The Gun Fighter" was O. K. for the first one, but the second was "The Sky Pilot." You refer to Mabel Julienne Scott in "The Barrier."

MOVIE WEEKLY.—The *Pathé Journal* in France; the *Gazette* in England; the *Journal* in Italy, and the *Pathé News* in the United States and Canada are one and the same. They just use different titles for the various countries. It appears all over the world wherever pictures are shown, and is especially popular in Japan. The *Pathé News* was started in 1911 as the *Pathé Weekly*. Four years ago it was changed to a daily, and became the *Pathé News*.



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PATENTS PROMPTLY PROCURED. Personal. Careful and efficient service. Highest references. Moderate fees. Send sketch or model for actual search and advice. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 18 I, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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## Vaudeville

GET ON THE STAGE! Experience unnecessary. Send stamp for instructive booklet "All About Vaudeville." LaDelle, Sta. 255, Jackson, Mich.

## Songs, Poems, Etc.

Write a Song—Love, mother, home, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Thomas Merlin, 222 Reaper Block, Chicago.

WRITE the Words for a Song. We write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 159C Fitzgerald Building, New York.

WRITE words for a song. We write music, guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 920 S. Michigan Av., Room 323, Chicago.

WRITE WORDS FOR A SONG—We write music, publish and secure copyright. Submit poems on any subject. The Metropolitan Studios, 914 S. Michigan Avenue, Room 120, Chicago.

SONG-WRITERS GUIDE SENT FREE! Contains valuable instructions and advice. Submit song-poems for examination. We will furnish music, copyright and facilitate publication or sale. Knickerbocker Studios, 301 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

HAVE YOU SONG POEMS? I have best proposition. Ray Hibbler, D 102, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago.

YOU Write the Words for a Song. We'll compose the music free and publish same. Send Song-Poem to-day. B. Lenox Co., 271 W. 125th St., New York.

BE A SONG WRITER—You write the words, I will compose the music and guarantee publication. Among my great hits is "Desertland." Submit poems on any subject. Ethwell Hanson, 3810 Broadway, Room 102, Chicago.

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ASTROLOGY—STARS TELL LIFE'S story. Send birth date and dime for trial reading. Eddy, 4307 Jefferson, Kansas City, Missouri, Apartment 74.

CLASSY girl pictures—2 beauties 25c; sixteen \$1; refunded if dissatisfied. Roseleaf, St. Louis, Mo.

## Miscellaneous

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M. C. R. C.—Arline still plays in pictures. Elsie Ferguson is not what you would call the "pretty girl" type. She represents what the artists might call refined and beautiful womanhood. Marguerite Clark's husband is not in pictures, and never was. He was a lieutenant in the United States army. Matt Moore is not Kathlyn Williams' husband. She is married to Charles Eyton, manager of the Lasky Studios. Mary Pickford has no children. Ruth Roland is working on a new serial for Pathé. Herbert Heyes is playing the male lead opposite her. She is working in California.

BLONDIE FROM NEWBURYPORT.—Yours is the first from Newburyport. Nazimova is always a delight to me in her pictures. "The Heart of a Child" is her latest. Richard Barthelmess is with D. W. Griffith. So you have given up Eugene O'Brien as your favorite for Ralph Graves? Rather fickle, aren't you? Ralph is not married. Herbert Rawlinson recently played in "Passers-by," a Blackton picture. The Market Booklet gives a complete list of all the motion-picture companies in the United States who are in the market for scenarios.

ELSIE B. GOOD.—No, the "Birth of a Nation" did not have the greatest collection of stars ever assembled in one picture. For stars and leading artists, Griffith's "Intolerance" had them all beat. The stars he had in this production were: Mildred Harris, Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Miriam Cooper, Alma Rubens, Bessie Love, Pauline Starke, Robert Harron, George Walsh, Constance Talmadge, and Elmo Lincoln. Just think of it! Eleven present-day stars in one production! To say nothing of such leading artists as Margery Wilson, Eugene Pallette, Tully Marshall, Elmer Clifton, Alfred Paget, Seena Owen, George Seigman, George Fawcett, Eric von Stroheim, and Winifred Westover. The leading lights of today are the stars of to-morrow, so one would naturally expect that some day we will have another picture with just as many stars in it, and just as many leading people. See addresses at the end of this department.

LOTTIE C.—Douglas MacLean appeared in both "The Hun Within" and "Mirandy Smiles." Ashton Dearholt appeared opposite Ruth Clifford in "The Cabaret Girl," and Albert Ray had the leading male rôle opposite her in "The Game's Up."

A LITTLE GIRL.—That is her real name. May answers all the letters that she can. I like May very much on the screen, and off, too. I'm not angry a bit. Each studio in Los Angeles has its own casting director, who hires the people for each production.

LILLIAN P.—James Kirkwood played opposite Mary Pickford in "The Eagle's Mate," Eileen Percy opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "Down to Earth." Richard Barthelmess is twenty-four years old. No, he isn't married, or wasn't when this was written.

LEON GRIFFIN.—You certainly have some collection of photographs from your favorites. Dustin Farnum was born at Hampton Beach, New Hampshire, in 1874. J. Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1889.

JENNIE C.—What do you mean—tell you a picture of May Allison's looks? May Allison is five feet five inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds, has light complexion with blue eyes, and golden hair. That's the best picture I can write you of her looks.

GEORGIANA B.—Look for addresses at the end of The Oracle.

EX-ORACLE.—Yes, the stars write to the fans, but they cannot write to them all. They write to just as many as they can. No, that isn't her reel name, but her real name. "What's Your Hurry?" is the title of Wallace Reid's latest picture. Mary Pickford is Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. The picture of The Oracle was published in a recent issue of PICTURE-PLAY with said Oracle's honest-to-goodness name underneath it. You didn't expect to find the picture with "The Picture Oracle" printed underneath, did you? I won't tell you whether it was a woman's picture or a man's. That would give away part of my identity at least. Don't know a Viola Vere. Do you mean Viola Vale? You might be able to get a picture of Harold Lockwood from the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City. Several concerns have them for sale. Look them up in the magazine.

BROWN EYES.—Norma Talmadge is of American descent and Eugene O'Brien is of Irish descent. What does O'Brien sound like? No, I don't know that Clara Kimball Young ever gave one of her dresses to a fan who asked her for one. If she did, it would only take one morning's mail to clean out her wardrobe completely, and Clara has *some wardrobe*. She is not married to any one.

MISS V. COOK.—You will find all the addresses you've asked for at the end of this department, and a lot more besides.

TEDDY.—If you knew all the stars, I am sure that you would like them just as well as I do. Ashton Dearholt isn't working at present in any picture. He inherited a lot of money, and is taking a vacation. Write to Herbert Howe in care of PICTURE-PLAY. How are all the oil fields in Taft.

MISS I. L.—Thanks for your letter. Hope you will find the Market Booklet as helpful as I think you will.

JULIET SHELDY.—William Russell was featured in the American Film Company's production of "Where the West Begins." Doris Lee and Doris May are one and the same. She began using the latter name when she was first costarred in pictures with Douglas MacLean. She played in support of Charles Ray in "Hay Foot, Straw Foot." May Allison was born in 1898. Jack Pickford is twenty-three, and Charles Ray is twenty-eight.

A TORONTO READER.—Bert Lytel is married. Mary Miles Minter looks just the same off the screen as she does on. Jack Pickford is married to Olive Thomas. Mildred Harris Chaplin is far from dead. She is busy at work on her pictures for the First National. You didn't ask many questions for all the space it took you to write your letter. What was the trouble, did you run out of them?

ELSIE.—Write to the stars themselves for their pictures. It is best to inclose a quarter with your request to cover the cost of the photo and mailing. Madge Evans isn't working on any picture at present. She was born in New York City in 1909. Of course the stars care to receive letters from the fans. It is the only way they have of telling how their pictures are liked. Of course you may write again. There's always room for one more in The Oracle.

C. B.—Vivian Martin was born near Grand Rapids, Michigan. See end of The Oracle for her address.

CLEO.—No, I've never seen anything like this new stationery of yours. Where do you pick them up? Charles Ray's first release for First National will be "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway."

TOM MIX ADMIRER.—The editor has charge of putting all the pictures in the magazine, and not me. All I do is answer the questions that the various readers ask. I'll tell him what you said and leave the rest to him.

GUY O.—Of course, the players like to hear from the fans. They are always anxious to find out what the fans like and dislike. It was Norma Talmadge in the Chinese rôle and not Constance. Blanche Sweet is not married.

JIMMY.—I am sure Ruth will send you the picture you want, especially as you inclosed twenty-five cents with your request. Herbert Heyes has the leading male rôle in "The Adventures of Ruth." Eugene O'Brien and Edna Mayo had the leading rôles in "The Return of Eve."

P. D. Q.—Baby Marie Osborne is still making pictures. I think Pearl and Pauline would send their photographs to you. Helen Holmes has just completed a new railroad serial. Eddy Polo is still making serials. His latest for Universal is called "The Vanishing Dagger."

STELLA G.—Richard Barthelmess is not married, or wasn't at the time this was written. Neither is he lame. Who told you that? That's a great piece of poetry you wrote, even if it doesn't rhyme.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—I don't think Dorothy Davenport intends to remain off the screen for good. That was very nice of Wallace, I should say. You must have overlooked your other answers. Wanda Hawley was born in Seattle, Washington, in 1897. She is five feet six inches tall.

COMEDY FAN.—"Mickey" did more for Mabel Normand than any other picture she ever made. Yes, she was born in Boston. Charles Chaplin was born in Paris, France, in 1889. Roscoe Arbuckle was born in Kansas in 1887.

ELNORA R.—Mary Pickford hasn't any children. There are several firms who have pictures of Harold Lockwood for sale. You will find them in the advertisements. Beverly Bayne has retired from the screen, for the time being at least, and is playing with Francis X. Bushman in the stage play "The Master Thief" for Oliver Morosco.

MARGUERITE'S ADMIRER.—She hasn't any brothers or sisters, and that is her right name.

PEGGIE.—Ethel Grandin is not playing in any pictures at the present time. I don't know whether she intends to return to the screen or not. George Walsh is married to Seena Owen. His latest picture is called "The Dead Line," a Kentucky feud picture.

"TEXAS ADMIRER."—That is her right name. Look at the end of The Oracle for addresses.

H. W. W.—There is no Elsie in pictures by that name. Elsie Ferguson is the Paramount star. I'm sorry, but I am afraid I can't help you locate your acquaintance, as I never heard of her in pictures. Nora Bayes is still playing the Orpheum circuit in vaudeville. I don't think she is going to make any pictures. There are several studios in Fort Lee, New Jersey. There used to be one in Baltimore, belonging to the National Film Corporation, but there isn't one in operation there at present.



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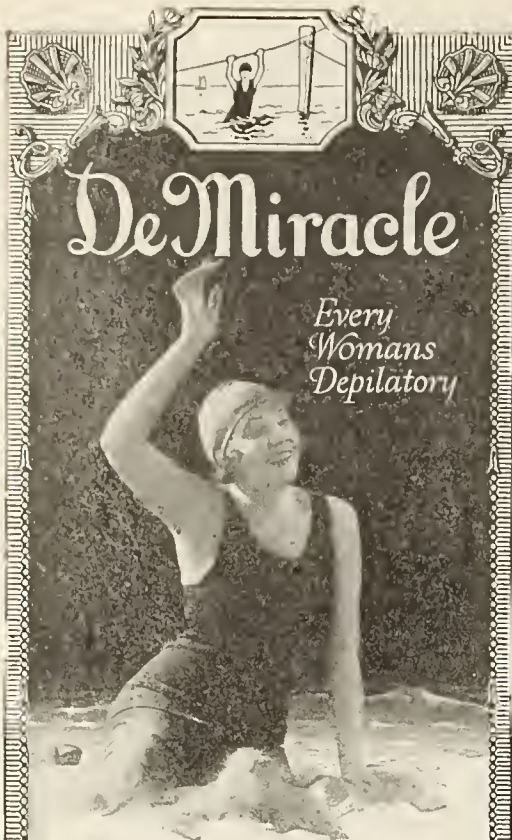
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**SNOOKIE.**—Clara Horton has been in pictures for several years. She began by playing child parts, but is ingenueing these days and leading-ladying. Lucille is the oldest. You didn't have very many questions to ask on your first attempt. Were you bashful?

**ELAINE.**—Yes, the picture being shown in Canada and foreign countries under the title of "Hawthorne, Adventurer," is the same as the one the Paramount released in the United States as "Hawthorne, U. S. A."

**MARY ANDERSON ADMIRER.**—What do you mean "her anxious hubby?" Mary Anderson is married to Plinney Goodfriend, a cameraman. She has just completed work in a serial with Franklyn Farnum, called "Twisted Trails," which is just being released. She was born in Brooklyn, New York, on June twenty-eighth, 1897. Her screen career began with the Vitagraph Company in Brooklyn, New York, and when that firm decided to send a company to California Mary was selected to be the leading lady to make the trip, and she has remained in California ever since.

**MARY V.**—Kitty Gordon has left the screen and returned to the stage. She is now headlining in vaudeville with some new songs and the well-known wardrobe with the famous back.

**CHERRY.**—William S. Hart is not married. Eddy Polo used to be an acrobat in a circus before he went into pictures with Universal. That's his real name. They probably think it a better name for theatrical purposes. Anita Stewart has been in pictures since 1915. Snub Pollard is a married man.

**THOMAS W.**—Edith Johnson had the leading feminine rôle opposite William Duncan in "The Silent Avenger."

**LILLIAN A.**—Antonio Moreno is making his serials at the Vitagraph studios in Hollywood, California. I am sure that he wouldn't mind your asking him for a photograph. "The Invisible Hand" is the title of his latest serial.

**RUTH ROLAND ADMIRER.**—Fannie Ward has not left the screen. She is now in England, making feature productions. You are right about Ruth's hair and eyes. Hope Hampton has her own company and is making features for Metro. Helen Ferguson was born in Decatur, Illinois, in 1901. Priscilla Dean was born in New York in 1896. Anna Q. Nilsson was born in Ystad, Sweden. Your other questions have already been answered in this issue.

**RUTH ROLAND ADMIRER.**—"Broadway Bab" is the newest Ruth Roland serial being filmed by this serial star. It may be changed in name before it is released, however. She is not married now. Ruth is one of the old-timers in point of service in motion pictures. She made her start with the old Kalem Company in comedies, under the direction of Marshall Neilan.

**FILM FUN.**—Charles Chaplin is an Englishman and not an Italian. His brother, Syd, is, naturally, of the same nationality as Charles.

**HELEN H.**—Douglas MacLean and Doris May are not married to each other. Douglas is married but Doris isn't. Thomas H. Ince has split up the team of MacLean and May, and, from his statement intends to star them separately. He will start MacLean out first on his own. Write to the editor about the pictures you would like to see in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

**X. Y. Z.**—Norma, Natalie, and Constance Talmadge are Americans. Baby Marie Osborne was born in 1911.

**KATHERINE T.**—Your question regarding the Talmadge sisters has already been answered.

**INQUISITIVE CURIOS.**—You certainly are. Florenz Ziegfeld is the husband of Billie Burke. "Smiling" Bill Parsons is dead. "The Flapper" is the title of the newest Olive Thomas feature. Bryant Washburn is still in the films. "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is his current release. Mary Pickford was born in 1893. She is five feet tall. Anita Stewart's brother has begun his screen career. He appears in Douglas Fairbanks' new picture, "The Mollycoddle," and is now playing opposite Mildred Harris Chaplin in "Old Dad." Mary Pickford is now being seen in "Suds," her latest for United Artists. Wesley Berry did not play with Mary Pickford in "Heart of the Hills." Harold Goodwin was the boy in that. Irene Castle is now Mrs. Tremaine. Lillian Gish is now playing in "Way Down East." She is to be a Frohman star when this picture is finished.

**ANNE B. M.**—Write to Billy Scott for one of his pictures. That is the only way to get one. Better inclose twenty-five cents with your request.

**J. F. G.**—"Texas" Guinan was born in Waco, Texas, in 1891.

**JOHN R. M.**—I don't know of any films your friend Mildred has ever appeared in except "Way Down East," in which she is just doubling in some scenes.

**DAISY H. B.**—Madlaine Traverse, Charles Clary, and Wheeler Oakman had the leading rôles in "The Splendid Sin." Billy Scott was the convict in the Gladys Brockwell feature, "Broken Commandments." Viola Dana and Irving Cummings in "Some Bride."

**J. K.**—The L-Ko does not make comedies for any program but Universal. "L-Ko" stands for Lehrman Komedies, which was established by Henry Lehrman when he left the Sterling Company. He sold out his interests in L-Ko, but they still keep the brand.

**SHIRLEY.**—Another newcomer. Welcome to our midst! And don't forget your warning. "The Joyous Liar" and "A White Man's Chance" are two of J. Warren Kerrigan's releases. No harm guessing at all. See addresses at the end of The Oracle.

**MURIEL.**—I think they would all send you pictures. Write and see. Bob Leonard has retired as an actor, but is busy-ing himself directing features for the screen. He has not acted in a picture for several years. Ella Hall has a little baby of her own, which occupies much of her time, but she is to return to the screen very soon in a new serial, being produced at the Burston Studios in California. Johnny Hines was born in Golden, Colorado, in 1895. He is five feet nine inches tall, and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. He has dark hair and brown eyes.

**SNICKLE FRITZ JOHN, THE HUMAN FLEA.**—Your title is certainly a lengthy one. Ruth Roland is not married. She was until a few months ago. George Larkin is married to Ollie Kirkby. Gloria Swanson is married to Mr. Sornborn, president of Equity Pictures. Betty Compson was born in Salt Lake City. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Constance and Norma Talmadge, Talmadge Studios, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Address Charles Ray at the Charles Ray Studios, Fleming Avenue, Hollywood, California.

William Farnum, Louise Lovely, Bill Russell, George Walsh, Peggy Hyland, Pearl White, and Virginia Lee Corbin at the Fox Film Corporation, New York City.

Norma, Natalie, and Constance Talmadge at the Talmadge Studios, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Albert Ray, Antonio Moreno, Owen Moore, and Wallace McDonald at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

Priscilla Dean, Frank Mayo, Hoot Gibson, George Chesebro, Grace Darmond, James J. Corbett, Marie Walcamp, Eddie Polo, and Kathleen O'Connor at Universal City, California.

William S. Hart at the Hart Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Viola Dana, Alla Nazimova, Alice Lake, May Allison, Antrim Short, Darrel Foss, Bert Lytell, and Pell Trenton at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Bessie Love at the Hollywood Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Creighton Hale, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Ralph Graves at the D. W. Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, New York.

Louise Glauam, Doris May, Enid Bennett, Marjorie Bennett, and Lloyd Hughes at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Lottie Pickford, Mary Thurman, Niles Welch, Ben Alexander, Margery Wilson, Norman Kerry, Betty Compson, Casson Ferguson, Florence Reed, Mahlon Hamilton, Mary Pickford, and Kenneth Harlan at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Mae Marsh, Dustin Farnum, Cleo Ridgley, Eileen Percy, and Lew Cody at the Gasnier Studios, Glendale, California.

Mary Miles Minter at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Gloria Swanson, Mildred Reardon, Conrad Nagle, Charles Meredith, Roscoe Arbuckle, Kathlyn Williams, Tom Forman, Thomas Meighan, Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Ethel Clayton, Ann Little, Bryant Washburn, Marjorie Daw and Anna Nilsson at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Tom Moore, Pauline Frederick, W. Lawson Butt, Jack Pickford, John Bowers, and Naomi Childers at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Harrison Ford, Marguerite Clark, Dorothy Dalton, and Marion Davies at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Fay Tincher, Colleen Moore, Bobby Vernon, and Paul Willies at Christie Film Company, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Grace Cunard at the National Film Corporation, Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Theda Bara at the Shubert Theater, New York City.

Constance Binney, Alice Brady, and Miriam Cooper at the Realart Pictures Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Douglas Fairbanks at the Clune Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Charles Chaplin at the Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California.

Marvel Rea and Charles Conklin at Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

William Desmond, Blanche Sweet, Henry King, and Nigel Barrie at the Jesse D. Hampton Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Olive Thomas, Eugene O'Brien, Elaine Hammerstein, Walter McGrail, Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

William Duncan, Edith Johnson, Carol Holloway, and George F. Cummings at the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California.

Harold Lloyd at the Rolin Film Company, Culver City, California.

George Seitz, Doris Kenyon, Dolores Casascelli, and Ruth Roland at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Evelyn Greeley and Madge Evans at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Clara Kimball Young at Garson Studios Edendale, California.

E. K. Lincoln, Doris Kenyon, and Leah Baird, at the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation, 527 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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**Herbert Corey** told in March *PEOPLE'S*.

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**Hugh Fullerton** told the story in April *PEOPLE'S*.

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**Prof. Joseph Jastrow**, of the University of Wisconsin, told why in May *PEOPLE'S*.

**How** you can increase your speed in reading? Obviously the person who can read most rapidly has the greatest chance to acquire knowledge.

**Prof. Edward L. Thorndike**, Columbia University's eminent psychologist, told how in the last issue of *PEOPLE'S*.



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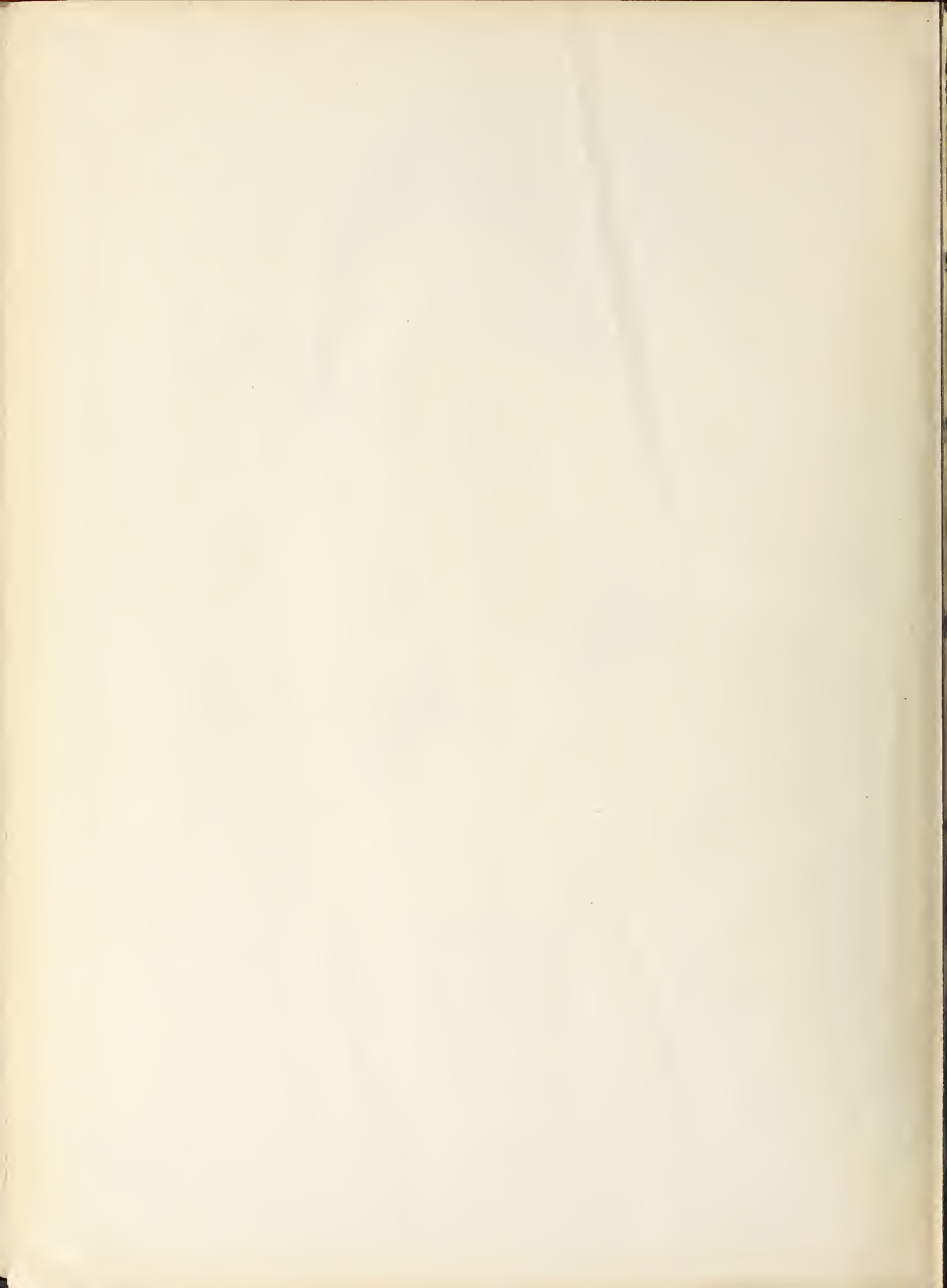
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