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FILM FUN

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JANUARY

And The Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined



THE LUCKY CRAB



“Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like the worst, Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst.”

K IPLING undoubtedly knew his “east of Suez” when he wrote “Mandalay” better than any man living, just as he knows lots of other things outside the ordinary ken; but the poverty-stricken, flea-bitten and malodorous Orient of the modern Mohammedan Turks presents many strong contrasts to the Orient of the great Abassid Caliphs, when Bagdad was the Metropolis of an Empire exceeding in extent the widest limits of Rome, and the center of a wealth, luxury and profligacy, the like of which the world has seldom seen; when the followers of the Prophet had carried the faith of Al Koran from the pillars of Hercules to the “Farthest Ind.”

The first glimpse the Western world had of the wondrous life of this period was in the early part of the eighteenth century, when Galland issued the first part of the Thousand and One Nights, in a French translation from the Arabic, which at once became famous as “The Arabian Nights’ Entertainments.” Mutilated, fragmentary, paraphrastic though these tales were, the glamour of imagination, the marvelousness of the miracles and the gorgeousness of the life depicted at once secured an exceptional success. For nearly two centuries these few Oriental tales were allowed to masquerade in abridged condition in the literary world. Deprived of their beauty and originality, shorn of the very qualities which make them attractive, they were printed and reprinted until famous scholars, Mr. Payne and others, carried away by their mysterious power, resolved to give them and many others to the reading world in their original form.

As a result of the enterprize and devotion to art of John Payne, we have now in

“ORIENTAL TALES”

The Real Arabian Nights

The first complete and unexpurgated rendering into English of

The Book of The Thousand Nights and One Night

Translated from the Original Arabic by JOHN PAYNE and Specially Prepared for the Francois Villon Society of London

a full and candid reproduction of the literature of Persia, India and Arabia, a literature redolent with the smell of incense; with the din of plaintive and alluring music; with beautiful women and strange dances; with weird influences and voluptuous beauty.

A NEW WORLD

The Orient, with all its luxury and laxity has been unmasked. The sombre and fantastic tapestries have been drawn aside, and behold! there is a new world—strange and dim and distant—real and still unreal—devotional and yet emotional—spiritual and yet intensely physical—a world of men and women with ardent temperaments and strange beliefs—for the literature of the Oriental people was the story of their lives, intermingled with their dreams.

These “Oriental Tales” are more than a collection—they are the literature of the people of the old Eastern world—they are the children of rare imagination—of idealism and realism.

They tell the strength and force of the natural, and the strange and subtle beauty of the supernatural. Men and women stand confessed in all the freedom and candor of nature.

They are in all their wealth and variety and uniqueness the most marvelous expression of fascinating national manners and customs in the literature of the world.

We find within them a wonderful gathering of subtle truths and idle fancies—of human love in all its countless forms. The sadness of love—the wildness of love—love guided by duty and again by instinct—and always tinged by dreamy mysticism.

These volumes unmask and display for the first time to Western eyes life as it was actually passed by those who lived among the glories of Oriental ease and luxury and freedom when the world was young.

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E D I T O R I A L S

Suppress the Rotten Pictures

THE COURTS at Albany, N. Y., have decided against the Sunday motion pictures, and we are not surprised. There are motion pictures that are fit to show on Sunday, and there are a lot that are absolutely rotten and unfit to show on any day in the week.

If the motion picture managers expect to continue to do business, not only on Sundays, but on every day, they must get rid of the rotten stuff that they are showing nine times out of ten. "Rotten" is not a very pleasant word to use, but it expresses exactly what we mean, and it is impossible to understand why censorship is not more strict in many instances.

More harm has been done in the congested districts of our great cities by nasty, improper and corrupting motion pictures than by the white slavers, the dens of vice and all the other evil influences that corrupt the young of our great cities.

The trouble with the pictures is that they have fallen so largely into the hands of cheap, selfish and unscrupulous men. They care nothing for the morals of the people. They are money-makers first, last and all the time.

The difference between the conduct of the theatrical and the motion picture business is marked. Why should not men of the highest character control the pictures? Why should not they aspire to educate, elevate and refine the people and emulate the best of our play writers?

Why should not they pay royalties on good scenarios, instead of seeking to buy them for a few dollars each, and

thus cheapen the market, instead of putting a premium on the best that can be had?

The whole motion picture business needs reformation from top to bottom—better men and cleaner pictures, better and cleaner artists.

The stories that are told of the corruption of the picture business are astonishing. Young women who apply for places in some of the picture concerns must submit to the grossest insults and to a sacrifice of honor itself to secure a job.

We are preparing to tell the public the truth about the motion picture business and are now arranging for a series of articles, entitled "The Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress." They will startle our readers.

Our purpose is to seek a reformation of a business that has been debased and degraded all together too long, and that is as honorable and desirable and can be made as uplifting and helpful as any influence exercised outside of the churches.

Great Stuff

THE SCREEN, according to a noted comedian, is to be olfactory as well as auditory. In other words, we see the picture, we hear the gesture, and we smell the perfume of the flower represented. In a love scene we get the odor of the rose. In a vampire set incense is the proper thing. A family quarrel is made known by any talcum powder odor, and the scandals are formaldehyded. Added now to the general staff of "bys" will be placed a new order, "perfumed by."

Great stuff!



THAT NIGHT.

Posed especially for FILM FUN.

That Night, the Best Known Character on the Screen, Discusses Shakespeare and the Motion Picture

“**A**H, THOSE were the good old days when Bill Shakespeare was alive!” sighed That Night, taking out his make-up box, preparatory to adding another touch of black to his already dark face. “You don’t mind if I do this while I talk to you, do you? I must help in a scene again in a little while.

“Now, you want to know all about me, I suppose—I’ve had experience with you newspaper people before. I began my stage career back in the days of Shakespeare. At that time I was very young. But Shakespeare was a master—he perceived possibilities in me from the first and began writing parts for me in his plays. At first, of course, they were just small parts. It was that way in ‘Twelfth Night.’ You do not see my name often in ‘Twelfth Night,’ though it is quite true that the third scene in Act Two could not be acted without my help. If you will open any authentic volume of the immortal bard, you will see that That Night is responsible for all of the action in that scene.

“As I grew older, I became more and more necessary to Shakespeare’s success. Take ‘Macbeth,’ for instance. In that play, you must admit, I am indispensable. Without the assistance of the dark cloaks I lend to many of the players, much of this tragedy could never be enacted. Surely Macbeth could not have murdered the king half so successfully had That Night not been there, nor would the

scene in which the mad Lady Macbeth walks about wringing her bloody hands and reliving in detail the terrible occurrences have been half so effective had That Night not helped in the staging of it.

“My greatest triumph was that greatest of romances, ‘Romeo and Juliet.’ Heading how many of the scenes do you see my name, That Night? Could the famous balcony scene have been so lovely and tender without me? I alone am responsible for this greatest of all love passages.

“The rest you know. After Shakespeare had made me so popular, other playwrights began to see my possibilities, and That Night has appeared on almost every program that has ever been printed and in every theater that has ever been built. Then came the advent of the motion picture, and I realized what a big field was opening up for me. I plunged right into it, and in all modesty I can truthfully say that That Night is to-day the best known screen actor and assistant producer in the world. Think back over the list of photoplays you have seen in the past few years. You will be able to count on the fingers of one hand those in which my name has not appeared in some connection.

“My particular forte lies in love scenes, and also in murders, robberies and villainous deeds of every description, and I have been in every sort of picture imaginable, both comedy and tragedy. That Night is tireless. I have been in as many as fifty photodramas a day, and I am always ready for more. Whenever there is a particularly ticklish job, That Night is called in to help, and it is That Night alone who can do so.”

“That’s all very interesting,” said the visitor, thinking this a good time to say something. “But what about this chap, Later, we hear so much of. He does much the same sort of thing, doesn’t he? He seems to be awfully popular, too.”

“Later is all right in his place,” snorted That Night. “He, too, got his start through Shakespeare, and I must admit that he is very well known. Later is my first cousin, you know, but he is merely copying my style. He can never be so great as I, for he is not nearly so strong nor so versatile, and he is never called upon to meet the same demands as are made upon me. However, Later is a necessary feature of any photoplay.

“And now, I am sorry to say, I must leave you. In one of our new pictures the lovers are to elope. They must, of course, have That Night to help them, as Later is busy with a bank robbery. Are you sure I am quite black enough? I shouldn’t want anything to go wrong. Good-by and good luck!”



Pastel Shades

Friend—Does Miss Film favor any of the warring powers?

Director—No; even her complexion is composed of neutral colors.



From the Start

Tick—That movie actor is a go-ahead chap.

Tock—Yes; he is a self-propeller.



TRIANGLE-KAY BEE

ENID BENNETT

Is a new star in the Triangle firmament. Any girl would look pleasant, naturally, when told that she has been elevated to stardom; but Enid Bennett looks pleasant, anyhow—she cannot help it.



MUTUAL-AMERICAN

William Russell and his pet gobbler "Claude" sit by the hour discussing current events.

William Russell and the Duchess of Butterfat

WILLIAM RUSSELL took the pipe from his mouth and smiled lovingly at his pet turkey before getting up from the grass where he'd been sitting.

"Gosh! women make me sick!" he said then. "They aren't leaving us men any privileges at all these days. First they break into our clubs, and then they come round yelling about equal rights, and now I see you've been running stories in your magazine about women farmers. They've even butted in on us in that game. What do women know about farms, anyway? It takes a man to run a farm properly, don't you think so?"

We were discreetly polite. We were after an interview, not giving one.

"I've got you," smiled Mr. Russell. "Well, now, I'll tell you what I think about it. The trouble with women is that they get too darned sentimental about things. I see that Blanche Sweet said she wouldn't think of letting one of her chickens be eaten, because she knows them all by name. Just fancy! Isn't that silly? I make more money out of my broilers than anything else. Chickens are foolish things to have around. Always scratching up your backyard and making no end of mess. And they need so much care. Every one of my chickens has a personal maid. Why, it's an awful nuisance!"

Suddenly, with an anxious expression on his face, Mr.

Russell lowered his voice to a whisper. "My! I forgot that the Duchess of Butterfat was asleep!" he said. "See, that's the woman of it again—always has to be pampered. We must be very careful with the Duchess. She sleeps so badly. Any sudden shock would be bad for her. That's because she's so swell. She has a valet with her always, and a phonograph by her bedside. I like to encourage taste for good music in my stock, though I must say that the Duchess has excellent taste now. We waken her to music every morning—starts her off in a good humor. They're all right if you only know how to handle them."

"What about turkeys?" we asked, by way of changing the subject.

"Ah!" said he. "There you've hit it! Now, a turkey is my idea of a sensible bird. My turkeys are the joy of my life, especially Claude, here. Claude and I are great pals. He has no use for the Duchess. In fact, just as you came in, we were forming a Mutual Society for the Protection of Males, weren't we, Claude, old boy?"

Claude's beady black eyes sparkled mischievously.

"Claude and I are great pals. Whenever I get a chance, I break away from the studio and hustle over here to him. Then I get into a pair of old trousers and a flannel shirt and take out my oldest pipe, and I'm perfectly happy. Claude and I sit here by the hour discussing things—that

High Life

Two sons of the old sod were watching a picture of high life. The scene showed the interior of a club house. A number of men were drinking rather freely, and all showed signs of intoxication.

"An' phot do yez call thot?" asked one.

"Phaix," replied the other, "thot must be wan of thim 'full' scenes we hear about."



The Tide of Events

The scene on the screen showed a father ordering his son from the house. After a few more scenes the boy was floating in the river.

"Isn't thot funny?" remarked an Irishman to his wife. "The ould man sint the boy adrift, and now he is floating right back on the nixt tide!"



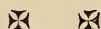
ART CRAFT

Of course you recognize the Mary Pickford profile; but who would suspect her director, Maurice Tourneau, of tea-drinking habits? Just a consultation 'tween scenes, perhaps.

Shaping a Divinity

The scene showed a maid dressing her mistress. After several scenes had passed, a cut back showed the maid still fussing over her mistress.

"By George," remarked a gentleman to his wife, "it's taking that girl a long time to get that woman into definite shape."

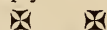


Zig-jag Warfare

The scene represented a tipsy man zigzagging up the street.

"Is thot mon drunk?" asked one Irishman of another.

"He is either thot or else he thinks thot wan of thim submarines be after him," was the reply.



A film company has no use for "dummy" directors.



FOX

HETTIE GRAY BAKER,

Who is the only woman title editor in the country. They say her salary checks foot up to \$15,000 a year. But be that as it may, she wrote all the titles for "A Daughter of the Gods."



HERBERT BRENNAN FILM CORPORATION

LUCILLE ZINTEO,

She is accustomed to a warm climate and is trying to keep her ears warm with her hands. But who is to keep her hands warm? Many a bright lad we know—



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LINDA A. GRIFFITH

Early Struggles of Motion Picture Stars

When David W. Griffith, the Brilliant Director, Was Just Beginning to Shine

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

This series of reminiscences, written by Linda A. Griffith, the wife of David Wark Griffith, who produced "The Birth of a Nation," is replete with the intimate secrets of the first days of many a star who now scintillates haughtily and brilliantly. Linda A. Griffith has seen the beginning of some of these screen stars. Some of them now boasting of princely salaries might prefer to forget that they began at \$3 a day. Mrs. Griffith writes frankly in this series of the days when \$25 a week was a consideration not to be ignored in the Griffith family. She will tell the readers of Film Fun in the coming numbers of the magazine many interesting incidents in the days of the "Old Biograph" as it is affectionately called by the screen people who began their climb in its studios.

A SHORT paragraph in the moving picture magazines and trade papers, a few weeks ago, recorded the fact that the Biograph Studio in the Bronx, New York City, was for sale, that Mr. Kennedy, the president of the Biograph Company since 1908, had withdrawn from the company, and that he would no longer be associated in any way

with moving pictures. Those of us still in the game had for some time felt that the end was drawing near, as the Biograph Company had ceased producing pictures some time ago; but no one wanted to see the old trade-mark that had stood for so much pass into utter oblivion.

Perhaps some of us who served our apprenticeship at

this one-time famous old studio, at No. 11 East Fourteenth Street, New York City, may have paused a few moments to think what that little news item meant. The magic circled "A. B.," just a few short years ago, was as safe a proposition to an "Exhibitor" as a New York City bond is to the conservative investor. And along with this feeling of regret, perhaps a few of us who should might not have been ashamed to speak a word of gratitude, if only a silent word, for one of the squarest and most considerate firms that any member of a moving picture company could ever hope to become associated with.

The other evening I happened to meet an old-time "Biographer" whom I had not seen for several years, Mr. Dell Henderson. Meeting him brought back some interesting memories of early days, for Mr. Henderson joined Biograph when we were preparing for our first trip to California.

I had been some two winters with Biograph, working day in and day out, in either the stuffy, close studio on East Fourteenth Street or freezing to the marrow doing "exteriors" in Fort Lee, N. J., and Central Park, New York City, when little rumors began to be wafted on the breeze that possibly the company would go to California for the winter. If I only had some old photos, showing the players huddled about a campfire built in the snow that covered the Jersey landscape and under a thickly branched but leafless tree which was to act as windshield, the reader could understand in some small measure, at least, the hope and the joy that filled our hearts when we first heard of the possibility of a trip to balmy, flowery Los Angeles for the winter months.

There is always something to be grateful for in any extremity of life, if we only look for it. In those days no picture was quite complete without a "chase." Therefore, on these winter pictures taken in Fort Lee, when we weren't warming our fingers or toes over the life-saving bonfire or stealing guiltily over to Ferrando's Italian table d'hote place for spaghetti and hot coffee, we were most often taking part in the inevitable "movie chase." We were grateful for the "chase" on winter days.

Winter days in Fort Lee recall one sweet face we saw for only a short time on the screen, that of Eleanor Kershaw, for some years now Mrs. Thomas H. Ince and the mother of three lovely boys. She, as well as her husband, spent a short time at the Biograph Studio. In this one of the few pictures Miss Kershaw took part in, she played a little waif in rags and tatters. It was such an icy day you couldn't keep warm with a buffalo robe on. When the picture was finished and run off in a theater, all through the audience you could hear people saying, "My, that must have been some cold day! Just look at her breath!" It



Effie Johnson and Alfred Paget, in a scene from "Love among the Roses," a story of Spanish California.

showed up like a thin white cloud on the screen. She did suffer from the bitter cold.

This incident brings to my mind a similar one that happened in the first picture Mr. Powell directed for Biograph and which was taken on a freezing cold day. This story, however, required a summer setting. We knew we could "get by" a summer scene with leafless trees and vines, and as there was no ice or snow to be seen, the audience would not be able to tell from the screen what the thermometer registered. When Florence Lawrence, who was working in the picture, began to play her scene, her breath froze in such clouds that Mr. Powell, knowing from the previous experience how it would show up on the screen, finally had Miss Lawrence play the scenes without speaking and hardly even breathing.

The first studio we had in California was merely a large, empty lot, where a board flooring, possibly seventy-five feet square, had been laid to serve as

stage. Two small rooms of rough wood were erected for dressing-rooms. In one of the business buildings in town the Biograph rented two large rooms, and there we rehearsed and had our costumes sent. A developing-room was built, and on a screen at one end were projected the pictures when finished.

Mary Pickford was one of the members of that first company to go to California, as was also her brother Jack, although he was not slated to go as a member of the company. Jack Pickford (Smith, he was then) was a small boy in short pants and happened to go to California in a most casual way. The company was gathered at the station, saying farewells to relatives and friends, and when "Little Mary" said "good-by" to her mother, sister Lottie and Jack, Jack started to cry in true "kid" fashion. To pacify him, Mary finally persuaded her mother to let Jack go with her to the coast, and he boarded the train, minus ticket or even a fresh collar or a suit of pajamas. Mary was always a little mother to all her family, and when she reached Chicago, she rushed over to Marshall Field's to get Jack some necessary garments for traveling, etc.

When a theatrical company starts off on a road tour, the inevitable rule is that flat or railway fares only are paid by the firm sending out the attraction; the individual artist pays for Pullmans, sleepers and for all meals taken in the dining-car. Therefore with great joy was the glad news received that not only were the railroad fares to be paid, not only were Pullman sleepers and drawing-rooms to be provided for the women, but three dollars a day was to be allowed for each person for all meals on the train while en route to California. We were quite a happy little family on that trip. At that time the sign of the Almighty



Linda Griffith with three famous riders—Charles Gorman, William Carrol and James Green.

Dollar had not become so firmly implanted before the moving picture artist's eyes as to blind them to the enjoyment and appreciation of the simple and true things of life.

We had three or four young women who were to work for twenty dollars a week (a four-days guarantee at five dollars a day), so that these little kindnesses meant much to them. Everyone in the company, from the twelve-dollar-a-week property boy (then Bobbie Harron, now shining as "The Boy" in "Intolerance"), received fourteen dollars a week as expense money. Mary Pickford at this time was getting thirty-five dollars a week, and others in comparison, so that the fourteen dollars extra meant a lot to those who had to send money "back home."

When we first began taking pictures in Los Angeles, bystanders would get as near as they possibly could, without getting within the range of the camera's lens, and then comment about the actors, as if actors were strange people born without ears to hear what was said about them.

I remember one picture taken in the hills of Hollywood, called "In Old California," a romance of the Spanish Dominion. Everyone in the cast of this picture was in costume, and although we began working far off in the foothills, twenty miles from town, the curious and the unemployed soon found us. Therefore, later in the day, when we used the Hotel Hollywood and its grounds for "locations," not only did we have as audience the hotel guests, but each guest had 'phoned a friend to "Hurry on over. They are taking movies at the hotel—a whole company of actors is here." Mr. Powell, Mr. Frank Grandin, Dell Henderson and Marion Leonard were playing in this picture. In the middle of a most dramatic scene between them, one of the spectators called out in a loud voice, "My gracious! I wouldn't dress up like that and look like a fool for all the money in the world!" There are many now that would be willing gladly to do more than wear a Spanish costume for a very small part of Charlie Chaplin's or Mary Pickford's salary!

At the old Mission of San Juan Capistrano, seventy

miles south of Los Angeles, we produced a southern Californian story, called "The Two Brothers." Wally Walthall was the leader of a band of Western outlaws in the story, and as such did some wonderful riding. Mr. Griffith, myself and a few others had made the trip by motor, arriving at Capistrano at seven in the evening. The rest of the company, including riders and horses (there were about twenty of the two latter), left on the midnight train, arriving at their destination at two in the morning.

I had just fallen into a much needed sleep, when I was awakened by a tumult of shouts, pistols being fired off in all directions, racing horses and general pandemonium. As I slowly came to, I first thought of an earthquake, and then followed in order in my mind all the known catastrophes of land and sea, until at last, being fully awakened, I realized a very simple thing had happened. The Wild West riders had arrived and were celebrating their arrival, and this most alarming demonstration was merely their way of giving expression to an exuberance of healthy animal spirits, even if it was two o'clock in the morning. Colonel Roosevelt knows all about this sort of an experience and perhaps would have appreciated the celebration.

When, the next day, we were working on the picture-taking scenes of these boys' riding, I could easily understand the life-risking chances they took on their horses. In answer to Mr. Griffith's offer of "A dollar for a fall, boys," they fell on all sides, with the horses running on madly without their riders, and in some cases the horse never moving, but standing still by the side of the prostrate rider until the scene was finished. These boys sometimes made as much as ten or twenty dollars a day just for "falls." Some of these Western riders have recently thrilled us by their wonderful riding in the "Ku Klux Klan" scenes in "The Birth of a Nation," in scenes from Mr. Thomas Ince's "Civilization," and more recently they no doubt drove the chariots in the ancient Babylon that came to life once more in Mr. Griffith's "Intolerance."



MUTUAL

"Sometimes I think my next adventure will be my last, but I know I cannot escape it. But if the scenario says you must jump from a hundred-foot cliff—you just bid good-by to your friends and do it—that's all."

"Shooting" the Thrills With Helen Holmes

"THE THRILLS witnessed on the screen are every bit as thrilling for the people who make them as they are for those who see them," admitted Helen Holmes, known throughout the motion picture world as "Helen the Fearless."

Director McGowan is the greatest little inventor of thrills, by which other people may or may not break their necks, who ever had charge of a producing company. But the first principle of success in motion production is confidence in your director. So if it is 'in the story' that you've got to toddle over a hundred-foot cliff into fifty feet of water, and McGowan says it can be done, why, you just go ahead and do it—that's all. Of course he has had the whole thing tested out, and, anyway, you can only die once. So when he shouts 'Camera!' away you go, hoping.

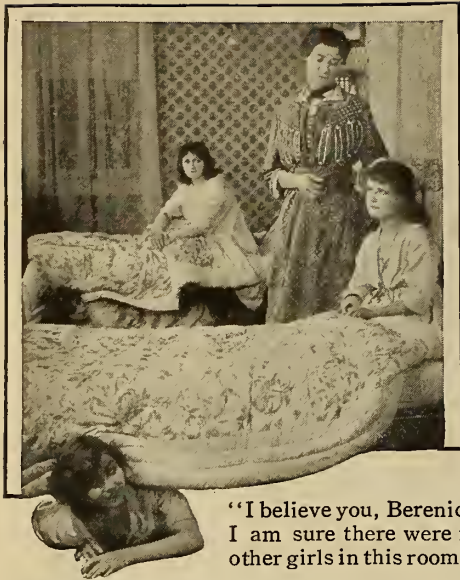
I'll never forget, so long as I live, the ride I had on a crazy lumber-train engine, with big, coal-scuttle smoke-stack, when we were 'shooting' 'A Lass of the Lumberlands.' The weather was awfully cold, and some of the valves had frozen; so when I put steam on the old contraption, I couldn't shut it off again, and away I went over stumps and shrubs. When I finally did succeed in stopping that lumber-camp teakettle, I made a solemn vow to make them provide me thereafter with first-class mechanical devices.

"Once I had to jump from a train that was traveling at thirty miles an hour. The landing didn't seem to hurt much, for it was broken by a lot of straw they had spread for me; but it was the awful sensation of landing on my left ear that made me feel so sort of one-sided. When the rescue party picked me up, and I stood there close up, dazed and, so far as the audience knew, dying, I tell you honestly I thought I was going to die.

"Another lovely bit was when I had to jump over a cliff and slither about in loose gravel. I stumbled on the edge of the 'take off' and actually did fall. They thought I did it on purpose and said it was wonderful work. I guess it was. I was skinned from head to foot.

"How would you like to crawl over a burning bridge, with nearly all the supports gone? The rails were nearly red-hot, and the air was like a furnace blast. If I had turned back, the whole scene would have been spoiled. 'Helen,' I muttered, 'it's now or never!' When I reached the other side, I fainted. They filmed that, too.

"Sometimes in my dreams I think the next adventure will be my last, but still I know I can't escape it. The thrill of the thrills is driving me forward, and I know that when the time comes, no matter what McGowan tells me to do, I'll do it. But, oh, do you wonder that I sometimes jump in my sleep?"



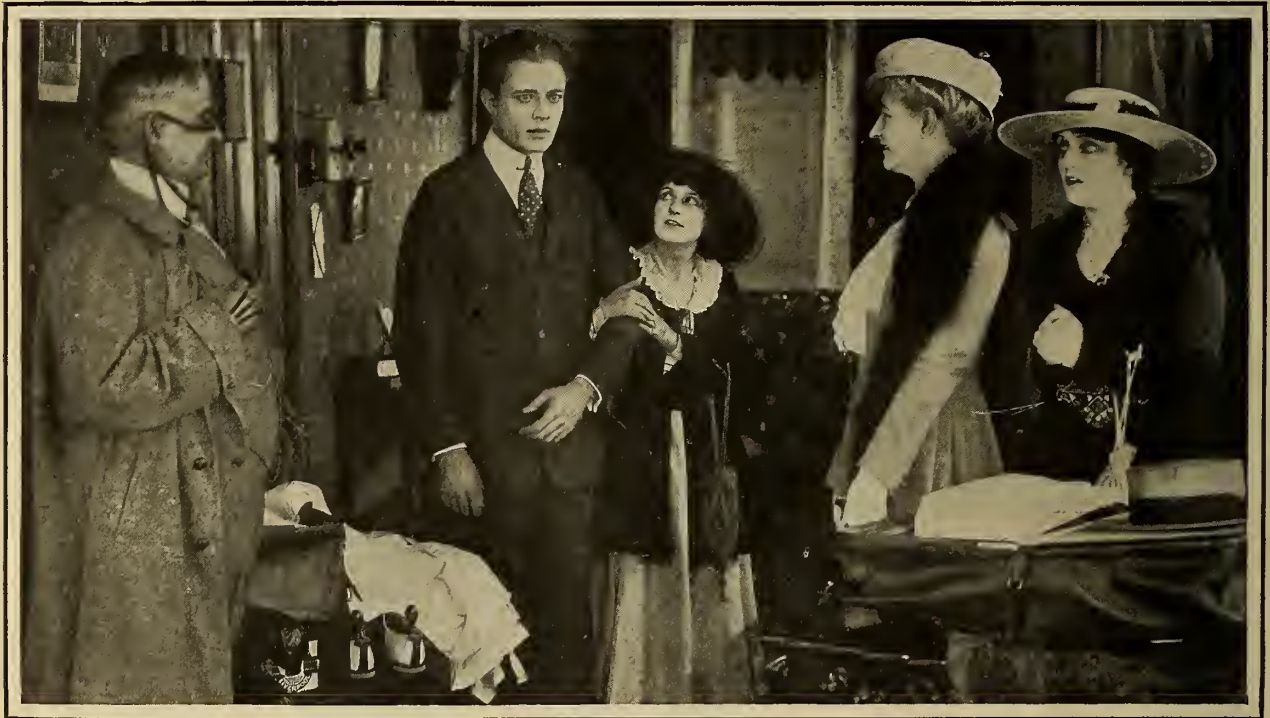
"I believe you, Berenice. I am sure there were no other girls in this room."



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Berenice and her friend find themselves in the wrong hotel room, which was bad enough, but worse when the friend's parents find them there. They try to explain.

FAMOUS PLAYERS



FAMOUS PLAYERS

It seems the easiest way out for the friend to introduce Berenice and the strange young man as "Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner," which seems to be a plausible reason for their presence in town, enroute to the matinee.

Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington"

BECAUSE she was reputed never to have told a lie, Berenice Somers is presented with a handsome medal from the Truth Society and nearly dies of laughter while the presentation is being made. For Berenice can, as her friends say, "give Ananias cards and spades and still beat him" at the lying game. She has such a sweet, innocent expression on her face that no one but her friends know what a fibber she is—so they call her "Miss George Washington." Berenice is so fast on her mental feet that

she needs neither memory nor notebook to keep her from mixing stories. Having told one fib in order to deceive the head of the private school of which she is a pupil, she starts an avalanche of lies and has to keep right on.

The whole thing makes a screamingly funny farce that is not dull for one moment. Marguerite Clark, as the girl who cannot tell the truth, is charming and handles a few of the scenes, that might very easily have become vulgar, with just the right touch. We recommend "Miss George Washington" as a gloom chaser.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

This innocent deception made all sorts of complications, for the friend's parents immediately invite them all to a house party. There is no way out of it—they have to accept.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

But Berenice has nimble wits. She extricates herself from an unpleasant situation by confiding to her hostess that she has had a quarrel with her husband and is never, never going to speak to him again.



MUTUAL

In these days of too short dancing frocks, it is a relief to find someone as lovely as Minneta Timayo still clinging to the graceful and dignified train—though in this case it seems to be the train that's clinging to Minneta. "Straight lines and simple ones" is Miss Timayo's motto, and so she designs all her gowns just that way.

No one realizes more fully the tremendous effect of clothes upon the wearer than does the motion picture star, who must portray perfectly so many different types of character. "Not only on the screen, but in everyday life as well, our actions reflect the clothes we wear," they have found. "No one but we ourselves can know what sort of garment is best calculated to bring out our finest characteristics. That is why so many of us design our own gowns."



LASKY

Mary Mersch's new evening gown is blue chiffon over a silver drop, and it is trimmed with blue and silver sequins. Whenever she has nothing better to do, Mary gets out her sewing box and her big shears, and presto! she has a new dress with which to startle the populace.

Everybody Loves an Evening Gown.

In the Book of Rules Above We Tell You Why.



VITAGRAPH

Here's Edith Storey back again. She says the fan is to keep her from getting overheated. No wonder she's smiling, after that.



BALSOA

The lily is Ruth Roland's favorite flower—that's the reason she gives for her gown of white taffeta.



EBBANAY

We don't know how Edna Mayo sits down in this, but it does look mighty pretty. Standing is good for the figure, anyhow.



FOX

"Dear me, it's getting cold!" said Joan Sawyer, throwing about her shoulders a beautiful gauzy scarf of tulle. We happened to catch her while she was standing still, long enough for us to examine this white chiffon dance frock with gorgeous feather trimming.

Of course, all work and no play as hard, to make up for it. "And would make even the right kind of these gowns very dull playing clothes are girls. When they every bit as important work—which is as the right kind of the greater part of the time—they work very, very hard; and so, when they know what they play, they they're talking about. have to play twice about.



LASKY

Nothing at all to make, my dear. Just four flounces and a bit of bodice is plenty for a gown for Cherie Malone. Of course it is strapped on over the shoulders and made of iridescent sequins. And there is the tulle drapery and the silk lining and things. But with a countenance and manner like Cherie Malone's, what matters her gown?

They're Ready—On With the Dance.

Most Anyone Would Feel Like Dancing in Gowns Like These.



PATHE WHITE PHOTO

"It is so difficult," explains Jane Grey, "to know how to arrange one's arms in a picture." We find no fault with her arms.



PATHE WHITE PHOTO

Grace Darmond likes yards and yards of material in her gowns. You can tell that, can't you?



ARTCRAFT WHITE PHOTO

It isn't often we have the opportunity to see Mary in evening gowns, she is kept so busy at ingenue parts. Reading poetry, too!



THANHOUSER

The cares of motherhood don't seem to have wrinkled Florence La Badie's brow. She looks almost as young as the baby does.



THANHOUSER

Carey Hastings was the mother of seven in "The Vicar of Wakefield." No wonder she looks so careworn.



VITAGRAPH

FLOYD, N. Y.

"Dear, dear, children are an awful responsibility!" says Anna Brady.

THE MOTION PICTURE

By HAZEL

THE HERO and the heroine must many trials endure;
To be run over, shot and drowned is not a sinecure.
Yet, when it comes to suffering, there's not a Picture Queen
But yields the palm in agony to Mother of the Screen.

She has to see her Only Boy by Gamblers led astray,
The Villain plot and counterplot to capture Daughter May,
While Father loves to tipple. Oh, that family's mighty
mean

To poor, old, white-haired Mother of the Motion Picture
Screen!

Of course we know that W
But, then, it rhymes so
Screen.



VITAGRAPH

Mary Maurice looks very proud of her screen son, Marc MacDermott.



MACK SENNETT-KEYSTONE STUDIO

Alice Davenport has mothered more comedies than any other woman on the screen, but don't tell her we said so. No mother likes to hear her children called "comedies."



SELIG-POLYSCOPE

At one time Eugenie Besserer was known as the champion lady fencer of the world. Now she is a champion mother of the screen.



No reel mother, this very comfortable-looking person, but little Bobby Connelly's honest-to-goodness real mother.



LASKY
Here's Anita King playing a mother role and looking as if she enjoyed it. The baby looks happy, too; but, then, what baby wouldn't?

CTURE MOTHER

CFARLANE

The Cruel Landlord turns her out if she can't pay the rent,
Or there's a Mortgage on the Farm that eats up ev'ry cent.
No sables, pearls, nor Paris gowns, no crested limousine
Are owned by sad-eyed Mother of the Motion Picture Screen.

Behold her as she "registers" that look of patient woe
(No candidate for martyr's crown has ever suffered so),
While down her furrowed cheek slow fall those tears of
glycerine

That are wept by tortured Mother of the Motion Picture
Screen.

r doesn't sanction glycerine,
tiff'ly with Motion Picture



VITAGRAPH MOODY, N. Y.
Even gypsies have mothers, but gentle Mary Anderson doesn't always look like this.



SELZNICK PICTURES
Gertrude Berkeley knitting boots for baby—in "War Brides." Screenmothers must be very versatile—they expect so much of them.



BALBOA
Sweet and demure in this bonnet tied under her chin is Mollie McConnell, the Balboa mother. 15—



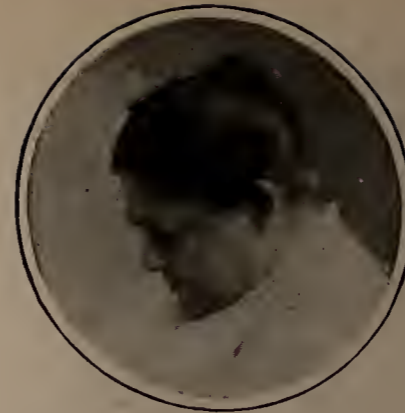
FOX
Chief of the Fox mothers is Mrs. Cora Drew—who mothers the whole company.



THANHOUSER
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Of course we know that Webster doesn't sanction glycerine, But, then, it rhymes so beautif'ly with Motion Picture Screen.



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The Children's Hour

The Ubiquitous A=B=Cs

You'd think screen people would be too busy to hand out the usual fond-father tales about their bright boys at home, but they are as bad as the next one. This is the tale offered by a screen star who has a baby boy at home, just learning some of the wicked ways of the household.

Father claims he asked for a second helping of cake at lunch one day and spelled the word, in order to get past the baby's notice.

"I'll have some c-a-k-e," he spelled cautiously.

Baby Boy glanced up wisely and waved his spoon in the air.

"I'll have some of those a-b-cs, too," he remarked.



What Did the Cat Ask?

Screen mother—Don't ask so many questions, Bobby. Curiosity once killed a cat.

Studio son (after moment of thought)—What was it the cat wanted to know?



VITAGRAPH

Charles Kent, over at the Vitagraph, has never allowed his youthful spirits to evaporate. The studio children beg him daily for stories.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

Children never will be able to understand why grown-ups have such a craze for soap and water. But Dorothy Gish, in "Children of the Feud," has views of her own concerning wash-ups.



WILLIAM FOX

When little Jane Lee has a birthday party, she invites all the children she can find. You can count the candles for yourself and see how old Jane is.

Not in Her List

Lena Baskette and Elizabeth Janes, both busy child actresses and busy little schoolgirls, too, were confiding their schoolroom triumphs to their director, Marshall Stedman, the other day.

"I got 100 in deportment to-day," said Lena proudly.

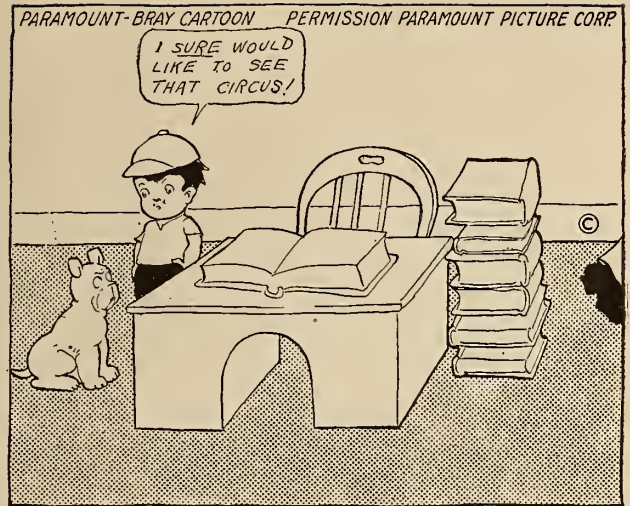
"What did you get?" he asked Elizabeth.

Elizabeth gazed at him artlessly.

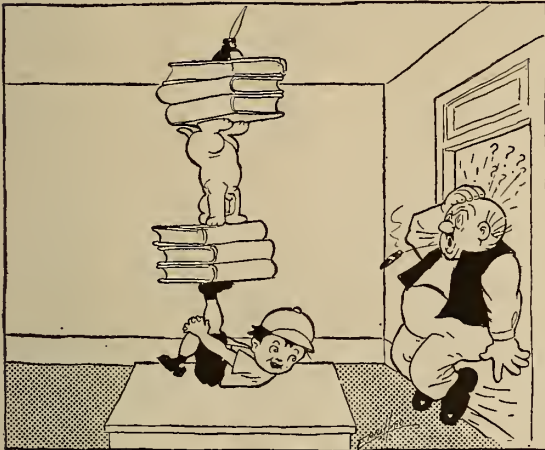
"Oh, I don't take that," she explained patiently.



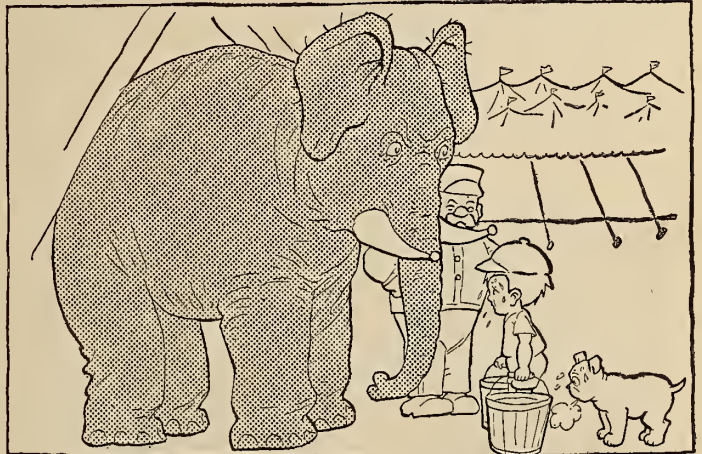
Bobby Bumps and his pup want to go to the circus. When a boy wants to go to a circus, of course he tackles dad. Bobby's dad is balancing some books.



Dad leaves the room for a moment. Bobby and his pup put their heads together. They simply have to get to that circus. A boy wouldn't be a boy if he didn't.



Bobby didn't mean a thing—he only wanted to help dad balance the books, so he could hustle up to that circus. However, dad didn't see it that way.



Bobby isn't going to give up, though. For the rest of the afternoon he carries water for the elephants, in order to be allowed to look in under the Big Tent now and then.

Undiluted

The picture showed the interior of a club house. Several men sat at a table, drinking rather freely from a bottle near them.

"Oi say," remarked Pat to his friend, "they certainly are doing justice to that rye."

"Yez be roight," was the answer; "and Oi'm thinking thot they are not timpering it wid mercy."



The Other Chap

The picture showed a man with a black eye and a bruised face.

"Phaix," said an Irishman to his friend, "thot man must hov met somewan wid a striking resemblance to a prize foighter."

No Narrow Path for Him

Two Irishmen were watching the antics of a tipsy man on the screen.

"Oi wonder if a mon loike thot could ever take to the straight and narrow path?" asked one.

"Be gobs," his friend replied, "a mon loike him wouldn't hov room to stagger in any narrow path!"



Marriage Bonds

After the screen wedding Mr. Kross turned to his little boy, remarking, "Wasn't that pretty?"

"Yes," he replied; "but I am never going to get married."

"Why not?" his father asked.

"Because I have lived with married folks too long."



MOROSCO

“Love—forty!” she shouts, believing there is safety in numbers. There’s no reason to raise a racket about it, though.



MOROSCO

Isn’t she the cut-up? Kathlyn says a woman can beat a mere man every time when it comes to real work, even if she does have to borrow his trousers to do it!



No Idle Moments

In the day for Kathlyn Williams. Like the busy bee, she improves each shining hour with a few more shins. From the moment when she gayly chokes the alarm clock that sings its matin melody promptly at six a. m., on through a full day of chores, this lady is an honest-to-goodness motion picture girl. She is never idle for a second.



MOROSCO

Do you blame the dog for getting his foot scratched? What impartial male wouldn’t do the same, if he got the chance?

MOROSCO

That’s all she said!



MOROSCO

Every dog has his day, but every day is Fluffy's. Fluffy loves the studio, and he gets up bright and early every morning, so as to be ready to start out with Mistress Kathlyn and to bark his approval of her acting.



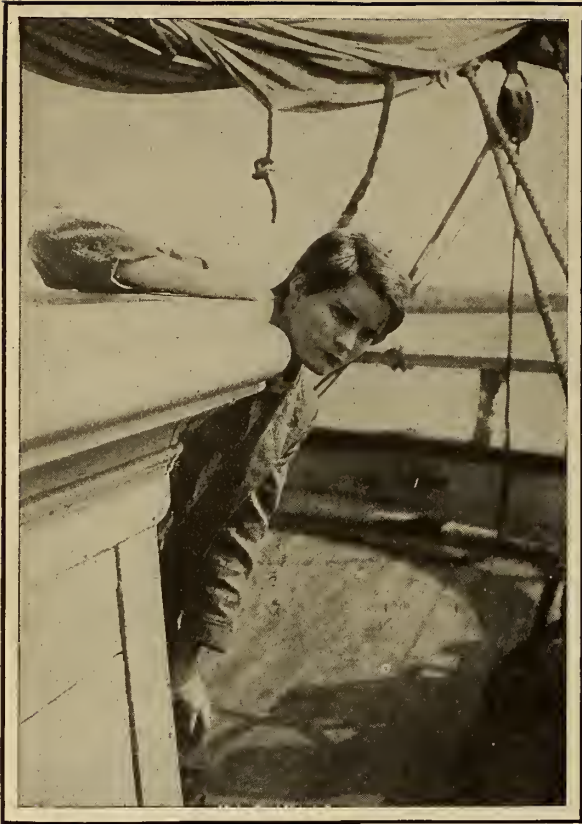
MOROSCO

"Speak for it!" says Kathlyn. She has no time for Fluffy now, and he must wait while she and His Kingship play together. Mr. Lion seems to be every bit as much afraid of her as Fluffy is. And they tell us women are the weaker sex!



MOROSCO

Back at her bungalow, our heroine dons a beautifully embroidered dressing gown and reads about her own narrow escape while riding a frightened elephant. It was just fun for her, but, of course, it's all in the game to make it seem as exciting as possible.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

In "The Wharf Rat," Mae Marsh, as the orphan Polly, dons boys' clothes and becomes a wandering musician.



ART CRAFT

Mary Pickford, as the East Indian girl, falls in love with the young English officer in "Less Than the Dust."

"The Wharf Rat," and What We Think of It

POLLY is an orphan, placed by her father's will in the care of her stepmother, Mrs. McCracken. Grandpa, a violinist and a woman-hater, lives with them. One day he hears Roy, Mrs. McCracken's son, forcing his attentions on Polly. He strikes Roy to the ground, and thinking he has killed him, escapes, taking Polly with him.

Polly disguises herself as a boy, and boards an outgoing steamer where they meet Eddie Douglas, also a woman hater, and they become great friends.

At the end of the journey they separate, Eddie to go to his father's lumber office on the dock. Polly and grandpa obtain shelter in the cabin of an old ship at the same dock.

Of course she meets Eddie again, and of course it turns out in the end that grandpa did not kill Roy at all. And Eddie ends up, where all woman-haters do, before a preacher—with Polly.

It does not matter in the least that in several parts of this picture Old Man Coincidence is somewhat overworked. Nor does it matter that in real life no boy with eyes in his head could mistake Polly for one of his own sex for very long. For a more charming boy than Mae Marsh in trousers would be hard to find, and that is the important thing. Robert Harron is always good, and as Eddie he is particularly so. "The Wharf Rat" is a delightful picture, on the whole, and Mae Marsh is the chiefest of its delights.

Less Than the Dust

IT IS a pity that Miss Pickford has been advised to attempt to interpret the characters of all nations. As Mary Pickford, in the winsome, piquant and altogether appealing plays in which she first appeared on the screen, she was delightful. In her later attempts, instead of indicating versatility, she merely outlines her limitations and causes her very good friends and admirers to sincerely wish that she wouldn't try to do things that she cannot do.

In "Less Than the Dust," the directors of the play give us a remarkable assortment of misinformation about India. A girl of the age of Rahda would have been married and not allowed to run at large among the men who were plotting against the government. She would not have eaten with men, nor would she have hastily grabbed up the dishes before the men had more than started. She would have waited for the second table.

Even though she was of white blood, her Eastern training would not have permitted her to slough off the results of twelve or fourteen years of training and called it comedy to make laughter out of "eating the Sacred Cow." Even the Pickford ingenuity was unable to rise above the very patent strain that evinced itself throughout the picture. Our one hope is that the characters will soon be exhausted, and that Miss Pickford will return to us the gay little charmer as of yore.



MUTUAL

Kolb and Dill, in "A Peck of Pickles," have a little trouble with mice in their grocery store, but they regard any customer as finicky who refuses to buy cheese just because a mouse jumps out of the delicacy. Who would deprive an innocent mouse of a bite or two of cheese?

Shaking for the Enemy

Two sons of the old sod were watching a battle scene. The soldiers were lined up for inspection, just prior to the engagement. One man in the front row was seen to shake like a leaf.

"An' phot is thot mon shaking about?" asked one.

"Thot is easy. Can't yez see thot he is trembling for the lives of the enemy?"

✕ ✕

Ground Out

Two sons of Erin were watching a screen wedding. A very uncouth man was being married to a woman of the "belligerent" type.

"Thot mon is phot yez would call a diamond in the rough."

"Yis," was the reply; "but don't yez worry. Thot woman will soon grind him down."

✕ ✕

An Installation

Mr. Dilly—Let me see now; to-day I must pay the third installment on my books.

Mrs. Dilly—Yes; and to-night



MACK SENNETT-KEYSTONE

Ford Sterling, looked the part of Polly Moran's henpecked screen husband.

we must see the first installment of "The Adventures of Lizzy."

✕ ✕

Dead Ones

During a battle scene those who had "died" for their country were seen to move several times.

"Be jabbers," said Mrs. Casey to her husband, "they be funny dead men!"

"Yes," was the reply. "They haven't enough loife in thim to play the corpse."

✕ ✕

Truly Unlucky

Scenario writer—Beware of opal rings. They are unlucky.

Director—I know they are. I gave one to a girl once.

Scenario writer—What happened?

Director—She married me.

✕ ✕

Very Practical

Screenly—Filmer seems fond of practical jokes.

Starleigh—Yes; he sells 'em for a dollar apiece.

Fairbanks and the New Screen Tongue

By EFFIE LEESE SCOTT

IS IT going to be like this?
Douglas Fairbanks says it is.
Listen!

"Hey, there!" yells a manager. "Make that rose odor stronger during that love scene!"

Instantly the audience is submerged in a greater rose atmosphere.

"Now in that revert," continues said manager, "when we picture the old home down on the farm, make it strong with new-mown hay; then when the heroine becomes reminiscent, add a few whiffs of rose-mary."

Thus the director of odors is kept busy playing on a set of pipes, which give out perfumed vapor through tubes which extend to scores of apertures throughout the room. Meanwhile the audience keeps en rapport with each shifting scene, for there is an odor for every emotion.

No, this odor-producing, emotion-suggesting machine hasn't been invented yet, but the idea for the model still remains where it was born—in the fertile brain of Douglas Fairbanks. Doug says it's going to be worked out in the near future. He modestly confesses that he thought out the scheme after observing Belasco shooting incense out over the audience just before rolling up the curtain on an Oriental play.

"The fact is," said Mr. Fairbanks, when discussing the future possibilities of the screen, "we've got to have a screen language. And when we do, the moving picture will move up a few pegs in the art world. Oh, some brilliant person will invent it, all right, and in this new scheme the olfactory nerves are going to play an important part. Just now music is

utilized to express emotions, and rapid advance has been made in perfecting the idea; but science tells us that odors express emotions, and, furthermore, that there is an odor for every emotion.



VITAGRAPH

WHAT KEPT YOU, PATSY?

Patsy De Forest was on her way to the indoor pool of her swimming club, when she happened to notice the cover page of a *FILM FUN*. Patsy is a trick swimmer, but she held up the whole party to have her picture taken with Hughie Mack on the cover page. Patsy's curls, you might notice, are waterproof, having been ironed in with the "water system," which stays put.

"We have got to have something more satisfying than we have to take the place of the human voice. Gestures are just beginning to be developed, but for the present drastic action is universally substituted.

"Just now film requirements are very exacting. A screen star playing before a camera must express emotion in a flash. He doesn't have thirty minutes to get in touch with an audience, as does the legitimate actor. It's a case of 'do or die,' and do it darn quick."

Those who are familiar with Douglas Fairbanks's Western plays may rest assured that as soon as this new machine is invented, Douglas will immediately start a factory to manufacture a supply of odors to suggest the mountain atmosphere. To tickle his olfactory nerves with the odor of the pine will put him in the prime of condition to do a Western play in a way that cannot be surpassed.

And Douglas says we are going to have this machine.

Well, maybe!

Here's hopin'!

✕ ✕

Just Out, but Not Extra

Newsboy (to screen actor)

—Extra! Just out! Extra, sir?

Screen actor (indignantly)
—No, indeed! I am a regular member of the company!

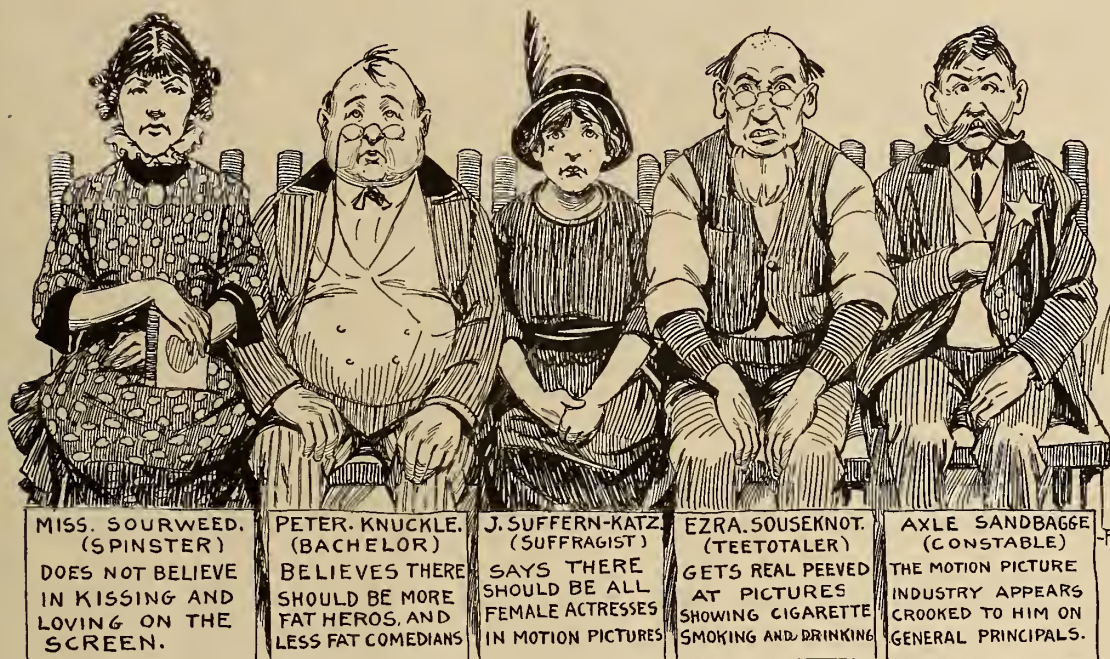
✕ ✕

A Handy Subject

Mr. Criss—I heard Dash-leigh, the actor, spoke before an audience of deaf mutes the other day.

Mr. Cross—I suppose he had his subject well in hand.

THE NUTVILLE BOARD OF CENSORS.



Nutville Censors

By LOIS ZELLNER

WE'VE fixed it so them city fellers
That perduce the picture plays
Can't git over any rough stuff,
Can't git by with any tough stuff,
Down in Nutville nowadays.

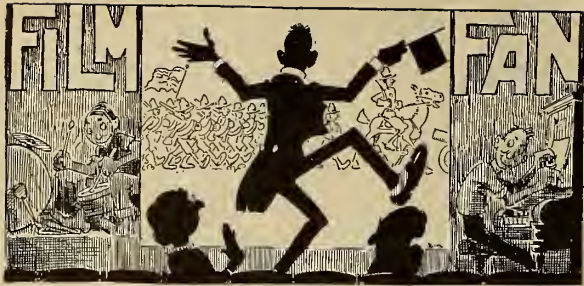
No, siree! We've careful censors,
And we know whut's fit to screen.
We can tell a reel that's proper.
If it ain't, you bet we stop 'er!
Best screen board you ever seen!

Peter Knuckle—he's the chairman—
Knows the drammer top to toe.
Owned the Opry House one season.
Natchelly you see the reason—
After that, he oughter know.

There's a couple lady members,
Both good jedges of a show.
They won't stand fer fillums shady
Or that might offend a lady,
Like Jul-ius and Romeo.

Ev'ry town should have its censors,
Like we got down Nutville way.
Then the films, by all tarnation,
Would be means uv *education*—
Ain't that whut you fellers say?





The Reason Why

"I SEE," said the Film Fan, "that H. R. Durant claims that authors do not consider ways and means of the editorial office of a motion picture studio. He claims that people who want to write acceptable scenarios should keep in mind the fact that if a play is not good enough for a 70,000-word novel or a good four-act play for the stage, it is not good enough for a five-reel photoplay. He claims this is the reason why editors purchase only one-half of one per cent. of scenarios offered.

"Perhaps it is the reason, and perhaps it is not. There is a lot of piffle about this scenario thing. In one office where the editors were at loggerheads, scenarios were held up for weeks until the personal matters between the two could be adjusted. Each one held out scripts on the other. Each one turned down any script recommended by the other, regardless of its merit. The matter resolved itself into a fight for personal supremacy—while the public patiently waited for the purchase of the 'one-half of one per cent.'

"An editor of another concern, who evidently has his favorites where scenarios are concerned, and who can recognize no merit in any other, returned a scenario with the usual rejection remarks. It happened to be a good scenario, and later the president of the company, by chance, heard of the scenario. He read it, accepted it and sent the author to confer with the very editor who had peremptorily rejected it. The editor praised it highly. The author timidly wanted to know why he had rejected it some months before, when it had been in his hands. He denied any knowledge of it. He insisted that he had never seen it before. Naturally he had to insist to save his face; but if it was not good enough for him at first reading, why was it an excellent script at second reading? The script had not been changed—it was the same story.

"In another office the editor accepted a story, on the condition that it be submitted as a synopsis only. The author is an experienced scenario writer and offered the synopsis and the continuity for the usual price received—\$500. The editor refused the continuity. He offered \$250 for the synopsis and said he had a trained continuity writer to write the continuity. The trained continuity writer was given \$250 for the job. When it was ready for the director, it was found that the continuity was not suitable. Another writer was called in and paid \$150 for writing another continuity. The script cost the company in the long run the combined prices of the author's \$250, the first continuity price of \$250 and the second continuity

charge of \$150. The continuity, at that, was no better than the scenario writer could have done and which would have cost the company \$500 at the start. Yet this company puts out a heap of inflated remarks about its care in selecting writers and plays and the difficulty in finding them.

"There are plenty of good scenarios to be had. There are plenty of good writers to be had. But there are darn few editors who know what they want. They have to make a bluff to the manager, who must make a bluff to the president of the company, who in turn must make a bluff to the men who are putting up the money. And the public pays for the entire amount of bluff.

"A scenario with plenty of snappy comedy in it was offered to a well-known comedian, who claims that he reads his own plays and that he selects them himself. He returned it as being unsuitable to his type. Three months later the play was submitted to his company, on request of an editor who had heard the story outlined, and purchased almost before it was received, on the strength of the outline and the author's reputation. Another star in the constellation was given the play, and the first star protested when he heard of it. He wanted the play himself. He was informed that he had turned it down, having had the first chance at it. As a matter of fact, he had not read the play at all.

"And once more let me say—there are plenty of good scenarios; but if the editors will not read them, what can the writer do?"

"You talk like a fish!" sneered the Grouch. "I suppose you've just had a scenario turned down and want to take it out on the editors."

"I may converse like an inhabitant of the water," replied the Fan, with dignity, "but I have never written a scenario in my life, and with heaven's help I never will. I understand there is only one other man in my class in the world, and we hope to some day form an association. I have marked with mine own eyes the mass of drivel that adds to the receipts of the post office and the gray hairs of the editorial department, and I have also marked the reasonably good tales that are turned down by young gents whose judgment is not equal to their ego and who pose as editors in the motion picture factories. They call for something different, and when a writer brings them something different, they refuse it because it is different. They want to do what the other chap is doing, and unless an idea has been done on the screen, they are afraid of it. And if it has been done, they refuse it because it has been done, and there you are. You can count on the fingers of one hand the men in the motion picture business who have vision and the daring to capitalize their vision."

"Who are they?" asked the Grouch.

"You can count 'em on one hand, I said," returned the Fan. "Do your own counting—you've got a hand as well as I have, haven't you?"





Swoboda

ASCEND TO THE TOP

It is men, and women, for the "top" that are wanted; those able to control, dominate, and organize, with minds that can think great productive thoughts, those with healthy reliable bodies; there is a position, and prosperity waiting at the top for you.

These Men That Reach the Top Are Bulwarks in Business and Social Life

Men of Science have, for convenience, divided humanity into three distinct divisions, thus:—First, The successful—Second, The capable—Third, The incapable.

First Division. Those who are capable, and have to some considerable extent made a success of life; that is, they are comfortably off, have fair health, and because of this, and possibly other successes, rest (as they think) satisfied. Never was there a greater mistake, for these are the very people who are on the eve of prosperity in the highest sense, and fail to recognize it.

Swoboda carries you over the border line, places you above the ordinary man. He develops your Boundless Limitless-Self, makes you powerful, Strong, Thrilling, Vivid, Virile and Quick; further, he gives you a graceful and a magnificent mentality.

This, and this only, is the plane of delightful health you should be on, and not rest in a fool's paradise.

Second Division takes the ordinary type of man who attempts, first one thing, and then another, failing at this and that, often ailing, changeable, poor memory, frequently depressed, or else he is at the giddy heights of the impossible. Experts know that this class of person lacks both physically, and mentally.

Third Division are the "low-downs," those who really EXIST, rather than LIVE, nearly always discouraged and weak in body, but so engrossed with their disabilities that they have little, or no time, to enjoy the sweets of a happy life.

But Swoboda Makes Either of the Above into Men and Women of Endurance

SWOBODA'S MESSAGE TO YOU:—

I can so vitalize every organ, tissue and cell of your body as to make the mere act of living a joy. I can give you an intense, thrilling and pulsating nature. I can increase your very life. I not only promise it, I guarantee it. My guarantee is unusual, positive and absolutely fraud proof.

There are those that are tyrannized by paralyzing "suggestions," such as fear of death, future, loss, disease, sickness, temper, inability, worry, suggestions that cripple their efforts, crush their attempts and hurl them back discouraged. *Conscious Evolution* opens the door to a dazzling realization of the dominant latent power within, and these very people come out at the other side, boundless and free.

The reason so many women speak without reserve as to the value of Swoboda's system, is because he has taught them what they should know about Self-Evolution. When they understand this, they are conscious of being Powerful, Magnetic, Beautiful, Healthy and of Strong Feminine Personality, therefore have become better women in every way.

Can YOU work at "top speed" week in, and week out, without feeling fatigued? Can you dominate those under and over you? Can you show yourself to the world as a healthy, powerful competent, profound and systematic thinker?

Can you twist difficulties into successes? Can you say "I can Concentrate—I have a splendid Memory—I have a strong will? Come now! Can you honestly say this? Swoboda can! Interested! Of course you are, how could you be otherwise? Why your very success in life is at stake if you are not like Swoboda, and remember he is just what he has made himself with Swobodism. Suppose your health failed to-day, where would your business go to? America is just full of money waiting for "top men" and "top women" to earn it. The times are too fast and strenuous for weak-lungs or slow brains to keep up with. The strong and capable, are the men who succeed; there is plenty of room at the top for you, and Swoboda can take you there alright.

When you board one of the mighty leviathan locomotives rushing madly from New York to Chicago, you simply take your ticket, and rest comfortably until you reach there. The worry and care of the journey is not yours; you are whirled along in restfulness and pleasantness. That is just how Swoboda takes you along. He gives care to every student, and he trains, leads, and teaches you right away for health, and mental and physical strength from the very start. You just place yourself in his hands AND HE DOES THE REST.

Because others have failed to get you into the "pink of health," don't think that Swoboda will fail—he will get you there right enough—absolutely, and thousands all over the world will tell you so.

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MESSAGES FROM THOSE WHO HAVE REACHED THE TOP

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- "Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."
- "I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."
- "I was very sceptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."
- "The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude, I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"
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- "It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."
- "I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."
- "My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."
- "I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."
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TRIANGLE FINE ARTS

Anita Loos

Who is going to write all the sub-titles for Fairbanks's plays. He says so himself. He says he has heard people laugh as much over her titles as they did at his comedy.

Besides, comedians cannot be funny all the time. Sometimes he likes to sit down and catch a comfortable breath or two and let the titles do the comedy. Miss Loos is a noted scenario writer as well.

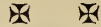
The Girl on the Cover

Veta Searl is a new screen star, and she is as much surprised as anybody over it. When Frank Powell, head of the Powell Producing Company, discovered Veta Searl, he offered her a place in "Charity?" to appear in support of such noted stars as Creighton Hale, Linda Griffith and Sheldon Lewis. Miss Searl is only four foot nine, but she drew herself up to her full length—and hopped right into the front cover of the January FILM FUN.



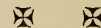
Side-show Scenes

While Irene Fenwick was doing side-show scenes at Coney Island for "The Coney Island Princess," she attracted the attention of the proprietor of a couple of real side-shows. "Say, kid," said he, "you're there with the looks. There's too much class to you for this. Take it from me, you ought to break away and get onto Broadway, and I'm for you any time you start." Miss Fenwick is thinking of asking some manager for a small part some day.



Sleight-of-hand Costumes

We knew the ladies weren't wearing much, these days, but we didn't know that they could use a silk handkerchief as an article of apparel. Mons. Cne, the fashion artist, says they can, so if you'll watch him in the Paramount Pictograph making sleight-of-hand costumes with all sorts of odds and ends of silks, perhaps you can learn how.



"Charity?" Released by Mutual

"Charity?" by Linda A. Griffith, the first feature of the Frank Powell Productions, in which appear Creighton Hale, Linda A. Griffith and Sheldon Lewis, has been acquired by the Mutual Film Corporation and will be released and handled by that organization as a special feature.



KEYSTONE

Fay Tincher, the Village Vamp

Kipling wrote his poem, "The Vampire," too soon. He should have waited until he saw Fay Tincher! She would have inspired him to write up her kind of vampire instead of the catty creature who copped the title role in the poem. Then Mr. Kipling would have written something about "a wag and tone and a bang of hair, we called her the vamp who didn't vamp fair; for she wouldn't do what she said she'd dare."

You see, Tillie, the hash slinger, read a book about still another vampire lady, and so she started out on a wholesale vamping expedition of her own, just to see how it felt. Since she didn't really mean it, she just lamped and vamped them all. Believe me, it just raised Ned in that old town.

✕ ✕

Just Stumbled onto It

Director (apologetically)—I meant to tell about that hole in the ground, Jim.

Screen actor (climbing out)—No matter; I found it.

✕ ✕

Very Embarrassing

Sweet young extra—Mae had to save a man from drowning yesterday.

Comedy lead—Mercy! How did it happen?

Sweet young extra—He was teaching her to swim.

✕ ✕

Inflated Ego

Miss Reel—That actor is a very small type of man.

Miss Film—Yes; and he is always trying to magnify himself.



THE LAFAYETTE FUND

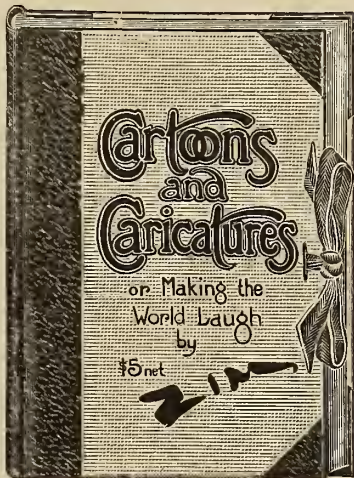
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Who's Who and Where

Eileen (Babe) Sedgwick is being featured in a series of one- and two-reel comedy-dramas being filmed at Universal City.



"Somewhere in Chicago" they are smearing Leo White over several thousand feet of film. Leo is engaged in the manufacture of giggles with Max Linder, the famous French comedian.



"Take two heaping teaspoonfuls of adventure, a large dash of peril, a goodly portion of mystery, flavor with romance, and there," says Pearl White, "you have a genuine elixir of youth."



Bebe Daniels has lost ten pounds by a secret treatment—she orders apples by the box and eats nothing else. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," says she. Oregon apple growers, please copy.



Billie Ritchey had to lie in bed half a morning recently, waiting for a cat to wag its tail, so as to tickle his bare foot in a manner approved by the director. Billy says it was a tedious as well as a ticklish situation.



"Get your husbands now," is Ralph Kellard's advice to American girls. "After the war ends, there will be a great influx of women of foreign nations, who will rush over here and gobble up your American men."



What are we coming to? First Theda Bara comes out and says she learned vamping from the birds, and now here's Marie Wayne saying she learned it from a kitten. To be original, the next one will have to choose a flower!



The Shadow in Little Mary Sunshine's play, "Sunshine and Shadows," is Leon Perdue, black as a ton of coal and nearly all eyes. This little African boy is an excellent actor. He will appear in at least three of the Little Mary Sunshine plays.



"Gee, but you're a lucky guy!" said a man who was repairing roads in Long Beach, Cal., to Will E. Ritchey, the writer who was never known to take a rest. "All you have to do is push a pencil. Look at me—I gotta work!" What "we writers" have to stand for!

Will M. Ritchey, chief of the scenario department at Balboa studio, says that he has found only one good script out of thousands submitted during a period of eight months. Which goes to prove that scenario writing is an art. Stokers and spade hands can't do it. And sometimes scenario writers fail.



Cleo Ridgely has turned farmer. She has over a hundred hens and is now selling eggs to her associates at the Lasky studio at something over the prevailing market price. Cleo's customers say that some day she will be known as the Egg Queen—she is showing symptoms of the same qualities that have made John D., Andy and J. P. so successful.



Dennis J. Sullivan, the new assistant manager of the Mutual Film Company, at Chicago, is a very nice person. He has had charge of their specials—serials like "The Girl and the Game," "The Secret of the Submarine," and "A Lass of the Lumberlands." He is a peach of an Irishman and one of the most efficient men in the business. It must be so, for Betty Shannon says so, and Betty, she knows. Betty is also a very nice person, and any time she sends us an item, it's going to be printed, be it ever so.



The Castle is a paper published on Governor's Island, by some very well-intentioned boys who had some slight difference of opinion with Uncle Sam. While they are waiting, they print a paper and some bits of real literature. They are such good picture fans that we reproduce the following:

One of the recent arrivals in the Castle was once upon a time a sergeant. And a darn good sergeant, too, as the following little story will show. Modest as he is, he implored us not to tell anyone about it. "Ye see," he told us, "these here fellers might think that I'm bragging about it. And I ain't—not at all. Well, my captain, he thought a whole lot of me. One day we were out a-drilling, and everything went wrong. The captain grew mad and madder, and at last shouted, excited like, 'I'll have to give it up! You need some fool to drill you! Sergeant, take over the company!' And so I drilled the company. You see, he had confidence in me, or he wouldn't have done it."

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Never say die! Herbert Standing is seventy years old and still going strong!



Colin Chase spent the whole of one lovely afternoon cleaning his auto recently. "Why don't you do that in the evening?" a neighbor asked him. "Why," said Chase, looking up in amazement, "that's when I get it dirty!"



William Stowell has taken unto himself a flat—with a kitchen and everything. As soon as it is furnished, Bill will be at home to his bachelor friends. Anyone who sniggers at his cooking will not be invited twice. Bill says he is an artist when it comes to bacon and eggs and coffee.



Tom Chatterton has made a study of trees, grains, weeds and flowers. He has quite a collection in his garden and seems to be able to make anything grow there. When Tom's leading-man days are over, he is going to turn farmer. His big ranch is already paying its way.



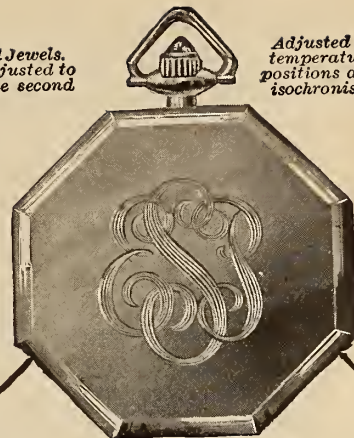
Grace Cunard is in receipt of a letter from an adoring kiddie, who informs her "deer Gracie" that she cuts out all the pictures of Miss Cunard from magazines and papers and is covering her nursery walls with them. "Nerse likes sem to," adds the child. Miss Cunard says she wouldn't throw that letter away for anything.



Florence La Badie has a little girl friend who believes her beloved star can do absolutely any feat. Florence went to a Halloween party, and her little friend was there. The host put a valuable ring at the bottom of a wash bowl filled with flour and announced that the one who picked it out with his teeth could have it. When it came Florence's turn, she drew in her breath and plunged in. Out she came, almost smothered, without the ring. Again and again she went after it, without success. She was almost angry and almost suffocated, but she did not want to be beaten. She made a final desperate attempt—and failed! "Aw, Florrie," said the little girl reproachfully, "you're not trying!" Florence collapsed.

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WESTERN PUZZLE WORKS Dept. K. ST. PAUL, MINN.

Puzzle: Find an Ince production in which Howard Hickman does not appear in the cast. Howard works all the time and thrives on it.



Pauline Frederick killed Willard Mack the other morning, and did it so artistically that he showed his appreciation by asking his murderess to luncheon. Mack had spent a great deal of time planning that murder scene in "Nanette of the Wilds," of which he is the author and in which he is also appearing. There is nothing like enjoying one's own death while one is about it.



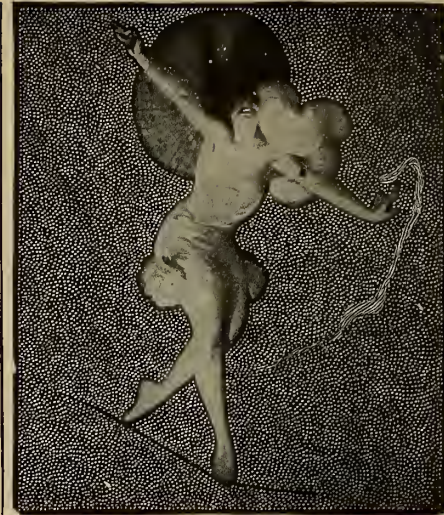
George B. Seitz, who writes such thrilling serial scenarios, was asked how, in the midst of plot and counterplot, he never made the mistake of bringing a player who had been "killed" back into the picture again. "Easy," said Seitz, pointing to a string from which dangled a long line of paper dolls, each one labeled with a name. "When a character dies or is killed, I just remove from the string the doll representing him!"



William Stowell, when he played in "The Overcoat," was supposed to feel the pinch of poverty and the want of an overcoat. Soon afterward he received a letter from a little tailor in the middle West, who evidently thought he saw a way of combining business with pleasure. In his letter Mr. Levy said that he had seen the picture and liked it. Incidentally he mentioned that he had a fine line of overcoats and would sell Stowell one at cost, if the latter would acknowledge it in a letter he could put in his window.



Director Edward Jose is having a hard time thrilling Theodore Friebe, the "heavy" in "Pearl of the Army." Friebe was literally raised on blood and thunder. Early in his career he created the lead in "Queen of the White Slaves." During a season of fourteen months around New York, he dislocated a knee, seriously injured one eye, slashed an ear, mashed his foot, cut his scalp open, wrenched his back, knocked out two teeth and artistically bruised his body black and blue. He defies Edward Jose and George B. Seitz to do worse.



"STEADY WORK"
By Enoch Bolles

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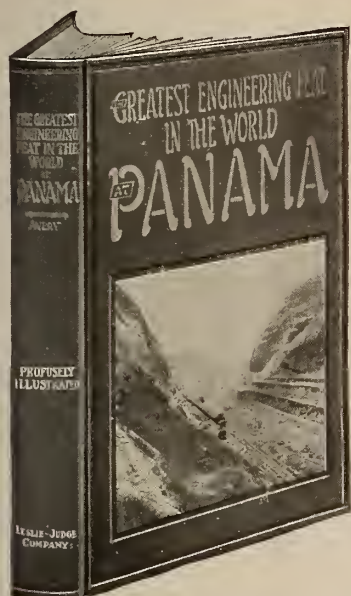
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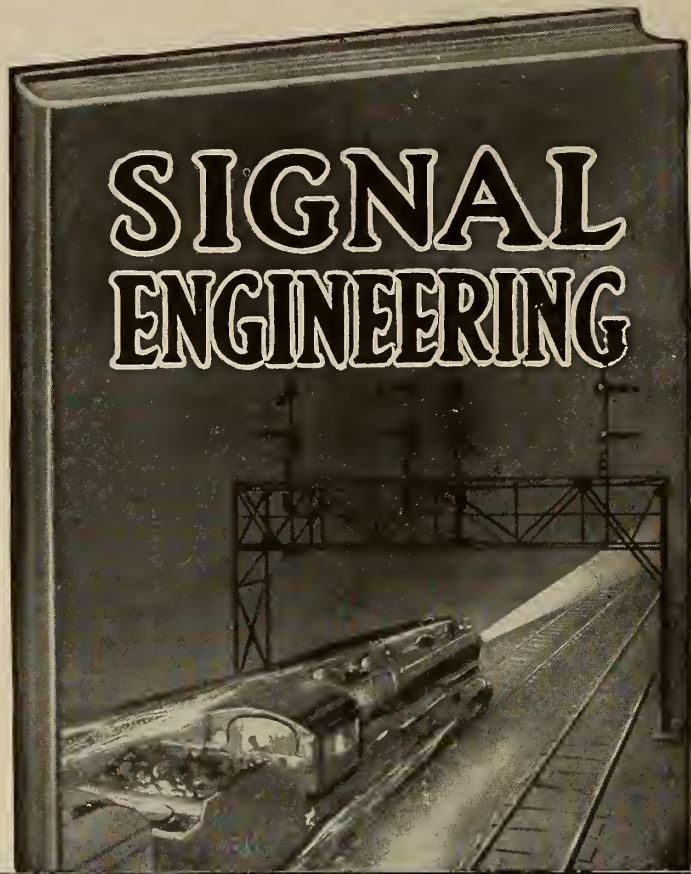
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E D I T O R I A L S

A Tribute to a New Art

PRESIDENT AND MRS. WILSON celebrated their first wedding anniversary by going to a motion picture show. It is said that it was their first visit to a motion picture. We are inclined to take that statement with a grain and a half or maybe two grains of best table salt. Surely any two people who have been so frequently and persistently photographed as President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson must, at some time or other, have yielded to the temptation to slip into the last row of a picture theater, if only to see how they looked on the screen.

But to celebrate a wedding anniversary by devoting an entire evening to a feature film is another thing. It marks a democracy of spirit that is not above being entertained by a new art that has already leveled class spirit in its relation to amusement. We are glad to welcome the President and his wife into the ranks of the picture fans. As a means of entertainment, the motion picture is always at hand. As a strong factor in the promotion of political publicity, it has been used for practically the first time in the recent political campaign. Perhaps that is why President Wilson has been moved to give it the public seal of his approval.

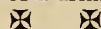


Competition

MARY GRAY PECK, a most efficient member of the Motion Picture Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, who is now making an extensive travel campaign for better motion pictures, declares that the motion picture is the first rival that has ever been able to successfully compete with the saloon.

Thus far William Jennings Bryan, that gentle dove of peace, who ever hovers in the rear of conflict, has not

turned his attention to the motion picture as a successful rival of the saloon. Brother Bryan prefers oratory; but oratory as a weapon has never made much headway on the thorny path of intemperance. The one thing that has done more to defeat the saloon than any influence the world has produced is the motion picture house. The saloon may well look upon it as the greatest competitor the price of a drink has ever had to meet. A picture program lasts well over an hour. The influence of a drink cannot outlast that.



Are Men Stars Doomed?

THE MALE screen star seems to be having a struggle for existence. A prominent company has recently declared against him. They say men stars do not draw. The public clamors for the staaesses.

Even the schoolgirl wants the beautiful lady star to adore. She admires the beauteous creature who does the hero parts, but her ardent sympathies lie with the charming star whose curls cluster coquettishly on her neck and who emerges triumphantly from every situation.

Naturally she does. For there is a chance that she, herself, could become such a star. She worships the staaess because of her ambitions. No longer is the adoring schoolgirl content to worship the hero from afar. She yearns to become a star for herself and outshine him on his own ground.

It is becoming difficult to get boys for the pictures. They know they stand no chance. In a recent production a director advertised for 500 boys for a motion picture. If he had advertised for 500 girls, every one of the 500, accompanied by a special friend, would have stormed the gates half an hour before the time set. It was a struggle to get half the number of boys. They were either in school or at work or the price offered did not tempt them.



"CONFESSIONS OF A MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS"

Beginning in this number, Film Fun will print a series of articles which will throw a bit of limelight on conditions in the motion picture business as the author of these articles has found them. The identity of the writer necessarily must remain a mystery. It is enough to say that she was well known in the world of drama before she entered the motion picture field, where she has also scored successes and where she has been in a position to know personally of the incidents mentioned in this series. She writes with a graphic pen and a strong sense of dramatic values and gives a most startling expose of actual happenings in motion picture offices and studios. You cannot afford to miss a single chapter.

HOWEVER painful the truth about a thing may be, it is good for the soul to tell it once in a while. To throw the limelight of publicity on the secrets of the inner chamber has at times a purifying effect on a whole organization. Accumulations of dirt and dust will remain hidden in the dark corners of a room as long as the light does not penetrate to those dark corners; but once a bright searchlight illumines the dirt heap, the filth is then swept to the center of the room, gathered up in a dustpan, thrown in with the other refuse and sent on its way to the purifying fires of the garbage furnace. And so I hope, before very many more years roll by, that a little light may filter in onto the unhappy and sordid conditions obtaining behind the sacred portals of motion picture studios.

An actress knows that thoughts are things and in time write themselves in lines on the face. And that must never happen, especially to a moving picture actress. With a frankly brutal camera recording the expression of each tiny muscle of the face, she well knows that she can keep her public only so long as she remains young looking, sweet expressed and freshly pretty. She must keep cheerful, even if she dies in the attempt.

But, oh! sometimes, in spite of all my efforts to keep cheerful, I do get just so blue, sometimes I feel I want to be blue—dark, indigo blue!

I know it is proper and Christian-like to be happy and rejoice over the success of others, and I have so rejoiced often in the past and will try to continue to do so. But sometimes, when an unknown actress, with no claim to ability, talent, personality or brains (brains do show on the screen, though some managers delude themselves into thinking they do not), and not even possessing what we

term in "movie" vernacular "screen looks"—when such an actress as I have described has her name blazoned forth in a huge electric-light sign, and the press comes forth with a glowing tribute to the extraordinary beauty and talent of the new star, then it is that I become so indignant I can almost explode like good, old-fashioned Fourth of July fireworks. Being on the inside and having had a few experiences of my own, it does not require more than the most ordinary imagination to ponder how and why it happened. The injustice and untruth of it plunge me for a time into the depths of despair. I've tried so hard to "arrive" by fair and honest means—I keep pegging along—and I say to myself, "Genius is patience and an infinite capacity for hard work." If 'tis so, I've outstripped the "Divine Sarah"; but I cannot seem to convince the managers that if they would only give me a real chance, I know I'd prove a "box-office attraction."

What is the trouble? I make a good start, get sincere praise for my work, the public like me when they occasionally get a chance to see me on the screen—one of the big producers, witnessing my work in a small part, even went so far as to make the remark that I was a genius—I photograph well, and am told I have that intangible something that means more than all the other attributes put together—"screen personality." But I get just so far, and then everything stops, and I have to begin all over again. I am not ashamed to say that the only bona-fide offer to be featured in pictures that I ever had came from one of the heads of a very wealthy new concern, but the conditions of the offer were so revolting as to be instantly dismissed. Some day, however, a straightforward, genuine, clean proposition will be made to me, and I promise you I am



"If I get this position for you, will you be nice to me?"

going to spend my first week's salary in advertising, and I am going to announce the fact to the whole moving picture world in flaring headlines, beginning with "Stop, look and listen, for a wonderful thing has happened," etc., etc.

It all began quite a long time ago. I was six years old, and I am now one year younger than dainty Marguerite Clark's professional age. It was my first year in school, when, exhibition day coming, I was chosen, with two other little girls, to take part in a three-cornered dialogue. We were to be little flower girls, and on the important day I had on a crisp, white, stiffly starched dress, a lovely blue silk sash, and a tiny basket with morning-glories in it. Each little girl had a verse to speak, and I remember the first line of mine well. It ran like this: "I am the gentle convolvulus flower." I was quite intoxicated with my importance and at playing I was a flower, but I haven't the faintest idea why I should have had to struggle with that dreadful word, "convolvulus," when I was only a little morning-glory. However, the dark seed was sown, and later on, on the stage and more recently on the screen, ever since I was that little "morning-glory," I've been playing at being things and persons that I am not, although sometimes I play my simple self. After this, my first appearance, no school program was quite complete without me; Thanksgiving and Washington's Birthday and Lincoln's Birthday found me with a new recitation added to my ever-increasing repertoire.

And then came time for me to go to high school, and there I joined the dramatic club, and we put on one-act plays and little plays in French and Shakespeare, of course. In all of these productions I always had a star part. These days drawing to a close, I began to send for college curriculums. I wanted to go to the one where I could learn the most about the drama. My stage ambitions were burning very brightly now. I had just about decided on my alma mater, when the thing happens that does sometimes—my father's illness. His business failed, the family exchequer became depleted, and it suddenly dawned upon me that playtime was over and it was up to me to find some way to support myself, or at least to make my contribution to the household expenses.

So I took stock of myself. I had good looks, large, expressive eyes, well-shaped head, a quantity of soft, fluffy hair, and I was small—and that meant a great deal, the present day favoring so strongly the little woman. It didn't take me long to decide what I wanted to do—I knew that always. I wanted to go on the stage. But I had something else to consider besides my desire and my ambition—I had to do something where I could be somewhat assured of earning a little money. I could get some sort of office work and go to night school and learn stenography, and in six months' time earn twelve dollars a week; but I hated offices and office work, and I soon discovered that I never could make more than twenty dollars a week if I remained a stenographer all my life. And then the thought came to me—I could be a nurse and take myself off the family's hands. Nursing would mean two years' training, and then I could earn twenty-five and thirty dollars a week, and during the two years I would be studying at the

hospital I would have my home there, and my dresses, aprons and caps would be furnished. But I didn't want to be a nurse. I had no inclination that way whatever. I only wanted the one thing I had always loved, and, oh! I did want that so much, and I knew I'd never be satisfied in this world until I tried it; and so I went on the stage, and then, later, I went into pictures.

In the city where I lived there was a stock company that played all through the year, and two other theaters that housed traveling companies. These traveling companies sometimes played a week, and sometimes would stay six or eight weeks, putting on a repertoire of plays. First I went down to the all-year stock company, thinking that would be the best to connect with. It so happened that a play was being rehearsed that required a lot of extra people. I was told to see the stage director, which I did, and he engaged me. I had to furnish two dresses—a ball gown and a street dress—and I was to receive three dollars and a half a week. But I was happy! Soon I discovered that the stage director was a member of the same lodge that my father was, and a letter from my father influenced the stage director to give me a small part, and so in the next bill I had about a three-minute scene with the leading man, and received seven dollars and a half for the week. A year later I got a contract to play "bits" at twenty dollars a week. I had made my start!

It is an accepted fact that in any career the "start" is the only hard part. This, no doubt, holds of many professions and businesses, but not so on the stage or in pictures. There you are continually making new "starts," unless some man of influence or money comes to your rescue. In motion pictures he can save you from many material discomforts—from weary rounds of the agencies, from waiting hours in the outer offices and wasting smiles and entreaties on office boy or telephone girl, from insults from ignorant men who a year or so before were probably shoe clerks or chauffeurs; but, of course, the man of influence or money who comes to your rescue doesn't do so because he likes to admire at a distance the color of your hair or eyes. Getting in to see some producers requires the strength of Hercules and the patience of Job. One motion picture magnate, who has all his offices and studios in the East, is much more difficult to get to than the President of the United States. A very clever newspaper man has been trying to see this same manager for two months and hasn't seen him yet. Not long ago this same man had occasion to seek an interview with our President, and fifty minutes after he stepped off the train in Washington, D. C., he was in conference with the first citizen of the land. So if a man with years of newspaper experience in getting to people tries for two months to see a producer without success, you will appreciate what the poor, struggling motion picture artist is up against.

So, to continue my narrative, after having made my "start" in my home town stock company and having saved the price of a railroad fare to New York, possessing a modest wardrobe and enough money to live on for two months, I fell for the lure of New York City and the hope of a metropolitan engagement. Arriving in Manhattan, I

joined the mad throng of Thespians haunting the dramatic agencies, "looking for work." It didn't come. One day I met a friend. We exchanged greetings, which in the theatrical parlance of that day usually consisted of:

"Doing anything?"

"No; I cannot seem to connect up."

"Ever try moving pictures?"

"No; I don't know anything about them. How do you get in and whom do you see?"

This all happened in 1910, before the agencies began actively placing people in pictures as they do to-day. I made a note of whom to see and the best way to go about it, as told me by my friend, and set out to apply for an engagement at one of New York's motion picture studios. Sorry I cannot chronicle the fact that I participated in the now famous "good old Biograph days," for I worked almost everywhere but there. I secured a hearing, and a few days later was sent for by a producer for a "part." The remuneration was to be ten dollars a day, and I was mighty thankful to get it. Things went along fairly well in this first company I affiliated with, and there I served my moving picture apprenticeship. I was always conscientious in my work, and it suddenly dawned upon me that those who took it much easier than I did, and who had no more pleasing physical attributes or talent than I had, were getting along better than I. They were selected to play in the finer pictures and were given showier "parts."

Once when seeking, out home, an engagement with a visiting stock repertoire company, I had an experience, the memory of which has often come back to me these days. I was very young, and my knowledge of the world was pitifully limited. The manager of the theater kept me coming in 'most every day to see him about this particular engagement. One day he read a letter to me from the owner of this visiting company with which I was hoping to "sign," in which was said, "Am in favor of young blood and am satisfied with your word as to the young girl you speak of. Will be glad to use her as ingenue with the company." This was one of the great moments of my life. My eyes fairly danced, my heart beat wildly, and the color mounted to my cheeks. And then he added, "Now, if I do this for you, will you be nice to me?" In all innocence I answered, "I'd always be very grateful to you. Good-day."

I didn't get the engagement, and it wasn't until some years later, and I had knocked about a bit and the "green" had washed off me, that I understood why. So when I came to this "stand-still" position in my motion picture work, the incident of former years often came to my mind, and I thought to myself, "I wonder! Are motion pictures going to be like that, too? Is it going to be just as hard to get on unless you are 'nice' to someone in authority? Are there to be the same temptations? Is it inescapable, I wonder?"

Had I known then what I know now, I would have been happier had I secured work in a department store and measured ribbons for a living!

(To be continued.)



In Film Town

By JAMES G. GABLE

AMOS BILLDUSH never goes to a photoplay. His father is blind, too.



Maymae Bilks says she knows she was born to be a great screen actress, for her false hair curls just like Mary Pickford's.



Percy Fitz Miggie says that his ideal is the clever girl that can wear a baby stare while watching "Damaged Goods" and get away with it.



Old Man Simpkins, our shoe-repair man, says he is going to see "A Traffic in Soles," when it comes, as he believes in knowing all about his chosen profession.



They had a pie social out to Crow Ridge Saturday night. Ot Powell set down on a custard pie and siled his new nine-dollar suit. Ot says it made him look like a Keystone hero.



Lem Bates took his best girl to the picture show twice last week. Deacon Gubsing says the extravagance of the rising degeneration is just naturally tempting Providence.



Of the fourteen girls and five boys at high school, sixteen have announced their determination of becoming screen actors. The other three were absent the day the poll was taken.



Asa Sproggins says that the things they do to Mary Pickford in "Poor Little Pepperpot" ain't right, and that if she will come to Crick Neck Creek, he'll make her queen of his heart and his hundred acres.



We have been greatly worried over our two leading amusements. Last night the passenger train was twenty minutes behind time, and as a result the Motion Picture Palace was a half an hour late in opening.



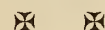
Percy Fitz Miggie bet four bits that Deacon Gubsing would be the first one to buy a ticket for "The Evil Women Do." Deacon Gubsing says that the gambling and irreverence of the rising degeneration is almost past belief.



Deacon Gubsing says he would like to have a moving picture of himself taking up the collection. Percy Fitz Miggie says it would be more fun to see a close-up of the deacon's face when he separates himself from a nickel and adds it to the collection.



Percy Fitz Miggie, our leading—and only—tonorial artist, went to Scroggins Center last week. Hi Jenks accused him of going there just to see "Where Are My Children?" but Perce only winked and said nothing. Deacon Gubsing says that the wickedness of this day and age exceeds that of Soda and Goborrow.



Absolutely

Actor's wife—If I should die, would you forget me?

Actor—Heavens, no! My dyspepsia is incurable.

IN THE picture, "Miss George Washington," Marguerite Clark does not always exactly follow the established theory on which the truth-telling reputation of George Washington is founded; but you can tell from the way she looks that in her heart she really does approve of George and of his predilection for telling the truth.



Do you wonder that, when the Queen asked her mirror that old, old question,

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who's the fairest one of all?"

it always answered, "Snow White"? Even George Washington looks inclined to agree with that.



WHEN Marguerite Clark was a little girl, she read "Snow White"—as most little girls do—and she says that sometimes she used to dream that she was the charming little princess who had such interesting adventures. And who can say that these are not the days of "dreams come true"? For here she is as Snow White.

Marguerite Clark

IN TWO OF HER RECENT PLAYS, "SNOW WHITE" AND "MISS GEORGE WASHINGTON."



McCLURE PICTURES
Nance O'Neil makes all her women friends green with envy.



FOX FILM CORPORATION
Virginia Pearson likes fur hats and stoles—and quaint rings, as per the picture.



WORLD FILMS WHITE PHOTO
Alice Brady really doesn't wear them in this fashion, of course.



LASKY
Fanny Ward was not satisfied with having the beautifullest moleskin coat in the country—she raised the moles herself on her English estate.

Every Woman Loves Furs.

FURS never were so expensive as they have been this season, and consequently every screen actress has been mad about furs. It makes mighty little difference what the fur is—anything from a rare silver fox or a beautiful sable to the remnants of old gray Tabby, who used to lead a domestic life, catching mice and raising families. Tabby disappears now and reappears in stoles, muffs and trimming strips on the most gorgeous costumes. The coon who used to roost high in trees and eye the hunters and the dogs below with a merry twinkle is now a rare bird, so to speak, and the cunning little mole, who used to be such a nuisance in plowing ridges in the carefully shaved lawns, is now swelling around with a lot of importance, since his skin has gone up to seventy-five cents each. New York, if you please, has become the center of the fur trade since the war.



PACH PHOTO NEWS INC.
Lucille Lee Stewart's bank account always moans in despair when she is turned loose in a furrier's. We would say that she was a good picker. Don't you?

Bessie Love in "The Heiress at Coffee Dan's"



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

Carl, the erratic musician (Frank Bennett), forgets, in a truly artistic and temperamental manner, to eat the food Waffles has placed before him. But, then, no one who knows that Waffles is Bessie Love could blame him for that, we are sure. Even the certain charms of "ham and——" sink into insignificance before her.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

Yes, this is Waffles, not pigtailed now, but fluffed and ruffled, and not so happy as she was at Coffee Dan's. Which would tend to show that it is not always pretty clothes that make for happiness—at least, not in the case of a girl like Waffles. For of what use are pretty clothes when the one man may not see them?

A Variation

Waffles, the waitress at Coffee Dan's, is selected by Bert Gallagher and Clara Johnstone, a pair of crooks, to represent a missing heiress, whose story they have read about in the papers. Waffles herself was orphaned at an early age and, remembering nothing of her childhood, believes the story and convinces the lawyer that she is the bona-fide heiress. Mrs. Johnstone installs Waffles in a beautiful house, appointing herself chaperon. But, with unlimited means, Waffles has only three desires—to publish the music written by her sweetheart, Carl Miller; to adopt the baby that a Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is too poor to care for, and to buy the little restaurant for her old benefactor, Shorty Olson. Mrs. Johnstone prevents her from doing all these

things, cleverly breaks up the friendship between Carl and the girl, and persuades the latter to become engaged to Gallagher. Just before the ceremony, however, Carl learns the truth, prevents the marriage, the police arrive just in time, and the crooks go to jail. The real heiress turns up, and Waffles goes back to the hash house. But for the crooks' arrest they receive fifteen hundred dollars, so Shorty buys Coffee Dan's, Carl publishes his music, Waffles adopts the baby, and they all live happy ever after.

"Original plot number seven" the whole thing might be labeled; but along comes charming Bessie Love to the rescue to play Waffles, and it makes not the slightest difference whether the plot is original or not. You'll like this picture—it's on the white list.



LASKY-PARAMOUNT

Marie Doro viewing with apparent approval her own interpretation of the title part in "Oliver Twist." Queer what a lot of difference a few good clothes make, isn't it? And little did Charles Dickens dream, when he wrote the story, that some day it would be visualized so successfully.



LASKY-PARAMOUNT

A few Dickens characters brought to life by top-notchers on the screen. There is Marie Doro, of course, as Oliver Twist; Tully Marshall as Fagin, Hobart Bosworth as Bill Sikes, and Raymond Hatton as the Artful Dodger. You are picking a good show when you go to see "Oliver Twist."

Max Linder

"WHY, you're dead!" someone greeted Max Linder at the wharf.

"I am not," replied Linder, sticking his hands deep into his trousers pockets and smiling his inimitable smile. "Don't believe everything you see in the papers."

And if anyone ever looked less like a dead one than this European barrel of fun, which Essanay is preparing to empty upon the American public, we'd like to see him. And besides being a very-live wire, he is a very brave man as well. When the war broke out, he entered the army as a volunteer and for some time was an automobile scout, using his own machine. After his car was blown up by a bomb, by which he was not injured, he was enlisted in the artillery service.

At the battle of Aisne he was shot through the lung, just above the heart. This would be sufficient experience for most men, but, when recovered, Linder joined the aeroplane service. His lungs could not stand the change of air in rising to the necessary heights, however, and he was honorably discharged. Whereupon he accepted a proposition to come to America to make pictures.

As it is his first visit to these shores, the celebrated comedian is having a pretty hard time getting acquainted with American customs, for although he speaks German, French, Spanish

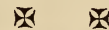


ESSANAY

Max Linder, the French comedian, emphatically denies that he was killed in the war. He sends us a recent picture to prove his assertion.

and Italian, he knows hardly a word of English. Of course he carries an interpreter, but the latter seems to find as much trouble as Max in making Americans understand them. Perhaps it was because of this, or perhaps because of a little natural hesitation in telling his age, that when we asked Max how old he was, he chattered with the interpreter in Italian for two minutes, then in Spanish for three minutes, then in German for four minutes, and then in French for five minutes, before we succeeded in getting "Thirty-two."

Though why he should hesitate is more than we can understand. To be famous at thirty-two is quite a feat, we think.



She Knew the Way

Writer—I have a writer in this scenario. I want to get rid of him, but I don't know how to manage it.

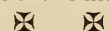
His wife—Why don't you starve him out?



A Tight Squeeze

Kriss—Is Short, the movie actor, being pressed for money?

Kross—Yes; but his creditors can't squeeze a cent out of him.



The Natural Way

Movie actor—Act the part of an idiot?

Director—All you have to do is to act your natural self.

"THE HONOR SYSTEM"



WILLIAM FOX

When this scene from "The Honor System" was shown at Sing Sing, by permission of the warden, the members of the Mutual Welfare League forgot prison welfare and yelled encouragement to the escaping convicts. The film makers accepted it as a real compliment.

THEY tell us in the Book of Statistics that 500,000 people are led in and thrust out the gates of our penal institutions every year. And at that, nearly all of us know a few more who ought to be there. Be that as it may, some of our prisons are not exactly comfortable, even though the inmates are there for punishment and not for reforming purposes merely. "The Honor System," produced by William Fox, written by Henry Christeen Warnack, and directed by R. A. Walsh, is a timely bit of prison propoganda. Aside from its mission, it is a gripping story, although there is a bit too much "sob stuff" inserted for the people who enjoy having a good cry over other people's miseries. The snake scene could easily be eliminated, without interfering in any way with the punch in the picture. It was filmed in Yuma and Florence, in the Arizona State prisons, and — listen — 600 convicts actually took part in it. It is a story of a young American inventor, who finds himself in prison for a



FOX

Gladys Brockwell, who plays "Trixie Bennett," in "The Honor System," says she has worked hard at her art for fifteen years. She went on the stage when she was three years old. Still, Gladys, you are a star now.

murder committed in self-defense. The evils of the old prison regime are exhibited in all their horror. Not a scene is overdrawn, for not so long ago such scenes could be seen daily in many a State prison. The young inventor, through the interest of the warden's daughter, gets a parole of a few days to perfect his invention of a wonderful wireless. He means to get back on time, but some of his enemies seek to prevent it. He eventually gives up his life for the honor system.

Whether or not you believe with some prison welfare workers that the majority of convicts are not normal, or whether you believe with others that they are normal and only need guidance and not discipline, this picture is a worth-while one, barring, as we have said, a few scenes that could be cut out without detracting from the strength of the story. All convicts do not reform immediately on hearing a hymn sung by a beautiful girl. Some may—but not all.



FOX William Farnum in "Battle of Hearts."



FOX Vivian Martin in "Merely Mary Ann."



"Ben Blair."



FAMOUS PLAYERS Frank McIntyre in "The Traveling Salesman."

The Thriller

As Viewed by the Audience

By HAZEL MACFARLANE

SCHOOL GIRL TO HER CHUM

"He's marvellous! Just marvelous!
So handsome, strong and brave!
Oh, how I wish that stupid Jim
Was just a little bit like him!
I rave, my dear, I rave!"



REGULAR BOY, WHO DOESN'T FIND ENOUGH BLOOD AND THUNDER

"Come on, dere! Say, wot's wrong wid youse?
Dat makes me weary! Gee!
Youse call that sof' soap stuff a fight?
Gimme me coin back. It's not right
To woik dat game on me!"



NERVOUS OLD LADY

"Oh, dear! I wish I hadn't come!
They're killing him! Oh! Oh!
Why don't they send for the police?
John, I can't watch this awful piece,
I'll really have to go!"



L'ENFANT TERRIBLE, WHO HAS BEEN THREATENED WITH HOME

"Well, momma, if you take me home
Just watch me snitch on you!
Got Ben an' me in for a dime
An' him fifteen at Christmas time.
Quit pinchin' me. Boo, hoo!"

WINTER SPORTS



VITAGRAPH

Every winter Dorothy Kelly takes a week or two off up in the New Hampshire hills. With plenty of furs, of course, one can keep warm in a sleigh if the driver—well—



VITAGRAPH

Lillian Walker internes her auto at the first snowfall and gets Dobbin and the sled out of the moth balls. She loves the snow, that girl.



FOX

Gracious, but William Farnum looks stern. And he is nearing the "End of the Trail," too. A woolen scarf may make a nice, warm sash, but should he not wear it on his neck?



WORLD FILM CORP.

Frances Nelson doesn't mind a tumble in a snowdrift. Not when Robert Warwick is near to help pick her up. Lots of girls might envy Frances. They are crazy about Robert.

SNOW SHOWS



WILLIAM FOX

"Make it long and lingering," said the director of "A Modern Thelma." And the funny part of it is that Harry Hilliard doesn't seem to mind at all, though it's awfully cold and the people in the sleigh are getting impatient. But, then, things do look pretty warm and friendly for him.



PATHE
And here's little Pearl White getting her knees damp and spoiling her new velvet gown, just to make us sob in "Hazel Kirke." Pearl should have her cap on and her mittens and her overshoes, for the day is cold and the snow lies thick upon the ground.



PATHE

It's worth falling when you can get sympathy and attention like this.

WORLD FILM CORP.
Lost in the snow is Kitty Gordon, her famous polished shoulders for once clad in fur. The picture for which this scene was filmed was "The Crucial Test." They named it well. Trying to look soulful while your feet are getting colder and colder—well, it's a test.

Early Struggles of Motion Picture Stars

When David W. Griffith, the Brilliant Director, Was Just Beginning to Shine

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH



CAMPBELL PHOTO

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

This series of reminiscences, written by Linda A. Griffith, wife of David Wark Griffith, who produced "The Birth of a Nation," ends with this issue. It is replete with intimate secrets of many a screen star who now scintillates, but who began at \$3 a day. Mrs. Griffith writes frankly of the days when \$25 a week was a consideration not to be ignored in the Griffith family.

SOME of us who have been watching the motion picture game for the last eight years or so are apt to become discouraged at times and imagine things in Picture Land darker than they are. They're not really dark at all, but striding along at a wonderful gait. It is but natural always to hope the greatest things of one's children, even though at times they become unruly, and perhaps I may not look it, but I have a very motherly feeling toward the motion picture. And so I refuse to become discouraged or full of fear regarding the future.

Now, in order to realize how much has been accomplished and how far we have traveled the path of progress,

it were well to look backward a few years and take stock briefly of conditions as they were, say, in 1908, which is as far back as I can go, giving my own observations. Until the late spring of 1908 neither Mr. Griffith nor I had ever seen a motion picture, and I do not even recall having heard about one. So when, eight years ago, Fate led our steps "pictureward" to the old Biograph Studio, at 11 East Fourteenth Street, we decided it was up to us to find out what we could about these queer things called "motion pictures." As we were living up on Washington Heights, we scurried about the neighborhood, looking for some place where pictures were shown. We found a theater in a store on Amsterdam Avenue and 160th Street, and there I saw my first motion picture. It was a very good one, too, a Vitagraph picture called "The Dispatch Bearer." It had been directed by the late William Rainous, and I recall Mr. Griffith saying, "I'd like to work awhile for that man, if I'm to stay in pictures, and learn something about them." A few days later, however, the Biograph people handed Mr. Griffith a story and told him to produce it in pictures. He did so and has been doing so ever since.

Speaking of the little store on Amsterdam Avenue and 160th Street brings me to my first comparison of pictures past and present—that is, in the theaters themselves and the manner of presentation. True, Keith and Proctor's Fourteenth Street, Twenty-third Street and 125th Street theaters and the old Fourteenth Street Theater gave moving picture programs; but that was in New York City only. Even in Manhattan the theaters were in stores, and a great many of them were dark, dirty and strongly reminiscent of garlic and other such refreshing odors, and you never were quite sure when the person sitting next to you would fall asleep and incline his head on your shoulder. Conditions were somewhat different in the smaller cities where "homes" obtained, for there mother, father, children, the neighbors and their pet dog left their cozy firesides, abandoned the evening's innocent game of cards, the chat over the events of the day—even forgot that the children said their evening prayers regularly at eight p. m.—and followed the crowd to the little picture house around the corner. The picture house in the smaller cities and villages was also without exception a store that happened to be vacant. Some enterprising man would rent it, sweep out the dirt, give the place a bit of dusting, put a screen at one end and a projecting machine at the other, fill the room with ordinary wooden chairs—and his theater was complete. The chief concern was to place one's self in a vacant chair and not in a spectator's lap.

The other day, while passing the Strand Theater with a friend, we stopped and looked at the photographs in frames and the large hand-colored pictures on display in the lobby. My friend confided to me that she might now be a famous motion picture star, if in former days they had advertised in that respectable way. It seems that when her oppor-

tunity came, those flaming, lurid, sensational posters that used to flutter in the breeze over a moving picture theater entrance way, and that have now almost passed into oblivion, were the only form of advertising used, and she said she looked up at them and thought, "No, I'll not work in motion pictures and have myself part of a display like that—not for a million dollars, and not if I starve to death by refusing." You couldn't blame her much. So, you see, the exhibitor has done his part, and to ask for finer moving picture theaters than we already have would be impossible.

It isn't so many years ago that the only time a bona-fide newspaper made mention of such a thing as a motion picture was when a small boy got into serious mischief, and when parents or judge in the courtroom asked him how it happened he came to do this wicked thing, he would look naively up into the eyes of whoever was reprimanding him and say, "I saw it in a motion picture," and he was immediately forgiven. And how the newspapers did love to rub it in to us! I can say in all truthfulness the newspapers never took the slightest cognizance of us at any other time excepting when a small boy got into trouble. Browning's "Pippa Passes," which was produced as a moving picture in October, 1909, brought the first criticism of a motion picture in a New York newspaper—a column article in the *New York Times*. To-day the newspapers give us as much space as the spoken drama and just as fair reviews.

In connection with the newspaper, I will tell a little story about the topical review. About seven years ago, at a dinner, Mr. Griffith and I had as one of our guests the editor of a New York paper. During the course of the dinner the talk drifted to pictures, and Mr. Griffith happened to say that the day wasn't so far in coming when the public would go to a theater at night and see thrown on a screen the pictured events of that day, the same as they would be recorded in an evening paper. Our guest thought that was a pretty wild flight of fancy, but just this spring I saw the preparedness parade on Fifth Avenue from a window in one of the offices of this same paper at two-thirty o'clock p. m., and at seven that same evening on the screen of a Broadway motion picture theater I saw the photographed parade.

Wonderful strides have been made in motion picture photography. One thing in the photographic line I hope many come soon, and that is color. I think the reason the costume photoplay has so little appeal is because of lack of color. I do not think a picturization even of the Holy Grail would get over in the black and white photography, but I think it would be tremendous in color.

Now we have much good direction in pictures and good acting and photography and pleasant settings, when we can enjoy the finished photoplay, set to appropriate music. I think I have been quite optimistic. But here I stop, for we haven't made the same strides in STORIES. The photoplaywright has yet to come into his own. He has yet to come into his own as far as credit for his part of the work is due him and remuneration that will stand some comparison to the salaries of directors and stars. Great stories must be written for the screen if the photoplay is to take its

place as a great creative art. Adaptations of plays and books are all very well, and some of them make very good photoplays, and there is a public that likes to see the "six best sellers" on the screen, even if they nap between reels. But in my opinion the photoplay will never be truly great until we encourage men and women of brain and imagination to write original screen stories. We have made the least progress in the photoplay story. Let us work for better stories, and let us fight censorship—and the future will take care of itself.

THE END



LASKY

MARIE DORO

The Love o' the Light-man

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

Of the crush and the rush and the hum and the purr
In the big studio, I'm a part.

Ev'ry day and oft nights I toil at the lights,
O'er dancing and wooing and dangers and fights.

I know little of art,
But there's joy in my heart

When I work on a set for *her!*

When she comes on the scene, in my heart is a stir
That is caused by herself, nothing less!

She has smiles for us all, and some to me fall—
Those moments are precious, while waiting the call!

Oh, it's true, I confess,
I'm near heaven, I guess,

When I work on a set for *her!*

"All ready now? Lights! Camera! *Shoot!*" With a
whir

Our set with activity teems,
While I love from afar, because of Fate's bar—
I'm only a light-man, and she is a star,

Quite the brightest that gleams—
And so, too, are my dreams,

When I work on a set for *her!*



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

A cow isn't exactly the sort of pet you want on your front lawn, and the hired man would never have led her to the front if the director hadn't insisted.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

"Now, kitty," said Louise Fazenda, "don't you scratch. You sit right up and say 'please,' like a nice kitty-cat."



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

From the expression on Gloria Swanson's face, in "Haystacks and Steeples," this perfectly good porky-pig might be a mouse. And Bobbie Vernon doesn't look as if he was much protection. He is scared to death, too.



LASKY

Fannie Ward came out fine—but the dog moved, evidently.



FOX

Naturally George Walsh is embarrassed at being the only man on the page, except Bobbie Vernon; but there are advantages in being one of two men guests at a party. But George is a shy creature, and he is liable to lead that coy-eyed mule away any minute.



VITAGRAPH

"Jackpot" is the name of Hyland's dog, and if she sits to rest a bit between scenes, is her devoted companion.

They Pick Their Pets

WHAT has become of the poodle tucked under her lap? Dogs are no longer the pampered and as varied pets as there are geese and cunning little porkers. Inality when she is choosing her pet; but how many of us who once chose a wolf for a pet; but including a few cheers. It is not nearly so high as they are not a fair week's salary. But the boards when it comes to p dling, hissing geese. And take pet, when you get used to having course, have been considered a you have believed that a famous caress? And as for bears—w sure, so there must be more be



MUTUAL

This little piggy didn't go to market. No, sir! It is Mary Miles Minter's pet pig, and no cruel butcher will get it



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Hisses rhyme with "kisses," and that is why Ora Carew says that geese are readily much more intelligent than we give them credit for.



A young tiger, now, is an odd companion; but a basket of them ought to make the days fly quickly. Valentine Grant always picks odd pets; but a bushel of tigers to buy milk for at present high prices—whew!



PATHE

Marie Wayne says kissing horses may be all right; but while she likes her cat, still, kissing felines is apt to bring on diphtheria and other dreadful ailments. She just talks to her cat.

From a Menagerie These Days

is invariably carried a small but superior poodle. And what has become of the poodle? For the screen people. They have as many poodles on the screen. From tigers to poodles, modern screen actress evinces a lot of originality. A dog is faithful, and a horse is intelligent on a cow for a pet? Sara Bernhardt carried a pig on this page is a girl with three tigers. Famous Gaby, wasn't it? who carried a pig for publicity and egg purposes. And eggs were worth two dollars and two eggs are considered a fortune on this page who has Gaby backed off. She has three geese—three proud, waddling, wading at the porkers. A pig is really a clever animal, grunting around all the time. Cats, of course, are material for pets for years; but would you have a lady would pick on a horse to love and care for? of us have a den in our homes, to be sure, but not so devotedly than we have suspected.



PATHE

Helen Chadwick grew so fond of this horse that played in "The Challenge" that she never left the studio at night without taking a last look to see that the faithful animal was comfortable.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

Why? Julia Fay likes cats. She says cats have so much soul and so much mystery. Well, perhaps they do.



BALBOA

This amiable brown bear could send Little Mary Sunshine to the mat with one stroke of his clumsy paw, but he is a devoted pet.



FOX

Would you have believed that Annette Kellermann ever wore a riding habit? We have seen her only in abbreviated bathing suits.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE
A cow isn't exactly the sort of pet you want on your front lawn, and the hired man would never have led her to the front if the director hadn't insisted.



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They Pick Their Pets From a Menagerie These Days

WHAT has become of the actresses who invariably carried a small but superior poodle tucked under her left arm? And what has become of the poodle? For dogs are no longer the pampered pets of the screen people. They have as many and as varied pets as there are temperaments on the screen. From tigers to geese and cunning little porkers, the modern screen actress evinces a lot of originality when she is choosing her pets. A dog is faithful, and a horse is intelligent; but how many of us would pick on a cow for a pet? Sara Bernhardt once chose a wolf for a pet; but right here on this page is a girl with three tigers—including a few cheers. It was the famous Gaby, wasn't it? who carried a small white hen around with her for publicity and egg purposes. And eggs were not nearly so high as they are now, when two dollars and two eggs are considered a fair week's salary. But there is a girl on this page who has Gaby backed off the boards when it comes to pets, for she has three geese—three proud, waddling, hissing geese. And take a look at the porkers. A pig is really a clever pet, when you get used to having them grunting around all the time. Cats, of course, have been considered as eligible material for pets for years; but would you have believed that a famous diving lady would pick on a horse to love and caress? And as for bears—well, most of us have a den in our homes, to be sure, so there must be more bears in captivity than we have suspected.



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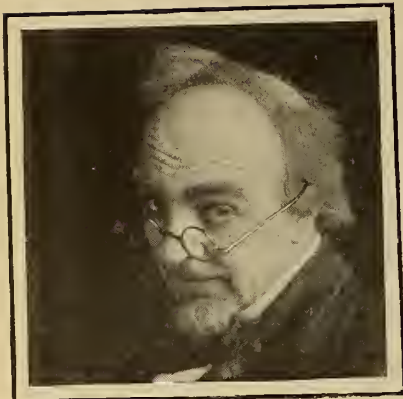


FOX
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TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS
Hear that? Julia Fay likes cats. She says cats have so much soul and so much mystery. Well, perhaps they do.

PICK YOUR FAVORITE



MUTUAL
William Kolb feels almost sure you'll pick him. He is merely waiting for the decision.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE
Charles Murray looks queer, but this is just one of his facial expressions that gets a laugh on the screen. "Give us plenty of the funny faces," write the soldier boys from the trenches. Well, here's one of 'em.



MUTUAL
Max Dill says give him his old pipe and the evening paper and he is happy.



TRIANGLE
Arthur Shirley can look mighty dignified when he wants to. But who could smile with that stern pose across the page looking right at him?



PATHE
Well, well! Here's Harold Lloyd, who is doing a lot of good comedy in the Lonesome Luke series. Personally, we think Harold is much funnier without the mustache and the attempt to imitate any comedian but himself—but then—



FOX
William Taylor seems to be thinking what he'll order for dinner. Roast? No. Chop? No. A nice steak, medium? Yes!



FOX
George Walsh is a temperamental lad, judging from that nonchalant hair and the soulful eyes of him.



McLURE PICTURES
A nice, comfortable, steady sort of a face, Holbrook Blinn has.

HOW ABOUT THESE?



SELZNICK

Some people are born with a droop to the right eye, others acquire it later on. We leave it to you to decide in what class Norma Talmadge belongs—we've given it up. But it's a very fascinating droop, for all that, and when the effect is completed by a large white picture hat above and a magnificent ermine scarf below—well, just look steadily at this picture for a while, and see how long it will be before you feel a funny little droop in your own eye.



VITAGRAPH

"That was a funny one," says Dorothy Kelly. "Tell me another." Everything looks bright to Dorothy; but why not? With youth, beauty, wealth and unbounded admiration—gracious, that girl ought to look happy!



McCLURE PICTURES

Here's Ann Murdock in the latest thing in boudoir costumes—nifty knickers, they're called, and all the studio folk are wearing 'em. "You can't see any knickers," you say? They're there, just the same—black satin ones that cut off right below the knee. Miss Murdock is starring in "Envy," one of the Seven Deadly Sins Series filmed by McClure Pictures. Though what anyone so young and pretty and successful has to be envious about is more than we can fathom.



WITZEL

Dorothy Love Clark's folks say there never was so restless a baby as Dorothy. Even when she was a very tiny tot, she was dancing all over the house, and she's been dancing her way to fame and fortune ever since. Light as this-tledown is Dorothy—and if you think this is an easy stunt to do, just try it in front of your mirror before going to bed to-night.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Making up is easy enough, but taking it off the cheeks and eyes is what takes time and cold cream. It takes so much of Irene Fenwick's time to make up that she won't quarrel.



ARTCRAFT

"I'm a believer in peace at any price," says Mary Pickford. "Now, then, Spot, keep still and shake hands with his duckship." Still, somehow, this doesn't look like Mary.

HELEN AT HER HAZARDING



KALEM

"Hist! I have you in me power!" draws the villain (he's there, even though you can't see him). "Not yet!" proudly returns Helen Gibson, and as the train thunders by, she calmly bends back her hand, and zip! goes the rope.



KALEM

There isn't a train going can keep Helen off it.



KALEM

"Oh, bless these roomy skirts", breathes Helen, "I couldn't have done this a few years ago."



KALEM

With the villain's grasping hands almost upon her, our heroine clutches the railing of the train and swings over into safety.



KALEM

Its fierce! All a poor star can do is grit her teeth and trust that everything will happen according to schedule.

When Movie-actor-itis Breaks Out

By One of 'Em



MOVIE-ACTOR-ITIS breaks out like a rash.

In fact, it is the rashest of all rash diseases—and desires.

Movie-actor-itis is a terrible state to be in, and being a state, can be “bounded” as in geography.

It is bounded on the north by a great yearning to see yourself cavorting on the screen.

It is bounded on the south by a throbbing desire to draw down a movie actor's salary of one hundred dollars an hour which every actor gets—in the press notices.

It is bounded on the east by a secret and constant and blushing wish to hug and kiss all the pretty movie actresses—unless you are a girl. Then the secret throb of your tender heart is to be kissed by the manly and curly-haired movie-actor hero.

It is bounded on the west by a large gob of wishes to the effect that you could just get into the game a few days, if only to show some people who have been at it for ten years what simps they are and how they should really act.

First, you attend the movies. You laugh at the rube sheriff, and you weep when the poor, unfortunate girl is deceived by the base shoe clerk into believing the honest young hero is in love with the adventuress in the awning-striped dress.

The next night you go and clinch your fist angrily—it doesn't matter which fist; this depends on which hand your companion is holding at the time—when you see the cruel uncle force his ward to marry the wicked slob of a count.

On the third night you sigh pensively when the heroine sits in her boudoir and has her raven tresses dressed by a chic maid, or when the handsome hero has his valet bring him a whole cigarette and the morning paper.

On the fourth night it occurs to you that you could do better than any of them!

On the fifth night you sorter wish you could have taken the part of Reginald or Muriel in the photoplay, because you know you could have done it better.

On the sixth night you go home and toss about, and get up and pose before the mirror, and go to bed again and dream and dream and dream.

And on the seventh night you eat baked beans and fish balls and frankfurters for tea, and kid yourself into the belief that the funny feeling you have is pure temperament! You realize now that you should have been a movie

actor, and you begin to figure out how you can prevent the great army of producers from tearing each other limb from limb when you announce that you are about to become a movie actor and can give your services to only one concern.

Now you have movie-actor-itis!
You want to become a movie actor,



and, by gracious!—or heck! depending on the sex—you are going to be one. Of course, all the professionals will weep and tear their hair and curse—you don't know that cursing above sotto-voce is forbidden in the business—when they learn your intentions.

All this is from my own experiences. One sweet, charming young lady came to me and said, “Oh, Mr. Flicker—I don't know your real name”——

“That's my reel name. Shoot,” I replied; but she didn't have a gun.

“Oh, Mr. Flicker, I just simply know I could be as funny as you are on the screen, if I only got a chance!”

“You'd be funnier in my—er—shoes,” I assured her.

“All my friends say I am so funny”——

“Your friends are quick to size up funny things,” I told her.

“I am going to call myself ‘Clarice Flicker,’ and”——

But I beat it. I didn't know whether it was a compliment or a proposal—which is quite the reverse. She had one form of movie-actor-itis.



I never saw a pale, anemic, knock-kneed young book-keeper but what longed to become a film hero—longed and yearned to throttle the life out of Bill the Bite with his own bare hands, or leap fearlessly over a hundred-foot cliff into the raging rapids, or swim three miles across a surging river just to keep a date with Kit, the trapper's daughter. Or else he yearned to mount a bucking bronco and dash fearlessly fifty miles across the torrid desert and rescue the heroine from a band of Indians.

And I have met scores and oddles—anyway, I've met bushels of pale, skinny, squint-eyed, scraggly-haired, gum-chewing girls, whose little hearts just ached to become the tall and voluptuous and queenly and ravishingly beautiful princess in the movies, who spurns the dissipated prince and married the young chauffeur, only to learn, after all, that he is a changeling and the real prince; or else she longs to leap from a burning building, or shoot the wicked burglar, sitting in bed all dolled up.

They've got it, the poor dears! they've got movie-actor-itis.

“But,” so many have said to me, “what shall we do when we have this thing you call ‘movie-actor-itis’—when we yearn and yearn and long to pose for the moving picture camera?”

And then I tell them.

Were you ever a child? A youngster? A kid? And did you ever hear the advice about the rain? “It is raining,” someone states. “What shall I do?” And the village cut-up always replies, “Let it rain.”

Just so with movie-actor-itis. Go ahead and yearn.



In Search of Types

By ESTHER LINDNER

ALL THE motion picture world is "type" crazy. On almost every street there resides some impressionable young miss, trying to out-sweeten Blanche Sweet or wiggle her eyebrows like Marguerite Clark, merely because some well-intentioned friends have informed her that she is the Sweet or Clark "type"; and as for the Douglas Fairbankses and Jack Barrymores—they can't be counted.

So that I was not surprised when, one morning, I was told to interview the casting directors of some of the studios on "picking types." Notwithstanding the fact that I had been told that interviewing was a tedious task, it seemed to me that all one would have to do would be to go in and talk, and then get out again, and that was all there would be to it.

I landed first at the Selznick Studio, at East 176th Street, where I asked to see the casting director. With a lordly gesture a very officious young man motioned me to a seat. He was twirling a policeman's club at the time, which he informed me was to "keep people from getting fresh." All about me were men and women of the "profession," boosting their own reputations with one breath, only to knock their sisters and brothers in art with the next. From time to time one or another of them would take from some hidden recesses bits of film—miniatures of themselves—hold them up to the light and expatiate upon how wonderful Director So-and-so thought them in that role. It was amusing, but as they were all there because they were out of work, it was pathetic as well.

After a few preliminaries I was admitted to the office of Mr. Morhange, who shares, with Albert Capellani, the distinction of being general director of the Selznick forces. To him I made known my wants.

"I know that everyone is talking 'types,'" said Mr. Morhange; "but it is all greatly exaggerated. Of course we are always on the lookout for types, but we consider it of much more importance to have people who can act a part, even though they are not of the exact type required, and make them up to resemble it as closely as possible. Occasionally we do pick up absolutely inexperienced people, just because they happen to be an unusual type.

"The hardest types of all to get are the men. There are many types of women—the ingenue, the mother, the vampire. We can usually find someone for every part. But men are different. What we do in those cases is to get men who are good actors and make them up to the type. Sometimes, however, this is difficult. For instance, if we must have a butler in a picture, it is much better to take a man who has really been a butler than one who has been a gentleman—comparatively—all his life and whose idea of portraying a butler is to wear 'sideboards' and stick his elbows out in front of him. We have men in our studio who play only butler roles. They get big money for it, too."

"Well," thought I, "that was easy. Guess I'll go over to Fort Lee and finish 'em all up to-day."

It was then quarter of one. By quarter to two I was at the Universal Studio in Fort Lee, asking to see a casting director. Here, too, I was lucky, for I had no difficulty at all in gaining access to Mr. Brownell, and to him, too, I told my story. "I'm from FILM FUN," said I, "and I'm trying to get a story on picking types."

"What kind of a story?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, how you do it, and what happens, and if it's difficult—the usual line, you know."

"It is very difficult," said Mr. Brownell, "and the director is often fooled. For instance, one day a beautifully dressed, well-groomed and well-mannered young man came in to me. He said that

he had a great deal of experience, had played with Mary Pickford and Famous Players, and would like to try Universal for a while, if we had a part to give him. He seemed in every way to be an ideal 'type' for a part I had in mind. I took him to one of the directors, who cast him at once as a 'heavy' in a picture we were then filming. And when he got in front of the camera, we found that he didn't even know how to hold a girl's hand! That's one way of picking. Another way is to go upon well-known reputations. We know that a certain actor can play a part, and we keep after him until we get him. People come in with all sorts of stories, but I have found that it is more often the men who attempt to lie and 'bluff' than



Norma Talmadge in a teary type. Every girl who sees this will practice crying before her mirror at once.



Albert Capellani was too busy to talk types. He was in the studio, chuckling over the antics of Edward Kimball dressed as a negro mammy.

the women. An inexperienced person, however good a type, is never cast for large parts. He is usually started in mob scenes and trained until he can be given small parts, and so on until he becomes well known. It is much better to have experienced men and women who can act than unusual 'types' who cannot. The most difficult type of all to find is the male 'juvenile.' Lots of very good types come to the studio, but they cannot act and are fit only for mob scenes. Here are some of them," and he drew out a drawer crammed full of photographs. "These people are all excellent types, but they can't act and probably never will be able to. So, you see, we directors do have our troubles."

Having thanked Mr. Brownell, I wandered off down the street to the Paragon Studio, where Mary Pickford's pictures are filmed.

"Who's your casting director here?" I asked the girl in charge.

"We have no casting director," said she.

"Well," I wanted to know, "to whom am I going to talk? Isn't there any director here?"

"There's only one," she answered, "and you can't see him. You leave your photograph, and if the director likes it, he'll send for you."

"Gosh!" I said, "I don't want to be a movie actress. I'm from a magazine, and I've got to interview somebody."

"Oh!" she said, "that's different. Mr. Tourneur's on the floor just now, but you can sit down and wait for him."

People wandered in, looked at me queerly, and wandered out again. In the studio, which I could see from where I was sitting, something seemed to be going on; but I did not dare to go in and find out, for just ahead of me was an enormous card, bearing in large, very black type this legend:

"Stop! Do not go into this studio without permission! If you do, you will be ordered out."

Now, I defy anyone to say I haven't the requisite amount

of nerve for the average person, but—well, you can see for yourself that *was* forbidding.

"I'll be back later to see Mr. Tourneur," I told the girl at the desk, and clutching my storm coat—it had been cold crossing the ferry—I hurried down the street to the Fox Studio. Studio builders, I find, have a queer habit of hiding their doors, or else of putting in three or four of them, just for the fun of telling you to go round to another one. At last, after circling the entire building several times, I did succeed in locating the door intended for use and charged boldly up the steps. And there, stuck in the glass, was a card reading thus:

"Keep out—this means you! Positively no casting done here. See me at my New York office, 126 West Forty-sixth Street M Kingston."

With a sigh I hustled down the steps and to the street. The friendly conductor on the trolley car had told me that I should also find the Eclair Studio in the same row. I did, but going up to it, I found also that owing to a fire the Eclair had been merged into the World Peerless, "just around the corner." In the hall crowds of people were standing around, and many men and women in make-up were waiting apparently to be called for a scene. I had never seen them made up before. It fascinated me, but as it was getting late, I marched up to the man at the desk and asked to see the casting director.

"There isn't any. Every director does his own casting, and you can't see him," said that authority paradoxically. But by that time I had learned that the doormen must be humored.

"Listen," I said. "I'm not looking for a job. Just tell your director that I'm from FILM FUN, and that I want to talk to him. I think he'll see me."



It is much better to have experienced types who can act as well as photograph well—Vivian Martin, for instance.



Mr. Tourneur was gone, but Mary Pickford was intently studying the camera. Probably looking for the pretty bird.

"I'll tell Mr. Burkart," he relented; "but you'll have to wait." So I sat down once more, while up and down the stairs trooped "butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers." There was Muriel Ostriche in a fluffy pink ballet costume, Alice Brady in a red one, and Carlyle Blackwell, screen idol supreme, standing around, talking just like regular persons; and children—lots of them—the most self-possessed youngsters I had ever seen.

Meanwhile I speedily discovered who Mr. Burkart was. But after he had passed and repassed me several times, my patience was exhausted, and I looked around for my doorman. In the pastime of hugging promiscuously most of the girls who were standing in the corridor, he had quite forgotten me. It seemed to me to be about time for me to take matters into my own hands. The next time the director passed me, I stood up right in front of him.

"Can I talk to you for five minutes?" I asked him.

"Yes," he answered. "Come in here." And the expression on that doorman's face as I was led into an inner office more than repaid me for my waiting.

"All that is required for picking types is a little common sense," began Mr. Burkart, after I had told him what I wanted. "A director must be able to look over the men and women who apply to him for parts and be able to tell just how they will look and photograph when made up. The picking of types depends absolutely upon the director. Some directors prefer to get a good type, regardless of how much or how little experience goes with it. 'Leave the acting to me,' they say. 'We want the type.' Others prefer to use an experienced person made up to represent the required type. Once in a while we do find an unusual type with ability to act as well. A director must be able to see possibilities in his subject. For example, a little girl once

came to me for a part. I considered her unusual, but could find no one to agree with me. I took her before a big star and a score of directors. No one could see her. 'Wait,' said I. 'Watch her grow.' To-day that girl is at the head of her own feature company—she's great! Lots of people try to bluff, but unless a director is absolutely green, he catches right on."

Here Mr. Burkart lapsed into silence and looked at his watch. I hurriedly started the ball rolling once more.

"Er—er—what do you consider the hardest type to get?" I asked, taking a long chance on an old standby.

"The hardest type to get," said Mr. Burkart, "is the blond juvenile—both male and female. Scores of them come in, good looking, well dressed, wearing their clothes well; but when we get them in front of the camera, they photograph badly."

And at this point, just as I was letting a long sigh of relief escape me, the 'phone bell rang. It was provoking! Mr. Burkart answered it, spoke for a few minutes, slammed down the receiver, snatched some papers from his desk and rushed out of the room. "You'll have to excuse me," he called back over his shoulder.

Of course I saw that I would, but decided to wait, when my old friend, the doorman, poked his head in at the door. "Going to keep this office all night?" he wanted to know.

That was my walking cue, I realized, but I was not going to be shoved out thus unceremoniously.

"No," I said politely. Almost immediately Mr. Burkart hustled back. He seemed surprised at finding me still there, but summoning all my dignity, I rose, uttered a "Thank you for seeing me," and walked out, nodding at the doorman as I passed him.

"Can I see Mr. Tourneur now?" I asked the girl at Paragon.

She was completely surrounded by chauffeurs, but she gave me her attention long enough to tell me that he was still busy. Back I went to my old chair. In the studio the same noises were going on, the same people passing in and out. Stopping a man who happened to pass at that moment, I asked to see Mr. Tourneur.

"Mr. Tourneur isn't here," he told me.



The Fox types are so temperamental that they require music during rehearsal.

"Not here?" I gasped "Why, the girl told me to wait."

"Well, he's not here," he repeated. "Here's the man you want to see—Mr. Smith."

A man whom I had seen often that afternoon lounged over.

"I want to see Mr. Tourneur," I told him, "but if I can't talk to him, I must talk to some director. Are you a director?"

"I'm here *with* a director," said Mr. Smith non-committally. "But it's another company. Mary Pickford's company isn't here at all this week. Famous Players is using the studio in their absence."

"Then I'll talk to Famous Players," said I. "I was going down to the New York studio in the morning, anyway. Now can you tell me"—and I was off again on the old line.

"I don't go in for publicity," was Mr. Smith's modest answer. "You just go down to New York and ask for Mr. Kaufman. He likes that sort of thing."

"All right," said I. "I'm glad I spoke to you, anyway. I'd have waited here all night for Mr. Tourneur."

"Yes," he answered. "I wouldn't wait around here any longer if I were you."

Now somebody was fibbing, but whether it was the girl at the desk or Mr. Smith, I couldn't decide.

The following morning, at nine-thirty, I called at the Famous Players New York studio and asked to see Mr. Kaufman.

"Mr. Kaufman is busy," said the doorman there. "You can see a director only between nine-thirty and ten o'clock, and we've engaged everyone for to-day."

Here it was again. I patiently explained that, unusual as it might seem to him in a female of the species, I had absolutely no desire to woo Fame as a motion picture actress, that it was then one minute past nine-thirty, and that I had come from a magazine to talk to Mr. Kaufman. After that I was politely told to "Follow me," and led through to an office directly behind the outer waiting-room. There I was given into the charge of Miss Rose, Mr. Kaufman's secretary.

"It's too bad you weren't here earlier to watch me picking out angels," said Miss Rose. "If you could sit here with me for one day, you'd know more about picking types than Mr. Kaufman could tell you in a week. However, I'll tell him you're here; but he's busy now, so I'm afraid you'll have to wait."

I was used to that, so I seated myself in a comfortable easy chair. After a little while a young man bustled in, looked at me and went through to a room still further back. Then Miss Rose went in to announce me, and after about two minutes someone called out, "Tell the lady to come in."

"I guess that's me," I said—in moments like these, what does a little grammar matter?—and in I went.

"The question of types is a very difficult one to discuss offhand," began Mr. Kaufman. "We prefer to use them 'straight'—as near the type as possible. The hardest part we ever had to cast was the Queen Mother in 'Snow White,' for the woman who played that part had really to portray

four roles instead of one. In the beginning of the story she is very ugly, you remember. She then goes to a witch, who transforms her into the very beautiful woman whom the king marries. So we had to have a beautiful woman with a good form, who would really look like a queen in court robes. But later she has herself transformed into the old apple woman who tries to poison Snow White, and later still she plays the part of the beggar woman with the poisoned comb. We hunted high and low for a woman who could do all this and look the parts as well, and finally, just by chance, the exact type we wanted walked in here. That was Dorothy Cummings. She had a great deal of stage experience, but had never before registered with us.

"No inexperienced girl can be given large parts. Sometimes we have girls come in who would, I know, be wonderful. But their names have no box-office value, and the theaters that pay big money for our service will not take them. What we do is to give girls like these small parts, until they become better known. But this is difficult, for it is usually the little girls who make the successes, and it is hard to cast them. For in a picture like one of Marguerite Clark's, we surround her with a notable cast, but we must see to it that there is no other little girl like her. She is the little girl in that picture."

We were getting on beautifully—when in came Miss Rose, with the announcement that someone was waiting outside to see Mr. Kaufman.

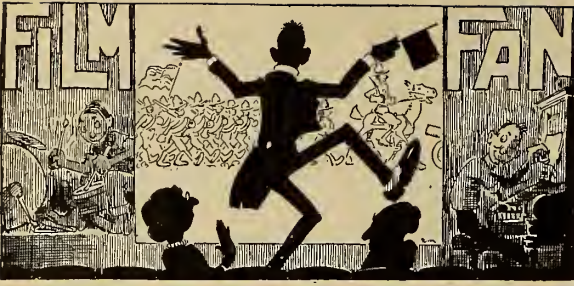
"You'll have to excuse me one minute," said the latter. "I'll be right back." But my heart sank. It had been my experience that, once they got away, they *never* came back. And I was right. For five minutes later he poked his head in at the door. "There are several companies waiting for me. I'm afraid I'll have to go," he told me. "Come back late some afternoon, say about four or five o'clock, and call me up personally before you come, won't you?"

I said that I would, but in my heart I knew that I would not. I was through with interviewing and sick to death of "types," and—thank heaven, *that's* over!



VITAGRAPH

Bobbie Connelly reads about the Allies—but you will notice the soldiers are German.



What's the Matter with the Motion Picture Business?

IT LOOKS to me as if the picture business ought to look up some, now that President Wilson has taken to going to see the motion pictures. It shows judgment in the President. And I understand William Fox wants to build a monument to the Tenth Muse, which he calls "Cinema." It isn't a bad idea. Terry Ramsey wants to give them a new title, called "Pix," which is a bad idea—so there you are.

As to the spread of the pictures, there is scarcely a country you can mention where motion pictures have not arrived. They have really beaten the Gospels in getting spread. The consuls in foreign countries are putting them in their reports now. According to consuls' reports, over in Darien, Manchuria, the people are crazy over pictures. The South Manchuria Railway runs one of the three theaters in the province, and they are usually packed when a performance is on. The British government sends a sort of traveling motion picture equipment through India, allowing it to stay in each village from three days to a week. The natives throng to the village for miles for this entertainment and break into roars of laughter over the American comedies. They cannot always understand the titles, but they get the humor of the picture—which is a triumph for the people who believe that a real motion picture does not need a sub-title.

In Havre, for instance, where the audiences rise and sing the national airs of the Allies before each performance, the tobacco shops give coupons with each purchase of tobacco, which are accepted at the motion picture theaters as half the price of admission. In Yokohama, Japan, the picture theaters are crowded every day and every night. They demand two- and three-reel dramas and one-reel comedies. They are strong on comedies. They like American slapstick and are sending over their own Japan students to learn all about the motion picture business, in order that they may return and make Japan pictures with Japan titles.

The Swiss want thrillers. They clamor for detective and "Injun" stories and wildly applaud the Wild West pictures of America, and fondly believe that Chicago, Denver and Kansas City are surrounded by dense forests, wherein Indians lurk and buffalo and mountain lions play tag with each other. In Valencia, Spain, the picture fans can rent an entire box, holding five people, for an afternoon for forty cents, and remain for three delightful hours, seeing America first.

The pictures have done something else than girdle the

globe, near as I can make out. I dropped into my club the other day and fell into conversation with an old and valued friend, who was musing on the progress of the picture business. He told me, with some awe in his voice, that he had just met a young man on the street, who had informed him that he was prospering in the motion picture business—in the financial end.

"By George!" said my friend, "only six years ago that chap was my office boy. I believe he got something like six dollars a week. Now he is drawing seventy, he tells me. Very nearly what I get myself, as a result of long and painstaking years at my chosen vocation. It has taken me years of work and study to climb to that salary. He jumped at his in less than a year. Wonderful what money they spend in the motion picture business—for inexperience."

It isn't inexperience; it's bluff. The shifting of the sands is caused by personal ambition. Every time a new company or a new magazine is formed, there is a surge of talent that way. Trouble is that everyone in the picture business, no matter what department he may be in, thinks he is a genius. He knows that his genius is not appreciated. When the new company graciously makes room for his services, he feels that at last his chance to make his talents known in the motion picture business has arrived. And he joins the new organization and pits his inexperienced genius against the stern wall of reality that confronts him. He soon finds that they do not appreciate his genius any more in the new job than they did in the old. He bluffs his way to another job, and so on, until he wakes up to the fact that the motion picture industry, like every other industry, can use best the same old plodding business virtues that plow a furrow to success in any line in which they may be employed. Too much genius and too little experience—that's what's the matter with the motion picture business.

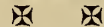


Blame It on the Pictures

"Hit wus de love of dress of mah wife dat brung me to dis co't of justice," complained the old negro who had been arrested for chicken stealing. "Hit wus mah wife, suh, and she git hit fum dem movin' pitchures."

"Why was it your wife's fault?" queried the judge. "You admit you took the chicken."

"Yas, suh; yas, suh," admitted the negro. "But mah wife wusn't satisfied to cook 'n' eat dat chicken; she had to put de feathers in her hat and parade de evidence, suh."



He Is Discouraged

WALTER PRICHARD EATON has taken a whack at the motion picture folks. He says the screen has nothing to offer, anyhow, that the stage cannot do much better. Added to that sting, he goes on to say that most of the screen stories are written over Sunday and are stereotyped.

After a while, when they begin to accept Walter's scenarios, he will feel more cheerful about it. They always write that way, at first, till they get going. Fortunately, the scenarios are not written for the dramatic critics.

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Why Take Less Than Your Full Share of Life and Pleasure?

Are you living a full and successful life? Why not always be at your best—thoroughly well, virile, energetic? Why not invest

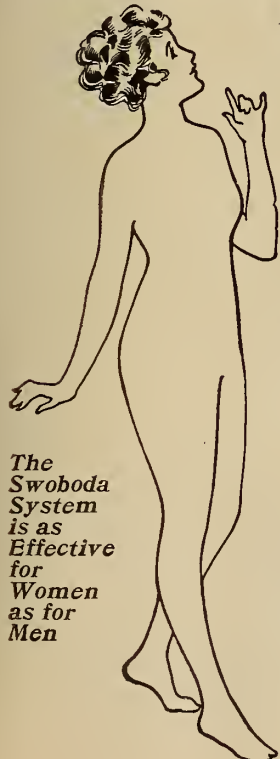
in yourself and make the most of your every opportunity? It is easy when you know how. The Swoboda System points the way. It requires no drugs, no appliances, no dieting, no study; no loss of time, no special bathing; there is nothing to worry you. It gives ideal mental and physical conditions without inconvenience or trouble.

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It explains the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and the human body as it has never been explained before. It will startle, educate and enlighten you.

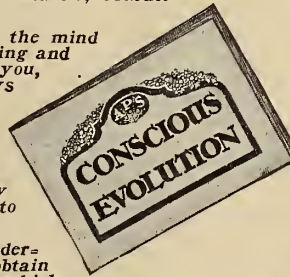


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The Girl on the Cover is Dale Fuller, a Triangle Favorite.

OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of FILM FUN. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

Dear Editor—I want to tell you how much we like the girl on the cover in your January number, Veta Searle. We have been constant readers of FILM FUN for some time. We consider your editorials very instructive. You certainly are trying to uplift the silent drama. E. G., New York.

Dear Editor—We like FILM FUN better than any motion picture magazine we see, but we liked the big, laughing head covers better than the pretty girls. We girls have our favorites among the heroes of the screen, and we would like to see them on your cover. Bashful, Norfolk, Neb.

Let us know who your favorites are, and perhaps we might consider putting one or two of them on the cover.

Dear Editor—I have read somewhere of some actress who is making a collection of dolls. Can you send me her name and address? You will greatly oblige an interested reader of FILM FUN, who desires to add to the collection of dolls. An Interested Reader, San Francisco.

The fad of doll collecting is one that several actresses have acquired. All who like dolls please speak up for our San Francisco admirer.

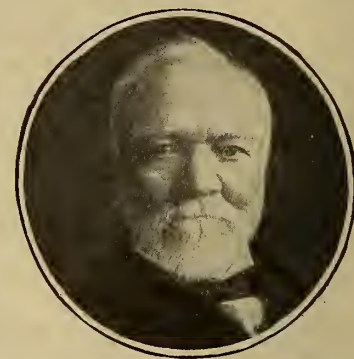
Dear Editor—We read your magazine regularly and depend upon it for information about clean pictures. We would like to get some good, instructive films to use in church and school entertainments. Will you please tell us what would be suitable, where to get them, and about what they will cost us? P. G., South Carolina.

We have forwarded to you a complete list of excellent pictures suitable for school and churches. A price list accompanies them.

Dear Editor—What is the best place for an aspirant for screen honors to consider as a home—New York or Los Angeles? I want to be right on the spot where there are good chances for employment. Aspirant.

New York is running Los Angeles a

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ANDREW CARNEGIE

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started reading the "Men Who Are Making America," now running in Leslie's, because it was being written by B. C. FORBES, the country's leading industrial and financial writer.

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hard race as a central producing point. Many studios are located at Jacksonville, Fla., because of the climatic advantages there, and Chicago is not to be forgotten when you are selecting a point from which to search for screen fame.

Dear Editor—I am a reader of **FILM FUN** and enjoy it very much. I am anxious to have a picture of Thomas Chatterton, whom we enjoy seeing on the screen. Please tell me where I can get a picture of him and of Crane Wilbur and Juanita Hansen. We have just received our January number and are immensely pleased with it. Z. L., Roseburg, Oregon.

You can doubtless get a picture of Thomas Chatterton by applying to the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, Cal., and sending twenty-five cents in stamps for same. The screen stars would like to send out their pictures freely to their admirers, but with the photographic studios charging from fifteen to forty dollars a dozen, what can they do, poor things? It would take all their salary to buy pictures. You can reach Crane Wilbur at Horsley Studio, Los Angeles, Cal., and Miss Hansen at Fox Studio, Los Angeles.

Dear Editor—We are glad to note that you are not afraid to print the exact conditions of some of the motion picture studios. While many of them conscientiously endeavor to protect the young women, so far as they can, who seek employment there, we who have encountered the dreadful conditions attendant upon some of the others are glad that some magazine has the courage to print the truth regarding them. Please remember that we stand ready to assist you in any way. Disillusionized, N. Y.

Yours is only one of many letters received since our announcement that we were to print the plain truth about motion pictures in our series of articles, "The Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress." Club women who are interested in seeing clean pictures and better conditions in the studios have congratulated us, and the better class of the motion picture producers, actors and all connected with the business declare the same intention to stand behind this movement of **FILM FUN** to clean up the motion picture field, as far as is possible.

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SINCE the remarkable discovery of organic iron, Nuxated Iron or "Fer Nuxate," as the French call it, has taken the country by storm. It is conservatively estimated that over three million persons annually are taking it in this country alone. Most astonishing results are reported from its use by both physicians and laymen. So much so that doctors predict that we shall soon have a new age of far more beautiful, rosy-cheeked women and vigorous iron men.

Dr. King, a New York physician and author, when interviewed on the subject, said: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anemia. Anemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anemic men and women is pale. The flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone; the brain fags and the memory fails and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. Sauer, who has studied abroad in great European medical institutions, said: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, gripe, consumption, kidney, liver, heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by a lack of iron in the blood.

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At thirty he was in bad health; at forty-six he was care worn and nearly all in. Now at fifty, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time



simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jacques, another New York physician, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine or a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 200 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.



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Who's Who and Where

"My saddest experience," relates Charles Arling, "was in a town called Glad Brook, Ia. I was snowbound there for seventy-six hours and nearly starved to death."

We read in the *Fox News* that Frank Morgan is a distant relative of Goethe, and that Goethe was about as well known in his day as a poet as Morgan is to-day as a film artist! And still they say that modesty is a thing of the past!

Somebody tapped Grace Stevens's wire in her dressing-room to find out who's that guy, "Red," whom she calls up half a dozen times a day. "Is this you, Red, old boy?" asked Miss Stevens. "Bow-wow!" said Red. Bang! went extension number two in disgust.

Order your FILM FUN early to prevent losing out on the "Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress."

George Larkin wants his admirers to know that the thrills he creates for the screen are strictly on the level—there is no trick photography or quick changes there. Larkin's stunts bring out such large crowds in Jacksonville that special police protection is necessary to keep the camera "lane" clear of people.

"Well, my little man, are you going to be a motion picture star when you grow up?" asked a kindly visitor of one of the dwarfs who acts with Marguerite Clark in "Snow White." "Grow up nothing, madam!" was the reply. "I'm old enough to be your father." As a matter of fact, the seven dwarfs in the picture are bona-fide midgets, whose ages range from forty to seventy years.

True Boardman has a grievance. He can't lose the name of "Stingaree," the character of the bold, bad Australian bushman which he created. Boardman's instincts run the other way—he wants to be known as the "good man of the films." He says that nobody calls Marin Sais a "Social Pirate," but that wherever he goes he is followed by a crowd of small boys who hail him affectionately as "Stinggy."

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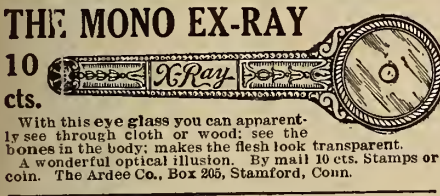
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All the while she was playing the part of a happy, artless girl in "The Price of Silence," Vivian Rich was haunted by the knowledge that she was working to pay for an operation that might save her mother from blindness, due to an accident. To the everlasting credit of the young actress, be it told that, in spite of the grief and anxiety close to her heart, she played her part in the photodrama with captivating womanliness and charm.

Director Frank Reicher, of the Lasky company, wishes to announce that he has discovered a highly emotional cow, and that said cow will make its appearance as a member in good standing of the supporting cast of Marie Doro. Mr. Reicher is greatly taken with the way in which the honest bovine chews its cud and predicts great things for it on the screen.

Order your FILM FUN early to prevent losing out on the "Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress."

Slowly but expensively Vivian Martin is replacing the lovely new samples of the modern furniture maker's art, which make her new California home so beautiful, with genuine antiques. The line of "antique" dealers forms on the right every morning at the Martin home, and the price of gimlets, birdshot and other weapons for adding centuries of "age" to new furniture has risen violently.

Jack Pickford strolled into a Fifth Avenue department store recently and startled a floorwalker by announcing that he was looking for a pair of short trousers. The floorwalker took one look at Jack, who was dressed rather ultra-ultra, as it were, and led him gently to the riding suits department. "Breeches, you mean, do you not?" he murmured. "Not on your life!" declared Jack. "I want pants—plain pants—the kind I graduated from a few years ago. I am going back to them, my dear sir, because long trousers tickle my shins and make me nervous." And the dazed floorwalker stood by and watched while Jack actually bought a pair of short trousers. Not being a picture fan, of course he couldn't be expected to understand.

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Zoologically Speaking

The other day two young actors thought to have some fun with an old Irishman
employed in the mechanical department of the studio. An auto filled with actors
setting out for a location had just passed when the two came along.

"Pat," called out one, with a wink to his companion, "did you see an auto-load
of monkeys just go by here?"

"Sure!" replied Pat instantly. "Did the two of ye fall off?"



Never Again

The following conversation was overheard between two of the colored "property
boys" employed in one of the large Western studios.

"Sam," exclaimed the first one, "Ah ain't neveh goin' to sleep on one o' them
horsehah mattresses again—no, suh!"

"Fo' why not?" asked his companion.

"Why, boy," replied the first, "Ah had th' nightmare all night!"



“Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the
best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments
an' a man can raise a thirst.”

K IPLING undoubtedly knew his “east of Suez” when he wrote “Mandalay” better than any man living, just as he knows lots of other things outside the ordinary ken; but the poverty-stricken, flea-bitten and malodorous Orient of the modern Mohammedan Turks presents many strong contrasts to the Orient of the great Abassid Caliphs, when Bagdad was the Metropolis of an Empire exceeding in extent the widest limits of Rome, and the center of a wealth, luxury and profligacy, the like of which the world has seldom seen; when the followers of the Prophet had carried the faith of Al Koran from the pillars of Hercules to the “Farthest Ind.”

The first glimpse the Western world had of the wondrous life of this period was in the early part of the eighteenth century, when Galland issued the first part of the Thousand and One Nights, in a French translation from the Arabic which once became famous as “The Arabian Nights’ Entertainments.” Mutilated, fragmentary, paraphrastic though they were, the glamour of imagination, the marvelousness of the miracles and the gorgeousness of the life depicted were an exceptional success. For nearly two centuries these few Oriental tales were allowed to masquerade in the literary world. Deprived of their beauty and originality, shorn of the very qualities which made them attractive, they were printed and reprinted until famous scholars, Mr. Payne and others, carried away by their admiration, tried to give them and many others to the reading world in their original form.

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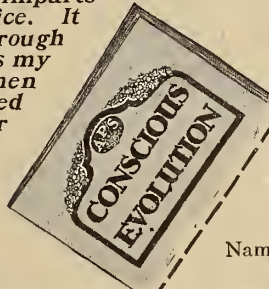
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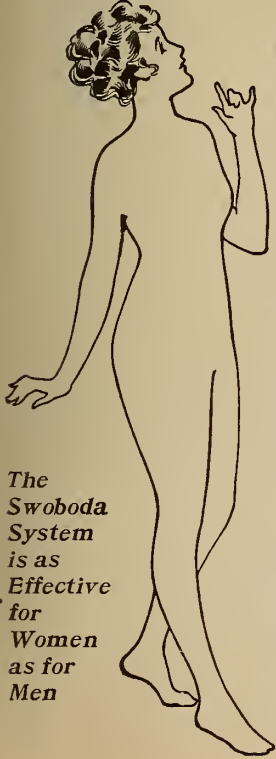
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E D I T O R I A L S

No Wonder the Screen Stars Shine

ACCORDING to testimony given by picture magnates and managers in the recent legislative inquiry as to why there should not be a tax on pictures in New York, more money is lost than made in the pictures. With all due respect for the natural shrinkage of any property on a tax inquiry, we are forced to believe that the fabulous profits of the motion picture industry seem to have burst somewhere between the box-office receipts and the stars' salary checks. And even the pseudo salaries paid to pseudo screen stars shrunk before the inquiry like a pair of washable kid gloves on their first visit to the wash.

It was learned that "Mysterious Myra," a film made by the International Film Company, mysteriously made much money. Myra, it appeared, yielded \$45,229 in regular money. The Kalem Company admitted that a film called "Social Pirates," contrary to the general conception of piracy, lost considerable money.

Mitchell Mark, president of the Strand Theater Company, boldly averred that fully 85 per cent. of the producers are losing money.

Yet between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 people daily attend picture shows in this country. The average price of admission is between eight and nine cents. Just figure out for yourself the amount of money that passes from the people to the producers. At a fair average, \$900,000 changes hands daily. Somebody gets that money.

A recent picture, considerably advertised, made a lot of money. Of the amount made, 55 per cent. went to the star—whose work was not a bit better than some of the \$100-a-week players in the same picture. Of the rest, the directors scooped a big bunch—and what was left of the overhead charges went to the producer.

We have been accustomed to consider the producer as a business man with average intelligence. But any business man who will pay one employee 55 per cent. of his receipts would not draw any loud plaudits in his immediate vicinity.

Why not tax the salaries of the stars?

Cut Out the Cancer

FROM every portion of the country is coming a demand for clean picture plays. Since the meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in New York in May, 1916, when the problem of the motion pictures was brought to the attention of the visiting clubwomen through the initiative of FILM FUN, the motion pictures have played an important part in the club movement of the different States. Many of the visitors saw in New York, for the first time in their lives, picture plays of undeniable worth and beauty. When they returned home, they demanded the same class of pictures in their home towns.

We cannot have good motion pictures from a bad studio or a bad management. Many of the motion picture studios are cancerous with evil. FILM FUN is not afraid to say so. Since our announcement was made that we were about to print a plain statement of the cancerous condition of the motion picture field, we have been in receipt of hundreds of letters from those who are in a position to know what they are stating. They commend us for our stand. They offer to give us their own experiences. They uphold our claim that in many studios there is a canker at the root of every picture produced—a canker that cannot fail to be not only far reaching, but absolutely evil in its influence.

Cut out the cancer. Produce clean atmosphere in the studios and offices, and clean pictures must result.



“CONFESSIONS OF A MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS”

The first installment of this remarkable story, which began in our February issue, brought us many expressions of approval of our determination to throw the limelight of publicity on conditions in the motion picture business as the author of these articles has found them. As we said before, the identity of the writer necessarily must remain a mystery. But we repeat that she was well known in the world of drama before she entered the motion picture field, and that she has been in a position to know personally of the incidents mentioned in this series. No exaggeration of the happenings in motion picture offices and studios, about which she tells so graphically, has been necessary—the facts speak for themselves. Startling as was the first chapter, the subsequent ones will be even more gripping. You cannot afford to miss one of them.

AS TOLD in the first installment of my “Confessions,” it was in 1910 that I first became associated with the motion picture. In the seven years that I have been struggling to get a foothold in motion pictures, but have accomplished little, I have learned well the meaning of two stock phrases of so many motion picture directors and producers:

“Will you be nice to me if I do this for you?” and “If I help you, are you going to be kind to me?” or words to this effect. I have often wondered why it never occurred to some ambitious song writer to make either one of these lines the title for a popular song. It would be popular, I am sure.

When in my youth and ignorance I was first asked how “nice” or how “kind” I was going to be in return for what would be done for me in the way of advancing me in my work, I always returned such a childishly naive answer that I presume I was put down as “hopeless.” My innocence was a protection. Not having the faintest suspicion of the meaning of what was being said to me, any intended harm fell from me like water from a duck’s back.

Now, after seven years of battling the world and fighting the flesh and the devil, I merely pretend that I do not get the meaning of what is being said. Through repeated and miserable experiences, all alike, with men in authority in the picture world—through association with the older women of the profession and the sophisticated younger ones—hearing and overhearing in dressing-rooms studio gossip (in motion picture parlance, “dirt”)—it will be readily understood that neither innocence nor ignorance could long remain to protect one. But in the interim, while I was being metamorphosed from a state of sweet simplicity to a condition of worldly wisdom, I learned to

correctly interpret the most cleverly veiled insults and to answer according to the man I was dealing with.

I was always grateful for one thing: I never had any fear, for I early learned that men who insult women are cowards at heart. Knowing that I had to keep the director’s or producer’s or manager’s feeling toward me a friendly one and maintain an atmosphere of good-fellowship (to the good-fellowship kind), I grew in time even able to laugh at coarse jokes and elemental conversation. When I would return to my own little lodgings after an interview with a manager of this type, I often wished I could be thoroughly fumigated and lose my sense of contamination. A hot bath and a complete change of clothing, both inner and outer, was the usual method of physical purification, and to read Emerson on “Character” or “Self-reliance” and other helpful metaphysical writers comprised my mental regeneration.

There was an intermediate period of my growth from the wide-eyed, wondering child to complete sophistication—the time of youthful indignation. It will suffice to tell of but one tragic experience of this period—very, very tragic then, but funny now. While at the time the man in the case was no doubt more than surprised at my conduct, I think he must have smiled after he recovered his equilibrium. In the course of the routine conversation on the day I made my call at this manager’s office (he was a type of the fat, sleek male person), he suddenly leaned over and said casually,

“Come, give us a kiss!”

There was an ink bottle on his desk. I seized it and replied indignantly,

“I’ll throw this ink bottle in your face!”



"I'll throw this ink bottle in your face," I said, indignantly, when the manager leaned over and asked me to kiss him.

My emotion subsiding, my righteous indignation being relieved by the explosion, I pulled myself together, replaced the ink bottle and made a heroic exit, leaving a much surprised man to wonder just what it was all about. That was one office to which I never returned.

They don't ask you for simple kisses any more. Now you are immediately asked to luncheon, at which the subject of "sex" only is discussed. How I have tried not to show my insufferable boredom of this same old drivel! I often wonder is there nothing else in the world these men care to talk about. During Christmas week I saw, down in the congested business streets of New York, not a few working horses on whose foreheads rested a cheery red rose or piece of bright holly that a kind driver had placed there in true holiday spirit. I wanted to climb right up to the seat with the homely truckman, for I felt quite sure here were men who wouldn't talk "sex" to me.

I have a little friend who has been going the rounds of the studios for a year or more. She is a splendid screen type, young, pretty and about twenty. Up to the present she has been unable to get more than the ordinary "extra" work. She has suffered all sorts of humiliations, standing hours in line to get a sandwich at lunchtime, and hours in line again at the end of the day to get her miserable little stipend of three dollars for the day's work. She wouldn't have to stand waiting in a long line these cold winter days, with an indiscriminate lot of extra people, common, ignorant and wholly ambitionless, if her moral viewpoint were different! She is very pretty and attractive, but she is married, loves her husband and is a good girl. So she stands in line and waits for a meager pay.

Some of my readers may think that "marriage" would mean protection to a girl. Let me disabuse your minds of any such false conclusions. If it becomes known that you are or have been married, you can expect 'most anything to be said to you. The "line of talk" that is "handed" you if you possess either a past or present husband and have physical charms, and which I have heard corroborated by a number of girls, is so similar that I quote it as follows:

Manager (noticing your wedding ring)—I see you are married. So am I, so why can't we know each other better? It can't make any difference when you're married. We'll have dinner together.

Girl (stalling)—But I cannot go out with you when you have a wife.

Manager—My wife isn't acting now. She keeps a home for me. She would never be in places where we'd go. She does not dine out.

Girl—But someone who knows her and knows you might see us and tell her. She may make it mighty unpleasant.

Manager (contemptuously)—How far do you think you'll get with the wild ideas you've got in your head?

And right then and there you know just how far you'll get with this man. You might just as well save your breath and shoe leather and never go near that particular office again, or if you do, you may be prepared to have the telephone girl say, "Mr. Blank is in conference and cannot see you to-day." You may return a few more times, not wanting to judge too hastily, but in a very short

time you scratch the name of this office from your calling list.

Some conversations I have overheard at studios (dressing-room walls are thinly built sometimes) are startling beyond belief. If my reader forms a conclusion that I have been "snooping around," deliberately hiding myself in corners in an effort to "get a line" on the secrets of the inner chambers of the motion picture world, he is mistaken. I have often been "making up" in my dressing-room, and stories have been told as if I were not present. Often when I'd overhear bits of gossip from an adjoining dressing-room, I'd deliberately cough, to let it be known that their words were penetrating. Sometimes voices would drop to whispers, but more often no attention whatever was paid to the gentle hint I gave of my nearness. Those talking thought, no doubt, I needed enlightenment. I didn't—but I confess I wasn't beyond being shocked.

I remember a very well-known star, who was talking in her dressing-room to an ambitious aspirant for stellar honors. They were both working for the same firm, and one of the magnates of the concern had approached the young actress who was trying desperately to "arrive." She was an attractive little thing, and the man was temporarily quite smitten. He was often that way. No one took it seriously. He promised to do big things for her if she would only be "his little girl." The girl couldn't see it in that light. She confided her troubles to the older established actress.

"Well, why not?" was the cool answer. "He'll get tired of you soon. He won't bother you long. His fancies soon die out. You'll get a nice, strong contract for a couple of years, anyhow. You'll play in good stories and have regular 'releases,' and when your contract is up, you'll be 'made.' Then you'll be perfectly independent. So why all the fuss? What are you worrying about? Look at me—I have my limousine and solid silver and cut glass for my dining-room!" Contemptible talk to one who craved and needed the best advice!

4

A telephone message was waiting for me one evening on my return home. It was from a rather prominent director. He asked me to call at the studio the next day. I was overjoyed. My hopes mounted skyward in anticipation of getting a good part in one of his pictures. I had never met the man, but had been interviewed by his assistant at the studio some time previous; so I concluded the assistant had given a favorable report on me. When I called the next day, I was promptly ushered into the director's private office. It opened directly off the studio, which at the time was deserted. I met the director, and he informed me that the part he wanted me for was already filled, and he knew I wouldn't care for the only other part in the picture, as I wasn't "the type." He maintained a running conversation on everything but the picture. I rose to go, saying that I would come to see him again some time, now that I had had the good fortune to meet him, that I was sorry the part had been filled, etc. "Yes, so am I," he beamed; and taking one of my hands between his two, he walked the length of the empty studio to the elevator with me. As I was about to enter the elevator,

he gazed intently down into my eyes and said fervently and with much depth of meaning, "Now, do come and see me again." I confess I didn't quite fathom the game he was playing. I was never sent for again, and somehow I was never interested in making another call. I suppose I should have made some suggestion about "luncheon" or asked him to call on me. But having done neither, he no doubt concluded that I was too stupid to be tolerated.

I know a young actress—a glorious creature she is. A few years ago she was a big favorite with the picture fans. Then the concern she had been with for so long and that had been so fine to her changed hands. Cheap people came in, and the girl was given her "notice." For a time she found it hard to "connect up" again, but was finally fortunate in closing a good contract with one of the big producing firms. She was presented in one or two worthy five-reel features, and then her pictures weren't so good. The casts were poor, stories worse, direction bad. I wondered what was wrong.

She was a clever girl, and the public liked her; but why were they killing her off like this? They seemed to be making every effort to sound her death knell. The firm evidently wanted to break the year's contract she had, but couldn't; so they let it die out, and she with it, because of the miserable pictures in which she was presented. When she was no longer with the firm, she told me all about it. The general manager had wanted to be more than friendly, and she had refused to accept his attentions. Could he have broken the contract he had with her, he would have dismissed her then and there; but not being able to do so, in return for her having turned him down so flatly, he did all he could to kill her professionally.

Not long ago I was very happy in securing an interview with a big producer that I had been trying to obtain for some time. When I called, I was ushered into his sumptuous offices. He smilingly received me. His hat was off, and for a wonder he wasn't smoking, or rather chewing, his customary big black cigar. He rose to greet me. I was all "done up" in a new winter coat and had a jaunty little hat perched a bit rakishly on my head. I was made up that day for what, in the language of the Rialto, is termed a "chicken." I could make up equally well for a "vampire" or a "chicken," by rearranging my hair and wearing an entirely different style of clothes.

"Well," said the man as I entered, "you're a rather cute little thing. Sit down."

I sat. He continued,

"You look young—don't know whether you are or not. I'm a business man. Now, what would I do with you?"

"Put me out in one big picture, and I'll prove a good investment for you," I replied.

"But," he said, "you have no box-office value."

"No," I said; "but you could create one for me, if you would only give me the chance. I only need one picture to become established. I can act—I have proved it—and I have screen looks and personality."

"Um—yes," came his answer. "Yes, I can see that. You'd photograph well, and you're full of life—yes, you're

all right. Have you got a good figure? Take off your coat."

I took it off.

"Yes, I guess your figure's all right. Well, can you find someone to make you known—someone to do something for you?"

I asked, "What do you mean? Someone to pay for a production for me?"

"Oh, no! I'll do that. But get a lot of advertising—get known."

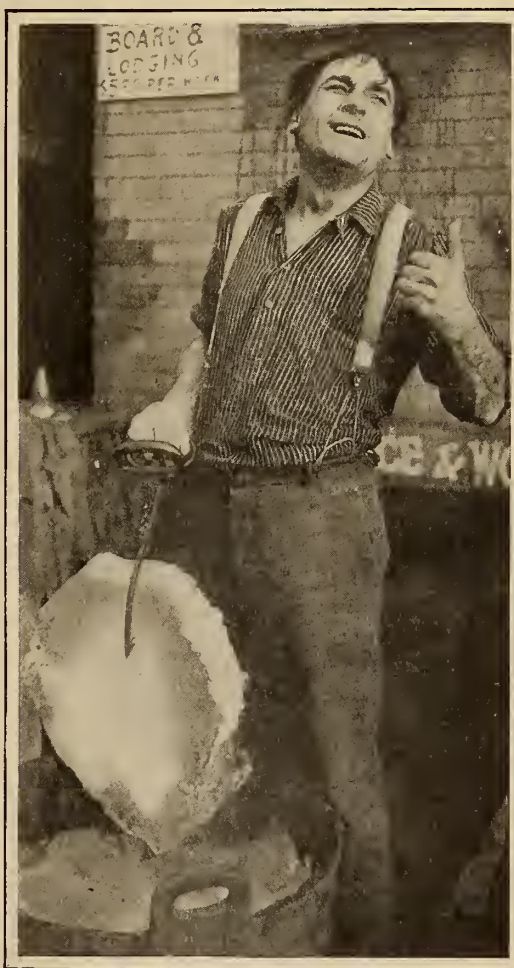
"But we have no royal princes in America with whom I might elope and become covered with notoriety."

"Well, think up something and come and see me again. Try and find some rich man who can buy you an electric sign on Broadway."

And I was ushered out.

I have made several return calls, but he has always been "in conference" at the moment of my call. But I think I'll follow this up and see what develops. I'm curious and a bit hopeful, and if I can only persuade him to give me a fair opportunity, I know he will never regret it. He has the power and the money to make me a star. Will he, without being privileged to make love to me? I wonder!

(To be continued.)



MOROSCO-PARAMOUNT

"How'd you like to be the ice-man?" asks George Beban.

Never Put Off 'Till To-morrow===



MUTUAL

May Cloy and Thomas Chatterton are so afraid of what those dreadful censors say that they've even had to invent an armless kiss—which, as everyone knows, is just about as useful as a three-legged dog. What is that motion picture industry coming to, anyway?



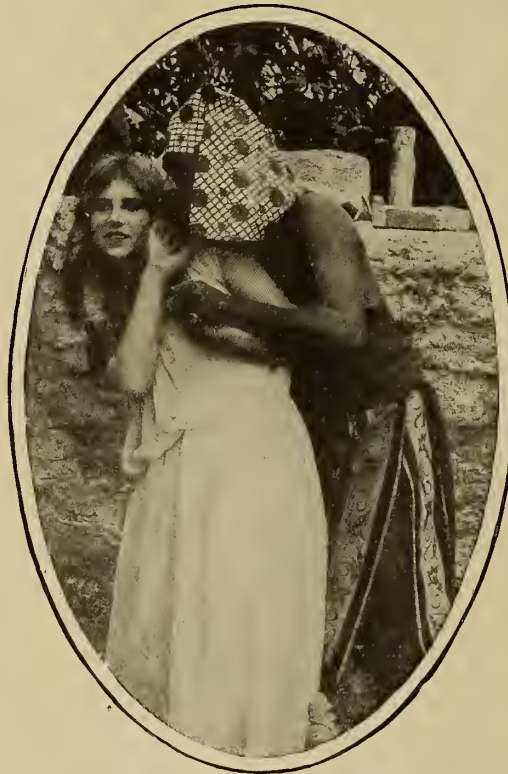
TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

"Well, if we had Roy Stuart's place for one minute, Lilian Gish wouldn't have to look at us as pleadingly as all that"— That's right, boys. Them's our sentiments, exactly. She's going to get it, though. Don't worry.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

Smiling tenderly, Elmer Clifton drew the fair Bessie Love into his arms and—oh, why couldn't they have postponed that fadeout one second?



PATHE

"Tantalize him, girls; make him think you don't want it," says the writer on these delicate matters. So Valkyrien coyly turns away her face and gives him a handful of curls to chew instead.



PATHE

"One must express one's self in one's acting," said William Courteney. But his form of self-expression suited Alice Dovey perfectly, so she didn't mind at all.

When Cupid Slipped



SELIG

Hiram (Sid Jordan) may not be much on love making, but he knows what he wants. And what he wants is Lizzie (Victoria Forde).



SELIG

Lizzie's pa (Pat Chrisman) knows what he wants, too—or, rather, what he does *not* want. And that "not" applies to Hiram as a son-in-law.

LIZZIE is "there" when it comes to good, solid home cooking. And, of course, men are mighty material-minded beings, and that cooking looks awfully good to Hiram—so good, in fact, that he offers to let Lizzie fry his eggs for life. But the course of true love runs most uneven. Lizzie's pa does not approve of the union, and he sends Hiram about his business. "Begone from my house!" shouts he, according to the sub-title; and though what he's really saying, probably, is, "Darn it! this rain will spoil all the skating," still, the effect is just as good, and you can't help clasping your hands—



clamber into a buggy and go in search of a minister. Pa discovers their escape and starts in pursuit.

Meanwhile, the sheriff of the county receives word that a couple of "nuts" have escaped from an asylum. Pa unfortunately spies this pair, who are also driving along, and follows them. Too late he discovers that they are strange to him, but takes them to jail. The sheriff, of course, goes out to hunt for the lunatics and mistaking Lizzie and Hiram for them, he takes them off to jail. Here they meet Lizzie's pa, everything is straightened out, and it's back to potato peeling for Lizzie.



SELIG

How was she to know that the sheriff would make such a foolish mistake?

SELIG

"No dad's going to keep me from getting married to my Hiram, though," says Lizzie. "We'll elope. All those society dames are doing it."

or someone else's—tight, and feeling awfully sorry for Hiram. Lizzie is not to be done out of her romance, however. Being an enterprising young person, she decides to elope with her swain. They steal downstairs,



SELIG

Lizzie decides that though peeling potatoes isn't romantic, it is safer than eloping.

Just Kids



MUTUAL

Well - brought - up kiddies pretend to believe everything they are told, so when the camera man said, "Now watch the birdie," they fastened their eyes on the cam-

era most politely, as though they expected the birdie to hop right out of it. But you can see that the tiniest one down in front isn't fooled at all.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

"Oo-oo, aren't they the adorable things?" breathed the women; and "Some kids!" laughed the men. And that settled it—the picture was bound to be a success.

RED FEATHER

It looks as if the game's going to bust up in a free-for-all; but what game ever played by real, honest-to-goodness boys, worthy of the name, didn't break up that way? And when it's a case of calling a ball a strike, a fellow can't be expected to keep quiet and not kick up a row, can he?



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

A study in contentment. It's a problem to decide which one looks the happiest—but then, of course, they've all got perfectly good reason to.



Girls, Please Notice!



KLEVER COMEDY-PARAMOUNT

"A laugh every minute" is Victor Moore's motto.



AMERICAN MUTUAL

Hasn't Alan Forest the most beautiful hair you ever saw?



McCLURE PICTURES

George Le Guere has no difficulty in following *his* nose.

They talk about women being conceited, but they're not one, two, three when it comes to the conceit of men. Our men stars complained so about the amount of space we've been giving to their fair rivals, that we simply had to give them this whole page to keep them friendly. "Why bother to keep them friendly?" you say. We happen to be females ourselves, you see!



KALEM

"Daredevil George Larkin," they call him. Anyone who has seen him doing thrillers knows why.

Directors are always complaining that men stars are hard to get. "Eenie, Meenie, Minee, Mo, I'll take you," says one. "Oh, no, you won't; he's taken," pipes up another. And the stars smile and smile, and just dare those eggs to jump another quarter in price.

They can afford to.



MUTUAL

Frowns produce wrinkles, my dear Leo D. Maloney, and you're much too good-looking for frowns.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

"My face is my fortune, sir," said Victor Potel. It has been, too.



VOGUE-MUTUAL

Paddy McGuire smiles for many reasons, but principally because—guess.



ESSANAY

Max Linder packs for his trip to America. Max doesn't mind packing--not at all. Why should he?

Max Comes Across

ON THE eve of Max Linder's departure for America, where he is to produce comedies, a submarine sinks a big Atlantic liner. He and his friend, Ernest Maupain, who is crossing with him on the steamship *Espagne*, are frightened. No submarine appears, however, and they are calmed. By way of a joke, Max persuades the captain of the vessel to make Maupain believe a U-boat has torpedoed the *Espagne*. At the same time Maupain persuades the cap-



ESSANAY

But he who laughs first usually gets left. Max discovers that the accident is not a joke.



ESSANAY

We don't know just where the rest of the lady is—but, according to Max, she is "some kicker."



ESSANAY

Even life-preservers, it seems, must meet around the middle. Max, being a bachelor, is greatly amused.

tain to make Max believe the same thing. When a freight steamer really does ram the *Espagne*, and the passengers rush terror-stricken to the decks, Max and Maupain believe it is their joke. They soon discover the truth, but Maupain gets the last remaining life-preserver, and Max finds himself locked in the salon. At first he is badly frightened, but when he overhears the captain saying that the leak has been stopped up and that all is safe, his terror passes. He seats himself at the piano and is playing a lively tune when they find him. Whereupon he is unanimously voted the hero of the hour and calmly permits all the girls aboard to kiss him.



ESSANAY

Max is voted a hero—personally, we think he should have paid to be allowed to do this scene.

Mrs. Garrigan Lays Down the Law

By JAMES G. GABLE

"WHY DO they call thim 'Cinnamon' theayters?" asked Mrs. Grogan.

"Because they're the spice av life, I suppose," Mrs. Garrigan replied.

"Have ye seen anny good plays lately?"

"I have that same," answered Mrs. Garrigan. "'Twas called 'Two Bits.' Naw, that wasn't it, ayther. 'Fifty-Fifty,' that was the name. 'Twas got out by the Tangled-File-Out pable, an' writ wid wan hand by Lulu O'Brien, wid the ladin' part mistook by Nora Tallmidget."

"Ah," said Mrs. Grogan impatiently, "forget the ornaments an' get down to the furniture."

"Well," Mrs. Garrigan went on, "Fred Hairman is a broker"—

"Hiven help us!" cried Mrs. Grogan. "For what is a broker?"

"A broker," explained Mrs. Garrigan, "is wan that gets rich by makin' other pable broke. Hairman calls himself an honest broker, which is the same as if ye said 'biling ice' or 'red-hot snow.'"

"I see."

"He visits a friend av his who is an artist. Wan av thim ducks that paints a fortygraft av a smoky boiler factory an' miscalls it 'Impressions av a Black Cat in a Dark Alley at Midnight.' This artist has a bunch av pictures hangin' in his artery, an' Hairman is walkin' around, thryin' to conceal his rale falin's toward thim, whin he sees Nomy, an' not bein' busy at the time, he promptly falls in love wid her. 'Tis a grate match. Ye know, Mrs. Grogan, matches are made in heaven."

"Yis," Mrs. Grogan conceded; "but the sulphur comes from the other place."

"That may be," Mrs. Garrigan agreed. "This had a little av both. Nomy is a model, which manes that she's not a model for home folks to imitate. They live happily for a year, which proves that he was no relation av Terence Garrigan. Then Helen Clew, who had hoped to marry him and spend his money, hatches a plot which makes the wake-minded husband apply for a divorce. The judge, who knows somethin' besides politics, though that is a hard thing to belave, sees through the plot—it bein' so thin an' his eyesight bein' good—reunites husband an' wife, an' Helen Clew goes to the Old Maids' Home."

"What else have ye seen?" demanded Mrs. Grogan.

"Well, 'The Wreath av Coughdrops More' was fine. 'Twas a Cold Steal Flim, writ just befoor he woke up by William B. Among, produced by William B. Among, wid the ladin' part mistook by William B. Among, an' the seenery, customs, scrubbin', swapin' an' bill postin' all done by that selfsame industrious William B. Among."

"Did he take in the tickets, too?" Mrs. Grogan demanded.

"I dinnah," Mrs. Garrigan admitted. "I slipped in whin he wasn't lookin'."

"'Tis a lucky day ye was born in!" said Mrs. Grogan admiringly. "Go on wid your story."

"Coughdrops More has a grudge agin the town barber an' old man Reeves, so casts his dispersions agin the entire family. He mates the high cost av livin' by boycottin' soap an' watter. 'Tis a man's right to be ugly, but Coughdrops abuses the privilege. He spends all his time blackgardding Reeves, especially av a Sunda', whin we are tould that we must toil not, nayther must we chin. Reeves is mare av Barton. He is clothed wid authority, but is wearin' the wrong suit. He owns a grocery store an' a lumber camp, turnin' the sawdust into breakfast food an' gettin' rich at it."

"Huh!" snorted Mrs. Grogan. "It must have been some av his dope that I had for breakfast this marnin'."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Garrigan, "More has a son an' Reeves a daughter, who have been spendin' a lot av money an' gettin' a little edification in the East. They thtravel home on the same car, unbeknownst to ache other. Young More is a good Christian. He belaves in lovin' his naybor as himself—if she's purty; an' Reevy Reeves, the gyurl in the nixt sate, is rale asy to look at. They strike up an acquaintance, which soon double-ups into a plutonic friendship."

"What is that thing ye just mintioned?" demanded Mrs. Grogan suspiciously.

"A plutonic friendship," Mrs. Garrigan explained, "is where they start a fire widout striking a match."

"Oh, I see," Mrs. Grogan replied. "Well, go on."

"Ye know, Mrs. Grogan, 'tis aisy to plant a crop av trouble. If the old folks had left the young wans alone, they wud have forgotten all about their little flirtation; but matin' wid constant opposition, the boy's friendship soon ripened into love, an' she soon returned his affliction. Charlie goes to his father an' tells him av this important fact.

"'Furthermore,' says he, 'old Reeves declares that if I marry his daughter, he'll shoot me on the spot, though he doesn't say what spot. 'Twould be a good joke on him to run away wid her.' Old man Coughdrops not only gives his consent, but promises to do all in his power to aid thim. Thin the bright young man goes to Reeves. 'I'm in love wid your daughter,' he says. 'I've tould me father, an' he's in a furious rage. He says if I marry her, he'll cut me off wid a dollar, an' a dollar doesn't go very far these high-priced days. Wouldn't it be a good joke to elope wid her? 'Twould serve the old man right.'

"Reeves is mighty tickled to think av gettin' back at his enemy. He promises to help thim elope, an' does so, for he's a man that kapes his word an' annything else he can get his hands on. Reeves helps thim elope, an' they drive to old man More's an' are married. Now I lave it to you, Mrs. Grogan, isn't that some boy?"

"What did the old fools do whin they found they had been thricked?" demanded Mrs. Grogan.

"Well," admitted Mrs. Garrigan, "it was awful hard on thim, but the directions said to take it—and they did."



MUTUAL

Rhea Mitchell had even us fooled at first—until we noticed that beautifully manicured thumb nail. Then we knew it *couldn't* be true. Sad experience has taught us it takes time and money to keep 'em looking like that.



"Soup of the Evening, Beauootiful Soo-oop," sang the Mock Turtle in Wonderland, to Alice. He didn't know Linda Griffith, either!



VITAGRAPH

It doesn't make a bit of difference what Lilian Walker wears—just so it isn't a mask. There's only one pair of dimples like these in Filmdom.



MUTUAL STAR

Cheer up, my dear Lois Meredith! A little less eyework and a bit more elbow grease will finish 'em up in a jiffy.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Who's this? Pretty Valentine Grant, you say? Gosh! never would have believed it! Where's the other eye gone to? Still, even one of hers is dangerous enough.



UNIVERSAL

Eileen Sedgwick says she felt just like Cinderella while this picture was being taken. And no hope of a Fairy Godmother to whirl her away to the ball.



TRIANGLE-INCE WITZEL PHOTO
 "Buon giorno, signor!" smiles Clara Williams — meaning, in sunny Italy, "Good-day, sir!" Oh, that's all right—we had to look it up ourselves!



MUTUAL
 "As long as the director had to do this, I'm glad he did it when I had on this kind of a dress, what with the cost of living so high," says Madge Kirby, Pollyannishly.



MACK SENNETT-KEYSTONE WITZEL PHOTO
 Don't you just feel like singing "Polly put the kettle on, and we'll have tea," when you look at this picture? Polly Moran looks as if she could do it, too.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE WITZEL PHOTO
 "I'll make up for this in my next picture, you see if I don't!" cries Dorothy Hagar. "You just wait and see all the stunning gowns I'm going to spring!"



PATHE
 Mary Sunshine, watch what you're doing! We can stand a little water in our milk, but a finger in the soup is *too* much to swallow.



NORMAND-KEYSTONE
 "Come, now," unblushingly fishes Mabel Normand. "Admit that I look as nice in this simple dress as in some highfalutin' creation."



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Gingham Girls



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE WITZEL PHOTO
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SELIG

LILLIAN WADE

One of the "Younger Set"

THE KIDDIES seem to be having it all their own way these days, and instead of discussing the time when Harold will be President or Genevieve First Lady of the Land, Genevieve's mother watches anxiously for some signs of resemblance to Mary Pickford, and dad insists that Harold climbed over that chair just exactly as Charlie Chaplin would have done it. But Baby Lillian Wade's mother doesn't have to do that. Just looking like herself is enough for Baby Lillian, for she is one of the screen youngsters who has become truly famous. She is known as one of the few children who fearlessly appear in animal pictures. Having given up acting to devote her entire attention to school and her studies, this clever youngster has staged a "come back" and is to appear soon in Selig plays.

✕ ✕

Silent Anger

Villain—What am I supposed to do?

Director—Just put on an angry look and register an oath.

An "Oh, So Different" Vampire

THERE'S a new pair of dimples entered Filmville—and they're gaining in popularity every day. Though they are among the most precious possessions of the newest addition to the ranks of screen sorceresses, she is not stingy with them and shows them to an admiring public on every possible occasion. Dorothy Dalton, if you please, came mighty near being a Chicago society belle—but luckily, just when preparations for her debut into the most select inner circle were in progress, someone who knew what he was talking about came along and told her that she was destined for greater things than that. It is Miss Dalton's ambition to play sweet, girlish parts, but she is making such a hit in the art of refined vamping that she has come to the conclusion that, like Topsy, she "must just have growed that way."

✕ ✕

Impossible

Screenner—My first wife had far more sense than you had.

Wife—I cannot see why. She married you, didn't she?



TRIANGLE-KAY SEE

DOROTHY DALTON

Polly Moran and Her Hasty Plan

IN FILMING a kitchen scene in "His Wild Oats," Polly Moran suggested in a burst of enthusiasm that she put her hand accidentally on a hot stove, and in the shock following, fall into the wood box. The director grabbed at the idea, and as she had planned, Polly touched the stove and fell into the wood box. But, as she had not planned, Mack Swain, meanwhile, in the wings, was being loaded up with wood. While Miss Moran was yelling to be pulled out of the box, Mack calmly walked over to it and dropped his armful of wood over her, though she kicked and screamed, and the camera clicked steadily on. Mack Swain is still trying to apologize for being a brute.

✕ ✕

Suspended Judgment

Actor—Do you think my work shows promise?

Director—Yes; but I have got to have more than promises.



MACK BENNETT-KEYSTONE

POLLY MORAN



ART CRAFT-COHEN

Marguerite Snow combines great beauty with a liberal supply of gray matter, and proves conclusively that the old saw about a pretty face hiding an insipid mind is not a true one.



FOX

Hank Mann, who does some of the funniest work of his career as the wandering artist in "The Cloud Puncher," fries his eggs in the sand.

"The Cloud Puncher"

ONCE again have Hank Mann's bashful eyes and careless feet combined to make a winner, and as the rain-maker in "The Cloud Puncher," a Fox comedy, he has made a sure-fire laugh.

The story centers around a village in which there has been no rain for weeks, and not even the weather bureau can foresee signs of rain approaching. An artist (Hank Mann), wandering along a country road, comes to the hut of a hermit inventor who is dying of thirst. The artist paints a picture of a reservoir so realistically that the water overflows, and by way of reward the hermit gives him a number of rifle shells, which, when fired at the sky, will produce rain.

The village villain tries to kidnap the town beauty, but is foiled by our artist. With one of his shells the artist brings rain to the village. The villain steals the rest of the shells, brings about a cloudburst, and shoots the heroine into the clouds. Undaunted, our hero converts himself into an airship by using an electric fan as a propeller, rescues the fair damsel, and they live happy ever after—until the next scenario is written.

"Comedy," in some motion picture studios, is too often merely a symbol for slapstick and foolish horseplay—a difficult thing to avoid in the filming of this type of photoplay. And though a bit of this horseplay has crept into "The Cloud Puncher," it is lost sight of amid the really effective comedy situations in which the picture abounds. Hank Mann, who is a recent addition to the Fox Film forces, will even make you forget those frostbitten fingers and toes—which we consider the final test these days.



McCLURE

Ann Murdock, the star of the first of the "Seven Deadly Sins," discovers her brother (Robert Cain) in a house in the slums.

"Envy"

"ENVY," according to McClure pictures, is the first of the "Seven Deadly Sins." Eve Leslie, a poor country girl, envies Betty Howard, a famous actress. But Betty's hard work on the stage has so affected her health that she is given but two more years to live by her physician unless she retires. Moreover, she has been seeking for several years a man, Rocco Irwin, who, mistaking her kindness, attempts to blackmail her.

Betty, motoring with Stanton Skinner, who wants to marry her, collapses and is taken to Eve's home and the two girls become friends. The rest of the scenes are worked to the nth power of sensationalism. How it happened that the particular man Irwin picks out to rob should be Skinner, and how Betty happened to faint right near the particular house she did, and why she didn't tell Rocco that she was his sister and avoid all that trouble in the first place, is more than we uninitiated ones can say. We also marveled how a girl as sick and tired out as Betty is supposed to be could faint and be throttled so many times, and still survive it. In our modest opinion, that diving and running around she did ought to have finished her up much more quickly than anything she ever did on the stage. However—

Ann Murdock played the role of Betty with just a bit too much waving as to arms, but she looked charming always, and particularly so in the boudoir costume of black satin knickers. Shirley Mason was a captivating Eve, and as for George Le Guere as Adam—we couldn't blame Eve for liking him. Robert Cain as Irwin did some really creditable work.



MUTUAL

Charlotte Walker, as the wife in "Pardners," turns to her piano and her son for solace from the supposed villainy of her husband.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

Wilfred Lucas, as the genial Jim Bludso, swaps stories with the barkeeper in the Fine Arts picturization of John Hay's poem.

"Pardners"

"**PARDNERS**," the novel from the pen of Rex Beach, refixed and refurbished, has made a very presentable photoplay.

Justus Morrow, a young Englishman who has been disinherited by a wealthy uncle for marrying Olive, a little country school teacher, goes to the Klondike to make his fortune. Olive goes back to teaching, out of which means of livelihood she is hounded by Alonzo Struthers, a reporter, who also wanted to marry her. She then goes on the stage, where she makes a great success.

Morrow drifts into Rampart City, where he "cleans out" a dance hall, winning the friendship of Big Bill Joyce. Here Struthers, on the trail of a story, finds him, and obtaining a faked picture of him embracing a girl of the hall, sends it to Olive, who determines to divorce her husband.

Just in time, however, Morrow and Big Bill strike it rich, hurry home, and the whole tangle is cleared up, with Olive in her husband's arms.

As Olive, Charlotte Walker was excellently cast and did some fine acting. There are many bits of fine photography and thrills aplenty in "Pardners." We recommend it.

"Jim Bludso"

ANOTHER "made-over" is "Jim Bludso," a picture based on the poem by John Hay, and under careful direction it has made an excellent release.

Jim Bludso is engineer on the "Prairie Belle," in the days before the war between the North and the South. When the country takes up arms, Jim enlists with the North, and his wife returns to the South—her home.

When he returns home, Jim finds his little son in the care of Kate, the daughter of the village shopkeeper. Ben Merrill, who ran away with Jim's wife and then deserted her, is in town under an assumed name, putting through a crooked levee building job, and he and Jim become enemies.

Then follow many exciting scenes—the river overflowing the levee and sweeping into the town, the scenes aboard the packet, the race of the "Prairie Belle" with another boat, and the final burning of the old Mississippi River boat with her nozzle against the shore are intensely realistic and furnish genuine thrills.

As Jim Bludso, Wilfred Lucas gives a particularly fine and likable characterization, and the atmosphere of river life has been perfectly portrayed.



FOX

Notwithstanding the saying that a man can't do two things well at the same time, William Farnum does not hesitate to undertake managing two young ladies at once—and does it very successfully, too. The girls start in at a very early age to fall for William's curly locks and pearly teeth, and they don't seem to get over it as they grow older, either.



MUTUAL

William Russell doesn't seem at all frightened by the fortune Mary Miles Minter finds in his palm. But then, he doesn't have to. You can see just from this picture that William was born under a very lucky star.

The Picture Piano Man

By HAZEL MACFARLANE

OH! lucky, lucky man who plays
 The music at the picture show,
 You never have to pay a cent
 Though afternoon and night you go!

You see the lovers fond embrace
 And tinkle softly, "Love's Sweet Song;"
 You bang loud when the villain shoots,
 You "rag" when "Charlie" comes along.

The soldier boys go marching by
 To "Dixie" or "Red, White and Blue;"
 How very queer a picture show
 Would seem if it were lacking you!

Oh! lucky, lucky Music Man
 What if your hands are weary quite?
 You never have to pay a cent
 To see the pictures noon and night!



What is An Internal Bath?

By R. W. BEAL



MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought.

The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for, health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable but preventable through the consistent practise of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world. How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy, and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes

a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of a multitude of hopeless individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker, and the housewife; all that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell at Number 134 West 65th Street, New York City, and mention having read this article in *FILM FUN*, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but *send for the book now* while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural when it is such a simple thing to be well?
(Adv.)

"Why I Am Happy!"



BALBOA

Few girls can look as pretty in negligee as does Ruth Roland—which is one more reason for her to be happy.

I AM HAPPY because the moon still shines at night, and there are stars to shine like friendly angels, and because after night comes day, with its sunrise and early dews that caress the trees and grasses and make them young again—new days, with God's unwritten page on which to record hours filled with happiness—the happiness of work well done, of having friends, good books to read, being able to laugh, and the great out-of-doors to smell, feel and see.

I am happy because there are friendly trees; because there are sunsets and roses, pansies and lilies, and because spring comes yearly with the spirit of love breathing through it, and the purple

trees bloom on the highways; because they make good automobiles; because there are motion pictures, and I spend a good part of the day working for them; because I see colors and feel sunshine on my face; because I can fox-trot and one-step, and because no one knows my middle name.

I am happy because I have a good, faithful bulldog; because I am able through my work to give pleasure to others; because I can remember being a little girl and the joys of childhood; because I can remember having a wonderful, sweet and good mother; because I know that happiness only comes from within ourselves and dwells in everything about us if we will but see it; because I have worked hard and achieved some measure of success, and because I have only to live in the NOW and not in the past or the days to come; because I have sense to find happiness in the little things of life and not go a-hunting it when it lies in my own heart just waiting to be let out. For all these things I am happy.

Ruth Roland.



Cat!

Miss Reel—Why do you call her a kite?

Miss Film—Because she is a regular tale bearer.

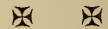


VITAGRAPH

Every true daughter of Eve knows what Alice Joyce is going to say in just about one hour from now. That's right—all together, girls: "I've just washed my hair, and I can't do a thing with it."

The Question

The censors, they are very good, or else they wouldn't be
Placed in their proud position to enforce morality;
And thus we wonder, when so good (the best there's to be had),
How they, without experience, can tell what's really bad.



A Natural Question

Tick—The motion picture poet tells me that he is burdened with unexpressed thoughts.

Tock—What is the matter? Can't he raise enough money to send them away?



McCLURE

Shirley Mason really isn't this dark and gloomy—it's just the effect "Seven Deadly Sins" is having upon her. By the way, Shirley, while you're waiting for something to do, you might remind the plump lady who last had her picture taken with you that they didn't wear watch bracelets in Cleopatra's time.

Former United States Senator Mason

Pioneer in Pure Food and Drugs Legislation, Father of Rural Free Delivery System

Takes Nuxated Iron

to obtain renewed strength, power and endurance after the hardest fought political campaign of his life in which he was elected Congressman-at-large from the State of Illinois. The results he obtained from taking Nuxated Iron were so surprising that

SENATOR MASON NOW SAYS

Nuxated Iron should be made known to every nervous, run down, anaemic man, woman and child.

Opinion of Doctor Howard James, late of United States Public Health Service who has prescribed and thoroughly tested Nuxated Iron in his own private practice.

WHAT SENATOR MASON SAYS:

"I have often said I would never recommend medicine of any kind. I believe that the doctor's place. However, after the hardest political campaign of my life, without a chance for a vacation, I had been starting to court every morning with that horrible tired feeling one cannot describe. I was advised to try Nuxated Iron. As a pioneer in the pure food and drug legislation, I was at first loath to try an advertised remedy, but after advising with one of my medical friends, I gave it a test. The results have been so beneficial in my own case I made up my mind to let my friends know about it, and you are at liberty to publish this statement if you so desire. I am now sixty-five years of age, and I feel that a remedy which will build up the strength and increase the power of endurance of a man of my age should be known to every nervous, run-down anaemic man, woman and child."

Senator Mason's statement in regard to Nuxated Iron was shown to several physicians who were requested to give their opinions thereon.

Dr. Howard James, late of the United States Public Health Service, said:

"Senator Mason is to be commended on handing out this statement on Nuxated Iron for public print. There are thousands of men and women who need a strength and blood-builder, but do not know what to take. There is nothing like organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to give increased strength, snap, vigor, and staying power. It enriches the blood, brings roses to the cheeks of women and is an unailing source of renewed vitality, endurance and power for men who burn up too rapidly their nervous energy in the strenuous strain of the great business competition of the day!"

Dr. King, a New York physician and author, said: "I heartily indorse Senator Mason's statement in regard to Nuxated Iron. There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anemia. Anemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anemic men and women is pale; the flesh flabby; the muscles lack tone; the brain fags, and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy."

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply

the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron—Nuxated Iron—just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied abroad in great European medical institutions, said: "Senator Mason is right. As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders."

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty and as full as vigor, vim, and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking organic iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At thirty he was in bad health; at forty-six he was care-worn and nearly all in. Now at fifty, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next, take two five grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again, and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the fray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE—Nuxated iron which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.



Former United States Senator Wm. E. Mason, recently elected Member of the U. S. Congress from Illinois.

From the Congressional Directory, published by the United States Government—"Wm. E. Mason, Senator from Illinois was elected to the 50th Congress in 1887, to the 51st Congress in 1891—defeated for the 52nd Congress 1892—Elected Senator to the 55th Congress 1897 to 1903."

Senator Mason is now Congressman from the State of Illinois.

Senator Mason's championship of Pure Food and Drugs legislation, his fight for the rural free delivery system, and his strong advocacy of all bills favoring labor and the rights of the masses as against trusts and combines, made him a national figure at Washington and endeared him to the hearts of the working man and the great masses of people throughout the United States. Senator Mason has the distinction of being one of the really big men of the nation. His strong endorsement of Nuxated Iron must convince any intelligent thinking reader that it must be a preparation of very great merit and one which the Senator feels is bound to be of great value to the masses of people everywhere, otherwise he could not afford to lend his name to it, especially after his strong advocacy of pure food and drugs legislation.

Since Nuxated Iron has obtained such an enormous sale—over three million people using it annually—other iron preparations are often recommended as a substitute for it. The reader should remember that there is a vast difference between ordinary metallic iron and the organic iron contained in Nuxated Iron, therefore always insist on having Nuxated Iron as recommended by Dr. Howard James, late of the United States Public Health Service; Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York, and other physicians. In this connection Dr. Howard James says:

"Iron to be of the slightest value to the human system must be in a combination which may be easily assimilated. In the case of metallic salts of iron, iron acetate, etc., it is very doubtful if sufficient actual iron can be taken up and incorporated into the blood to be of any service, especially in view of the disadvantages entailed by its corrosive action upon the stomach and the damaging effect upon the dental enamel. When, however, we deal with iron in organic combination, such for instance as albuminate, or, better still, Nuxated Iron, a far different story is told. We will observe no destructive action upon the teeth; no corrosive effect upon the stomach. The iron is readily assimilated into the blood and quickly makes its presence felt in increased vigor, snap and staying power."

Who's Who and Where

Gladys Hulette fell twenty-six feet from a hotel window in New York City recently, but thanks to a life net and a camera man, they "got" her safely.

Extra! French invasion of the Famous Players studio! Marguerite Clark is playing a French girl of the Empire, and Pauline Frederick is another French girl of a much later period.

In several scenes in "The Fortunes of Fifi," Marguerite Clark wears a Roman costume which she first donned two years ago, to appear with Madame Sarah Bernhardt at the Palace Theater, New York.

Tom Cameron's hobby is collecting pipes. "Many a man would stand higher in people's esteem," says Tom, "if he would save pipes, instead of going around collecting cigars among his friends."

Having become rid of a swollen jaw from a blow received in his last picture, William Russell is now nursing a cut and sprained hand, the result of a too realistic bit of acting in "My Fighting Gentleman."

Florence La Badie can sketch and paint, and she wants you to know that when in "The Lonely Heart" she does a portrait of an old man, it is not a trick of the camera that shows the likeness gradually coming on the easel.

At last George M. Cohan's patriotism and love of fireworks, brass bands and noise in general is explained—he was born on the Fourth of July! Unlike most newcomers at the studios, the more racket and hammering there is, the better he likes it.

Wireless messages received recently declare that Sessue Hayakawa and his company of players were having a rough time of it on their voyage to Honolulu. They ran into a big storm, which was so wild that the chips kept falling off the table and completely spoiled the game.

Tom Meighan, noble son of Erin that he is, is soon to appear as a Frenchman. Even Thomas's sunny disposition has nearly cracked under the strain of this hardship, but he is hard at work learning to say "Mon Doo," "Silver Plate," "Donker Shane," "Oi Oi," and other well-known French expressions.

In "A Modern Monte Cristo," Vincent Serrano jumps from a bridge some fifty feet above the water, dives from a schooner into a stormy sea, dives from a raft for pearls, and finally puts on a diver's suit and goes under in that. "It's a clean picture," says Mr. Serrano. "Plenty of water, plenty of diving, but no 'dive' scenes."

Louise Huff has proven a great disappointment to her former co-workers at the Famous Players studio. No sooner did she get her trunk unpacked at the studio, than she sat right down and began to write those "Wonderful California, beautiful, exquisite, unsurpassed, delightful, etc., etc.," blurbs that every true daughter of the East always begins to pen the moment she crosses the Rockies.

"CONFESSIONS OF A MOVING PICTURE ACTRESS."

Are you reading the graphic description of the atmosphere of some of the motion picture studios and offices to which your daughters must go in search of positions in the motion pictures? Are you willing to permit such an atmosphere to continue to surround them? Read "Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress" in this issue.

If you have any suggestions on how to make a cow act, kindly forward same to Frank Reicher, at the Lasky studio in Hollywood. Though Reicher, in directing the picture, has no difficulty in making Marie Doro register horror whenever the cow approaches her, he cannot seem to distract the attention of the bovine from its cud.

Our old friend, "Constant Reader," has bobbed up again. He sends FILM FUN the following paragraph from the *Passing Show* and admits that "he laughed fit to kill at this joke." To please our constant reader, we are going to give our other constant readers a chance to laugh at it, too.

WAITING FOR A SHADOW

Policeman (giving evidence)—After being ejected from the cinema, he was discovered with a large bouquet in his arms on the doorstep of the back entrance to the picture palace.

Magistrate—Did he give any reason for his extraordinary behavior?

Policeman—His speech was very indistinct, yer worship, but from what I could gather, he was waiting to see Mary Pickford 'ome.

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Chicago Photo-playright College, Box 278-611, Chicago

At the Fox studios actors have found a new way to gamble. They gather in little groups, watch Hank Mann's feet, and make bets on whether he's coming or going.

Harry O'Conner has decided that it doesn't pay to save money. Some burglars broke into his home and took a nice, fat sum he had stored away there, leaving this note: "We like your work immensely in the films. How do you like ours?"

Martin Kinney is learning to play the cornet. The only time he has to practice is in the evening, and that seems to be the only time his neighbors have to sleep, so he may decide to take swimming lessons instead. They're not so noisy.

"The Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress" is not a muck-raking process. It is an attempt to rouse the parents to demand a cleaning-up of totally unnecessary conditions in the motion picture offices. It is to such conditions that we owe lurid and indecent pictures.

Can anybody find a job for Colin Chase? All he did last week was to play the lead in a new photoplay, write a successful scenario and paint a portrait of Mlle. Adoni Fovieri, a prima donna formerly with the Opera Comique, which is to be hung—the picture, not Mlle. Fovieri or the Opera Comique—at the Academy of Fine Arts, in Chicago. Chase says his spare time hangs heavy on his hands.

To Louise Huff has come a kimono from far Japan, sent by a Japanese boy who claims to have made it all himself. She has also received a pair of Australian love birds, and says that it is quite embarrassing to watch the carrying on of this couple; but as the gift came from an old lady, who writes, "I am one of your ardent admirers, not a silly boy, but an old lady of seventy-two years," she guesses she will keep them. Miss Huff says she wishes someone would mail her a couple of tons of coal, now that winter is here.

Nothing Given Away

Film—Clara Film says her husband is dreadfully stingy.

Flam—Sure; he won't even give her grounds for divorce.

The Crimes We Commit Against Our Stomachs

By Arthur True Buswell, M.D.



Eugene Christian

A MAN'S success in life depends more on the co-operation of his stomach than on any other factor. Just as an "army moves on its stomach," so does the individual. Scientists tell us that 90% of all sickness is traceable to the digestive tract.

As Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the noted writer, says, "the brain gets an immense amount of credit which really should go to the stomach." And it's true—keep the digestive system in shape and brain vitality is assured.

Food is the fuel of the human system, yet some of the combinations of food we put into our systems are as dangerous as dynamite, soggy wood and a little coal would be in a furnace—and just about as effective. Is it any wonder that the average life of man today is but 39 years—and that diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys have increased 103% during the past few years?

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right foods we do not mean freak foods—just good, every day foods properly combined. In fact, to follow Corrective Eating it isn't even necessary to upset your table.

Not long ago I had a talk with Eugene Christian, the noted food scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people without drugs or medicines of any kind, and he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food.

One case that interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds under weight when he first went to see Christian, and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it he was not 50 per cent. efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds over-weight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating and he wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superacidous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had no organic trouble, but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health strength and efficiency.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered and clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you received the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Dept. 1123, 460 Fourth Ave., New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time, or remit \$3.00, the small fee asked.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

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MRS. LOIS ZELLNER is a young picture writer who is rapidly coming to the front. Her work is in such demand among the companies that three or four of them are making a bid for her exclusive services. Mrs. Zellner prefers absolutely free lance writing. She has been writing pictures for three years and only the first-class picture companies ever get a sight of her scenarios. Mrs. Zellner, by the way, began writing pictures as a means of whiling away the time while waiting for her commuting husband to come home to dinner. She soon graduated from these chance moments of writing to a real desk and typewriter and office hours for work.

She wrote "Little Brother," in which Enid Bennett is to star and which studio writers say is the best scenario of the year.

While the Map Is Being Altered

Virginia Pearson, the William Fox star, received a letter from a large business corporation last week, which had a small map of Europe beneath the company's name, with this legend under it:

"Business going on as usual during alterations."

Fanning the Blaze

In one scene a man was trying to get rid of an old sweetheart; several scenes later he was covering her face with kisses. Two girls were speaking of the man's inconsistency. Said one, "I thought he was trying to put his old flame out."

"Perhaps he thinks," was the answer, "that he can smother her with kisses."

A Heavy Show

The service at the movie theater was wretched that night. Finally it got so poor that a patron got up and left in disgust. As he went out the door, he remarked to his companion,

"This show's too heavy for me."

"How's that?" asked the friend curiously.

"Too many waits in it," replied the disgusted one.

It's Hard To Tell

Patrick was waiting for the lights to be dimmed at his favorite movie house. A polite stranger approached him, saying,

"I beg your pardon, but has anybody got their eye on that seat next to you?"

"Ut's hard to tell," Pat replied. "Oi jist picked up a set of false teeth from it."

Judging from Looks

A wedding scene was being screened. Two sons of Erin were exchanging views.

"Be gobs, there be another wan thot has taken a doive into the sea of matrimony," said one.

"Yis," replied the other; "and Oi bet that the woman will kape that poor man down."

In Our Town

By JAMES G. GABELLE

Percy FitzMackle is a regular woman hater. He hates to see a girl go to the picture show with anyone but himself.

George Saunders is so popular with the fair sect, it is roomered around that he is a motion picture actor in disguise.

The minister told Bart Leenbach to always watch the actions of the good girls on the screen, but Bart says all girls look good to him.

Deacon Gubsing is such an out-and-out pussifist that he won't watch a battle scene at the picture show or give a nickel to the Salvation Army.

Every kid in our town would sooner be Virgil Thomson than be President. He plays the pianny at the picture show an' gits to see all the pictures free.

Maxwellton MacGregor says, "It is too bad there is so much trouble over the moving picture censorship; but, then, the Scotch can't look after everything."

Bee Hume has heart trouble. He says that ever since he seen Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington," his heart has been bothering him something awful.

George Saunders was greatly touched by Theda Barry's rendition of Isabel in "East Limb." When he got home, he found he'd been touched ten dollars an' fifteen cents' worth.

It is roomered that the proprietor of the picture show is goin' to buy a motor car of a cheap an' well-advertised make. Deacon Gubsing declares that it is another evidence of the rapid accumulation of rapid an' ill-gotten gains, that what our town really needs is a nice hearse an' a big hoodlum wagon.

Dad Cooper divides society in Centropolis into two classes: they both patronize the Empire Picture Theayter, but the aristocracy stop at Adam's Drug Store an' buy five-cent sodas, while the oil polloly come to his store, swipe his apples, munch his crackers, sample his pickles, step on his cat, kick his dog, an' tell what better stars they would make if they were in motion pictures.

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To send them constantly to a dry-cleaning shop will soon wear out even the best kid.

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OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of FILM FUN. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

The Girl on the Cover is Louise Huff. It is Jack Pickford who Wants to Kiss Her.

I have taken *Judge* ever since it was first published, and *Judge's Library* as long as it lasted, and then *Sis Hopkins*, and now I am taking their successor—FILM FUN—as I like to recreate by reading something funny after my arduous labors of the day. I buy from our home dealers, and I never miss buying a number. G. S. R.

I enjoy FILM FUN very much and have been a subscriber for a year and a half. Ann Pennington is my favorite, and I would like to see her on the cover and an interview with her. I also want to see Lillian Gish on the cover. I like an assortment, one month a girl and the next month a man. L. W. H.

I assure you that FILM FUN has a place of honor on our library table, although it is seldom in its place. Too many in the family want to see it, and our copy is almost worn out before the next one comes. The thing we like best about FILM FUN is that it is not afraid to speak right out and tell the truth about the pictures. Mrs. B. L. G.

Our children have every copy of FILM FUN saved since we subscribed for it, nearly a year ago. When a picture comes to our theater that has been mentioned in FILM FUN, we let them go to see it with a clear mind. "We saw a picture of that girl in FILM FUN, mother," they say, and that is a passport for them to the theater that shows that picture. A Mother-of-Three.

We have read the first installment of the "Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress" with a deep interest. Our oldest daughter had an ambition to go into the pictures, but after a week of similar experiences to those related in the story, she returned home. Her experience was enough to warn every mother against allowing her daughter to go to the picture studios or offices alone. Fortunately my daughter knew how to take care of herself and decided that she did not wish to pay the price that success demands of some of the screen stars. I hope every mother reads the "Confessions." Experience.

Do you know of a club of writers by which one might obtain and exchange views and experiences by correspondence? I think a club of this nature

might be very helpful to those of us who are writing photoplays. G. M. S.

We have had so many inquiries for such a club that it has occurred to us that our FILM FUN readers and writers might like to start such a one for themselves. We will be glad to set the ball rolling by forwarding any letters to the above address or to any address that may be furnished us.

Please tell me a good formula for developing and finishing a motion picture film. J. G. S.

Send stamped envelope and full address, and we will gladly furnish you with the names of good formulas for developing and finishing your pictures. Naturally we could not give such addresses in this column.

I want to start a moving picture route. Must I have a license to show pictures all over the States at small towns? How do I arrange for it? R. J. E.

You must arrange for your license at each town, as there is no traveling license for pictures. There will be no difficulty in obtaining a license, as long as your pictures meet with the approval of the town authorities.

Can you tell us where we can obtain lists of warranted films to be given in our town? We have a committee from our club selected to choose such a list. Our exhibitor tells us he will secure them for us if the charge is not excessive. Can you give us such a list? Member of Committee.

On page 26 of this number you will find an article describing such a list of pictures. We are forwarding you the address of Mrs. Michael, who, no doubt, will be glad to give you the benefit of her experience.

Like many others, I have an ambition to write photoplays. Is there any chance for an unknown to land with the best class of companies or do they have their own writers? Ambitious.

Do the very best work you can, be willing to accept criticism and aim for the very highest. The best companies are always looking for good stories. But they want the very best. If you can write a good picture, they can find plenty of experienced continuity writers to put it together. One of the best scenario writers I know wrote industriously for three years before a single picture was sold; but she kept right on trying, and now she has only to offer her work to get a quick acceptance.



“Ship me somewhere east of Suez where the
best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments
an' a man can raise a thirst.”

K IPLING undoubtedly knew his “east of Suez” when he wrote “Mandalay” better than any man living, just as he knows lots of other things outside the ordinary ken; but the poverty-stricken, flea-bitten and malodorous Orient of the modern Mohammedan Turks presents many strong contrasts to the Orient of the great Abassid Caliphs, when Bagdad was the Metropolis of an Empire exceeding in extent the widest limits of Rome, and the center of a wealth, luxury and profligacy, the like of which the world has seldom seen; when the followers of the Prophet had carried the faith of Al Koran from the pillars of Hercules to the “Farthest Ind.”

The first glimpse the Western world had of the wondrous life of this period was in the early part of the eighteenth century, when Galland issued the first part of the Thousand and One Nights, in a French translation from the Arabic, which at once became famous as “The Arabian Nights’ Entertainments.” Mutilated, fragmentary, paraphrastic though these tales were, the glamour of imagination, the marvelousness of the miracles and the gorgeousness of the life depicted at once secured an exceptional success. For nearly two centuries these few Oriental tales were allowed to masquerade in abridged condition in the literary world. Deprived of their beauty and originality, shorn of the very qualities which make them attractive, they were printed and reprinted until famous scholars, Mr. Payne and others, carried away by their mysterious power, resolved to give them and many others to the reading world in their original form.

As a result of the enterprize and devotion to art of John Payne, we have now in

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a full and candid reproduction of the literature of Persia, India and Arabia, a literature redolent with the smell of incense; with the din of plaintive and alluring music; with beautiful women and strange dances; with weird influences and voluptuous beauty.

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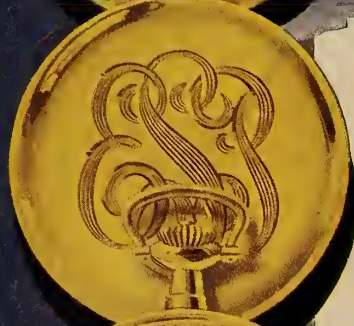
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E D I T O R I A L

Misfits of Moving Pictures

THE NEWSPAPERS of New York City contributed glowing accounts of Miss Ethel Barrymore as a photoplay star and splendid words of praise for her work in her latest screen vehicle, "The White Raven." Why? we ask. Miss Barrymore certainly has no claim to stellar honors on the screen. It is ridiculous to be asked to take Miss Barrymore seriously in such a role as "The White Raven" offers her. When in the course of a photoplay we are supposed to tremble with fear for the moral safety of a young girl, we must be given a creature that approximates "fragile femininity" sufficiently for us to feel some concern for her moral welfare at the hands of bold, bad men. Ethel Barrymore, physically at least, was the equal, if not the superior, in point of avoirdupois and muscle, of the wicked male person who had her in his clutches, and she certainly looked capable of knocking him out should it have become necessary for her to do so to preserve her virgin soul.

It is demanding too much of a long-suffering public that it be asked to accept "mature-looking mothers of children" as helpless "wisps of girlhood." It cannot be done. Moving picture audiences no doubt tire of the eternal ingenue skipping barefootedly over the grass or wetting her toes by the mossy brookside or peek-a-booing from behind the forest trees; but if a naughty man appears upon the scene and threatens to rob her of girlhood's priceless treasure, the situation is, to say the least, not laughable. At such times an audience, if heeded, would be heard petitioning the "makers of pictures" to give them a heroine under forty and not weighing over one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

How can an actress like Miss Barrymore, who has given us much that is of the finest on the spoken stage, whose

name for years has been associated with the best in American drama, lower her art by appearing in a role so entirely unsuited to her? Aside from screen personality, which she lacks, she has no claim to "screen beauty," and in the short dancing skirt which she wore, and her bare arms and neck, she was pitifully self-conscious of her well-developed figure.

But it is all in the day's work. If the motion picture producers will only give us all the worn-out older ladies of the stage and the younger ones who happen to be temporarily jobless, we may hope to sooner see "feature" photoplays that will be something besides so much celluloid reeled off before our weary eyes, exploiting these women from the stage, who have neither the physical attributes necessary to give a semblance of beauty nor any knowledge of the technique of screen acting. Then the capable, hard-working screen actresses, who know their business and have given it years of study and who photograph well, will sooner come into their own. Then they, too, will be given a chance to count a few of the shekels that fall so easily into the laps of the "stage" stars when they turn their gaze screenward.

If motion pictures are to be a great creative art and take the place in the world of art that is rightfully theirs, the producers must begin to cease reflecting. At the present time the motion picture gets the reflected light of the stage star, the reflected light of published stories and plays that have been produced, done over into motion picture scenarios. About the only thing the photoplay hasn't borrowed is the camera and the film. Will the time ever come when a novelist, before he can have his book published, must first have had it made into a "movie," and will a stage star come to have no value until she has made first a name on the screen?



FOX

WILLIAM FARNUM

HARTEOOK PHOTO

Although we have William on our double page, we just couldn't resist giving this close-up of him, to show the beau-ti-ful dimple in his chin.



“CONFESSIONS OF A MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS”

The first two installments of this remarkable story, which began in our February issue, brought us many expressions of approval of our determination to throw the limelight of publicity on conditions in the motion picture business as the author of these articles has found them. As we said before, the identity of the writer necessarily must remain a mystery. But we repeat that she was well known in the world of drama before she entered the motion picture field, and that she has been in a position to know personally of the incidents mentioned in this series. No exaggeration of the happenings in motion picture offices and studios, about which she tells so graphically, has been necessary—the facts speak for themselves. Startling as were the first chapters, the subsequent ones will be even more gripping. You cannot afford to miss one of them.

TO PLANT one's foot on the first rung of the ladder leading to motion picture fame was a far easier task six or seven years ago than it is now. It was easier, in the first place, because you came into immediate personal contact with the producing director the first time you applied at a studio for work. Now the beginner has to be previously passed upon by agents, assistants and sub-directors innumerable before gaining an audience with his kingship, the head director. In the days long gone by you made your call at the studio at 9 a. m., walked in unannounced (the doors to the working stage were not then barricaded as they are now), spotted the director, nabbed him at an opportune moment and asked sweetly but timidly, “Anything for me to-day?” The director would most often answer, “Don't know just what I am going to do as yet. You might wait and see.”

And so you stayed, with no definite promise of work, but were glad to do so, for you could watch the rehearsing and “learn things” about motion picture acting. While waiting, you always picked out a niche on the studio stage where you would be within the director's line of vision, so that he could not fail to see you when he paused to look about between rehearsals. You hoped during one of the pauses that his eye would rest upon you sufficiently long for your personality to sink into his consciousness, that he would suddenly decide that the scene he was working upon needed a maid or extra guest or “walk-on” person, and so, of course, it would follow that you would be the one for him to choose to portray the interpolated part. You were constantly sending out telepathic messages along these lines to the director. Though the lips were silent, the eyes

spoke with pleading eloquence, as if to say, “Use me, oh, please use me!”

Sometimes hours of patient waiting rolled by, while the director rehearsed other actors and taking occasional scenes, before he made your heart glad by turning to you and saying, “Um, guess I could use some sort of servant here. You, young lady, make up for a maid.” Like a bad penny, that “maid part” would eventually materialize, and you hoped that the part would call for an extra little piece of “business,” so you would have an opportunity of showing what you really could do if only given the chance. You felt it would open the way to better and bigger things.

As I recall these incidents, I realize how innocent-minded I was, and how confident, how absolutely assured that my good work only would be the criterion for future advancement. What a wide-eyed, trusting child I was, until, quite some time later, a little light filtered into my understanding, and I realized that the way of a director, with a maid, was strange.

Many “maid” parts and other bits fell to my lot in the course of time. My associations in the studio were all very pleasant, but I wasn't getting ahead as I wanted to. One day, or rather evening, I was hurrying to my dressing-room just after having heard the director's welcome words sung through the megaphone, “You can take your ‘make-ups’ off. That's all for to-day.” As I turned to enter the dressing-room, I caught my director's eye. He motioned that he wanted to speak to me. I went to him. He said, “Don't be in any hurry. Linger after the others.”

“All right,” I answered, and I thought, “Here is where

I am promoted to play 'leads.' He wants to talk confidentially to me about it."

That night I very leisurely cleaned up and got dressed. I took no part in the usual mad rush in the dressing-room, the splashing on of much cold cream to rub off the grease paint, the hurried twisting of the hair secured by a hairpin or two, the "jumping" into one's clothes and the quick packing and locking of the make-up box.

I made up a tale of a fictitious later engagement to tell the other girls (six of us were dressing in the one room), as the reason for my deliberate dressing. I waited until nearly all had left and the atmosphere was clear, and then sauntered over to the director's desk. It was there that we received our little printed slips calling for the daily wage, which was afterward presented at the treasurer's window, where the five-dollar bill was handed in exchange for the slip.

How jealously in the past I had treasured the one little intimate moment when I could go up to the director's desk and get my slip! Sometimes he'd ask me to sit down for a moment, and, oh, then I did feel so important! And as he would give me the little piece of paper and gently press my hand in doing so, saying I had wonderful eyes for the screen, I was then and there raised to the nth degree of happiness. And often as I started to go, he'd crown my joy by saying, "I'll need you to-morrow."

But *that* night I had been asked to wait, as he had something particular to say to me. As I came to his desk, he asked me to sit down a moment. He was putting things to rights before closing shop for the day. As he pulled down the roller top of his desk, he said,

"Let's go have a bite of supper. You don't have to report at home, do you?"

"No," I answered. "My home is far from here. I board."

"Ah! So much the better."

We ate at a quiet little place. The talk was mostly "pictures" and studio small talk. He paid me some pretty compliments. He was a romantic sort—at least, on this outing he was. He quoted Swinburne. I still remember a line or two, although I have never worshiped at the shrine of the fair Algernon. I think I can recall a verse offhand well enough to quote:

"To hunt sweet Love and miss him,
Between the bud and blossom,
Between white arm and bosom,
Between your throat and chin.
To say of Love, what is it?
Of Virtue, we can miss it.
Of Sin, we can but kiss it,
And it is no longer Sin."

This was a new philosophy to me—a bit tempting, I must confess. Had I been a more sentimental young miss, I might have found myself falling a bit in love with my poetically inclined director. As the dinner progressed and the black coffee arrived, he said,

"Some night, when we finish early, I'll get a car, and we'll take Miss — and G—" (naming one of the "regulars" among the men) "and have a joy ride and a shore dinner somewhere."

"That would be fine! I'd just love that!" I replied, perfectly assured as to the propriety of the affair when there were to be four of us. The eventful evening arrived. The quartet was on hand, and we motored to one of the near-by beaches. On the way there I sat in the back seat with the director, while the other girl and young man sat on the two small seats in front.

Although it was summer, a light rug felt comfortable over our laps; but I shortly discovered that the rug was used for other reasons than warmth. I soon felt Mr. Director's arm about my waist. I unfolded it, but it immediately returned, and after a dozen unsuccessful attempts to make him keep his arm where it belonged, and feeling unable to object aloud owing to the presence of others, I finally let it stay. Then he patted my cheek and caressed my leg from knee to ankle, saying how beautifully slender it was, and that I was far too clever and good-looking to stay on the "straight and narrow path," for it would profit me nothing. All this in undertones, but our companions, evidently aware of the passionate love making taking place on the rear seat, began to sing like true good fellows, which lessened a bit my discomfort. Getting braver, my director began to kiss me and tried to draw me up into his lap.

He tried, but not more than twice. I felt my muscles stiffen like steel, and I don't think it would have been any effort for me to have lifted him bodily out of the car and dropped him in the roadway as we speeded along the boulevard.

Soon we arrived at the beach. We had a splendid dinner, which I couldn't but would so have liked to enjoy, for such tempting delicacies did not often come my way. Shortly afterward we started back for New York. On the return trip we changed places in the car, the other girl sitting in the back seat with the director. After we were well on our way, I foolishly and thoughtlessly happened to turn to say something to Miss —, and there she was cuddled up in Mr. Director's lap, both of them oblivious not only to our presence, but to all the world.

I was not asked on any more joy rides, but I overheard others in the studio talking about parties, etc. I pegged along at that studio a year, doing small "parts." The director was always pleasant to me, but only on rare occasions, when a role was so peculiarly suited to my temperament that I could play it better than anyone else, did I get a big part, such as the other girl of that first motor party was now always cast for. Occasionally, when a crowd was asked to luncheon, I was asked to join. I think I amused the director a bit. He seemed to like to talk to me. In his heart he probably admired my rebuttal, but as for advancing me in my work, no, that he would not do.

The "cuddly" little girl of the joy rides is now a big movie star, and while she has beauty and ability, I can repeat in all truthfulness what others say, and that is that she would not be where she is to-day had she relied solely on her beauty and ability. All this took place some years ago, but conditions in motion picture studios have not changed with the years. To relate a recent experience of mine will show how similar they still are.

Not very long ago I was chosen as one of a company to



“I felt my muscles stiffen like steel when the director tried to draw me into his lap and I don’t think it would have been any effort for me to have lifted him bodily out of the car.”

go to the mountains on a picture that required "exterior" settings. I was tickled foolish by the thought of getting out of hot, humid New York for two or three weeks in August, to smell the fragrant pine instead of the gasoline on Broadway, perhaps to get a swim after work hours in the fresh-water mountain lake near the place where we were going, to rest my eyes on fresh green grass and sweet field flowers, to forget the close, smelly Subway and the noisy "Elevated," and to see the stars twinkling in the heavens at night instead of Broadway's cheap and garish electric light display. So to the country I went. It was such a pretty place! I loved it, and I felt I was going to be so happy here for a little time. It proved to be for a very little time.

The inn where we stopped was an old-fashioned, simple place, and there were only a few guests besides ourselves. The hotel was three stories high, and our rooms were all on the same floor. We weren't more than eleven or twelve in the company, and there was only one girl besides myself. Things went along very nicely for a few days. All of us were busy getting started, fixing our costumes, etc. After work hours, for the first few days, the director and camera man would be out finding locations for the next day's scenes, so as not to waste valuable sunlight.

We used a pretty Colonial farmhouse in some scenes of this picture in which I worked. The people who lived in this farmhouse were very charming, hospitable folk and invited us (that is, the director, one of the actors and myself) to come over for some music after dinner. We motored out there that evening. It was about a six-mile ride, and we spent a very pleasant few hours. Coming home in the motor car, I sat in the back seat with the director. He had asked me to. The one other member of the party and the chauffeur were in the front seat. (The automobile, as you see, plays its part in the affairs of motion picture companies.) As we rode along, the director, whom I shall call Mr. Z—, put his arm around me, saying as he did so,

"Tired?"

"Yes," I answered. "I am a bit tired." We had had a long, hard day. A six-o'clock call had given us an early start. I think I was photographed in nearly every foot of the two thousand feet of film that had been exposed that day.

Mr. Z— next gently placed my head on his shoulder. I let it stay there. I knew we would be back to the hotel very shortly, and I didn't feel like offering remonstrances or being righteously indignant. The affections alone do not always influence the "female of the species" to incline her fair head upon a man's strong, broad shoulder. Fatigue and weariness have often been influential factors.

We rode along in silence. After a few moments my companion spoke again.

"You don't get a bit of fun out of life. What are you afraid of? You're always so reserved."

"I'm not so reserved," I answered. "I'm just myself. Can't help how I'm made."

Mr. Z—: "Even if you cared for a fellow, you'd think it sinful to give yourself a 'thrill,' wouldn't you, now? Ever have a thrill?"

The bluntness and coarseness of his remarks hit me between the eyes. I felt my blood run cold, but I answered calmly, as if I hadn't been shocked in the least,

"I don't think it necessary to have an 'affair' with every man or any man I work with, if that is what you are driving at."

Mr. Z— (calm as ever): "No, I don't mean that; but why don't you unbend a bit—get a little fun out of life—live? You'd be a better actress. Look at Bernhardt. She didn't deny herself 'love.'"

I wondered if any of these men I had come in contact with around the different studios had any conception what the word "love" meant. I had heard it so completely and horribly desecrated.

"But," I replied, "I am not Bernhardt."

Mr. Z—: "Don't you want to become a great actress? Don't you want to be famous? What are you in this business for, anyhow? How did it ever happen?"

"I am the most ambitious woman you probably know. My work is my whole life, and I'll never be quite happy unless I achieve my ambition."

We were getting to our hotel. There was a long stretch of beautiful maple trees leading to the inn, and as we turned a curve in the road, the searchlights from our car lit up the trees, so lovely in their sweet, fresh greenness. The moon was almost full and shining softly on the lake some miles distant. It made me feel so sick at heart, and so lonely—so unutterably, miserably lonely! I felt the strong human instinct of wanting to share with some sympathetic soul this beautiful night world on which my eyes were resting. My companion didn't even know it existed. As I had schooled myself to dismiss immediately unpleasant happenings, the effect of his vulgar, sordid remarks soon left me, and I reveled in the glory all about me.

But in another moment I was back on earth, roused out of my dream by a voice that fell discordantly on my ears, saying,

"May I come in and say 'good-night' to you?"

"Come *in* and say 'good-night' to me," I thought to myself.

Did he mean to ask if he might come to my room at this late hour? Oh, I well knew what he meant to imply! Why try to deceive myself? I was to be given the acid test as to whether I still coveted my virtue, was a poseur as far as my moral life was concerned, or had tasted man's liberty in these matters and forgotten the old copy book rule that "virtue is its own reward."

I answered, "Why, surely you can say 'good-night' to me," but I didn't say, "You can come *in* and say 'good-night' to me."

Mr. Z—'s room was on the same floor and on the same side of the hall as mine was. He came with me to my door. I started to unlock it, but the key stuck; so Mr. Z— unlocked the door for me, entered my room and turned on the light.

I said, "Good-night." He said nothing. He didn't even try to kiss me. I was rather surprised at that. He just smiled and left. Saying nothing left me in doubt as to what his plan might be. I thought, "Now what? Is he

coming back later?" Must I sit up and await developments? Stay awake to anticipate his rap, so that I could answer sotto voice that I was retiring and could not see him? Why sit up? He surely didn't expect to come to my room at midnight, particularly as he must have been very much in doubt as to whether he would be welcome or not.

I got ready for bed. No one came. Finally I fell asleep. Whether Mr. Z—— returned later and rapped at my door, I never knew. But I did know, by the events of the following days, that I had not played the game as he wanted me to. My brief popularity waned and soon was no more. And as it departed, in like proportion, the light of favor fell upon the other young girl in the company. The encouraging words I had received for my work turned to unfavorable criticism, until finally I became so nervous at the continual fault finding that I grew self-conscious. Under the circumstances no one's work could have been good.

I had always "screened" well and took great pains with my "make-up." I'd often start a half hour before the others, shadowing out, with a gray grease paint, parts of my face that were a trifle full, thus getting a perfect contour. I had studied my eyes, experimenting with a dozen different "make-ups" on them, in order to get them soft and expressive. Every director I had ever worked for told me I "made up" wonderfully. But no more with this company was my "make-up" good. Every little trick of the art I had mastered that before brought me praise now brought forth such remarks from Mr. Z——: "Why do you put 'gray' under your nose?"

"I've always done it. It shortens my nose. You've always liked it before."

"Well, don't do it any more. It looks awful!"

So everything was wrong. I played no more "close-ups." Instead of being a large figure in the foreground of the picture, I now shrunk as I retreated further and further back. The other young lady now came forward. I gradually diminished in size, until finally I disappeared out of the picture altogether. The little miss did her part also in "queering" me with the director. The continued criticisms I was the recipient of seemed to have the subtle handiwork of the gentler sex somewhere concealed behind them.

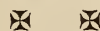
Finally, one evening, I was abruptly told I was "through" in the picture. I wasn't told that I should leave for New York before the rest of the company did; but I took my cue, and with my face wreathed in smiles, as if I was dying to get there, I answered, "Oh, then I can go back to New York to-morrow!" So I came back to hot New York the next day, alone, to hunt another job. Forever and forever hunting a job, getting one, doing my bit as well as I knew how, and losing the job because I wasn't "game." Always another beginning to be made, with the never-failing though desperate hope that this time it would be different.

The first thing I did when I got back to the city was to call on the agent through whom I had secured the engagement. How horribly shocked I was when he showed me a telegram from Mr. Z——, saying that I had fallen down miserably in my work, and that I had been absolutely hope-

less in the part! I couldn't keep back the tears, and I explained, in part, as best I could, how unfairly I had been treated.

I went home with a heavy heart that night. My discouragement had reached the point where I began to wonder what was the good of it all, anyway, and that night I concluded "the game was not worth the candle."

(To be continued.)



A Close-up

The scene showed the interior of a bedroom. A man was just getting into a folding bed, when it closed up on him.

A girl, turning to her escort, remarked, "What kind of a scene do you call that?"

"Why," he replied, "that is known as a close-up view."



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

CONSTANCE TALMADGE.

A new and a very bright star, who has come to shine in Film-dom's firmament. Few girls not yet eighteen can boast of having reached the top rung of the ladder of success in one profession, but little Miss Talmadge might have done so in two. For as far back as she can remember, Constance has been what she herself calls a "water rat." No mystery to her are the "trudgeon crawl" and the "jackknife flip"—she's on the friendliest terms with 'em, every one. And for a long time it was an almost even draw whether she would go in for honors as a swimmer or as a screen actress. Fortunately for us, she chose the latter—and here she is.



AMERICAN-MUTUAL

MARY MILES MINTER

Who, as soon as she had finished work on "The Gentle Intruder," locked up the little screen star and emerged the little girl, with just a few days to do what she wanted. And how hard it was to decide which of the many things she wanted to do first!— which accounts for this very thoughtful expression with which we found her.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

It isn't true that nobody loves a fat man, for Ruth Elliott (Doris Kenyon) had no sooner looked at jolly Bob Blake (Frank McIntyre) than she fell plum in love with him, in "The Traveling Salesman."

Three Fingers Up

I don't know how it is with you, but I believe that some of these scientist fellers are not so impractical as a good many people think. Now, wait awhile; don't argue. Wait till I tell you. One of them mussed up some newspaper space with the declaration: "Every man has an occasional impulse to commit crime." Now, I'll admit that that sounds like a lot of their deep stuff—a bit woozy, eh, old file? Score one for you. But wait till I get the old bean going—40-11 centimeter!

The other night I crawled into an aisle seat in my favorite coop, intending to rest my hands and face while absorbing some mute manifestations of virile life (I heard a guy say that). Well, what's wrong with an innocent intention like that? I leave it to you. Entirely forgivable is right, Gert. Well, sir, just as I got comfortably cramped, with the toe of my cordovan neatly tucked in the little opening at the lower corner of the seat ahead, and was sobbingly sympathizing with poor Aaron, It came in. Now, get all excited. This is the funny part. But don't make too much noise, or we'll all be thrown out. You see, I'm sitting in the chair, all calm and everything. And this feller comes in—all fair? Yup! Shoo-hoot!

He was quite mellow, if you know what I mean. As it was raining, he wore a raincoat—though he seemed not to mind being wet inside. And while waiting for me to rise and bow him into the seat at port, he removed the garment, presenting the sleeve to me in the conk. Good-evening!

It was very wet. Oh, decided-

ly! Of course I objected vigorously (if mentally), and whispered into my hat that this egg was not only a consummate ass, but a drunken one as well.

You know I said I had my toe tucked in the seat in front, remember? Well, that toe was the bone of contention, as you might say if you are as clever as I am at dodging. To save me, I couldn't release it. So I had to stand on one leg, with the other in the air, half bent, the while I wrestled with the toe. But no action absolutely.

Well, he thought the way was clear and started in. Now, I admit frankly that I have never been blessed—or cursed, have it your own way, I'm a quiet guy—with what you might call corn-fed lower knees. In fact, as far as their elasticity is considered, they're all but metallic. The poor coot was torpedoed amidships, as the bos'n said, and he foundered badly right then and there. He rested with half of his anatomy on one side of my knee and half on the other side—50-50. And he yelled blue murder. My dear, you should have seen it!

Everybody turned around and stared and said, "Tck! tck!" They probably thought I was going to spank him. And the usher came down and said, "Here, here! Watsamatta, watsamatta?" And I got all red and everything. Well, we got settled after a while. He sobbed himself to sleep. But the whole show was curdled for me. I tried to get that little doofingle off the mechanical candy box, to stick down the man's throat or into his eye, and couldn't. But I certainly felt that impulse to commit crime, right there on the spot, ybetcha! Do you think that's funny? I don't, eyether. So long!



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Frank McIntyre again—at peace with the world.

Truly Rural



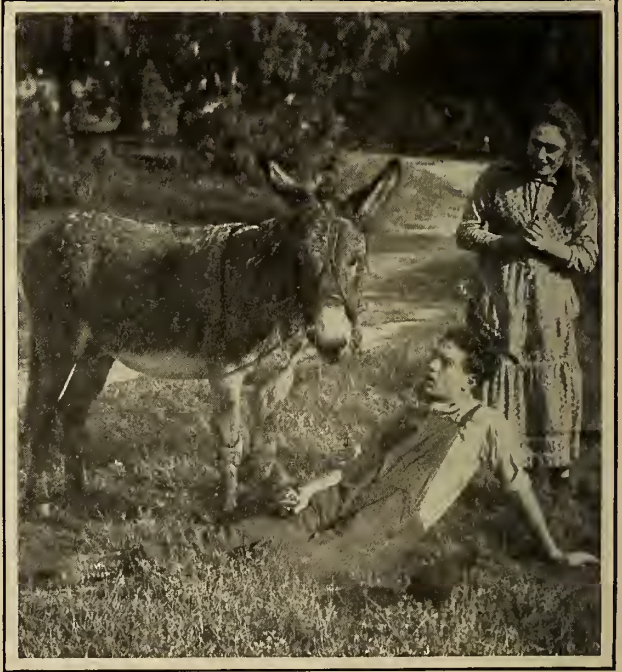
BALBOA

Margaret Landis is a firm believer in neutrality, and so, while she puts the biscuits within reach of Edward Peters, she turns the batteries of her most fetching smile full upon R. Henry Gray. Never having sampled Margaret's cooking, and being rather peacefully inclined ourselves, we hesitate to say which one has the better of the bargain—though we'd like to be in R. Henry's boots for a while.



BALBOA

Cullen Landis, in love with Jackie Saunders in "Jane," is jealous of Frank Mayo, the "city dude."



BALBOA

But poor Cullen is not alone in his sulks—and the donkey looked so gentle, too.



AMERICAN MUTUAL

William Russell tells studio youngsters just how he uses his sword in "My Fighting Gentleman."

Some Day

By LOIS ZELLNER

'Member when you and I were kids?
 And it got too dark to play,
 We'd sit on the steps and talk a lot—
 You and I and Tom and Dot—
 'Bout what we were going to be some day?

You said you would be a pirate bold
 And sail on the bounding seas,
 Wear a big black mask and a sword of steel,
 And turned-in boots with a golden heel
 And live a life of ease.

And Dot and I were to go to war
 Where the cruel bullets sting,
 To nurse the soldiers back to life,
 And after the end of the bloody strife
 To be the bride of a handsome king.

And Tom was to be an engineer
 On the fast Nine-Ninety-Nine,
 To blow the whistle and ring the bell,
 And streak through the town with a screech and a yell
 The Hero of the line.

Nowadays when the youngsters chat
 Of the future that they plan,
 You'll hear them say, with the greatest glee,
 "WHEN I GROW UP I'M GONNA BE—
 A MOVIN' PICH-SHER MAN!"



Styles in Plain and Fancy Bare-back Dressing



BALBOA HOOVER ART CO.

To be sure, it isn't at all polite of Ruth Roland to turn her back on us like this; but when one has Ruth's kind of back to turn, why care a fig for politeness? "What a foolish way to dress in midwinter!" you say? What about that new straw hat you've set your heart on getting—that one in Madame —'s window, you know? Anyway, the necklace keeps her warm.



INTERNATIONAL BRADLEY STUDIOS

"Evening gowns may be worn very décolleté this season, but under no circumstances must a strictly modest girl permit her ears to remain exposed," announced Dame Fashion emphatically. So Dorothy Green, ever keeping pace with that exacting lady, hurriedly rolled her lovely hair into two knots and lengthened the straps over her shoulders. "That's too easy! Next!" dared she.



BALBOA

"Mercy, Mary Sunshine, aren't you ashamed of yourself? Go right home and put some clothes on! What will our readers say?" But Baby Mary just glanced at the rest of the girls on this page and went right back to her study of the pretty rose she held in her hand. "Ashamed? Of what?" she smiled; and we had to leave her here. For to look like this little star is surely not a cause for shame.



TRIANGLE-KAY BEE

WITZEL

"Why pretend?" said Mary MacIvor, and she went and had her picture taken just like this. "A-ha, I'll get you yet!" snarled Old Man Grippe; but she refused to let it worry her.



INTERNATIONAL

Not to be outdone, Mineta Tamayo grabbed a lace curtain, but not *quite* having the courage of her convictions, she couldn't resist letting down her raven tresses as a sort of shield.





ARTCRAFT

If a woman is really only as old as she looks and a man as old as he feels, Mary Pickford and Maurice Tourneur ought to be out on the street, somewhere, playing hop-scotch. For though the camera man was patiently waiting to begin filming Mary's newest picture, "A Poor Little Rich Girl," Director Tourneur just couldn't help holding up the proceedings until he had squeezed the doll's tummy to make it say "Ma-ma."



FOX

What a perfectly wonderful man J. G. Tarver would be to play "London Bridge" with! Jim Marcus, Fox veteran, takes off his hat to him; R. A. Walsh, who staged "The Honor System," has to look at him through smoked glasses, and even big "Bill" Farnum gasps in amazement as he looks at Tarver's seven feet five inches of manhood.



Tillie Wakes Up



WORLD

At No. 003 Finddet Avenue lives Tillie Tinklepaw, who, the knowing neighbors say, is shamefully neglected by her husband Henry. Directly above Henry and Tillie, on the fourth floor front, reside Mr. Pipkins and his wife Luella. Here the husband has become merely the "henpecked meal ticket" for Luella, whose various women's clubs and societies call her often from the fire-side and interest her much more than does her



husband's welfare. But the worm turns at last, and one evening, when Luella has nagged even more than usual at her meek little husband, Mr. Pipkins, unable to stand it any longer, sets out to see what chance has to offer. Henry, too, has been very "crool" that evening, and at the floor below Mr. Pipkins finds Tillie with the same idea in mind. So what could be more natural than for the two to join forces and start out together to paint the town red?



WORLD

Forgetting that they are too old to "hitch behind," the runaways climb into an ice wagon and freeze to the ice so hard that they have to be cut away.

WORLD

Their pursuit of pleasure leads them direct to that haven of all true pleasure seekers in the summertime—Coney Island. Here Tillie and Mr. Pipkins visit the bearded lady, see everything there is to be seen, fill themselves full of peanuts and pink lemonade, and finish up by sliding down into one of those bowls that go round and round and make one's insides feel for all the world like scrambled eggs—though, to be sure, anything that can make one feel "eggy" in these days of high living has its advantages.



WORLD

And when Henry and Luella find them trying to use a photographer's automobile as an ocean liner, all is forgiven and forgotten.



EDUCATIONAL, INDUSTRIAL, AND SCIENTIFIC

WHITE PHOTO

BETTY DODSWORTH

As Cora in "Trooper 44," the five-reeler in which the State Police Troop A, of Pennsylvania, played a prominent part.



WORLD
 "It's a long, long way to dear old Broadway," sighs Doris Kenyon. "Wonder what's happening there now."



BALBOA
 "I see by this book," says Jackie Saunders to Cullen Landis, "that every good farmhand should know how to milk cows and take in the hay. Dear, dear, what *will* they make us do next?"



KALEM
 It's a great life if you don't weaken, and Marin Sais has no intention of weakening.



WORLD
 Even on a farm a girl can't be too careful, so Alice Brady clasps Peter Rabbit tight in her arms and smilingly waits for Mr. Third Party to come along.



TRIANGLE-KAY BEE
 Years ago a man married a delicate, shrinking violet sort of person, to take care of her; but nowadays—well, here's Margaret Thompson to speak for herself.



FOX
 "Your hand, me ing radiantly at out a lily-white queenly air, sh from her ney

E FARM



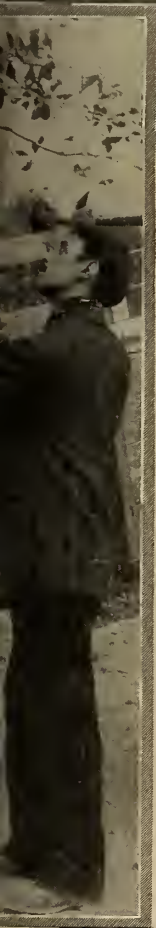
FOX

Look well at the background, and then take three guesses at what William Farnum is waiting for. What's that? A chicken? You guessed it the first time.



SELIG

"So the prince came and rescued the beautiful princess, and they all lived happy ever after," finished Vivian Reed, and the baby laughed, and Vivian smiled her million-dollar smile, and even the dog did his best to hide the fact that he was being choked half to death.



Collins, smiling and stretching with a right peacefully down Oxmobile.



BALBOA

"M-m-m-m, just like mother used to make!" said Margaret Landis. And we took her word for it.



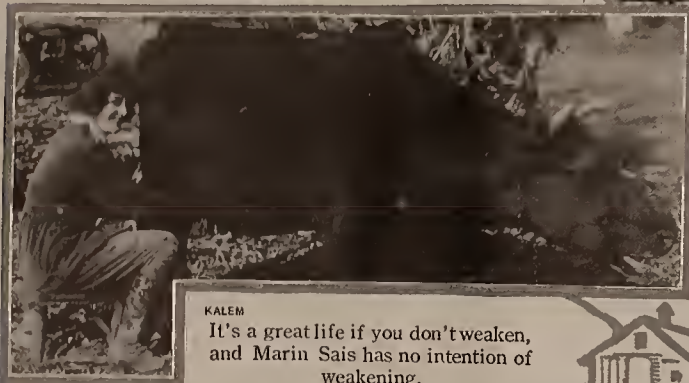
SELIG

Two laps with but a single dog— Remember the days when the old schoolhouse had shut down for the summer, and there was nothing to do but fish all morning and fool through the long, lazy afternoon? Ah, but those were the days!

BACK TO THE FARM



WORLD
"It's a long, long way to dear old Broadway," sighs Doris Kenyon. "Wonder what's happening there now."



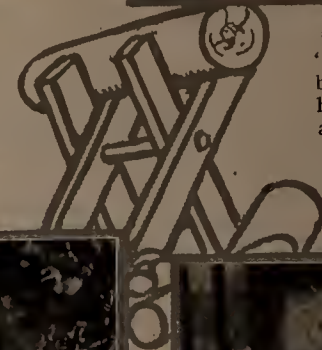
KALEM
It's a great life if you don't weaken, and Marin Sais has no intention of weakening.



BALBOA
"I see by this book," says Jackie Saunders to Cullen Landis, "that every good farmhand should know how to milk cows and take in the hay. Dear, dear, what *will* they make us do next?"



FOX
Look well at the background, and then take three guesses at what William Farnum is waiting for. What's that? A chicken? You guessed it the first time.



SELIG
"So the prince came and rescued the beautiful princess, and they all lived happy ever after," finished Vivian Reed, and the baby laughed, and Vivian smiled her million-dollar smile, and even the dog did his best to hide the fact that he was being choked half to death.



WORLD
Even on a farm a girl can't be too careful, so Alice Brady clasps Peter Rabbit tight in her arms and smilingly waits for Mr. Third Party to come along.



TRIANGLE-KAY BEE
Years ago a man married a delicate, shrinking violet sort of person, to take care of her; but nowadays—well, here's Margaret Thompson to speak for herself.

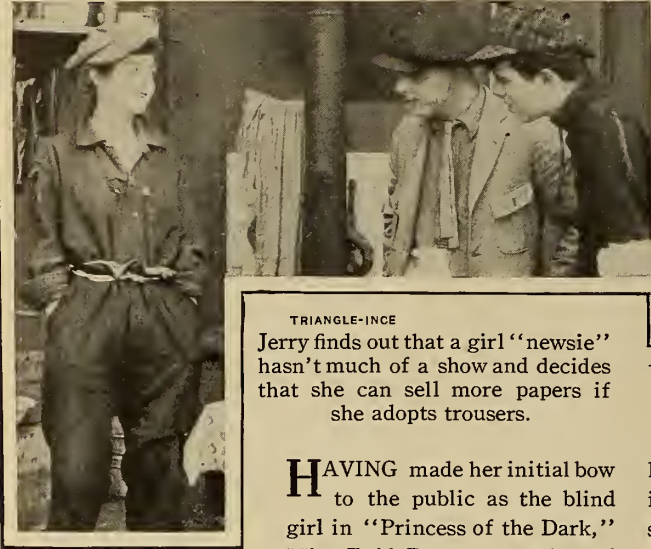


BALBOA
"M-m-m, just like mother used to make!" said Margaret Landis. And we took her word for it.



SELIG
Two laps with but a single dog— Remember the days when the old schoolhouse had shut down for the summer, and there was nothing to do but fish all morning and fool through the long, lazy afternoon? Ah, but those were the days!

"The Little Brother"



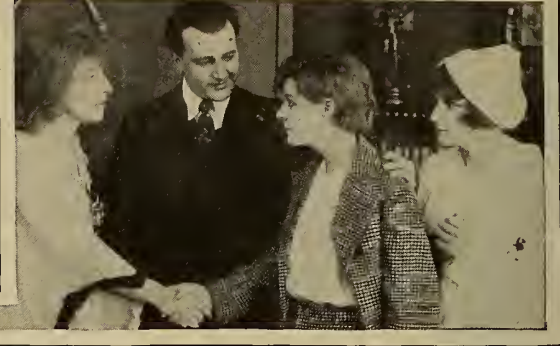
TRIANGLE-INCE
 Jerry finds out that a girl "newsie" hasn't much of a show and decides that she can sell more papers if she adopts trousers.

HAVING made her initial bow to the public as the blind girl in "Princess of the Dark,"

Miss Enid Bennett has donned the garb of masculinity, and for her second appearance on the screen portrays the role of a boy in "The Little Brother," a scenario from the pen of Lois Zellner.

The story centers around Jerry Ross, bright, lovable daughter of the East Side, who "little mothers" her uncle, Dan Burke, and his two sons, and watches over half the little waifs of the tenement district. By selling papers she earns enough pennies to support her charitable enterprises, and discovering that a boy has a much better chance at that sort of thing than a girl, she sallies forth in trousers. On the corner she gets mixed up in a "free-for-all" with the other "newsies," a window is broken, and Jerry is hauled up before the magistrate in the Children's Court.

Here she is paroled in charge of a "Big Brother," Frank Girard, who takes Jerry to his country home and proceeds to make a man of her. Girard is an expert in mineralogy and is engaged in a series of experiments for extracting opals from their rock by a chemical process. When he is called to Mexico to take up his work there, Jerry goes to a co-educational college. There her secret



TRIANGLE-INCE
 Jerry, after a street fight, is paroled by the Children's Court in charge of a "big brother."

leaks out, and she is transferred to the girls' side of the institution, and, later, wins the highest honors in work in special branches of mineralogy.

She then goes out to join Girard, whose work, held up by successive failures, has brought him to the verge of ruin, explains that she is not a little brother, but a little sister, sets to work to help him out, foils a burglar, finds the long-lost formula for extracting the opal from the matrix and enters into a life partnership with the Big Brother.

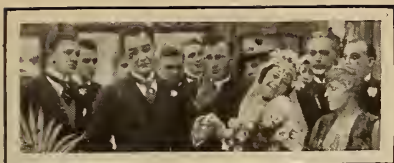
Miss Bennett, as Jerry, gives one of the most charming performances we have seen in a long time, and proves, in the fight scene, that there are some girls who *can* use their fists. The staging and the settings of the whole picture are excellent. In "The Little Brother" Mrs. Zellner has again struck the human note, and, what is more important, that most elusive of things, a "different" note. "The Little Brother" is "a photoplay that is different"—which, in our opinion, puts it in Class A.



TRIANGLE-INCE
 Jerry assumes her rightful attire and guards "Big Brother's" laboratory secrets when a rival seeks to obtain them.



TRIANGLE-INCE
 Jerry foils the attempt of a crook to rob her benefactor and forces him to give up the spoils.



Just Half a Dozen Screen Weddings

VOGUE-MUTUAL

Rena Rogers and Arthur Moon, in "A Mix-up in Photos." She seems pleased, anyway.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

Douglas Fairbanks always smiles, even when he was being married in "The Americano."



FALSTAFF-MUTUAL

Thank goodness, here's somebody smiling at a wedding. It is Frances Keys and Jay Yorke.



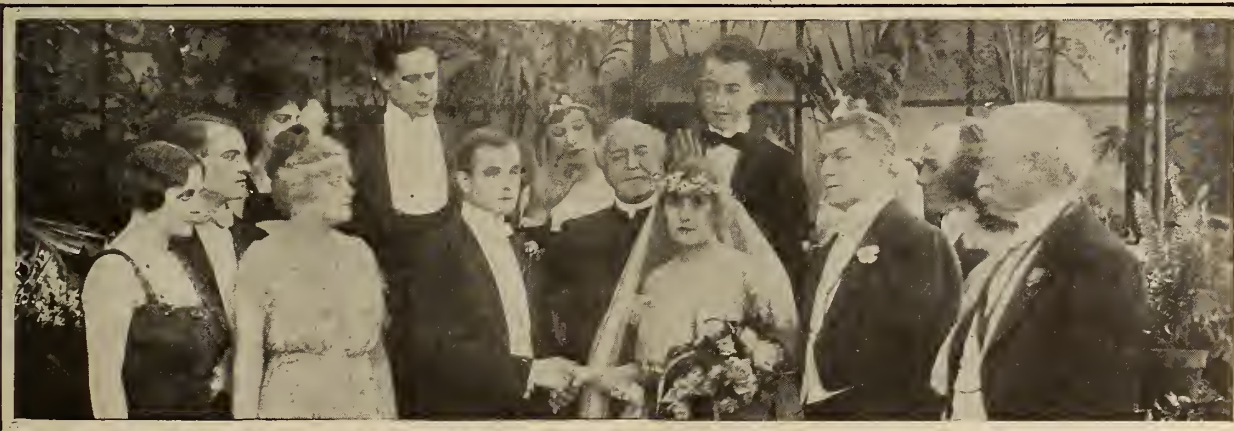
VITAGRAPH

My! but E. H. Sothern does look romantic when he is being married on the screen to Peggy Hyland.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Juanita Hansen lures William Armstrong on the rocks of domestic wreckage in "Black Eyes and Blue." Nobody seems to be happy over it.



PATHE

Not a smile in this crowd. What's the matter? Isn't anybody going to wish Pearl White a happy married life, even in "The Iron Claw"?

Have You Seen These?



AMERICAN-MUTUAL

The water isn't a bit deep, and if Mary Miles Minter were alone, she could step right over with no trouble at all; but—well, with a chance like this in "Environment," and George Fisher waiting on the other side—we girls understand!



VOGUE-MUTUAL

Ben Turpin and Paddy McGuire in a scene from "Jealous Jolts." Paddy is a good worker and has no difficulty in burying Ben—all but the feet.



FOX

'Member those old tintypes your ma looks at and says, "My, I was a popular girl"? Here are Stuart Holmes and June Day in "Twenty Years Ago."

Young America



KALEM

"Dear, dear, now, youngsters, buck up! Are you forgetting that little girls are supposed to be made of sugar and spice and everything nice—not of salt-water tears?" But Marin Sais just laughs and says that they're not cry babies at all, and that they're only pretending. Marin has adopted these two little girls and is bringing them up as her own. She calls them her "umbrella twins," because they will cry any time she tells them to—well, yes, and a few times when she does not.



FOX

With pictures of nice, juicy bones playing tag with each other in his mind, Fuzzy, being a wise young dog, thinks it advisable to obey his master's voice.



ARTCRAFT

After watching Douglas Fairbanks climbing trees and doing a few more stunts, the monkey recognizes him as an equal and condescends to shake hands with his friends.



FOX

No, this isn't a youthful romance we've interrupted—it's just Jane and Katherine Lee trying to prove what loving sisters they are.



JOKER

Gale Henry, as the hired girl in "Out for the Dough," takes the shortest and best route to the heart of "Wandering" Webster (William Franey), Knight of the Road.

Illusionment

THERE'S a joy in my breast that is warm as the sun and as deep as the fathomless sea. Through the glad heart o' me does a song ever run—she looked from the screen at me! All the world seemed a heaven where happiness glows, and the fairest of angels was she; all the earth was a garden, and she was a rose—she looked from the screen at me!

So my heart makes a melody out of her eyes, and the lilt of it's joyous and free, as the birds make a melody out of the skies—she looked from the screen at me! Though a critic may say, with a technical sneer, that she looked in the cam'ra, you see—still my heart tells me diff'rent, and memory's dear—she looked from the screen at me!

✕ ✕

—Harry J. Smalley.

A Storm Due

A domestic drama was being reeled off. A woman was standing in front of her home, waiting for her husband and registering temper.

"She certainly has a cloud on her face," said Henn.

"Yes," replied Peck; "and it hasn't a silver lining, either."

✕ ✕

The Better Half

Camera man—That screen star says he is wedded to his art.

Extra girl—Yes; but the trouble is that he thinks he is the better half.

Movie Mottoes

IT DOESN'T take many feet of some pictures to make one reel.

Yes, Edna, the movie films run just as fast in Philadelphia as elsewhere.

A clean play sometimes seems dirty to a patron whose mind needs censoring.

A great many more people pose for the movie cameras than are photographed by them.

It is bad luck (for everybody around you) to eat onions or garlic just before going to the movies.

Some of the people whose pictures in motion you see are a great deal better than you think them, and some are worse.

If we knew any people who did the things our children watch in the movies, we wouldn't let our children go near those people.

A great many people believe that all who fail in the speakies go to work for the movies. But this is not true. There aren't that many actors in the movie business. Many of those who fail in the speakies stay right on in them. We have seen them lately.

A great many people wonder how Doug Fairbanks can stand it to play his parts in the movies, and what exercise he takes to enable him to do so. It is only by playing so vigorously in the movies that Doug keeps strong enough to stand the exercise he takes.

—Strickland Gillilan.



AMERICAN MUTUAL

"How dry I am!" sighs Francelia Billington, snatching a bit of refreshment—purely of the variety known as "soft"—between scenes of "My Fighting Gentleman."

Mrs. Garrigan Lays Down the Law

By JAMES G. GABELLE

"I WINT in to see Alasky Sorehat's new play lasht night," said Mrs. Garrigan, as they waited in front of Semans's barber shop, where their respective lords and almost-masters were getting their weekly shaves.



"Did ye?" asked Mrs. Grogan interestedly, as her husband took a seat in a vacated chair. "An' what did it consist of?"

"Twenty-five new dresses, sivinteen new hats an' two different ways av dressin' the hair."

"My! but she is lucky!" Mrs. Grogan commented enviously.

"She shure is lucky," Mrs. Garrigan agreed. "She always dresses in the heighth av style, an' yit has niver wanst been arristed for it."

"What else have ye seen?"

"Well, I seen Theedy Bury in 'The Flaxen.' 'Twas a moveless movin' pitcher. I misdoubt whether the operator turned the crank at all or not. 'Twould have been nothin' without Theedy. Ye see, Elsie Drummond has both eyes out for the main chance an' a heart that bates for herself alone. She's dyin' av ongwee'—"

"Hivens!"

"Ye don't understand, Mrs. Grogan. Ongwee is a disease that ye have whin there's nothin' the matther wid ye. Well, so Elsie's father not only looks upon the wine when it's red, but tastes it arly an' often," Mrs. Garrigan went on. "Elsie's sister Helen is about to marry Martin Stevens, but her brother—who is small for his size an' very fond av farmin', his wild-oats crop bein' wan av the biggest on record—has taken a couple av eye-openers that marnin', so he can see a few things himself, an' hints that if Helen marries, Elsie will have to stay at home an' nurse her father whin the house is dicated wid delayem trimmin's. Elsie gets wise at wanst an' annexes Stevens, only to give him his sponge"——

"What d'ye mane—sponge?" Mrs. Grogan demanded.

"That's Frinch for givin' him the grand razoo, which manes that she kicked him out when she dishcovered that because her brother had stolen ivry cint the man had, he was nearly broke. Then Helen annexes Knolls Money, an' Elsie grabs him an' lades him to the halter. He promises to love, sarve an' pay her gamblin' debts forever afther, but finds it too much av a job; an' Elsie starts to make eyes at Martin Stevens, who by the aid av a little industry an' not too much honesty has by this time become a millionaire an' Helen's finance. However, she overraches herself, an' just because she is too modest to mintion bare facts, so dressed them up gracefully, her sister was mane enough to call her a liar for her trouble. So the poor, misundherstood Elsie goes back to her husband an' his



pocketbook, for—outside av a few dozen others—he is the only man she iver rally loved."

"I seen a grate play lasht night," declared Mrs. Grogan. "'Twas called 'Broken Chins,' got out by the 'Beerless-World' pape. Shure, I thot that the dear, dead days was back agin, an' I was a gyurl goin' wid Pat Grogan to see wan av me ould favorites."

"I seen Mary Picklefoot in 'The Pride av the Clane.' 'Tis a fine Scotch play an'——"

"H'm!" sniffed Mrs. Grogan. "To hear the Scotch talk, ye'd think they invinted the arth in wan day an' wint fishin' the other sivin."

"Well," admitted Mrs. Garrigan, "give the divil his due"——

"I'm willin'," Mrs. Grogan interrupted. "He kin have all the Scotch."

"Mrs. Grogan," flashed her friend angrily, "I'm thryin' to give ye inflammation, an' ye do be all the time a-corruptin' me!"

"Well, go on wid your story. I suppose 'tis all about Mrs. McGroorty, who washes her face twice a wake, winter an' summer, an' is always boastin' av the fact."

"It has nothin' to do wid Mrs. McGroorty," Mrs. Garrigan declared. "It's a swell play, wid the ladin' part mistook by Mary Picklefoot. She's the daughter av the chief av the clane an' loves the English as little as if she'd



had the honor av bein' born in dear ould Ireland. Her father is drowned and at her father's death Marget becomes the head av the clane. Jamie Campbell thinks mebbe she will marry an Englishman, but she tells him av the law av the clane that none can iver marry anny av that hated name. So they become engaged, 'two soles widout a single thot,' as the pote puts it. Marget is very proud av him, for he cud ate more peas wid his knife than anny other man cud wid a scoop. Jamie's mother gives him a letter to mail. Two months afther she asks him if he mailed it. He tells her he has, an' the shock kills her. Afther the funeral a Sassenach woman cooms to the island. She turns out to be his rale mother an' recognizes him to wanst, aven tho he hasn't the usual pickled strawberry mark on his lift shoulder. It seems that Mrs. Campbell was the Countess av Pillowsham's nurse an' ran away wid the barn, as thim misguided Scotch call all childher, not bein' able to use English, poor an' unrevid, as the sayin' is. Jamie doesn't dare to tell Marget av his relationship, so she gits jelous av the stranger an' thries to drown herself in the wet watter; but Jamie rescues her, an' she decides to marry him, aven if he is English, for a head of the clane has made the law, an' another can break it."

"Well," declared Mrs. Grogan, "I'm glad she did. I'm very broad-minded meself. I always said that an Englishman was as good as a white man—if he behaved himself."

Hands Up!



TRIANGLE-INCE

Some enterprising dentifrice company ought to get a couple of men who act with William S. Hart to help 'em advertise. There's nothing like biting the dust every so often to make one appreciate good tooth paste.



MUTUAL-"MUSTANG

The outlaw took careful aim, and—zip!—down went another extra!



IMP

Charles Cummings is very efficient and finds no difficulty in tending to business and pleasure at the same time.



BALBOA

"Look out, woman! The darned thing might go off!" And the villain registers very real fear.



FOX

"I regret that I have only two lungs to give for my company!" shouted George Walsh heroically, lifting his arms high above his head to show his manly physique.

As Others See Them



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Gloria Swanson making sure that she has on something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue.



BALBOA

Ruth Roland knows that a girl can't be too particular how she looks, even when retiring—some burglars are quite nice looking.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

Here's Bobbie Harron. Look out! Don't push him! He'll bite it off!



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

"Nothing like practice," says Carmel Myers.



ARTCRAFT

Mary Pickford can't decide whether she likes him or not.

At Last! At Last!

The Fading Comets of the Moving Pictures

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH



CAMPBELL PHOTO,

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

A DIM light is breaking on the horizon, and each and every one of us who has the welfare of the motion picture at heart has cause to rejoice. The long-suffering public that has been uncomplainingly shelling out its pennies on wishy-washy motion picture stars, and not understanding, but wondering why it does not enjoy the "movies" as it used to, has cause to rejoice. The backbone of the insidious "star system" is creaking a bit. Let us hope it will break with a loud crash in the not too distant future—break and fall into shattered bits that can never be pieced together again.

No other profession and no other art since time began has had less intelligence applied to its development than the motion picture art. Of course, this applies more directly to the period since the star system became the vogue, four years ago.

Once a picture trade-mark had a meaning and value. Any exhibitor could pack his little theater every night in the week by placing outside it a sign reading, "Biograph Night." The public knew the quality of the stories it would see under that brand, and knew they would be well produced and well acted. There was a keen intelligence directing the policy of that one-time famous company—an

alert brain that knew stories, could write stories, and knew how absolutely necessary it was to have a story before you could have a good motion picture.

Then the business got side-tracked. One night, at a little theater on East Fourteenth Street, New York, an exhibitor, wanting to do "something different," placed outside his theater a sign saying, "Mary Pickford here tonight," and in just such an innocent way the whole messy business of "stars" began. Humans are much like sheep, but in no business is the resemblance closer than in the motion picture industry.

Then Adolph Zukor conceived the idea of showing Sarah Bernhardt in a film. All well and good! Bernhardt is the supreme dramatic genius of the age. We would not belittle her by calling her a "star," least of all "a motion picture star." A record of her work and living moving photographs of her should be shown and preserved for future exhibitions to generations yet to come. But before we knew what had happened, the public was being asked to accept as "stars" 'most any little graduate of the Ziegfeld Follies chorus. And for some years past the public, as a consequence, has had to sit and suffer in silence.

Stories by men of brains, even masterpieces of literature, have been distorted to fit the dramatic limitations of so-called "stars." Plays by our cleverest playwrights have suffered by the whims and incompetencies of those glittering orbs—the motion picture stars. Even acknowledgment of an author's work was begrudgingly given him. The name that stood for the big, creative brain, without which no star could ever so dimly twinkle, was printed in the smallest type on the program. The author counted for little, but some piffling personality, who was struggling to get away with an interpretation of one of the author's characters, had her name in large, heavy black type.

The genius who produced "The Birth of a Nation" did not need stars, and he never tortured a story to suit the fancy of any actor or actress. Through good motion picture stories he made "stars." Then a new firm rises mushroom-like from the ground. "Stars!" they say. "We'll have 'stars!' 'Stars!' Never mind about the stories—we'll fit stories to them; the public wants 'stars!'" One of the "stars" made by this generally accepted foremost producer of America was grabbed by one of these new firms some years ago, at a bigger salary than she had ever dreamed of getting. After doing for her all in their power they could do, they have let her go, saying her "box-office return" was not commensurate with her salary. In a few years she will peter out and be no more.

One of this same producer's young actresses is now being featured as a star without a rival. She will soon be seen in her new brand of pictures. With no one to coach her in every little gesture as in the past, without the discerning mind of a Griffith who would never make the mis-

(Continued in advertising section.)

Grow Younger as You Grow Older!

Younger in Body, Younger in Spirit, Younger in Ambition, Younger in Every Characteristic that Gives Greater Earning and Living Power, Greater Thought Power, Greater Pleasure-Obtaining Power and Greater Health-Promoting Power

THE number of years a man has lived does not tell how old or young he is. A man is as old or as young as his energy, his vitality, his capacity for work and play, his resisting power against disease and fatigue.

A man is only as old or as young as his memory power, will power, sustained-thought power, personality power, concentration power and brain power. He is only as old or as young as his digestive power, his heart power, his lung power, his kidney power, his liver power. Age is measured by the age of our cells, tissues and organs, and not by the calendar!

Cultivate the Cells

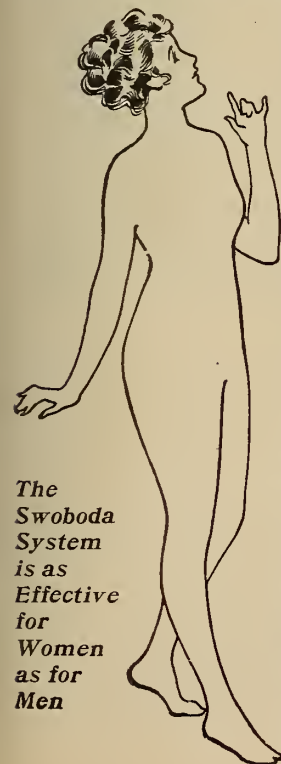
Everybody knows that the body and brain are made up of millions of tiny cells. We can be no younger than those cells are young. We can be no more efficient in any way than those cells are efficient. We can be no more energetic than the combined energy of those cells.

By conscious cultivation of these cells, it is as natural as the law of gravity that we become more efficient, more alive, more energetic, more ambitious, more enthusiastic, more youthful. By consciously developing the cells in our stomachs, we must improve our digestion. By consciously developing the cells in the heart, we must increase its strength in exact proportion. By consciously developing the brain cells, the result can only be multiplied brain power—and so with every organ in the body.

What we are and what we are capable of accomplishing depends entirely and absolutely on the degree of development of our cells. They are the sole controlling factors in us. We are only as young and as great and as powerful as they are.

There Is No Fraud Like Self-Deception

You may think you are young, strong, brainy, energetic, happy, yet when compared with other men or women, you are old, weak, dull, listless and unhappy. You do not know what you are capable of accomplishing because you have not begun to develop the real vital powers



The Swoboda System is as Effective for Women as for Men

within you. The truth is you are only a dwarf in health and mind when you can easily become a giant through conscious development of every cell, tissue and organ in your body and brain. By accelerating the development of the powers within you, you can actually become younger, as you grow older—yes, younger in every way that will contribute to your health, happiness and prosperity.

Conscious Evolution—the Secret

Swoboda proves that Conscious Evolution gives energy and vitality to spare, digestive power to spare, self-reliance to spare, and gives many other desirable characteristics to spare. He proves that Conscious Evolution makes people disease-proof, fatigue-proof. He maintains that to possess sufficient vitality and energy and to keep the body in normal health under the most favorable conditions is no more health prosperity than to have only enough money from day to day to meet current expenses. Great reserve health, great reserve energy is what we must acquire if we are to successfully nullify the ravages of time, and to easily overcome every adverse condition and thus enjoy the benefit of our health power and the advantage of our energy.

Beware of Health Poverty

As Swoboda says, "There are individuals who seek work only when their last cent is gone. Likewise, individuals live from minute to minute and from day to day, seeking health and energy only as they need them badly."

Conscious Evolution is for them—for everyone. It is a simple scientific and practical system by means of which every part of the brain and body is energized, strengthened, awakened, so that we become possessed of a super health and mentality—the Swoboda kind of health and mentality. Conscious Evolution makes for good fortune by developing the resources and the ability and power of personality.

Strange as it may seem, this revolutionary method of consciously awakening and developing weakened and lifeless cells requires no drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. It does not require dieting, deep breathing, excessive exercising, cold baths, electricity or massage. It takes only a few minutes a day, yet so startling is the effect of Swoboda's system that you begin to feel younger, renewed, revitalized, re-energized after the first day.

AN AMAZING BOOK FOR YOU

Swoboda has published for distribution a remarkable book which explains his system of Conscious Evolution and what it has already done. Write for this book—not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 200,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that hasn't at least one member a pupil of Swoboda, including Chas. E. Hughes, Rockefeller, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Armours, the Cudadys, the Swifts—but write for the book because it means so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power and resisting power. It is a big book filled from cover to cover with the vital facts about yourself and how you can acquire the degree of perfection in body and mind that you so much desire. It exposes the dangers of excessive deep breathing, excessive exercise, and excessive muscular development.




Regardless of how you may feel, of how efficient you may think you are—regardless of how active, energetic and alert you may consider yourself—regardless of how happy, how contented you may pride yourself on being—regardless of how healthy, wealthy or successful you may be, you cannot afford, in justice to yourself, to miss the interesting and instructive secrets explained for the first time in this startling new book.

A mere reading of "Conscious Evolution" will so fill you with enthusiasm and ambition, that you will not rest until you have yourself acquired the Swoboda kind of health and energy by cultivating and revitalizing intensely every cell, tissue and organ in your own system. Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it or write a letter or a postal card and mail it today. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages you will have been repaid a thousandfold for having read it. I urge you by all means not to delay, not to say "I'll do it later," but to send NOW, while the matter is on your mind. Remember, the book is absolutely free for you to keep—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write NOW. Address

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 2037 AEOLIAN BUILDING NEW YORK CITY

Beware of individuals pretending to be my agents or representatives. All such are impostors and frauds.—SWOBODA.

CREATOR OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION



Swoboda

A
REMARKABLE
PERSONALITY

Swoboda, himself, is perhaps the most perfect example of what Conscious Evolution can accomplish. As Swoboda gains in years, he grows younger in enthusiasm, younger in vitality, younger in health; he is becoming stronger, more energetic, more confident, more dominant and more alive by capitalizing his creative powers through Conscious Evolution. What Swoboda is accomplishing for himself, you too can accomplish—every individual can accomplish, for every individual is governed by the same laws and principles, and every individual has it within himself to make use of these laws and principles. Swoboda's mind and body are so alert and so active that in his presence one feels completely overpowered. His personality dominates everything with which it comes in contact, yet Swoboda is real!—there is absolutely nothing mysterious about him. He knows not what fatigue is—he is a tireless worker. He delights in making sick people well and weak people strong. He loves his work because he feels he is of benefit to humanity—making a better, more vital, more potent race of men and women.

Swoboda Has Over 260,000 Followers!

- 25,000 in New York
- 14,000 in Chicago
- 15,000 in Philadelphia
- 7,000 in Boston
- 5,000 in Pittsburgh
- 4,000 in St. Louis
- 800 in Cleveland
- 1,200 in Cincinnati
- 2,000 in Los Angeles
- 1,000 in Washington, D. C.
- 25,000 in England
- 162,000 in other places

262,000 Men and Women

Conscious Evolution has followers all over the world, in all countries of the globe. Swoboda has followers in the Fiji Islands, in Java, in New Zealand, in Australia, in the Philippines, in China, in Japan, in Brazil, in Argentina, in Bolivia, and in all of the Southern and Central American countries as well as in Canada and Mexico.

Alois P. Swoboda
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At Last! At Last!

(Continued)

take of miscasting her, her future under the new regime will be interesting to watch.

Honor where honor is due, so at the feet of that unique triumvirate—Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks—we place our tributes, for they have survived even without good stories. To-day even the peerless Mary is beginning to realize she cannot go on much longer without a story, and she is soon to shine forth in Eleanor Gates's play, "A Poor Little Rich Girl," which both as book and play has been read and seen and loved by the American public. She is also to be seen in Kate Douglas Wiggin's delightful story, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

The Triangle (Fine Arts Brand) is producing pictures at the Eastern Studio in Yonkers—but *there are to be no stars*. William Sherrill has given us "The Witching Hour," a beautiful production of Augustus Thomas's play, *with no star*. The policy of the Frohman Amusement Company is to spend the money on the production and not all on the one actor. There is a Rex Beach Corporation for the production of the Beach stories, and there will be *no stars* there. Rex Beach, the author, is the featured one. A company is now under way to visualize on the screen the novels of David Graham Phillips—*no stars*—and the name of David Graham Phillips is to come first. And we already have Winston Churchill's "The Crisis"—*no star* featured.

And so, as all things work out right in the end, the motion picture actors and actresses who have conscientiously given their interest and devotion to the study of the motion picture art will come again into the place to which they rightfully belong. Because they had never appeared in a dramatic production in a theater on New York's Broadway or in the Forties adjacent thereto, and so could not ask a million dollars a minute for their services, is the only reason they were shoved to the wall.

The salvation of the motion picture industry now, in the most critical moment of its history, lies in the breaking down of the star system. The crying need is good stories. There are numbers of clever, competent actors to portray the parts—competent actors

that the public will take to its heart if only they are given the chance. Then the producer and exhibitor will not flounder on the rocks and "go broke" endeavoring to pay the star's exorbitant and ridiculous salary.

Producers must come to realize the tremendous part an author plays in the making of a good motion picture. Commensurate remuneration, acknowledgment and rightful prestige must be given the author!

The motion picture has been for some years and still is the cleanest, most wholesome and inexpensive pastime for the masses and a very pleasant entertainment for the leisure classes. But the motion picture story must begin to be more than a vehicle for the exploitation of the fair charms of a would-be actress, if the motion picture itself is to be classified (as it has every qualification to be) as one of the greatest of the arts since time began.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Marguerite Clark essays Pierrot in "The Fortunes of Fifi," the tale of a tiny French actress—an adaptation of the play from the pen of the late Molly Elliot Seawell.

On His Way

The scene showed a tipsy man staggering down the street toward a cemetery.

"Goodness me!" remarked Mrs. Huff to her husband. "That man looks as if he was on the way to a drunkard's grave."

"Well," he replied, "he seems to be staggering in the right direction."

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You can tell the women with plenty of iron in their blood—beautiful healthy rosy cheeked women full of Life, Vim and Vitality

form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe aggravated conditions with unfailing results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising reports in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder.

"Many an athlete and prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the fray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Howard James, late of the United States Public Health Service, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But so many American women suffer from iron deficiency with its attendant ills—physical weakness, nervous irritability, melancholy, indigestion, flabby, sagging muscles, etc.—and in consequence of their weakened run-down condition they are so liable to contract serious and even fatal diseases that I deem it my duty to advise all such to take Nuxated Iron. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine or secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.



Dr. Ferdinand King, New York physician and author, tells physicians that they should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their patients—Says anaemia—iron deficiency—is the greatest curse to the health, strength, vitality and beauty of the modern American Woman.—Sounds warning against

use of metallic iron which may injure the teeth, corrode the stomach and do far more harm than good; advises use of only nuxated iron.

"There can be no healthy, beautiful, rosy cheeked women without iron," says Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York physician and author. "In my recent talks to physicians on the grave and serious consequences of iron deficiency in the blood of American women, I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—nuxated iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard looking women patients. Fallor means anaemia. The skin of an anemic woman is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt.

"As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away habit forming drugs and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of people might be saved, who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver, heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood.



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OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of FILM FUN. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

The girl on the cover needs no explanation. She is Mabel Normand, up to this date without an equal as a screen comedienne.

We are new readers of FILM FUN, and we think it is the best magazine yet. We admire your stand on the conditions in the motion picture studios, and some of your articles are read for study and discussion in our Study Club. We enjoy them very much, and we hope you will keep them up. Mrs. A. D. H., Omaha, Neb.

Would you kindly inform me if Clara Kimball Young is or has been married and would a communication reach her if addressed to Selznick Studios? J. M.

Clara Kimball Young was married to James Young, well known in both the stage and screen world. She was divorced from him last year. A letter will find her at the Selznick Studio.

Will you please tell me just what pay a girl would expect if she went into the pictures as an extra? Do they pay by the week or by the month? Screen Crazy.

An extra is paid anywhere from \$2.50 to \$5.00 a day, according to the nature of the part played. The extras are paid off every night, but the stars may wait a week and get their money all in a lump.

I am anxiously awaiting the next number of FILM FUN, to read the next installment of "Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress." It is proving a very interesting story, and even more interesting to the players than to the general public. Goodness knows that a lot of us could make confessions that would open the eyes of the public to the fact that a motion picture player's life is not all sunshine and roses. Screen Actress.

I take FILM FUN and *Photo Play*, in order to get a line on the best in the picture world. I would not be without either of these two magazines. I read them thoroughly and know just what is going on in the picture business, and get an idea as to how these pictures are going to look on the screen and how they will be taken by the audience. Here is one New York exhibitor who wants to help along the work of cleaning up the pictures. It pays. There

is more money in clean pictures than in the rotten ones, and a man has the satisfaction of knowing that his house has a good reputation. B. J. S., New York.

Perhaps you might like to know how much my children like FILM FUN. The oldest one took it to school the other day, and when his teacher saw him giggling over it in school hours, she very properly took it away from him. When school was over and he asked her for it, he found her poring over it herself, and when she handed it back, she smiled and told him she did not blame him so much for being interested in it, for it was a nice little magazine and she was going to buy one for herself. A Booster for FILM FUN.

Perhaps this column may be the proper place for the complaint of an exhibitor. I am the exhibitor. We get plenty of kicks, but not often an opportunity to air our grievances. I have a picture house in a good, live little town. I want to put on the best pictures I can get. I believe that the town will support the best plays. I see these club women are kicking because there are no good children's programs. It is almost entirely the fault of the women. I wrote to each of the presidents of the four clubs in our town, to ask them for suggestions for the pictures they wanted. I told them I would try to get them anything they asked for. *I did not receive a single answer!* So don't blame the exhibitor too much. He is doing the best he can and too often without support from the very ones who are the first to condemn him. New Jersey Exhibitor.

I certainly do enjoy reading FILM FUN. It is a fine little magazine, and we could not do without it. I get it every month at the news-stand and never miss a word in it from cover to cover. You ask for favorites for the cover page. Mine are Ruth Roland, Henry King, Francis Ford, Grace Cunnard and Kathlyn Williams. Can you tell me the name of Mary Fuller's latest play? What company is Paul Panzer with? Does Margaret Gibson play for Fox? J. S. D., Trenton, Tex.

We hope to put some of your favorites on the cover page soon. You can obtain prints of any of the full-page photographs in FILM FUN, large size, mounted for framing, for ten cents, for postage and packing. Mary Fuller is playing leads with Lou-Tellegen for the Lasky Company. Her latest picture at this time is "The Long Trail." Margaret Gibson was recently with the Horsley Company, in California. Paul Panzer has just finished a series of pictures with the Monmouth Picture Corporation.

Miss Dorothy Gish of the Triangle Films is one of the beauties of the modern photo play who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

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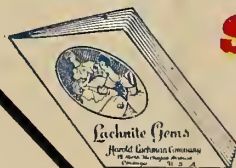
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A STARTLING STORY!!

"Confessions

of a Motion Picture Actress" Continued in this Number



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THE ORIENT UNMASKED

THE sombre and fantastic tapestries that so long hid from modern gaze the Eastern world during the height of its luxury and laxity have been drawn aside, and behold! a new world—strange and dim and distant—real and still unreal—devotional and yet emotional—spiritual and yet intensely physical—a world of men and women with ardent temperaments and strange beliefs. Though the lutes are silent, and the beautiful women who fascinated and allured the ancient kings and princes with their smiles and dances are gone; though the warm blood no longer courses through their veins, and all the ancient Gods and phantom hosts and wizards with their magic arts are dead—that wondrous vivid life—so poetic and intense—which found expression in a thousand merry, roguish tales, can now be enjoyed through the John Payne translation of

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The first glimpse the Western world had of the wondrous life of this period was in the early part of the eighteenth century, when Galland issued the first part of The Thousand and One Nights, in a French translation from the Arabic, which at once became famous as "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments." For nearly two centuries these few Oriental tales were allowed to masquerade in abridged condition in the literary world. Deprived of their beauty and originality, shorn of the very qualities which make them attractive, they were printed and reprinted in English until famous scholars, Mr. Payne and others, carried away by their mysterious power, resolved to give them and many others to the reading world in their original form.

So John Payne, the most eminent Orientalist of his day, set to work to translate these many tales and mystic legends, with all their passionate and languid charm, into the English tongue; to reproduce fully and candidly the literature of Persia, India and Arabia—a literature redolent with the smell of incense, with the din of plaintive and alluring music, with black-haired women and strange dances—subtle and suggestive—with weird influences and voluptuous beauty; to render into English the sports and caprices of those old peoples—keeping nothing back—and to let the finished work stand as its own apology; to translate these wondrous stories exactly and literally as they were told by the Oriental people themselves, with all their Oriental freedom and candor.

When the work was finished it was received by the privileged few

among whom it circulated as a marvelous, almost a miraculous, contribution to the literature of the world.

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They take us into dimly lighted halls canopied by rich draperies where the incense burns amid its luxurions surroundings and sends its gray smoke curling lazily through the scented air. We walk in imagination through enchanted, perfumed corridors and feel the freedom of the antique world. The soft rugs yield beneath our feet and we pause to listen to the playing of the fountains, or to watch the graceful nymphs idling the hours away.

We see the Oriental dances, so wonderful in their mystic, tropical grace, so different from the imported burlesques of to-day. We watch the gorgeous barges floating on the placid Tigris, decorated with glittering gold and bearing radiant women languishing beneath wreaths of flowers on silken divans, fanned by slaves and lovers, and smiling with voluptuous content as with half-closed eyes they look upon the gorgeous scene of many-colored domes and minarets and royal palaces that line the shores. They believe that the great God Allah will cheerfully forgive them everything they do

These Tales, in all their wealth and variety and uniqueness, are the most marvelous expression of fascinating national manners and customs in the literature of the world.

There is nothing like them—they stand alone—unaccounted for—magnificent works of genius.

They unmask and display for the first time to Western eyes life as it was actually passed by those who lived among the glories of Oriental ease and luxury and freedom when the world was young

A few sets of "Oriental Tales" will be available to Film Fun readers at an especially low price while they last. Full information sent on receipt of coupon—BUT MAIL AT ONCE.

APR 25 1917

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Magazine of Fun. Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

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E D I T O R I A L

The Housecleaning

AS A RESULT of the publication of the series now running in this magazine, "The Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress," FILM FUN has received countless letters of opinion, some commendatory and some distinctly otherwise.

Some of the screen stars who have reached a point in screen art at which their commendation is worth much wire us that they glory in our courage and urge us to keep on until the housecleaning is complete. Others, good and tried friends, warn us that we are digging our own grave in thus exposing actual conditions to the knowledge of the public.

Even those who denounce us for telling the truth admit that these conditions exist. And FILM FUN believes that ignoring a serious condition will do nothing toward eradicating it. We have no desire to pander to the depraved appetites of such people as are looking for mental and moral filth. But we do intend to call attention to the need of a housecleaning in the motion picture studios. Half-way measures will accomplish nothing. We fear the displeasure of none.

The director or manager who has a clean backyard need lose no sleep in anxiety as to the future of any magazine that has the courage and daring to demand a clean-up.

Many daughters of good families desire to enter screen work. Parents who have the interest of their family at heart have commended us for wanting to make it possible for their sons and daughters to work under clean and moral conditions in the studios. The screen stars who have emerged successfully and triumphantly with unsullied souls from the struggles they have undergone to climb the ladder

of success are with us. They know it will make it easier for the young women who are to come after them.

And if FILM FUN is digging its own grave through its work of calling attention to these things that need attention, and by demanding clean pictures, produced under clean and decent surroundings, by men and women whose honesty, integrity and devotion to their art has already stood the test of stern trial, and who are ready to work hard for their future in screen work—whose ability is above reproach and not below it—then we will dig it bravely and unafraid. If to demand decency and honesty means the grave, then we gayly shoulder our shovel and start the procession.

The housecleaning will continue.

Since the beginning of time the period of housecleaning has been condemned by those whom it makes uncomfortable. Never yet has a long-neglected house undergone a necessary cleaning without bringing to light certain piles of debris that have lain unnoticed and neglected in obscure corners, filling the place with a vague mustiness and atmospheric distrust that are noticeable on entrance. And although the denouncers of housecleaning have denounced and declaimed for centuries, the housecleaning still goes on; for there are plenty of citizens left, thank God! who have an ambition to keep their own dooryards and their own surroundings in a state of commendable cleanliness.

When the motion picture industry has learned the lesson of the modern housewife and has effected a complete and efficient organization that will keep its offices and its studios and its management clean and wholesome by steady, constant and conscientious attention, the big housecleaning will be unnecessary.



TRIANGLE-INCE

CHARLES RAY

WITZEL PHOTO

Is a "regular fellow" and a real baseball fan. Not only is he an enthusiastic watcher of the game—he is still sufficiently young and undignified to enjoy running bases himself and is right there with the bat and in field work—even if he can't tie his neckties *quite* straight.



“CONFESSIONS OF A MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS”

The foregoing installments of this remarkable story, which began in our February issue, brought us many expressions of approval of our determination to throw the limelight of publicity on conditions in the motion picture business as the author of these articles has found them. As we said before, the identity of the writer necessarily must remain a mystery. But we repeat that she was well known in the world of drama before she entered the motion picture field, and that she has been in a position to know personally of the incidents mentioned in this series. No exaggeration of the happenings in motion picture offices and studios, about which she tells so graphically, has been necessary—the facts speak for themselves. Startling as were the first chapters, the subsequent ones will be even more gripping. You cannot afford to miss one of them.

IN A MANAGER'S outer office one day, while waiting my turn for an interview, I sat reading my customary book. This was a habit I had early acquired when going the rounds of agencies and managers, as I felt I could thereby put to some good account the time spent in waiting. While I was thus engrossed in my book this day, as the door to the private office opened, I heard a girl's voice saying, “Then you won't want to see me before the end of next week? All right; I'll drop in then. Good-day!”

The voice was familiar, and I looked up to see a girl I had worked with for some time during the preceding fall and summer in a New Jersey studio. We had shared the same dressing-room and had always got on beautifully together. She was an intelligent girl, with a sweet disposition and a lovable nature, and we grew to be good friends.

As has become the method when the winter snows begin to loom upon the horizon, motion picture companies go either south to Florida or west to balmy, sunny California. My little friend (who for the purposes of this story shall be called “Myra”) was fortunate in being included with a company routed for Los Angeles. She was to get a very nice salary and good parts in five-reel features. The company was to be gone a year or more.

As hardly six months of this time had elapsed, and here was the girl back in New York hunting a job, I was at the moment more than surprised. Not seeing me, she started directly for the elevator, and as she did so, I quickly crossed the room, seized her hand and in emphatic tones said, “Why, Myra, don't pass me by like this! When did you get back? What happened?”

“Oh!” she exclaimed, immediately recalling me. “Well, I *am* glad to see you! I only got in yesterday.

Oh, I've a million things to tell you! What are *you* doing?”

I shrugged my shoulders in answer. “Nothing much. It's the same old story with me. Had quite a few ‘nibbles’; occasionally they amount to something ‘nice,’ and just as occasionally they amount to something ‘not nice.’ But tell me about yourself, Myra. I'm just crazy to hear about everything! I hadn't heard a word about your coming back.”

“Well, my dear, it's a long story, and not the most pleasant one, either. You don't have to wait to see this manager, do you? No? Then let's go over to my room, and I'll unburden myself. I've got to get some things out of my trunk—haven't begun to unpack it yet—and—look at me! I'm in rags! So while I dig out some respectable garments, I'll enlighten you. It's a messy story, I warn you beforehand.”

“Hardly think you can shock me. I'm willing to take a chance. It's a bit consoling to hear of someone else's sorrows and tribulations.”

Later, in her room that afternoon, Myra told me of the “happenings” on the coast, and without commenting, and as faithfully as I can, I will retell them. And the story shall be told in Myra's own words.

“You didn't even know that I'd left the Y—Company, did you?”

“I hadn't seen you in their latest picture from the Coast Studio, but there really wasn't any part in it suited to you, so I didn't think anything about it one way or the other. I knew you had had bad weather, and then I've—well, I've been somewhat engrossed in my own troubles.”

“I don't know if the climate affects directors and managers when they reach the coast, or whether they feel they

are so far from home it doesn't matter what they do. Anyhow, we had no sooner gotten out there than—well, you knew who my director was. Do you know, the cameras were hardly out of their cases before he became very attentive. He was so solicitous about me and my work—how I was located, if I liked Los Angeles, if I was happy, etc.—until the thing began to get on my nerves. You know he's married and has a dear, sweet wife; but she had remained in New York, planning to come to the coast later. And here was the husband (and they had only been married a few months at that!) ready to make violent love to me if I'd give him the slightest encouragement. Things became so uncomfortable for me after a while that I felt I couldn't stand it, job or no job, so I made up my mind to get out. But I didn't care much about giving my notice, as that would mean paying my way back to New York in case I couldn't connect up in Los Angeles. I couldn't afford that. I didn't even have the money for a return ticket.

"So I began to nose about and see if I could get with some other company out there. I got a fairly decent half promise of work from one manager, and fully realizing the chance I was taking, I quit the Y—— Company. I knew that with this company it was a case of either becoming the director's sweetheart or refusing and being dismissed by him. I anticipated his move and deprived him of at least the joy of 'firing' me.

"Oh, I quit all right, and after a time managed to settle with a company. You said you wanted to hear all about it, so here goes from the preliminaries to the grand finale."

"I'm listening with both ears," I broke in. "*Continuez, s'il vous plait.*"

"A big New York manager had just arrived on the coast, bringing only his star and leading woman, planning to get the rest of the company out there. I 'phoned for an appointment, got it, and at the appointed hour I called. I was shown into the inner office, and the door was closed. The manager wanted to know whom I had been with. I told him. He asked my salary. I said one hundred. He said he couldn't possibly afford to pay that much right away, but if I would be willing to start in on checks at five dollars a day, he would do better for me later on—if he liked me. I told him that wouldn't be quite the thing for me to do, as I had been getting a good salary and was pretty well established in pictures. He seemed to have difficulty in hearing me and drew his chair up close to me. Finally I concluded he was either deaf or pretending to be so. He said I spoke too low, leaned over to me, his cheek almost touching mine, and drew his chair up so that our knees almost touched. All this time he was playing with a string of beads I wore, twisting them until they were tight about my neck and patting my cheek as he did this. I knew now he was pretending to be deaf. Finally he asked me to come back at five o'clock that day, as his secretary would be away then, and he could talk more freely with me. I mentioned salary again, but he replied he could not say until he found out how well he liked me—not the public, mind you, but himself. I never went back.

"I tried one of the stock companies next. I called at the studio and asked for the manager. The stenographer

came out on the little porch of the office (which was a log-cabin affair) and said he was somewhere about the plot and she would point him out to me. All this time, however, he was standing in a corner, 'taking me in.' Shortly after he beckoned to the stenographer. She went to him. He took her aside, and I knew he was asking her who I was. Then she came back to me and said he'd be right over, and that I was to go into his private office and wait for him. He came in immediately; the stenographer introduced us and left the room. This being my second adventure, I'll designate this manager as Mr. B——. Just as well I don't tell you who he is, anyway. I wouldn't want to prejudice you beforehand against him should you some time have occasion to talk business with him."

"Well, I suppose it's just as well you don't tell me who he is, Myra," I said; "only I've gotten to the point where I don't expect much any more. In fact, I'm rather surprised when I'm treated just fairly decent. You know, the sad part of it all is that not a few of these men who now hold positions of authority around motion picture studios previous to their 'picture' debut were either shoe clerks, street-car conductors or valets, even. They hardly know the difference between a street walker and a lady."

"I'm afraid you're right; but let's be charitable, anyway, and say that our experiences have been particularly unfortunate."

"I'm willing; but tell me about Mr. B——."

"Well, I believe I left myself in the office with Mr. B——. The door was closed, and the interrogations began. 'Whom had I been with?' I told him. But first of all he asked me to take off my hat, as he wanted to see my hair.

"'Are you a really, truly blonde?' he asked me.

"'I certainly am a really, truly blonde,' I answered.

"'What is your salary?'

"I told him.

"He said he couldn't possibly pay it. It was customary with his firm to try out applicants in one picture, to see how they photographed and get the personality, etc. He would like to try me in one picture and would give me ten dollars a day as long as it lasted. 'You'll do one little picture for me on these terms, won't you?' he asked me coaxingly.

"I answered I would, for I was nearly broke—but I didn't tell him so. I was to report the next day.

"I awoke the following morning to find a steady down-pour of rain, but as I had been told to report at the studio 'rain or shine' at nine o'clock, I arose, dressed, breakfasted, and with my little 'make-up' box under my arm trotted off. I knew this much about Mr. B——: He liked blondes and curls, so I made up like Mary Pickford, with bunches and bunches of curls. I just stuck them on in hunks. Then I waited to see what we were to do. (This studio had not yet installed artificial lights, so sunlight was indispensable in order to work.)

"It rained all day long, and all day long Mr. B—— kept coming to my dressing-room. He lingered about the place and kept calling for a girl (I'll name her 'Susan'). Well, 'Susan' finally made her appearance. Mr. B——



“Why, you don’t mind kissing a man ‘good night’ who is old enough to be your father, do you?”

introduced us and seemed to want me to 'make friends' with 'Susan' right away. After having been introduced, 'Susan' stayed in my room, and every few minutes Mr. B—— would appear and say to her, 'Do you remember such and such a party? Remember that party we had out at V—— Country Club? Didn't we have a good time?' Suddenly he turned to me and said, 'Why don't you give me a party at your apartment?'

"As I had to give my address when engaged for the picture, of course he knew I lived in an apartment. Then he continued by saying, 'If you will, I'll bring the beer.'

"I answered, 'If you want to drink beer, you'll surely have to bring it yourself, as I never have intoxicating liquors in my apartment.'

"That didn't phase him in the least. So I said, 'I think it will be lovely to have a party at my apartment. When do you want to come?'

"The date was fixed for the following week. You see, he had never thought of the possibility of my being married, let alone the possibility of my husband being in town. But he was. The dramatic company he had been with in San Francisco had closed, and he had come down to join me. So on account of my husband being with me, I readily consented to the party and was looking forward with great anticipation to Mr. B——'s meeting him and seeing what effect his knowledge of my being married might have. I had sized him up as preferring his fair artists unattached.

"The second day the sun came out, and we got in a good day's work. Work finished, I took off my make-up and was starting to dress, when Mr. B—— called for 'Susan.' Her dressing-room was next to mine. She had gone for the day. So he knocked at my door and said, 'Are you dressed?' 'Yes,' I replied; 'just putting on my hat to go home.' 'Can I come in?' 'Certainly. Come right in.' He continued, 'Going right home?' 'Well, I'm going in a few minutes.' He started to put his arm around me. I repulsed him, saying I was not that kind of a girl, to which he answered, 'Why, you don't mind kissing a man "good-night" who is old enough to be your father, do you? I like you because you don't look like a 'fast' girl. You look as though you were particular.'"

However vulgar or common this conversation may sound to the reader, I vouch for the truth of every word of it. The pity is there seems to be no escaping such experiences. In their variations they come to every ambitious girl, no matter how conservative she may be, unless she has money to buy a block of stock in the company. Every clever and pretty girl who is struggling to get ahead in the motion picture profession and doesn't seem to make any progress will have the same story to tell you, if she will confide it and not lock it up within her heart to ache and rankle there.

Myra continued her story.

"The next day it rained again, and we could do no work. An hour or two after luncheon Mr. B—— called at my dressing-room and said I might as well have the afternoon to myself, as there was no use waiting any longer for light. Previous to telling me this, he had appeared at my dressing-room door to say he was going downtown, and I was a bit surprised that he hadn't gone. In a half hour I

was ready to leave. As I passed the office, I noticed he was still there. More surprise on my part. I was hurrying down the street to get my trolley, when I heard a motor car come up behind me and Mr. B——'s voice saying, 'Wouldn't you like to ride with me?' I thanked him and got into the car. 'Where is your apartment?' he asked. I told him, but said I wasn't going directly home, as I had some shopping to do at a department store and would be pleased if he would drop me there. He said he would be glad to and did.

"It was an ironclad rule at this studio that all artists must report at 8:30 and be made up by 9 a.m., but as I stepped out of the motor, Mr. B—— said, 'You won't have to be made up before nine-thirty or ten to-morrow. We won't be ready to "shoot" before then.' I thanked him again, said 'Good-by,' and went on my merry way.

"The next two days were beautiful, so we worked out 'on location,' and again each night he took me home in his car. He talked only about how he could not afford to be seen with promiscuous women. Would I go out with him? 'Are you here alone?' 'Where are your folks?' 'Are you living with your mother?' etc., etc. He threw these questions at me in rapid succession.

"I did not want to tell him just yet, for business reasons, that I was married. I thought I'd try to get my contract first, which I felt quite confident would be forthcoming in a few days now, just as soon as he saw my picture. I had also planned I would have my contract before the party, which was scheduled for the following week, came off. So I said, 'Yes, I'm living alone—just a maid with me.' 'Why are you living alone?' he asked. 'It just happens, I suppose.'

"This picture, my 'try-out,' was completed on a Wednesday, but the next day we were to do 'close-ups.' It turned out to be a murky day, and we were 'shooting' scenes between clouds. I looked up suddenly to see Miss M. D——. You know, there is no one in or out of the dramatic or musical-comedy profession who doesn't know her. She had come by appointment to talk over a picture with Mr. B——. She had been such a bully good friend to me when I first went upon the stage as an extra girl in one of her companies that in my exuberance of joy at seeing her here, I rushed up to her while she was talking with Mr. B——. Miss D—— said,

"'Why, you dear girl, what are you doing out here?'

"'Oh,' I said, pointing my finger at Mr. B——, 'he's going to give me a contract, he's so pleased with my work.'

"Then Miss D—— continued, 'This little girl came to New York to try her luck, and I gave her her first opportunity, and afterward I had occasion to befriend her. She is worthy of anything you can do for her.'

"Then she turned to me, saying, 'Where is your husband? Isn't he with you?' And I answered, 'Oh, yes!'

"'That's right, my dear. Never separate from your husband in this business. A separation usually results in a calamity.'

"Mr. B——'s face, on hearing these words, was a sight to behold. His chin dropped, his eyes grew dark and absolutely expressionless. I went back to my dressing-room

to take off my make-up, and then I went home. But—no auto came up behind me to take me home.

"The next day, which was the last of the picture, I went up to him and innocently asked when he would be at my house for the party. He growled at me in reply, 'Can't go—going to Nebraska to-night.' He snapped the words at me and walked away.

"My work being finished, I went out to the studio the following Tuesday for my check (Tuesday was pay-day). Mr. B—— was walking across the lot, with his arm around a blond girl who had probably taken my place. I waited hours on the porch of his log-cabin office for him to come and talk to me, but I waited in vain. Finally he sent the office boy to me to say that I needn't bother coming back to the studio, as he would 'phone for me when he needed me. Up to the time I left the coast, I hadn't received the 'phone call.

"Had enough for this time? I've got to get this suit to a tailor, and I'm famished for a cup of tea."

"Oh, but, Myra, I want to hear the rest! What happened at the next place?"

"I refuse to discuss them both on the same day. This will have to suffice for the present. I'm going to forget if now and think of clean and decent things. Let's have dinner together some night next week, and then I'll tell you the rest."

"All right; then I'll leave you now. I have an appointment in fifteen minutes, anyhow." So I came away.

Well, I thought to myself, what are you going to do about it? Whichever way you turn, it's the same wretched story!

(To be continued.)

Carney and the Movies

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

Bill Carney was a teamster for an art firm, you can betcha—they sold oil paintings, "dollar down, and dollar when we catcha!" It kept Bill busy taking out and bringing back those beauties when second dollars failed to show; 'twas one of Carney's duties. Said Bill, "I'll quit! I'm weary, quite, of these installment mixtures. I'm going to work in the movies hence, for I've got a lot of experience in the art of MOVING pictures!"

And strange to say, Bill kept his word; he got a job at Whosem as extra man—three bucks a day he'd get when they could use him. One morn at three they roused Bill and chased him on location. He worked till nine o'clock that night, which filled him with vexation. Said Bill, "This is too fast for me—there are no contradictures. I've trotted and jumped and galloped and ran for eighteen hours; now I understan' why they call them MOTION pictures!"

A Poor Pun

The scene showed a rich girl marrying a poor man.

"That woman has no reason to marry a man like that," remarked Mrs. Tiff to her husband.

"You're right," he replied; "and I bet the man would give a poor excuse for marrying her."



ARTCRAFT

MARY PICKFORD,

As she appears in "A Poor Little Rich Girl," the story of a little girl who is rich in money, but poor in the things that really make childhood worth while. "Little Mary" holds a unique place in Screenland, for she has kept every bit of the popularity she first gained back in the old Biograph days—and you wouldn't believe us if we told you how many years ago that was, for in no scene in "A Poor Little Rich Girl" does she look or act more than about fourteen years old.



TRIANGLE-KAY BEE

DOROTHY DALTON

Is a member of the newer school of vampires. Refined and ladylike in her methods, Dorothy is, nevertheless, a decidedly quick worker, and can lure men to destruction even with her profile.

And the Villain Still Pursued Her!



VITAGRAPH

No longer does the small boy keep hidden under his pillow tales of dark deeds and thrilling exploits. No longer, after everyone else in the house is asleep, does he strain his eyes over the chapters of Frank Merriwell and Dick Deadeye. Gone is the day of the dime novel—for that same two nickels now will pay for a seat in a picture house, and who wouldn't rather spend it watching Edward Elkas steal the papers *and* the chee-ild?



FOX

Stuart Holmes's record speaks for itself: Persons killed, 1; deaths caused by him, 2; abductions, 10; families broken up, 13; reputations ruined, 3. However, Holmes has been killed five times, so things are pretty nearly evened up.



VITAGRAPH

A new recruit to the ranks of the villains is John Ardizonia, who demonstrated that he was a novice at the game, by letting himself be killed in his first villainous role—a thing which no well-brought-up dabbler in crime should permit.



INTERNATIONAL

There's nothing like acting in a serial to tax the ingenuity of even the most lawless villain, and week after week, as Baron Huroki in "Patria," Warner Oland has had his hands full to keep his laurels as the champion dynamite user of the world. Note the mustache and the cigarette—sure signs in themselves of his depravity.

Music Hath Charms



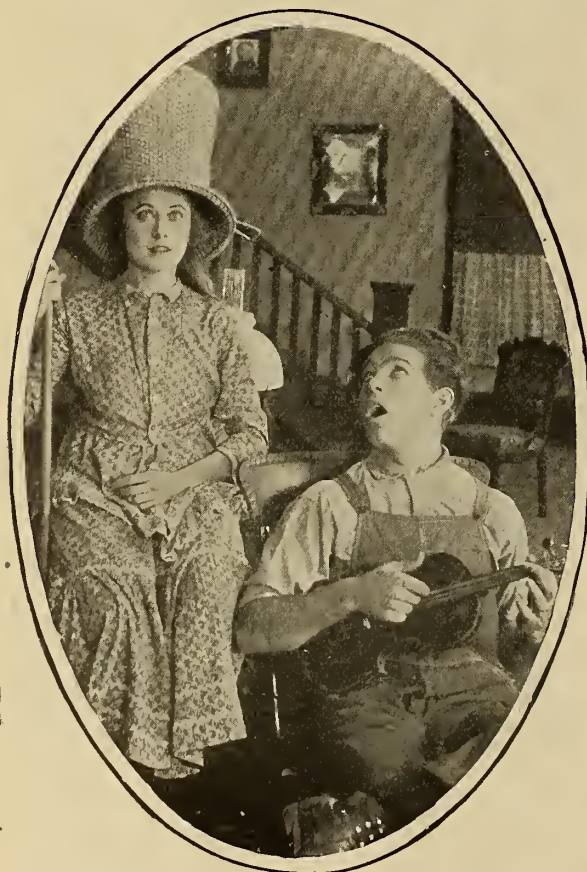
MUTUAL

Yes, the silent drama has its merits—casting no aspersions on Richard Bennett and Rhea Mitchell.



FOX

When Miriam Cooper sings hymns, St. Peter has to call out the reserves to clear the sawdust trail.



MUTUAL-HORKHEIMER

Cullen Landis casts his eyes to heaven for inspiration, but to Jackie Saunders it sounds like—er—fierce.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

"Ye gods, how much longer do I have to stand this?" breathes Peggy Pierce; but Glen Cavender neither knows nor cares.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

Every so often Bessie Love tires of being a dignified young lady star, and when she does—well, there's no telling what she's likely to do. This pose, by the way, we guarantee to reduce the hips at least four inches—if you stick at it long enough.

No, You're Not!

By AMABEL JENKS

WHEN you've tucked your half-read paper coyly underneath your arm,
 And decided that all "safety first" is rot,
 So leaped from off a full-speed car and never come to harm—
 Don't think you're Douglas Fairbanks—'cause you're not!



Or when tripping on your tootsies until well into the night,
 You have danced with every belle upon the spot,
 Don't misconstrue your partner's smile as being pure delight—
 Don't think you're Vernon Castle—for you're not!

When little girls toss 'round in bed because curl-papers pinch,
 And take their fair complexions from a pot,
 They needn't fancy beauty is such an awful cinch—
 Or think they're Mary Pickfords—'cause they're not!



Don't jog your sister's elbow when she's eating steaming soup,
 And look unconscious when she makes complaint.
 Don't try to look *too* funny when they photograph a group—
 You may dress like Charlie Chaplin—but you ain't!

Are You There?



FOX

Virginia Pearson's thoughtful expression means: "Shall it be the pink foulard or the blue taffeta—and has George the price of a taxi?"



LASKY-PARAMOUNT

"Well, of all things!" "listens in" Fanny Ward. "I knew that Mrs. Jones across the way wasn't as nice as she tries to pretend!"



UNIVERSAL

Five guesses as to what Ben Wilson is saying! Here's our own guess, to start the ball rolling: "Yes, dear, I'm very busy, and I'm afraid I can't get home to dinner." Who agrees with us?



KALEM

When Ollie Kirkby talks through the telephone, she wears all her rings, and smiles sweetly. Operators have become very temperamental of late and must be treated with the respect due them.



CHRISTIE

ETHEL LYNNE

EVANS L. A.

Is the kind of looking girl who is responsible, in a large measure, for the existence of the Spring Poet, and she knows two very good reasons why "hypnotize," "mesmerize" and "Paradise" still rhyme with "eyes," in the good old way.



NORMAND FEATURE FILMS

No, the mallet swung so jauntily over Mabel Normand's shoulder does *not* mean that she's a knocker.



FOX

"Four o'clock, and he isn't here yet," says Gladys Brockwell. Whether the dog is bored or only very breathless, you'll have to decide according to your own sex and your convictions.



UNIVERSAL

Harry Carey bids a sad farewell to his lady fair, and, like young Lochinvar, is about to ride out of the West.



MUTUAL-HORKH
Cullen La
Saunders
fashion, ro
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LASKY

Marie Doro even at her whip,

E-POWER!



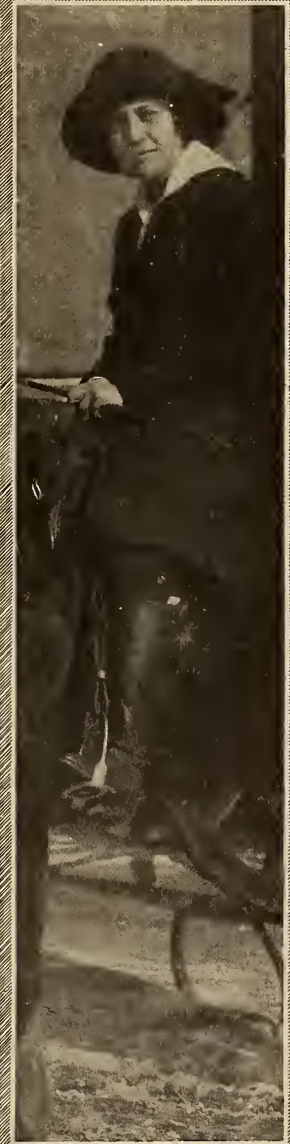
on in awe and wonder while Jackie rides her fiery steed. A lady of Fifth Avenue in her newest Rollings, showing on Jackie for queenliness of nose and expression.



FOX
Very trim and smart in her habit of white and black is Valeska Suratt. Note the satisfied expression on the face of her horse, showing that he knows he's a mighty good picker.



FOX
It's worth riding farther than to Banbury Cross to see Anna Luther on a white horse—which reminds us of the days when we used to go through some mystic maneuvers every time we'd seen a white horse, and then bury a wish in the sand.



VITAGRAPH
It had to be Mildred Manning or the horse, so—who can blame us?

ustrous orbs practice.

EIGHT HORSE-POWER!



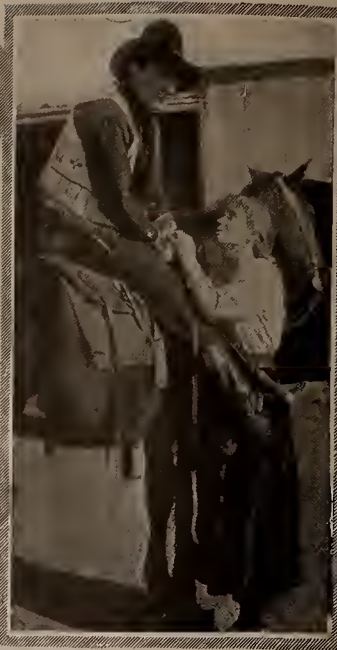
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MUTUAL-HORKHEIMER

Cullen Landis looks on in awe and wonder while Jackie Saunders dauntlessly rides her fiery steed. A lady of fashion, rolling down Fifth Avenue in her newest Rolls-fashion, Royce, has nothing on Jackie for queenliness of pose and expression.



FOX

Very trim and smart in her habit of white and black is Valeska Suratt. Note the satisfied expression on the face of her horse, showing that he knows he's a mighty good picker.



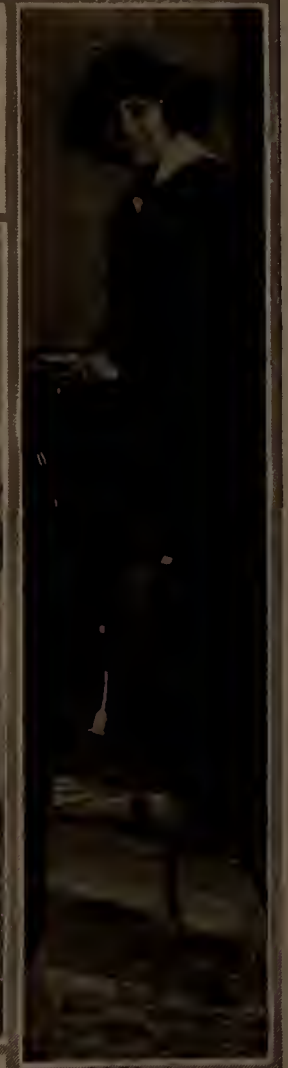
LABKY

Marie Doro even rolls her lustrous orbs at her whip, by way of practice.



FOX

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VITAGRAPH

It had to be Mildred Manning or the horse, so—who can blame us?



PALLAS-MOROSCO

George Beban, who for many years has won fame as an Italian character actor, has broken his long-standing record and appears for the first time as a screen Frenchman, in "The Bond Between."

The Burst Bubble

By FAIRFAX D. DOWNEY

NO MORE do the movies hold me spellbound in their thrall. The strong grip of realism has relaxed; the delicate bubble of illusion has burst and melted away in the thin air. I have taken up lip reading.

It is the end of the last reel, and the handsome hero is about to clasp the lovely heroine to him. He leans toward her, and his lips move in a whisper. Alas! Has the "silent drama" lost us some tender sentiment, dear to a lover's heart?

The Hero—"Fake this clinch! My wife's behind the camera!"

The father has found his beautiful, long-lost daughter after many sad years of separation. His joy is so real and great that it is pitiful. He strains her to him.

The Daughter—"Leggo, leggo! Want to break my back?"

The film shows us the interior of a Mexican adobe hut. Enter a poor, blind, old Mexican peon, his sightless eyes staring straight before him. He stumbles painfully against a chair, and his lips form a patient protest that those of us who do not know lip reading feel sure must be in accordance with his noble character.

The Peon—"Carranza, Carranza, or whatever us Mexicans swears! That bloomin' 'props' ought to know enough to set a clear stage for a blind man."

A thrilling fight is in progress. The hero is beating the villain down to his knees with a chair. The villain snarls impotently.

The Villain—"Say, this realism stuff is all right, but if you don't crown me more easy with that chair, evil is gonna triumph in this combat!"

Mr. and Mrs. De Riche are receiving at an exceedingly

fashionable musicale, at which, little as they reckon, a thrilling robbery is to occur. For each one of the advancing guests, the hostess has a kindly word of greeting or some polite little pleasantry.

The Hostess—"Oh, howdy do, Mrs. Vandergilt! Welcome to me palace. Move on, Mabel—don't block the line! Say, Clarisse, they sure cast you with some slick-lookin' husband! I wouldn't be seen with him in a 'Life on the Bowery' reel. Hi, Eddie, meet up with my husband! Ain't you got no manners? Come up, come up with that paw! None of us fashionable dames shakes hands below the chin."

A dainty boudoir meets our gaze, and next a "close-up" view of a fair-haired, angelic little girl, kneeling by her bed in prayer. She is praying for her abandoned mamma, now far away from home at a wicked cafe. With eyes turned upward and earnest expression, she murmurs.

The Pious Maiden—"For the love of Mike, Mac, shut off that camera! I can't look holy much longer."

Yes, the bubble of illusion is no more.

Miserere

Ofte in the stilly night

My rest is badly broken,

By thoughts of cruel words

That editors have spoken.

Oh, photoplay

That "will not pay,"

How ofte have you departed

With prayer and fear,

But still you're here

To make me heavy-hearted!

Thus in the stilly night

My rest is badly broken,

By thoughts of cruel words

That editors have spoken.

—Hazel P. Macfarlane.



BLUEBIRD

Yes, Louise is Lovely—in person as well as in name. In fact, in "The Gift Girl," we're inclined to say she's a bird.

If War Comes

By HARRY J. SMALLEY



RED FEATHER

Wasn't it thoughtful of the handsome hero to have his head wounded?—the bandage holds his part in place so beautifully.

LET 'ER come! Prepared? Sure, we are! Why, say—listen! Our film folks alone could handle the scrap and bring it to a guhlorious finish!

It's all fixed, only President Wilson isn't telling anyone these hectic days. Me—I have an armful of inside information. Got it from my ol' pal, T. Lawson Leak. Here it is:

Now, first—

Well, of course, the first thing to do will be to squelch the picture censors. Being pests in time of peace, they'd only be in the way in wartime and annoy us some more, some way.

We'd have to interne them or put them in jail or something. Maybe we'll evolve a newfangled system of exchange. For instance, if the enemy caught one of our soldiers when he wasn't looking, we could give ten censors to get him back—or twenty. What do we care how we spend censors? We've got 'em to spare!

Our fortifications? Say, we'd post Roscoe Arbuckle on the Atlantic coast, Hughie Mack at the more or less Golden Gate, and Kate Price on the Mexican fringe. There you are! Get the idea? Why, *no* enemy could ever get past those three! Of course, these three fortifications of ours would kinda shut off our own light and air, but that is one of those vicissitude things that go with a big wrangle.

Then there is Will Shoot Hart. 'Atta boy! Just give him a car-load of six-shooters and stick him on the end of Sandy Hook.' No hostile fleet will ever toss mean old shells among the chorus chicks on Broadway with *that* guy on the job! No, sir!

I was just thinking of those doggone censors again. Maybe we'd better kill 'em

now. Food will be scarce if we horn in on this free-for-all slaughter soiree, and why waste good grub on a censor?

The railroads' would be placed in the hands of Helen Holmes. That's settled! She knows more about box-cars and locomotives than the Germans do about Limburger! That's a strong statement, but it's true.

Mary Pickford would be commander-in-chief. Every man of us would follow *her* to where the censors are eventually going! Yes—and we'd skate along after her when it freezes over, too!

Pearl White and Marguerite Clark would have charge of the recruiting. Oh, *boy!* Just let those two say, "Come to arms!" and ten million guys would trample over each other to get there first! Ain't I right?

I guess, after all, it would be best to put those censors in the front ranks. They'd stop a lot of bullets which otherwise might hit human beings!

And we need not shudder over a possible invasion of the Pacific coast. Not a chance for a shud! Why, Charlie Chaplin could just stand on the dock down there at 'Frisco, pull off some of his stunts—and the enemy would laugh itself to death! Betcha they would!



It Takes Money

Actor—There are things better than money in this world.

Director—Yes, but it takes money to buy them.



VITAGRAPH

Here's Earle Williams also holding three men at bay. No self-respecting screen hero would lower himself by taking on fewer than that number at one time.

Prepared



BLUEBIRD

Here you see Hayward Mack demonstrating the latest methods of polite warfare. No longer is it necessary for soldiers to lie on their stomachs in the mud and pump lead into one another in an unkind and unbrotherly fashion. No; a much better way is to get into a trim and snugly fitting uniform, plentifully besprinkled with braid loops, regally draw yourself up to your fullest height, fix the enemy with a piercing glare, and sternly and uncompromisingly twirl your mustache at him until he is put to utter rout. Note the long sash on this uniform. It is an indispensable accessory to warfare, serving the double purpose of accentuating the waistline—where there is one—and acting as a good swatter for that pest—the fly.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

What girl wouldn't be willing to enlist with the Red Cross, for the privilege of draping this artistic bandage around Frank Bennett's head?



WORLD

We couldn't decide whether the strained expression on Carlyle Blackwell's face is due to the fact that he's been shot—or only "half-shot." The bandage, you know, might answer for both.



PATHE

No soldier, no matter how rough and ungallant, would have the heart to pull a gun on Pearl White, and any man would be more than happy to unconditionally surrender his arms to her.

Let 'Er Come!



WORLD

Because it is seldom that a great historical event and a great dramatic genius can be shown at one and the same time, we couldn't resist letting in this photograph of a bit of real warfare from the new Sarah Bernhardt picture, "Mothers of France." No "faking" was necessary for the war scenes in this photodrama. The action is woven in with scenes actually taken on the battlefield and in the hospitals of France. In the foreground Sarah Bernhardt, as Mme. Joan Marsay, seeks her loved ones in the trenches. It seems to us particularly fitting that Mme. Bernhardt, who typifies the undying spirit of France, plays the leading feminine role in this picture.



AMERICAN-MUTUAL

If we had anything to say about it—which we have not—we would insist that the equipment of every naval officer include a dimple located in the exact center of the chin—like Thomas Chatterton's, for example.



TRIANGLE-INCE

Just looking at the medals on Howard Hickman's manly chest gives one a feeling of safety and confidence—even if he did win 'em for chasing a couple of extras off the lot.



VITAGRAPH

Of course, when a man is as good-looking as Antonio Moreno, it would be a sin for him to permit himself to be shot, and "Ugly men first" ought to be a hard-and-fast rule every time. But he is a brave, valiant-looking chap and would grace the front ranks of any army. His uniform is not so antiquated as it would appear at first glance. Belted models are to be all the rage this season, and as this one fits him perfectly, it could be brought up to date with very little trouble. Tony would stand no flogging from the enemy—from the stern set of his chin and the manner in which he grasps his trusty sword, you can see that.

"The Barrier"



REX BEACH PICTURES COMPANY WHITE STUDIO

Mabel Julienne Scott, who, as Necia, gives one of the best performances seen on the screen in some time.

THE Rex Beach Pictures Company, Inc., has made an excellent beginning in its initial release, "The Barrier," which is a remarkable and an absorbing photoplay. It was formed for the purpose of producing Mr. Beach's novels in motion pictures, and closely follows the swift action and striking situations of the book, avoiding the common mistake made by so many producing companies—that of trying to change a good story into an impossible scenario.

"The usual thing in motion pictures is to feature a star," say the producers. "We are doing the unusual and featuring an author, but with so strong a production as to enable every member of the cast to become a star." And that is just what has been done. "The Barrier" is the story as Rex Beach wrote it; the characters are the living, breathing people whom he drew—people of strong passions, of primitive emotions, real Americans, every one.

The story of "The Barrier" is familiar to almost every one. In the prologue, Merridy, grown tired of waiting for her lover, John Gaylord, who has gone gold hunting, marries Dan Bennett, an unscrupulous scoundrel. The marriage proves an unhappy one, Bennett forcing his wife to lead a shameful

life in the dance hall of which he is the proprietor. When Gaylord returns, Merridy begs him to take her little daughter, Necia, to safety. Necia, grown to girlhood among friendly Indians, believes herself to be a half-breed—the barrier to her marriage with the lieutenant whom she loves. 'Poleon Doret, a French-Canadian who loves Necia well enough to care only for her happiness, though that happiness cause the breaking of his own heart, unravels the tangle and leads her to her heart's desire.

To Edgar Lewis, who directed "The Barrier," belongs most of the credit for the excellent production it has been given. Mr. Lewis has done his work artistically, and, what is of even greater importance, he has done it understandingly. The selection of the cast has been wisely done, and every type is perfect. Victor Sutherland is Lieutenant Meade Burrell. Russell Simpson is John Gaylord in the prologue—John Gale of the story. Mabel Julienne Scott is Merridy, and, later, Necia, the heroine of the tale. Howard Hall is Dan Bennett, and, later, Ben Stark. Edward Roseman is Runnion. W. J. Gross is "No Creek" Lee. Mary Kennevan Carr is Alluna. And last, but by no means least, comes Mitchell Lewis as 'Poleon Doret, the lovable French-Canadian. While Russell Simpson is a good John Gaylord, he is an infinitely



REX BEACH PICTURES COMPANY

Necia falls in love with Lieutenant Meade Burrell (Victor Sutherland).



REX BEACH PICTURES COMPANY

Lieutenant Burrell, driven to the wall by 'Poleon Doret (Mitchell Lewis), confesses that he cannot marry Necia, who believes herself to be a half-breed.

better "Old Man Gale"; and Miss Scott, who is a charming Merridy, proves herself a really sterling actress as Necia. Her characterization of the pretty half-breed girl is fine, her touch is sure, and her understanding of the finer conception of the part is perfect. But to Mitchell Lewis goes out thanks for showing us the best portrayal we have seen in many a year. To be sure, Mr. Lewis does start in with one advantage, for 'Poleon is perhaps the greatest and the most sympathetic character in the book. But it is a small advantage, for, where he might have fallen short, Mr. Lewis has made his 'Poleon equally great and unforgettable. He *is* 'Poleon, the big, unselfish French-Canadian, who, loving Necia, is still great enough to give her up. His every motion and look pulls at the heartstrings, and even when one is smiling at his sallies, the tears are never far below the surface.

The major setting of the picture is in Alaska, where all that is red-blooded in men comes to the surface. And these *are* red-blooded men. No simulated fights are those which take place in "The Barrier," and the men who participate in them are not afraid of getting hurt—that is obvious. And the ending of the picture, which might so easily have been spoiled, is perfect. Having given Necia into

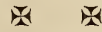


REX BEACH PICTURES CO. © MOFFETT, CHICAGO

Rex Beach, who, as the author of "The Barrier," is the featured person in that production.

the arms of the lieutenant, the man she really loves, 'Poleon paddles out into the river alone. No final tableau is brought in to mar the beauty of the situation and send the spectator home comforted with a happy ending—only 'Poleon going away alone. And as he goes, he sings:

Oh, the voice of the North is a-calling me,
To join in the praise of the day;
So whatever the fate that's befalling me,
I'll sing every sorrow away.



Disguised

In the play being screened a woman was taking the part of a hypocrite. When Sunday arrived, she was flashed sitting in church.

"By George!" said a man to his wife. "I didn't recognize her as the same person."

"That is because," she replied, "she is all wrapped up in a cloak of religion."



REX BEACH PICTURES COMPANY

Necia tells Lieutenant Burrell that she has been playing with him.



REX BEACH PICTURES COMPANY

John Gale (Russell Simpson), under pretense of cleaning his revolver, tries to kill Ben Stark (Howard Hall), the man who has ruined him.

Some Comedies



FOX FILM

Once upon a time there were two society-in-they slept, they had a terrible nightmare. The this is only one of the things that happened to you can see

dividuals who spent a rough night. And while men were Henry Lehrman and Billie Ritchie, and them. In "The House of Terrible Scandals" the rest.



JOKER

Here are R. A. Caven, Gale Henry and Lillian Peacock. It looks very much as though Gale is flirting with Caven or the egg, but it's really neither of them. She's only thinking up some new laughs for her part in "The Careless Cop."



VOGUE-MUTUAL

The young gentleman in the exact center of this picture is Fido, who plays the leading role in "Freed by Fido." Sharing honors with Fido is Lillian Hamilton—she takes a trip through Chinatown, is kidnapped, hidden in cellars, and otherwise gently treated, until she is finally rescued by Fido.

Good Night!



MUTUAL

Mary Miles Minter couldn't go to bed without letting the rest of the family see her new outfit. As usual, the bald heads are in the front row; and we gather that there appears to be standing room only.



TRIANGLE-KAY BEE

Dear, dear, shades of our grandmothers! As if to make amends for Mary's lack of propriety, here's Enid Bennett wearing a good, old-fashioned flannel "nighty," with *long sleeves*, and firmly sitting on her feet! It's a good thing Enid is playing the role of a blind girl in this picture, else she would blush to see herself thus modestly attired.



MUTUAL-VOGUE

KAUFMAN AND FABRY

Modesty becomes a woman, but pink silk pajamas with ruffles become Gypsy Abbott. Gypsy is a brave girl. She is afraid of nothing—except the dark.



AMERICAN

Anna Little is a believer in prohibition—you notice that, unlike Gypsy, she has banned even the lightest of nightcaps—though, to be sure, her dreams will be just as pleasant without it, so refreshing is her "nighty." Anna has done her best to look pretty—not that we blame her. Even the Sand Man—well, you know how it is.



THESE critics have it soft. They get first look-see at all the reprehensible films, and then have the privilege of going out and panning them for effect. Here's this new eugenic picture, "Birth." The men critics filled the place, eager to see what they thought was going to be a sensation. One or two of 'em broke engagements for tea to get there. A few wearied women critics discreetly gathered about Beulah Livingston, publicity maker for the play, and watched the developments of the proper care of infants from the time of birth until they are taught to say their prayers all in a kneeling row.

"I do not understand why all the men crowd in here," whispered one of the young women. "All they can see is the stuff that men take up golf to get away from."

"Wha-dy-mean, get away from?" demanded one of the men.

The young woman looked him bravely in the spot where his eyes gleamed viciously.

"Don't men play golf all day Sunday to get away from just such dear little domestic touches as the children being washed and dressed and fed?" she returned. "You came down here because you thought there was going to be some mysteries unveiled to your curious eyes—and all you find is a very good picture teaching the proper care and feeding of babies. Huh!"

The scene in which a stillborn infant is restored to life was too much for the nerves of one of the women critics. She made a dash for the door at the close of the picture.

"Tea somewhere!" she gasped, her brows wrinkled in pain. "I've got motor illusions—I always get 'em at these pictures."

Which is a painful result, as it were, of a college education and an academic atmosphere. If she hadn't known what "motor illusions" were, she probably would not have had 'em.



The taking of a motion picture always draws a crowd. We have a girl in this office who says she is the most unfortunate of human beings—she is never present at exciting moments. She says she has never seen a house on fire, or an automobile accident, or a motion picture being taken, or a man losing his garter. And she has an adventurous spirit.

A patient spirit is always rewarded. Gwendolyn's hopes were fulfilled quite unexpectedly and in a heap the other day, when a group of advertising women, members of the Women's Advertising League, were having their pic-

tures taken in front of an antique shop on Twenty-eighth Street. There's a funny little place there, where quaint gargoyles grin cheerfully and quite informally, with more dignified types of Venuses and other scantily garbed ladies of the earlier Greek period. Gwendolyn saw the crowd and horned in. Even the occupants of the office building on the other side of the street were interested as the camera man ordered the bewildered advertising women to "form in a line, two deep." These instructions were too deep for them until explanations were vouchsafed, and they were given the usual instructions not to look in the camera.

And then Gwendolyn discovered the surprise and joy of her day. She revels yet in the consternation of those very smart and good-looking advertising women when they discover it on the picture. For the busy and hurried director had grouped them directly under a sign, "Roof Tree Inn Antiques"!

Gwendolyn hurried to a side street to allow her emotions time and place to subside. And she saw a fire—a small one; but a fire. An automobile, endeavoring to escape from the coming hose machine, crashed into a curb, and Gwendolyn happily mixed in with the policemen and the driver and the bystanders.

It was a full day for Gwendolyn. As she came in at the entrance door to the building, she saw a very dapper young man stop, clutch at his ankle and dart frantically toward the cigar stand. She heard a tinkle of metal on the tiled floor and boldly looked. It was a lavender silk garter, escaped from its moorings and dragging on the floor.

You would think Gwendolyn would be happy now that all her ambitions for adventure had been satisfied in one afternoon, wouldn't you?

She says she has lost a grievance in fulfilling her ambitions, and on the whole she would rather have an interesting grievance to air than a satisfied ambition.



Speaking of ambitions, there is a director in New York who is also president and owner and general manager of his company. He has an ambition to produce the worst films in the business, and up to date he has been doing very well at it. One of the worst of them and the pride of his heart was shown before a censor board recently. The G. M. walked nervously back and forth in an anteroom, awaiting the verdict of the board. Some of the scenes, to put it mildly, were raw—no less. Comstock would have turned in his grave at the mere mention of them. The women members of the board spoke right out in meeting as the picture unrolled its filthy stretch of erotic thought.

"What did you think of it?" begged the G. M. as the lights were flashed on after the picture.

"I think you should be arrested for thinking of such a picture, let alone producing it," flashed the answer.

The G. M. grinned happily and rubbed his hands with satisfaction as the censors left.

"It'll go big," he announced. "That's the stuff! When it makes them women mad, the public wants it."

The public did not want it, and it is still on the shelf. The public wants clean pictures.

The Smile of Super Health and Power

You can't smile wholly, fully, sincerely, if your heart or liver, stomach or nerves are not completely alive, healthy and co-operating with your brain. You can't smile unless you can take your full share of pleasure and success without noticing mental or physical exhaustion.

By W. W. WASHBURN

ON my way to California, I met a crowd of my old friends. I was down and out, physically, mentally and personally. I had lost my nerve. I had lost my business sense. I feared to let go of a dollar because I did not believe it would ever come back to me. I was afraid to invest in government bonds for fear that somebody would change the government and in some manner I would lose my money. I was afraid of my own shadow. I was afraid of my friends. I was afraid of everything. I could not eat a moderate meal. I could digest practically nothing. Doctors had me living on food that seemed to me only fit for sick infants. I had no pleasures. I never smiled. I had no hope. I had constipation, indigestion, stomach acidity, anemia, nervous prostration, weakness all over. I was going to California because I was sent there by my doctors who believed it would ease my mind and also ease my wife's anxiety.

While passing through Wyoming, just west of Cheyenne, we passed a cemetery. It is strange what thoughts flash through a sick man's mind when he passes a cemetery. We were all seated in the observation car, some of us were talking while others were reading, and I had in my hand a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Among other things which seemed to have no interest for me, I read an advertisement and an announcement, promising superior health, confidence, virility, youth, strength, a healthy stomach, superior kidneys, a new heart—in short, super health and mind power. Ordinarily I would have paid no attention to it, but every word sounded so sincere that I decided to write for more particulars. I said to my friends that I would become interested, and that I believed that here was something radically different, that there was something that sought to make you better from within instead of attempting to benefit you by putting something into your system from without. After showing this momentary burst of confidence and hope, my friends all laughed.

They were all healthy. At least, they thought they were. They could laugh. But, on my part, I was serious. I made up my mind to write a postcard which I did. In a few days I obtained the information for which I was looking. Never in my life did I read such a book as was sent to me. It gave me a clearer insight into my own human condition than all the doctors I had consulted. It gave me more information about myself than I secured all through my college years.

I learned that there were 25,000 followers of Swoboda in New York City. I discovered that there were 12,000 in Chicago—15,000 in Philadelphia—7,000 in Boston—5,000 in Pittsburgh. I discovered that there were 25,000 in England. I discovered that in all there were over 262,000 followers of this man who had devoted his life to making other people healthy and happy.

I also received the most wonderful guarantee of satisfaction I have ever read. It made me the sole judge of whether or not I was benefited. It asked me to give up nothing that I wanted to do. There was nothing objectionable about the proposition at all. There were no cold tub baths, electricity or massage—no dieting, no deep breathing, no apparatus of any kind. There was nothing to take internally. There was no violent exercise. It required no drugs or medicines of any kind.

The whole thing was as clear as a bell. The book explained how the body is made up of billions of tiny cells—how our health depends entirely on the condition of these cells. It

showed that by consciously energizing every cell, tissue and organ in the body, health, strength, power, ambition, must inevitably result. It showed that it was totally unnecessary for anyone to take less than his full share of pleasure and success. It showed the close relationship between physical health and mental energy.

Page after page I read. I was fascinated. I read the statements of some of the 262,000 people who had adopted SWOBODA'S System of Conscious Evolution. I had tried practically everything. I was on my way to California almost as a last resort. Since there was nothing that could possibly hurt me—and since I was risking absolutely nothing in view of the startling guarantee sent to me, I grasped the opportunity as a drowning man grasps a life-preserver. When the first instructions arrived I tried them at once. The first five minutes I began to feel better. The next day I devoted a few minutes longer to the instruction. In an amazingly short time, I became well, strong, vigorous, manly. I developed every desirable characteristic; I even discovered that in Conscious Evolution not only the physical and physiological forces are modified, amplified, and thus highly organized, but that the personality is intensified; and that through Conscious Evolution not only immediate results of a wonderful character were accomplished for me, but that I also obtained an ultimately permanent advantage in the form of higher consciousness, a more intense consciousness.

In the realization of this fact, I looked back to that observation car way out in Wyoming when I gave expression to my hope, in seeing the announcement in the *Saturday Evening Post* of Conscious Evolution, and I wonder how many unfortunate human beings neglected to write for the literature offered free.

Fate chuckles in her sleeve at many a man and woman who believe themselves smart, and highly efficient, and who fail to consciously evolutionize because they are satisfied. Fate laughs at many an individual who laughs at the idea of creative evolution. If you want to smile, if you want unusual health, unusual vitality, unusual living power, unusual pleasure obtaining power, unusual youth, unusual thought power, get that booklet of Swoboda's as I did. It will enlighten you. It will educate you. It will show you that what you think is health is only sickness.

Regardless of how young you may feel, of how efficient you may think you are—regardless of how active, energetic and alert you may consider yourself—regardless of how healthy, wealthy, or successful you may be, you cannot afford, in justice to yourself, to miss the interesting and instructive secrets explained for the first time in this startling new book.

A mere reading of "Conscious Evolution" will so fill you with enthusiasm and ambition, that you will not rest until you have yourself acquired the Swoboda kind of health and energy by cultivating and revitalizing intensively every cell, tissue, and organ in your own system. Write a letter or a postal card and mail it today. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages you will have been repaid a thousandfold for having read it. I urge you by all means not to delay, not to say, "I'll do it later," but to send NOW, while the matter is on your mind. Remember, the book is absolutely free for you to keep—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write NOW. Address ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 2043 Aeolian Bldg., New York City.

(Advertisement.)

The Young Lady Usher

By ARTHUR C. BROOKS



THE Young Lady Usher escorted an irritable old gentleman along the darkened passage, and turned her attentions to a sad guy sitting in an end seat in the middle row, with his feet in the aisle. He was sobbing into a dirty handkerchief. She inquired the reason for his depression, and between snivels he told her that it was because the monologist was pulling the jokes his old mother had told him when they used to sit in front of his father's steam boiler in the city hall, yeahs and yeahs ago.

The Young Lady Usher told him that that was the third time she had spoken to him about his feet, and that he *must* remove them, or she would speak to the 'special officer,' who was asleep over the ticket chopper outside. But the man was deaf to her urge, having sulkily withdrawn into the velvet collar of his overcoat. As she did not have the heart to strike him with her flashlight, The Young Lady Usher sighed and shoved aside the muddy shoes herself. They were very heavy, and the exertion resulting from the necessary tugging brought a more than natural flush to her pretty cheeks. Finally she had the feet safely cached beneath the seat ahead and left the sad guy to grouch it out by himself.

When she had assisted an intoxicated gentleman to a seat, and he had fallen heavily into it, with his drowsy head resting on the lean shoulder of a horrified maiden lady, initiatory to a quiet nap, The Young Lady Usher continued her noiseless tour of inspection (Wear Sureslip Rubber Heels—the yellow splug does it—ask Father; he don't know), smiling dazzlingly though unseeingly at six different young men, each of whom swallowed hard in delicious embarrassment and assured himself that he was the chosen one.

The Young Lady Usher agreed with a mildewed old dame that them mermaid ones were the best yet; it was so interesting to see the girls distorting around in the water.

The lady contended that the only detracting point about such pictures was the superfluity of male attendance; that the last time she had seen one, every person seated in the row ahead was a man, and they were all bald-headed. The Young Lady Usher said, "Yes, the old fools were worse than the young ones."

In one of the back rows The Young Lady Usher came

upon a gentleman from the outlying districts, squintingly contemplating the little metal candy purveyor attached to the back of the seat in front of him and mumbling incoherently to himself. She asked Ezry the reason for his perturbation, and he informed her that he was ready to swear on the stand that, he had put a nickel into the dad blamed thing, but that it wouldn't give up a drop, and there was nothing he liked better than nice, sweet, chocolate candy, with plenty of nuts in to crunch on. He querulously demanded his money back.



The Young Lady Usher was just in the act of restraining him from smashing the box with the head of his cane, when their attention was held by the peculiar actions of a stout woman seated immediately in front. She was in some sort of distress, mainly exemplified by a convulsive, not to say spasmodic, disorder of the shoulders and back. The Young Lady Usher thought it was St. Vitus's One-step and was just expressing her sympathy for the unfortunate woman, when the latter turned around sharply, and exhibiting a very red face, told them tersely that somebody around there was trying to get gay by dropping cold objects down her back, and if that old fool was endeavoring to flirt with her, she'd smash him in the jawr, that's what she'd do, the old fossil!



The Young Lady Usher politely requested the indignant lady to stand up for a moment. They heard the coin strike the floor with a gentle thump. The Young Lady Usher used her flashlight—thus literalizing the hymnic injunction to brighten the corner where she was—in finding the coin, and hurried it back to the impatient old gentleman, who had already begun to worry.

The Young Lady Usher left the old man contentedly gnawing his sweetmeat, and, by virtue of the niggardly quality of his eyesight, consuming as much tinfoil as chocolate, and after a final glance over the sea of heads, knobby and otherwise, moved back to where the house manager was taking it all in. To his salaaming query as to whether it was a bustling afternoon, she replied that, no, it was slow if anything, she having difficulty in finding adequate occupation, and that she expected things to speed up a little as evening came on, thank you.



City Physicians Explain Why They Prescribe Nuxated Iron

To Make Beautiful, Healthy Women and Strong Vigorous Men

NOW BEING USED BY OVER THREE MILLION PEOPLE ANNUALLY

Quickly transforms the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of weak, anemic men and women into a perfect glow of health and beauty—Often increases the strength of delicate, nervous, run-down folks 100 per cent. in two weeks' time.

IT IS conservatively estimated that over three million people annually in this country alone are taking Nuxated Iron. Such astonishing results have been reported from its use both by doctors and laymen, that a number of physicians in various parts of the country have been asked to explain why they prescribe it so extensively, and why it apparently produces so much better results than were obtained from the old forms of inorganic iron.

Extracts from some of the letters received are given below:

Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York physician and medical author, says: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron.

"Pallor means anemia.

"Anemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anemic men and women is pale; the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails, and they often become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the wastepipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. T. Alphonsus Wallace, a physician of many years' experience in this country and who has been given many honorary titles in England, says: "Nuxated Iron gives the weak and run-down that great vim, energy and endurance so envied by the weakling. Its widespread use should bring about the most startling results everywhere. The pale, anemic, nervous people now seen at every turn shuffling lifelessly along the streets should become sturdy, alert men

and women of snappy stride, brimming over with vim and vitality."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied both in this country and in great European Medical Institutions, says: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved, who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood.

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in—now at 50 after taking Nuxated Iron a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth.

"Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron.

"If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next, take two five grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again, and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time, simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her chil-

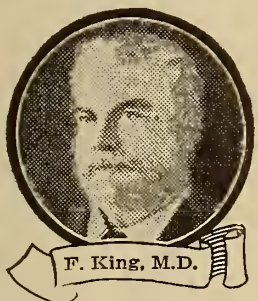
dren is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the fray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, of New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it.

But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

Dr. Howard James, formerly Resident Physician of New York City Hospital and Assistant Physician of New York State Institutions, says: "Patients in an enervated and devitalized state of health, those for instance convalescing from protracted fevers those suffering from a long-standing case of anemia, all such people, in my opinion, need iron. Of late, there has been brought to my attention, Nuxated Iron. In practice, I have found this an ideal restorative and upbuilding agent in these cases above mentioned."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 100 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.



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Who's Who and Where

Crane Wilbur says he can stand almost anything, but when people tell him "how pretty" he is, he wants to haul off and let them have what's coming to them.

Marguerite Clark is to star in an adaptation of the "Sub-debutante" stories, written by Mary Roberts Rinehart and appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Frank Goldsmith is a great lover of astrology. He says that this month the stars are saying just what they've been saying for several months past—"I want a larger salary."

Stuart Holmes says that one advantage of being a villain is that he can always get a seat in the subway. As soon as people recognize him, they get right out of his way.

Cleo Madison has severed connections with the Stern Motion Picture Company and is to produce and direct her own plays, under the name of the Cleo Madison Film Company.

At last a male form of the word "vampire" has been found. A "he-vampire," ladies and gentlemen, is, according to the Balboa scenario staff, a "chicken-hawk." Dictionary writers, please copy.

Mary Miles Minter has a collection of fifty dolls, of all sizes and conditions. Mary says she loves them just as much as she ever did and likes to have them near her, for they seem just like members of the family.

Zoe Ray says she'll never marry a man who drinks or swears. She asked her father how she could tell if he had those habits or not. "You can smell his breath," answered her father. Now Zoe wants to know how she can smell swear words.

"At last," says the Fox publicity bureau, "Theda Bara has revealed the secret of her remarkable screen impersonations, which have held millions enthralled by her consummate skill. Miss Bara is self-hypnotized when portraying vampire roles!"

Josie Sedgwick and the rest of the Universal Company worked straight through from eight-thirty Wednesday morning to ten-thirty on Thursday, re-

cently, to complete a picture. Which goes to show that all is not gold—Not that the last line fits, but we had to finish up with something, didn't we?

Shorty Hamilton is so fond of his horse, "Beauty," and talks to her so much, that people around the studio have fallen into the habit of referring to them as "Beauty and the Beast." Shorty hasn't decided yet whether he's going to feel insulted or not.

There is to be a bear in George Beban's next picture, and the latter has been very busy learning the bear language and getting acquainted with Mr. Bruin. Donald Crisp reports that the actor is making excellent progress, particularly when the bear lets out a roar and Beban bolts for the tall timber.

Five Hudson River boats have been named for the five Goldwyn stars—Mae Marsh, Maxine Elliott, Mary Garden, Jane Cowl and Madge Kennedy. Mary Garden's last act before sailing from New York for Vigo, Spain, was to order a gold monogram plate to be put on her namesake, which was formerly "City of Plainfield."

Geraldine Farrar went over to Fort Lee recently to watch her husband play an important scene. She very seldom does that, but in this particular case the actor was toying with a huge Siberian wolf, as an incident to the filming of the action. It is not clearly stated, however, whether Miss Farrar went to cheer Lou-Tellegen or the wolf.

Lillian Hamilton has ordered ten thousand postal cards, on which is to be written:

I am not married.
I am not going to be married.
I do not want to marry you.
I live with my mother.
I am perfectly contented as I am.

Lillian says that she has to do it in self-defense.

Poor Frank Losee seems to be in for it. After hobbling about with a ball and chain fastened to his ankle in "Great Expectations," he is tied tight to a chair in the first scene of "The Dummy." Losee declares that if there is one yard of rope listed among the properties in his next picture, he will walk out of the production and retire to his farm in Yonkers.

Hank Mann says it's dangerous for him to eat pie with his meals—he always has an irresistible desire to sling it at someone.



Ruth Lackaye says that the feminine sex is not one bit less capable than the male, and that you find competents and incompetents among both sexes. 'Ray for Ruth!



McCLURE

Pity the poor umpire when Shirley Mason gets at the bat!

"Madame Butterfly" is the name of Kathleen Clifford's Japanese sleeve dog, but she calls it "Lili" for short. Lili has gone on the pay-roll for "three bones," though Miss Clifford says the dog is too delicate for such coarse food.



Here's Silas E. Snyder's opinion of New York: "Ice and other kinds of skating. Much nut chatter. Stale air, stale tobacco, stale jokes, stale folks. Tons of rouge. Miles of hosiery. Graft. Greed." Well, anyway, according to Silas, we're pretty bad, we New Yorkers.

Chester Conklin is "raising beans for the navy." Chester has a bean ranch into which he has put all his money, and it is paying so well that it seems to be making him a rich man. Chester says the boys can make fun of him all they want to, just as long as the profits from the beans go into his own bank.



Creighton Hale holds the long-distance record for the number of letters he receives from feminine admirers. His friends suggest that, in view of the high cost of paper, he ought to buy a paper baler and sell the letters at one dollar per hundred pounds, to keep him in gasoline for his car.



The residents around Klondike Park are trying to collect \$45,000 from William Fox, since the latter staged a war scene in that neighborhood. They say that the battle was so noisy and so exciting, that after it the nerves of the residents were severely strained, and that their cows gave less milk. One more argument for the pacifists.



All the while she was acting in "Little Lost Sister," Vivian Reed was suffering from a severely bruised foot. But though she was under the doctor's care, she refused to hold up work on the production, and went through the scene without even limping, registering joy and sorrow. You may rest assured, however, that whenever she expressed pain, it was the real article.



Universal City is having an epidemic of patriotism. The men have formed a military body for use of their country in case of war, and the women, not to be outdone, have organized a Red Cross service. Every screen actress at the city who can spare the time is taking a course in "First Aid," in order to be ready to care for the wounded and sick, if her services are needed.



Eddie Barry thought he had just about every kind of animal that could be needed in a motion picture, for among his zoological treasures are a goat, any number of dogs, several horses, rabbits and a parrot. He even had an elephant staked in the backyard, until the neighbors raised a fuss. Recently, though, one of the property men, as a joke, 'phoned down to him for a whidah-bird, and Eddie has been all broken up since, because he wasn't able to furnish it.



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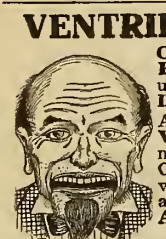
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Please tell me where I can send a letter to Annette Kellermann. Would she answer personally and send me a photograph? An Interested Reader.

You can write to Miss Kellermann, care of the Fox Film Corporation, 126 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. If she is not too busy, she will answer your letter and your question as to the photograph.

I have been a constant reader of **FILM FUN** for some time and enjoy it very much. I have often wanted to know who it is that plays opposite Marguerite Clark in "Mice and Men." Where could I get a photo of him? D. K., Muncy, Pa.

Marshall Neilan played opposite Miss Clark in "Mice and Men." You can write him for his photo, unless you prefer to wait a few months, as **FILM FUN** will soon print a good picture of him.

I read **FILM FUN** and think the stories are dandy. I enjoy the Readers' Column especially. I am very anxious to become a motion picture actress. Can you tell me how? D. J., New Haven, Conn.

Our advice to you is, give up the idea of becoming a motion picture actress. The field is already overcrowded, and there is no room in it for inexperienced girls. The road to success is a very long and a very hard one, and you would do well to think twice before courting heartache and discouragement.

I like **FILM FUN**. It is a fine little magazine, and I prefer it to other magazines, because you answer questions. Please tell me whether Marguerite Clark has ever been married, and if so, to whom. I cannot understand why actresses object to having the public know of their marriages. W. H., Waycross, Ga.

A few actresses foolishly believe that it would detract from their popularity if their marriages were known to the public. Marguerite Clark has never been married.

No Evasion

A society play was in progress. A close-up was flashed of a very thin girl in a low-neck dress.

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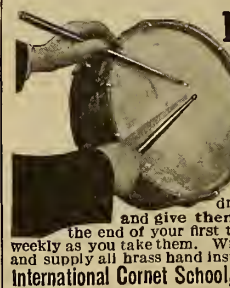
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State of New York }
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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Reuben P. Sleicher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of **Film Fun** and the **Magazine of Fun: Judge's Library & Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined** and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24th, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to-wit: 1.—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and the business manager, are: Publisher, **Leslie-Judge Company**, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, **Elizabeth A. Sears**, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, **James A. Waldron**, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, **Reuben P. Sleicher**, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y. 2.—That the owner, and stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock, are: Owner, **Leslie-Judge Company**, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Stockholders, **John A. Sleicher**, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y., **Anthony N. Brady Estate**, 54 Wall St., New York, N. Y. 3.—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities, are: **John A. Sleicher**, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; **Mary Peckham Sleicher**, 710 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.; **Reuben P. Sleicher**, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; **City Real Estate Company**, 176 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; **Anthony N. Brady Estate**, 54 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 4.—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bonafide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Some stock and bond holders may represent others. If so, affiant does not know whom they represent. **REUBEN P. SLEICHER**. (Signature of the Business Manager.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1917. **A. EDWARD ROLLAUER**, Notary Public, Queens County No. 962; Certificate filed in New York County No. 39; New York County Register's No. 7065; Commission Expires March 30th, 1917.

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MAY 31 1917

FILM FUN

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JUNE

And The Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined



OLIVE THOMAS

READY, UNCLE SAM!



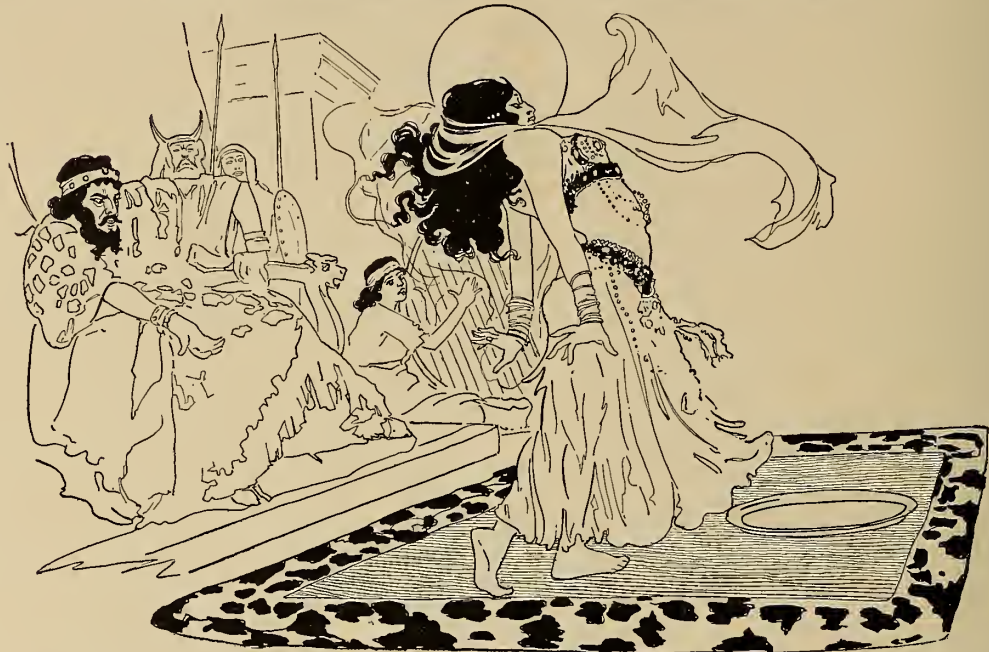
THE ORIENT UNMASKED

THE sombre and fantastic tapestries that so long hid from modern gaze the Eastern world during the height of its luxury and laxity have been drawn aside, and behold! a new world—strange and dim and distant—real and still unreal—devotional and yet emotional—spiritual and yet intensely physical—a world of men and women with ardent temperaments and strange beliefs. Though the lutes are silent, and the beautiful women who fascinated and allured the ancient kings and princes with their smiles and dances are gone; though the warm blood no longer courses through their veins, and all the ancient Gods and phantom hosts and wizards with their magic arts are dead—that wondrous vivid life—so poetic and intense—which found expression in a thousand merry, roguish tales, can now be enjoyed through the John Payne translation of

“ORIENTAL TALES”

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These "Oriental Tales" are the literature of the people of the old Eastern world—the children of rare imagination—of idealism and realism.

They tell the strength and force of the natural, and the strange and subtle beauty of the supernatural.

They take us into dimly lighted halls canopied by rich draperies where the incense burns amid its luxurious surroundings and sends its gray smoke curling lazily through the scented air. We walk in imagination through enchanted, perfumed corridors and feel the freedom of the antique world. The soft rugs yield beneath our feet and we pause to listen to the playing of the fountains, or to watch the graceful nymphs idling the hours away.

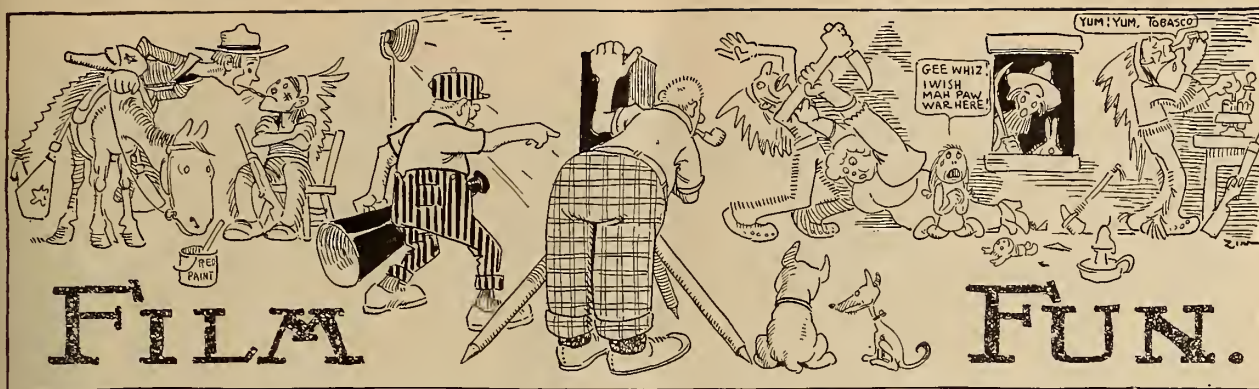
We see the Oriental dances, so wonderful in their mystic, tropical grace, so different from the imported burlesques of to-day. We watch the gorgeous barges floating on the placid Tigris, decorated with glittering gold and bearing radiant women languishing beneath wreaths of flowers on silken divans, fanned by slaves and lovers, and smiling with voluptuous content as with half-closed eyes they look upon the gorgeous scene of many-colored domes and minarets and royal palaces that line the shores. They believe that the great God Allah will cheerfully forgive them everything they do.

These Tales, in all their wealth and variety and uniqueness, are the most marvelous expression of fascinating national manners and customs in the literature of the world.

There is nothing like them—they stand alone—unaccounted for—magnificent works of genius.

They unmask and display for the first time to Western eyes life as it was actually passed by those who lived among the glories of Oriental ease and luxury and freedom when the world was young.

A few sets of "Oriental Tales" will be available to Film Fun readers at an especially low price while they last. Full information sent on receipt of coupon—BUT MAIL AT ONCE.



Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

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E D I T O R I A L

A Safe Place for Any Girl



MR. L. W. MCCHESENEY, manager of the Edison Motion Picture Studios, is given space in the *Morning Telegraph* to "deplore the publication" of articles which, he points out, may do a great injury to the motion picture industry by pointing out the evils and injustices that avowedly lurk in a number of motion picture studios. Mr. McChesney, however, weakens his argument by admitting that he "can speak with certainty" of conditions only as they exist in the Edison studios, which he says are absolutely above par. He clears the skirts of the Edison company of any moral obliquity, and *FILM FUN* offers both himself and the studio he represents sincere congratulations. We are always glad to learn of any studio management that prides itself on the absence of such conditions as have been truthfully depicted in the "Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress," a serial that has been running in *FILM FUN*.

Knowing nothing of conditions in other studios, however, should bar Mr. McChesney from making sweeping assertions. Besides his admissions that he knows nothing of them, he naively admits that such conditions as we have pointed out may exist—but he wishes that we wouldn't say anything about them. He assumes, in other words, that it is not the condition itself that would work harm to the motion picture industry, but the publication of it. He admits that "even the large companies might have been controlled at times by groups of men who would be a disgrace to any industry." He agrees with us that "there are girls who have had unpleasant experiences in the cheap, fly-by-

night organizations." Yet he insists that any publication with courage enough to point out these dangers and to insist upon the elimination of them "is doing an injury to the motion picture business."

If the industry is suffering from such attacks, it has its remedy within reach. A simple process of applying a moral vacuum cleaner to the studios would solve the problem. Throwing dust in the eyes of the public to avoid the real issue is an old game and one entered by Mr. McChesney when he presents a few smooth sophistries in the place of arguments.

FILM FUN believes that nothing but the bright light of publicity is going to clean up the motion picture industry. Many studio managers and producers and office employees have "deplored" the articles we have printed. We expected it. Lift any stone that hides decay and rottenness in any slough, and you will find scores of beetles and bugs scuttling for other dark places in which to hide and deploring the investigation that causes them discomfort. If there is any motion picture studio that cannot bear the light of investigation, it should be pointed out and cleaned up.

The motion picture industry has become one of the largest and most important industries of the time. It should be started out on the right foot. Publicity, not evasion, is needed, if the motion picture industry is to be purged of its ulcers and set squarely on a standard of decency, honesty and efficiency.

Make the motion picture industry a safe place for every girl.

Make it an unpleasant place for the "cheap, fly-by-night organizations" and for the "groups of men who would be a disgrace to any industry."

To Arms!



TRIANGLE-KAY BEE

Margery Wilson's eyes are cast down in the most approved maidenly fashion—and what does it matter that she is tickling Frank Keenan's chin with her hair and leaving his make-up on his lapel, so long as the resulting scene in "The Bride of Hate" is pleasing to even the most sensitive Guardian of the Public Morals?



FOX

"I believe that not only every man, but every woman as well, should be well armed," said William Farnum, as he went to pose for this scene from "A Tale of Two Cities."



MUTUAL-AMERICAN

They had William Russell hurt his hand in "My Fighting Gentleman." But what does a bandaged hand matter? One strong left arm is all any man needs, especially when the girl is as willing as Francelia Billington seems to be. Camera! All ready for a close-up, please.

Your Country Needs You



GOLD SEAL

"It's wasting a good arm, dear," says Neva Gerber. "Yes," replies Herbert Rawlinson; "but it's also arming a very good waist." And belted models are to be all the rage this season, anyway.

—Scene from "The Great Torpedo Secret."



TRIANGLE-INCE-KAY BEE

Louise Glum, in "Sweetheart of the Doomed," says, "Always stand with your chins up, girls. You'll be prepared for anything." Charles Gunn doesn't seem very quick at translating the enemy's signals.



REX

Lee Hill is not quite comfortable in this army-collared shirt, but Dorothy Davenport is confident that she can persuade him to join the "Save the Home" corps.—Scene from "The Ivy and the Oak."



FOX FILM

Hank Mann is being "Chased into Love," whether he wants it or not. In the spring the old maid's fancy lightly turns to love, but Hank prefers the more sudden death from a bomb.

Spring Styles in Vamping

By ESTHER LINDNER



Fox

Virginia Pearson is an example of the quick-working type of vampire. "I never waste time," says she. "When I see what I want, I go after it."

FOR a long time the leading heroes, heroines, juveniles and ingenues have been telling the public all about themselves, and divulging freely, both verbally and in print, the secrets of their popularity and beauty. They keep nothing to themselves. "If you would have eyelashes like mine," kindly and unselfishly offers a lovely star, "brush the eyes with 'Lashcurl' three times daily"; and, "Boys, I smoke Turkish Delight cigarettes and chew Peptoneen gum," some well-known screen actor tells the boys who write to him for advice on "How To Become a Motion Picture Star—in Twenty Reels." True, there are some who contend that said stars have their palms well crossed with the currency of the realm before offering such advice, but

—well, we are wandering. The fact does remain that they have been open and aboveboard.

Not so the ladies who form the third side of the triangles of which one man is the base, the unknown quantity of every screen equation—in short, the vampire ladies of the screen. They have maintained an unbreakable and inscrutable silence. Quietly and secretly they have gone on their way, luring the hearts of men from the paths of righteousness and duty, leaving destruction in their wake, sowing the seeds of discord and dissension wherever their shadows have been cast. They have successfully evaded all the attempts of prying persons to inquire into the secrets of their power; they have avoided being interviewed and questioned. But *FILM FUN* has been persistent—and at last has been privileged to enter the inner sanctum where the potent charms are brewed, and to hear from the lips of the enchantresses themselves the secret of their marvelous power.

To begin with, I must admit that it was with some misgivings that I set out upon this examination of the age-old secrets of Eve. We are all more or less well-oiled machinery, but we are human, and, therefore, susceptible. With swift-beating heart I entered the boudoir of Virginia Pearson. Miss Pearson was seated with her chin resting in the hollow of her hands, her lustrous brown eyes gazing unseeingly into space. "You will excuse me if I do not rise," she began. "This is a favorite pose of mine. Do you know, there is something about space that awes me. There is so much of it, and it is free—the only free thing there is left in this country of ours, I think. That is what makes it so much fun to gaze at it. I advise all girls who would be vampires to cultivate the trick. It has the advantage of helping one to remain quite silent, which alone, if it is a woman,



Mme. Olga Petrova, who believes that a hard-working vampire should take her time and rely on personality to do the trick.

smacks of the mysterious and unexplainable. There is one other point. All vampires should wear pearls. Pearls suggest tears—heaven knows they cost enough money to make anyone weep—and what is a surer way of winning a man than to suggest tears, and still not redden the nose with them? A man can forgive anything except a woman with a red nose. My methods are very quick. I never waste time. When I see what I want, I go after it, and I usually get it.” I shivered. I fled.

Still trembling, I went to visit Mme. Olga Petrova. Mme. Petrova is the possessor of a perfect figure, and her face is classical in its beauty. She smiled a slow, sweet smile and gave me the full benefit of her lovely profile. “I rely upon personality,” said she; “personality and dress. For one cannot dress well unless one has personality, and personality without dress I have also found unadvisable, since people no longer have any soul for true art and must have their amusement censored. I practice no tricks, and I never deliberately try to lure anyone on. ‘Take your time’ is my motto. I believe that the vampire is the best friend the exhibitor can have. Leads and pretty ingenues draw, yes; but when a vampire is announced, the ‘Standing Room Only’ signs come out.” I tore myself away—figuratively speaking—and went to where that greatest of vampires, Theda Bara, gazed into a crystal ball.

“I cannot tell you anything about anything,” she breathed. “For I am a mystery, even to myself. Never understand yourself, for if you do not, no one else will be able to understand you either, and there is nothing in this world that attracts as a mystery does. I am always wondering about myself, and consequently I have always something to think about, and I am happy. To prevent the contingency of my ever understanding myself, I have hired an excellent corps of publicity writers. They turn out new stories about me every day. I am a reincarnation of Cleopatra,



FOX

Theda Bara is a complete and unsolvable mystery to herself. “A mystery is the most attractive thing in the world,” says she, “and if you are a mystery to yourself, you are a mystery to everyone.”



MUTUAL-AMERICAN

Charlotte Burton is the sulky, stormy type of vampire. She believes that, when everything else fails, a good fight helps a great deal.

the Serpent of the Old Nile. My coming was foretold by Rhames, High Priest of Sett. I am a quite modern advocate of suffrage, and my acting is caused by self-hypnosis. It is fascinating not to understand one's self.”

My final visit was to pretty Charlotte Burton. “I am the sulky type of vampire,” she began, resting her arms on a table. “Men say there is murder in my eye. No soft, winning ways or mysterious appeals for me. I am changeable as an April sky. I am the thunder and lightning, the brooding clouds of summer. I am harsh and violent. If I don't get what I want, I yell. There's nothing like a good yell to bring 'em around.”

You see, there is no formula. Either you are born a vampire, or you are not, that's all.



BELIG

BESSIE EYTON

Isn't at all worried that some one may say "Birds of a feather—." She knows that both she and the cat are pretty good specimens of their kind.



“CONFESSIONS OF A MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS”

This series of articles, which began in our February issue, has been one of the most remarkable stories of its kind ever published. Disclosing truthfully and without exaggeration happenings in motion picture offices and studios as the writer has found them, it has called forth much favorable and unfavorable comment—the former from real friends of the industry who realize that if it is to be the Art it deserves to be, such things must be exposed and done away with; the latter from certain persons who, because of a consciousness of guilt, have sought to silence us, lest the attack be directed against themselves. The writer of this series was well known in the world of drama before she entered the motion picture field and she has been in a position to know personally of the incidents she has mentioned.

MORE than one aspirant for screen honors is possessed of talents in kindred lines of art. Myra possessed a remarkably sweet and clear soprano voice, well cultivated. As a dancer she might have made fame for herself had she so chosen. And after her abrupt dismissal from the studio of which I told in the preceding chapter, her courage had so completely deserted her that she forsook the picture field for the time being.

She found an engagement just at this time in a musical stock company playing in one of the local theaters in Los Angeles. It was only a six weeks' engagement, but for her it proved to be a pleasant and profitable season. Everybody she had known in the pictures went to see her. Our fellow-professionals—when they can forget themselves for a few moments and think of others—always want “to be shown,” you know. They wanted to see if Myra really could act. One of the Western film colony who went to see her believed that she could. He sent for her the next day.

“He offered me only an average salary to start with,” said Myra, “but said he would give me a contract with no ‘two weeks’ notice’ clause. This was a point not to be despised by any means. I signed with him. Mr. C—— told me, when I closed with him, that within six months I could demand my own salary. He said he would make me a famous motion picture star. I swallowed everything he said. He spoke in such a sincere manner that I could not impugn his motives, and I truly believed that he thought I had talent, and that together we could put some pictures really worth while on the screen. He was married, and happily so, as far as anyone knew. My own marriage, I believed, would protect me from any unwelcome attentions. So we went to work, and for six months I was the happiest girl you ever knew. My husband was hard at work on a

play, and I was overjoyed at being able to carry the financial burden long enough to give him an opportunity to work out his play—free from financial worries.

“About this time Mr. C—— offered me his car and chauffeur one afternoon to take me home. I accepted thankfully, for I was tired with an unusually severe strain of the studio work. We were putting on a big picture—one of which we had great hopes. My every thought was absorbed by it. Mr. C—— had been kindness itself to me. I accepted his offer in the spirit in which I thought it had been made, and for two weeks I came and went daily to the studio in his comfortable car. Mr. C—— had never personally directed me in any of the pictures. He had merely supervised the work of the director. Now he sent for me and complained that my director was not selecting big enough stories for me.

“‘You are worth more than he is doing for you,’ he explained. ‘I will take you over into the other company and direct you personally.’

“I was wild with hope and happiness. I was sure that he had tested me out and had proven to himself that I was worth promotion. I felt that my raise was on the way. He sought me frequently and always to ask my advice about themes, scenes or costumes. Often he invited me to drive into town, twelve miles away, to help him with some shopping. We grew friendly and chummy on these trips. I felt myself absolutely safe with Mr. C——, his manner was so dignified and respectful.

“‘I like the blond type for the screen,’ he said one afternoon, when we were returning from one of these shopping trips.

“‘That is fine for me,’ I returned smilingly.

“‘The blond type is often cold and distant,’ he went

on, 'but something about your eyes leads me to hope that you are not of this type, even though you are blond. Won't you prove to me that you are not?' he continued eagerly."

Righteous indignation outwardly expressed is fine on the screen; but if one must listen to suggestions like the above, with a car running thirty miles an hour, one can scarcely jump out, scream or express it in any of the fashions so feelingly described in books. Myra could only choke down her anger and pretend not to understand. We in this profession early learn that the safest way to counter such thrusts is to pretend not to understand. She forced a blank stare into the eyes about which he was fondly whispering, and thanked her lucky stars that a sudden blowout distracted his attention and gave her a moment's respite and opportunity to reconstruct her opinion on the graciousness and dignity of Mr. C—.

"I thought he had forgotten the incident," she admitted, "for the big pictures went right on, and I had the center spot continually. Two weeks later, on the pretense of talking over one of the important scenes, Mr. C— invited me to remain downtown and have dinner with him at an exclusive cafe. I refused, with what seeming reluctance I could command. I dared not anger him with the inference that I did not choose his company.

"'Now, isn't it a shame!' I countered. 'I have an engagement for to-night'—and, fortunately, I had. Otherwise, I would have been forced to invent one for the occasion.

"'Whom are you going out with?' he asked suspiciously. 'You cannot fool me—I know your husband is in San Francisco this week.'

"'Mr. and Mrs. R— have asked me for a theater party for to-night,' I said, with what composure I could command. I had begun to feel a definite, forboding fear of the man. And my heart contracted at the dread of having the peaceful, happy days at the studio spoiled. My husband was in the midst of his biggest scenes in his play and negotiating for the production of it. I could not burden him with my worries just now. He would have ordered me to leave the studio instanter, if he had known.

"'As my friends and I entered the theater that night, I saw Mr. C—'s car drive up. He entered the box directly in front of us. When he saw me there, he left his party, entered our box, and under cover of greeting us whispered imperiously to me, 'Shake your crowd and join us later at the M— Club. 'Get me? I am counting on you.'

"'Impossible!' I returned firmly. I realized that the time for evasion was over. I hoped that when he understood that our relations were to be on a business footing only, he would center his attentions elsewhere and leave me alone. Such things, I knew, frequently happened in other studios. And when an actress unequivocally outlined her platform on such things, and her position was understood, she was allowed to go on with her work undisturbed. I hoped it would prove so in my case.

"Mr. C— flushed quickly, gave me a puzzled look—but left the box. I did not see him again for several days. Then he sent for me and ordered me to put on a 'colored' make-up. Now, my features lend themselves to a colored make-up about as readily as a morning-glory would grow a

pumpkin, but I assented quietly. I realized that something was working itself out in his mind, and I bided my time. There was nothing else for me to do. It had been customary for us to use his car when we desired a trip to town for costumes, so when I asked for his car while I drove into town for a wig and the required make-up, I did so perfunctorily, as it was an understood thing that I was always to use the car when necessary. He bestowed a baleful glare on me.

"'Take the property car out there—it's a perfectly good Ford.'

"My heart was in my boots when I returned and made up for the scene. He was waiting for me impressively on the set. Just as I left my dressing-room, garbed in my black, greasy make-up, one of the women members of the company slipped into my dressing-room apologetically. Several times I had done her a good turn, and she was grateful.

"'Mr. C— is mad as hops at you,' she began, in a whisper. 'He has a notion that you have a case with young B—, who is cast opposite you, and I just overheard him order several rehearsals in that kissing scene for you and B—. Look out for him—he is trying to get your goat.'

"And with these inelegant remarks sizzling in my ears, I went out for rehearsal. He kept us at the kissing scene, with the disgusting black grease paint rubbing off, for fully an hour. It ended in a wild burst of hysterical tears on my part, and I ran back in my dressing-room, utterly exhausted from the strain and my sobbing. I caught his fixed, sneering, twisted smile as I ran, and I knew that my days of peace were over. Once let a director get you in his bad graces, and your time of torture begins. Only the thought of my husband kept me from screaming my way out of the studio and all the way to my bungalow.

"I left the studio. The incidents of the following week were so varied in fiendish ingenuity that I knew the only course for me to take was to leave. Mr. C— grinned triumphantly when I gave him notice. 'Suit yourself,' he said nonchalantly. 'You can stay if you choose, you know—and work right.'

"Three days later his secretary, who had always been a warm ally of mine, sent me word and warning. She said she had just been instructed to write twelve letters to twelve of the most important managers, cautioning them not to employ me in any capacity, as I had just left the studio in the middle of a picture.

"I found myself blacklisted at every good studio! And every studio manager believed the accusation!

"The end was not yet. When it was definitely known in the studio that I would not buy my way to stardom by submitting to the unwelcome attention of Mr. C—, a sub-director came to see me. He asked me if I would like to join a party that was being arranged for the president of an important company, who was coming out from New York. The party would include a motor trip to San Diego for the exposition. The affair was properly chaperoned, and I went and enjoyed it greatly. On our return to Los Angeles, Mr. Sub-director invited me to a dinner dance with the entire party. On our way home



"Shake your crowd and join us later at the M— Club. Get me?"

("Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress."—See opposite page.)

he explained that he had always had his eye on me, but that Mr. C——'s attentions naturally came first. As long as I had broken with the manager, he wanted to know what chance he had.

"What do you pay for your bungalow?" he demanded.

"I pay fifty dollars a month," I replied. "In what way does my rental interest you?"

"Why, I'll pay it," he returned. "Married women are safer for sweethearts, for then there is no trouble over matrimony. I'll pay your rent and invite you out to dinner often, and we'll get along fine as sweethearts."

"I had passed the point of mere anger in such incidents. Anger accomplished nothing; they seemed to expect it as part of the preliminaries. I tried another tack.

"And can you star me, too, if I assent to your conditions?" I asked.

"Sure!" he went on. "Why, the president is my brother-in-law, and one of these days I'll get C—— out and get his place. There's no limit to the place you can have—the higher, the better. I'll be proud of you. Is it a go, then?" But when I had spoken to him previously about the raise that Mr. C—— had promised me and had not given me, he had shaken his head knowingly and replied, "Well, what can you expect me to do about a raise for you? I am not the manager."

Well, what's the use? She dismissed him quickly and gave up the attempt of making any of them understand that there are a few of us who will pay the price only of hard work and indefatigable effort to win a name for ourselves on the screen. It has been done. Many a famous actress on the screen to-day has won out of this sort of thing, by a persistent refusal to understand or to notice anything but that which is clean and decent.

But I'm tired of it. I'm tired of the probation period, in which one must be tried out and classified before one is given an opportunity to work on merit alone. And so is Myra. Her unselfish endeavor and her firm refusal to burden her husband with her worries gave him the opportunity of his life. His play succeeded.

"I'll enter a hospital and take the training for the work of a nurse," she said to me, when she had finished her recital. "They say you spend a year there with a bucket of soapsuds, cleaning and scrubbing halls and bathtubs, before they let you loose in the sickroom. I'd prefer it to the muck in some of the studios in which I've worked. Heaven knows they need a moral cleaning that would take more soapsuds and scrub brushes than one hospital could supply. Of course I do not mean that all the studios need it. That would be unfair. There are some in which every employee is safeguarded. But the aspirants cannot differentiate."

It's bad enough for those of us who can protect ourselves. And if the public could see, as I have seen, the hordes of eager young women, burning with zeal to become known on the screen, absolutely ignorant of the conditions into which they find themselves flung and surrounded immediately with barriers and pledges that so cloud their outlook and confuse their decisions—the public, too, would say with me—it's

TIME TO CLEAN UP!



BALBOA

Vola Vale, featured star in Fortune Photoplays.

The Eight-foot Kiss

(As required by the laws of Pennsylvania)

The censors have taken away all that's thrilling,
We can't have safe cracking nor dope fiends nor killing,
And now they propose (though those old friends we miss)
To bar out all films that have nine feet of kiss.
Can you hear the director to lovers fond say,
"Eight feet is the limit. Hey, there! Break away!"
Just think of his tearing those young things apart!
Oh, cruel board of censors, you sure have no heart!

✕ ✕

Self-reminder

Click—Is that movie actor absent-minded?

Clack—In a way; but he never forgets himself.

✕ ✕

Pay Dirt

Ripp—Did Gray strike a mine of motion picture humor?

Rapp—Yes; but he said that it lacked pay dirt.

Marie, the Smelling Salts!



PALLAS-PARAMOUNT

George Beban plays a Frenchman in "The Bond Between" for the first time in his screen career; but that had nothing to do with the girl's fainting on his handy shoulder. He seems to know just what to do about it.



TRIANGLE-KAY BEE

You can hardly blame Frank Keenan for looking worried like this, when Margery Wilson fainted dead away in his arms in "The Bride of Hate."



FOX

"I'm going to show those motion picture audiences that my hair is absolutely natural," said Gladys Coburn. Which accounts for this scene in "The Primitive Call."



VOGUE-MUTUAL

This may have been one of the reasons "Why Ben Boited," but we'd like to be around next time Gypsy Abbott takes it into her head to faint.

"The Raiders From Rub-a-Dub Land"

From Mrs. Blackton's "Country Life Stories"



VITAGRAPH

"Here, see if you can read these dispatches, comrade. They're all in words of one syllable." "Oh, I see—in cipher!"



VITAGRAPH

"H'm! we're ordered to raid the enemy's transport base. Difficult work!"



VITAGRAPH

"Here is Jack—good dog, Jack! We'll send him out as decoy, and then follow."



VITAGRAPH

Back safe with the prize in their own camp again. "HURRAH! We'll be decorated with a strawberry sundae for this!"



MUTUAL
Jackie Saunders will tend furnace with the best of them.



UNIVERSAL
Grace Cunard has her fighting clothes on.

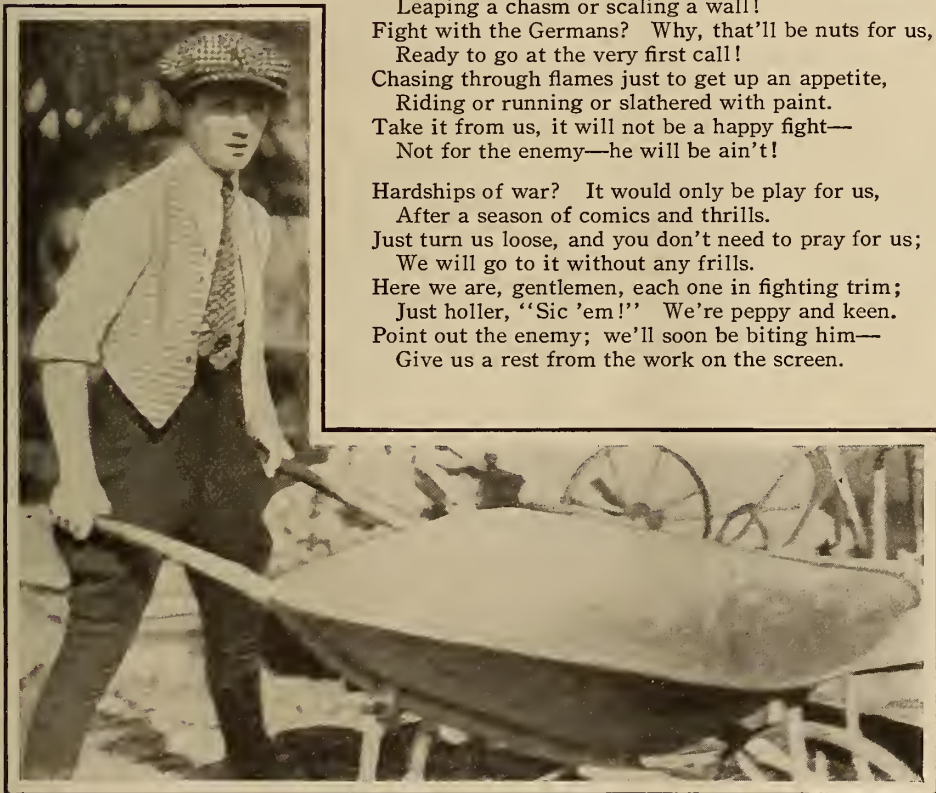
The Moving Picture Army

By MILES OVERHOLT

HERE we are, gentlemen, every last one of us,
Ready to start for the front any day.
Look at the nerve and the general run of us;
Show us the game, and we're into the fray.
Talk about training for trips that are arduous,
Doing wild stunts at a general's whims!
Nothing like fighting can ever look hard to us,
After a season at work in the films.

Jumping from housetops or crushed by a jitney bus,
Leaping a chasm or scaling a wall!
Fight with the Germans? Why, that'll be nuts for us,
Ready to go at the very first call!
Chasing through flames just to get up an appetite,
Riding or running or slathered with paint.
Take it from us, it will not be a happy fight—
Not for the enemy—he will be ain't!

Hardships of war? It would only be play for us,
After a season of comics and thrills.
Just turn us loose, and you don't need to pray for us;
We will go to it without any frills.
Here we are, gentlemen, each one in fighting trim;
Just holler, "Sic 'em!" We're peppy and keen.
Point out the enemy; we'll soon be biting him—
Give us a rest from the work on the screen.



BALBOA
Kathleen Clifford is ready to wheel supplies to the army or carry away the wounded in her trusty little monowheel.



McCLURE
Shirley Mason will don her nifty leather suit to lead the aviation corps any time.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Denman Thompson has told a pretty good one, no doubt, but it looks as though Weary Willie is going to top it off with a much better one. As soon as the Food Commission gets in working order, by the way, the Weary Willies aren't going to have it quite so easy as they used to. Farmers will be too busy hoeing potatoes to sit and chat, and a knight of the road will have to earn his hand-out by helping to plant onions and radishes.



MUTUAL

Liquid food may lend a particularly becoming rosy hue to the nose, but it does not, apparently, go very far toward making the trousers fit more snugly around Harvey Clark's waist. But what of that?—there's always plenty of good clothesline to be had.



GEORGE VLEINE

"A clear sky, a bench to sleep on, a square meal, and what more does a man need to make him happy?" says Harry Watson. Harry can smile, however. With a comfortable studio to return to, even tramping can be borne.



FOX

"Yes, it takes courage for a girl to walk alone through the woods, but not half so much courage," says pretty June Caprice, "as it takes for her to lay aside pretty gowns and get into a ragged old outfit like this one. "Look frightened," ordered the director, and June did—that is, as frightened as a girl can look at meeting two mere men, when she's been used to being surrounded by a round half dozen or more.



ARTCRAFT

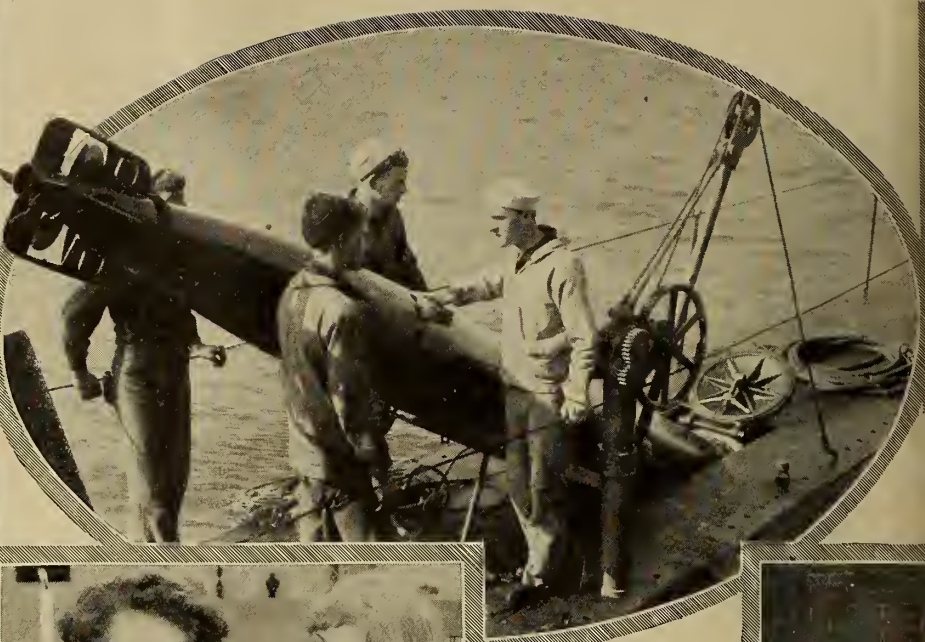
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

JRA L. HILL

May look like this when he starts out, but we'd like to bet that if he gets anywhere near the enemy he's going to peel off his hat and coat and gloves and go at 'em right.



VITAGRAPH
One look at Harry Morey, and any young man would yearn to see himself in khaki.



MUTUAL-AMERICAN
"I regret that I have only one curl to leave with my mother."—William Russell.

VITAGRAPH
"Ahoy, mates!" says James Morrison. "Is that a U-boat that I see before me?" "No, comrade; only one of Henry Ford's peace party, coming up for air."—Scene from "Colton, U. S. N."

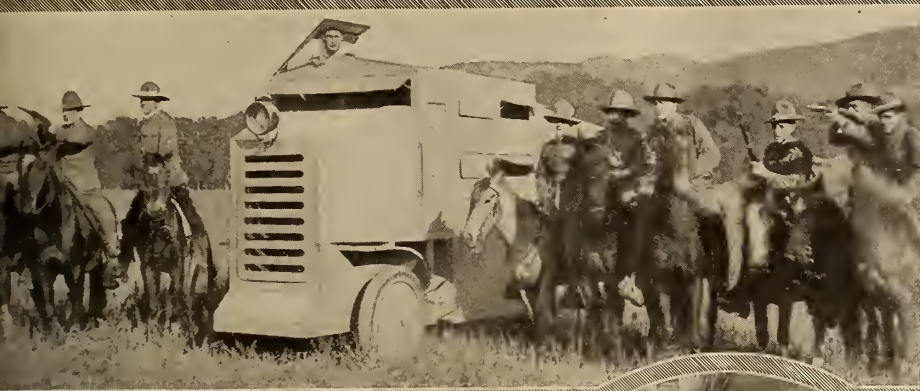


LASKY-PARAMOUNT

Everything depends on the point of view with which you look at things. Some people might think that, with Maude Fealy to give them a send-off, war can't be as bad as Sherman says it is. Then, again, it wouldn't take a strict pacifist to object to leaving her at all.

LASKY-PARAMOUNT

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ly for a spring drive. We offer here an argument of great weight in favor of enlistment. The gentleman on the extreme left believes in the slogan, "Fight and Grow Thin." —Scene from the serial photoplay "Liberty."



TRIANGLE-INCE

William Desmond is either a spy or a writer of spring poetry. In our opinion, one is just as deadly as the other. In fact, no well-equipped regiment should be without its poet. When all other means fail, he might prove of great help. During our long years of editing, we've seen a lot of verse that would make even the most hardened German feel faint.



MUTUAL-POWELL

We advise young men to study up on military terms. For instance, it doesn't take an experienced soldier to know what "Shoulder Arms!" means. — Marjorie Rambeau in "Motherhood."



VITAGRAPH

Anita Stewart would make an excellent advance guard for screened artillery. One look at her, and the enemy would run—in any direction she cared to lead them.



PALLAS-PARAMOUNT

© OLIVER MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO.

Vivian Martin's mother probably didn't raise her girl to be a soldier, but in these days of advanced feminism, there's no telling what a girl's liable to do.

HOME DEFENSE



VITAGRAPH
One look at Harry Morey, and any young man would yearn to see himself in khaki.



UNIVERSAL
All ready for a spring drive. We offer here another argument of great weight in favor of enlistment. The gentleman on the extreme left believes in the slogan, "Fight and Grow Thin."—Scene from the serial photoplay "Liberty."



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LASKY-PARAMOUNT
Marshall Neilan is determined not to be a "slacker," and there will be no wedding bells for him and Blanche Sweet until he comes back victorious. Just what Marshall would do in real life, we can't say; but it's a pretty safe bet that anyone who can break away from the charms of Blanche Sweet, even on the screen, would have strength enough to beat up a whole regiment of Germans.



PALLAS-PARAMOUNT
© OLIVER MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO.
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"Motherhood"



MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION

Marjorie Rambeau, as Louise, in a thrilling scene from "Motherhood."

IN THE number of best plays of the spring must be included "Motherhood," a Frank Powell production in which Marjorie Rambeau is featured. The play was written by Frederick Arnold Kummer, who shows us in the beginning of the picture a typical American home, where all is happiness and contentment. With this as a background, there is unfolded a story within a story. The happy young father brings home a book to read to the young mother. And as they read it together, the incidents are unfolded upon the screen. It is a story of a home in another land, in which live a young couple in love and contentment. Without any warning the husband is called to the colors.

Across the border, in the country of the enemy, a captain is called to lead his troops to war. In times of peace this captain has been a God-fearing, home-loving husband and father, tenderly loved by wife and children. Under stress and strife of war his moral fiber weakens and is broken. War has demoralized him. He is quartered in the house in which Louise lives with an old woman of the village and the two young sons of the latter. Louise resents the captain's advances, and the two young boys of the household are shot in the endeavor to defend her.

Later Albert returns to his home. He learns that not once since the birth of her child has Louise looked at the baby or kissed it. She avoids it with pitiful terror. Albert

seeks an explanation of this strange, unmaternal conduct—and learns the truth. As he lifts his hands in horrified anger, to kill the innocent child in the cradle, the stifled mother-love, hitherto hidden under a load of resentment and grief in the heart of Louise, bursts forth, and she intercedes for her child. Albert, in an agony of grief and pity for both his wife and her child, clasps her in his arms.

And then, while a story within a story is seldom capable of sustained interest, the tragic climax of this thrilling picture is saved from collapse by once more showing the audience the peaceful fireside of the little American home in which the father and mother have been reading this eventful story. Leaving the open fire before which they have been reading, they hurry to the nursery, to find their baby girl sleeping peacefully, with her beloved Teddy bear warmly clasped within her arms.

It has been somewhat difficult to find suitable mediums for Miss Rambeau, for her interpretation of emotion in the plays given her has run ahead of the ticket, as politicians would say. She has call on more emotional ability than her pictures have given her room for, as a rule; but in "Motherhood" she rises to every crisis with a zest in her art that would indicate her hold on screen fans to be both sure and absolute.

"Her Torpedoed Love"



MACK SENNETT-KEYSTONE

The jealous butler interrupts "pedoed Love" and orders the kitchen. His entrance surprises

a domestic scene in "Her Torpedoed Love" and orders the kitchen. His entrance surprises the loving pair, as you observe.

MACK SENNETT'S formula for a comedy runs something like this:

"Take a bit of real comedy, add a few thrills, season with a stunt or two, and stir all together with a stout slapstick."

It seems to work in "Her Torpedoed Love," which contains a laugh as often as the audience have any right to expect or any sides with which to laugh. A Keystone comedy is usually like an invitation to dine with friends whose chef is beyond reproach—you almost know you are going to enjoy the evening.

Mr. Sennett works a bit too hard for his fun in this comedy. Humor that has to be ground out painfully is apt to be tiresome, especially when the leading lady has been told so often by her director that she is funny that she comes to believe it herself.

Ford Sterling, as the butler of the wealthy invalid, in whose home a faithful servant (Louise Fazenda) has been rewarded for years of service by being made the beneficiary of the will of the invalid, puts over his customary laughs. He wants to marry the faithful servant himself. Nothing but a lazy husband of the servant stands in his way. Wayland Trask plays the indolent husband and gets all the fun there is in the part. The invalid, who is contemplating an ocean trip, receives a cablegram warning him that there is danger of being torpedoed en route. The scheming but-

ler gets the cablegram first and cautiously writes in "no" before the danger. He sends the invalid on his way, procures a job as sailor on the boat for the husband, doctors up the note the latter sends back to his trusting wife, and returns himself to endeavor to win the heart, hand and bankroll of the beneficiary of the invalid.

From this time on fun and thrills run rampant through the picture. Louise is almost married, a ship is torpedoed at sea, and the usual fight scenes of a Keystone predominate. Two or three exciting hairbreadth escapes add a bit of momentum to the story, during which time automobiles, trolleys and trains miss colliding with each other by the fraction of a second. The villain butler gets his reward at length by being blown up by a can of gasoline to which a lighted fuse has been attached, the husband returns, and the story ends most effectively and happily, as comedy pictures should do.

The humor of the entire picture would be greatly improved if it were aided a bit by the sub-titles, which are exceedingly trite and far from being up to the mark. The handwriting of the doctored notes differed so materially from that of the original that even a four-year-old would not have been deceived. These defects are totally unnecessary in a picture and indicate careless editing. But, on the whole, "Her Torpedoed Love" furnishes some very good laughs—which is, after all, ample excuse for its existence.

Stars and Bars



THANHOUSER

After publishing this picture of Florence La Badie, we expect even Billy Sunday won't be able to keep young men out of prison.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

When a girl has a mouth like Marguerite Clark's, she ought to be forbidden to put it in such a tempting position. Keep back there, fellers! We reserved the last cell in this prison long ago for just such an emergency as this one. "The first vacancy," you say? All right, we'll see what we can do.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

It's beginning to look as though someone ought to get the police after the Famous Players' studio. By the way, we can stand Pauline Frederick being thrown into prison, but Pauline Frederick in a shapeless garment is *not* our idea of what one goes to the pictures to see.



ARTCRAFT

Get ready for the crash. When Douglas Fairbanks gets this pugnacious expression on his face, it means that something is going to be knocked over in a hurry. Whether the bandage means a hang-over or a knock on the head, we leave you to decide. Of course, we have our own opinions; but these be exciting times, and we're playing safe.

Second Childhood



LASKY-PARAMOUNT

Any time Fannie Ward gets tired of acting before the camera, she can make her fortune by writing a series of beauty hints on "How To Look Sixteen Though"—Aw, Fannie, we weren't going to tell, anyway.



MUTUAL

These days you can wonder of every woman you meet, "Is she twenty or forty?" and be wrong nine times out of ten. Even Jackie Saunders's dog is getting worried about it.



ARTCRAFT

'Most anybody can follow the old rule, "Work when you work, and play when you play," but it takes real youngsters like Mary Pickford and Maurice Tourneur to do both at the same time.



FOX

You'd think that taking care of such a large family would give Anna Luther wrinkles, but she says her children are very well-behaved and no trouble at all. Anna's secret of youth is "Smile 1,440 times every day."

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Punch, Brothers, Punch!



RED FEATHER

Yes, boys, there's more to motion picture acting than smiling and looking pleasant. Ask Eddie Polo or Frank Mayo about this scene from "The Bronze Bride."



VITAGRAPH

When Harry Morey wants a fight, it takes a whole regiment to hold him back.



LASKY-PARAMOUNT

Blanche Sweet demonstrates in "The Evil Eye" that hair pulling is no longer woman's favorite method of defense.



VITAGRAPH

"Be sure the bottle's empty, brother," said William Duncan to Webster Campbell. "Prohibition's coming soon enough!"



VITAGRAPH

William Duncan is for leaving the fist in pacifist every time. Here he is again with George Holt.

Knock-out Drops



FAMOUS PLAYERS

"Let the fools fight for me," says Pauline Frederick, in "The Moment Before."



RED FEATHER

Jack Mulhall, alias "Mr. Dolan of New York"—
a sure-fire hit.



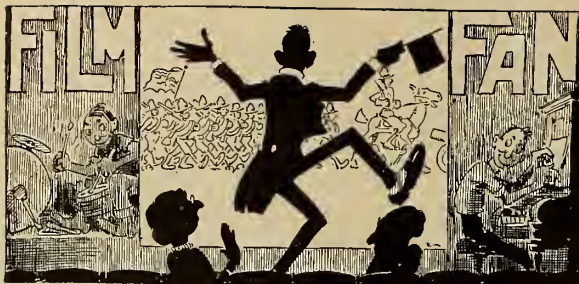
PATHE

It sounds very pretty and poetic to hear woman called "the weaker sex"—but it looks as though the poor poet will have to hunt up some new subject for his lays. Men have no special rights any longer, and we don't doubt at all that the "Women's prize fight only" days are not very far distant. And they won't use hat pins, either.—
Scene from "The Mystery of the Double Cross."



FOX

News item: Leading motion picture companies keep all sizes and styles of false teeth on hand, that there may be no delay in filming fight scenes.—Scene from "The Beast."



"The Public Is To Blame for It"

I HAVE authority for this statement. I heard it stated by a man who has put a lot of time and money in both the silent and the speaking drama.

The man who stated it came out flat-footed and said that about all you had to do to insure the damnation of a play in New York is to advertise the fact that it is a clean, decent show, such as you would not be afraid to take your children to see, and that meant that it would play to empty seats.

"Let a pin-headed dramatic critic, who knows nothing about art or the drama, condemn a play as salacious or downright nasty, and everybody in town flocks to see it," he snapped. "It does not pay to be decent in the theater or the motion pictures any more—AND THE PUBLIC IS TO BLAME FOR IT."

The critics are to blame for their share of it. A critic forgets that there is considerable audience present at the show besides himself. A show may not be to his taste; but if the house is packed with people who have bought tickets and who display their appreciation with laughter and applause and favorable comment, what right has that critic to viciously denounce the play without mentioning how the audience received it? He is pitting his opinion against that of hundreds of play-goers who buy their entry.

A theatrical man who is becoming interested in the pictures sat in a comfortable club chair the other night and told what was the matter with the drama. He called it "drammer," just like the people who support his show shop.

"I'll tell you what's the matter with the drammer," he said, slapping the arm of his chair emphatically. "People don't take it seriously enough—that's the trouble."

"Who could take the drahma seriously?" drawled a dramatic critic, with some amusement. "The drahma of the modern tendency, I mean."

The theatrical man thrust his left hand into his pocket and poked at the front of his collar with a characteristic gesture.

"Say," he continued, "at the last Army and Navy game I met a man who was taking Sir Herbert Tree to the grounds. He said he was going to introduce him to the President. Get that? Introduce him to the President, b' gosh! What dramatic or screen actor in the United States to-day could get by with an introduction to the President at an Army and Navy football game? Why, the cops would have him arrested before he had reached the President's box!"

"But Sir Herbert Tree was knighted by King George," explained the dramatic critic kindly.

"Exactly!" roared the theatrical man, stopping to snap

his fingers in the air. "And so was Sir Henry Irving and Sir Forbes-Robertson and half a dozen others. The crowned heads of Europe, what there is left of 'em, take the drammer seriously. They give it a standing. What has ever been done for it in America?"

"Didn't a bunch of wealthy men build a theater especially for the drahma right here in New York?" ventured the dramatic critic.

The producer whirled on him quickly.

"Yes, they did!" he snapped. "They subscribed two million dollars and lost a million and a half of it before the show shop closed down. And they had subscriptions of sixty thousand dollars a month. And when I started my show shop to produce clean, decent drammer and asked for like subscriptions, how many do you think we got? NOT A SINGLE DARN SUBSCRIPTION! I tell you, it's getting to be so that all you have to do to insure the damnation of a play in New York is to advertise the fact that it is a clean and decent show, such as you would not be afraid to take your children to see, and that will mean that it will play to empty seats. It does not pay to be decent in the play or the picture any more. AND THE PUBLIC IS TO BLAME FOR IT!"

And the public is doing its best to undo its own work. The theatrical man may have been right in his opinion that the decent picture does not pay, but he isn't going to be right long. The public is going to see to it that the decent picture does pay. There are far more people who prefer to see a pleasing, clean and wholesome play, either on the speaking stage or the silent.

And that is one thing that the overproduction of the motion picture business has done for the spoken drama—it has cleaned it up.

But it gets no credit for it.

I Sometimes Wish

By MICHAEL GROSS

I know
That when I pay a jitney
To see a "movie,"
I always get my money's worth
Out of it,
In amusement
And instruction
And entertainment.
That's why I never kick
About the hard seats
And the perfumed disinfectant
They squirt around every now and then.
But, gee! how I sometimes wish
That the swell blonde
Who sits in the little cage
Outside the show
Would sometimes, when I asked her
For "One, upstairs, please,"
Look at me
As though I were more of a human being
And less of an insect,
Instead of gazing away over my head
And saying, with her eyes,
"I'll bet this guy
Don't know any better
Than to disturb me for a ticket,
The poor fish!"

Why Be Satisfied With Near Vitality—Near Energy—Near Health—Near Success—Near Enthusiasm and Near Pleasure.

You Can Attain Real Vitality—Real and Unusual Energy—Real and Unusual Health—Real Pleasures—Real Enthusiasm and Real and Complete Success.

Regardless of how alive you may believe you are, regardless of how active, energetic and alert you may consider yourself, regardless of how successful and developed in every department of personality and body you may think yourself, regardless of how healthy, wealthy and successful you may be, you cannot afford in justice to yourself, to miss the energizing and greater life creating influence of Conscious Evolution.

Conscious Evolution can give you personal energy, vitality, and health as you have never had.

You may think yourself strong, brainy, energetic, vigorous, highly vitalized, exuberantly healthy and successful, but you have not attained one-half of what is possible for you. You are in reality living an inferior life. Conscious Evolution can prove it to you. Conscious Evolution can make of you a giant, physiologically and personally.

Become a giant in body and personality. Cultivate all of the desirable characteristics of a giant, and the energy of a giant without retaining the negative conditions, such as the crude and undesirable characteristics.

Conscious Evolution gives energy and vitality to spare, self-reliance to spare, health power to spare, thinking power to spare. Conscious Evolution develops gigantic cell power. Conscious Evolution makes the body, brain and personality fatigueproof. It creates reserve health, reserve energy, reserve vitality, and reserve mentality.

CREATOR OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION



Swoboda

Over 260,000 Followers!

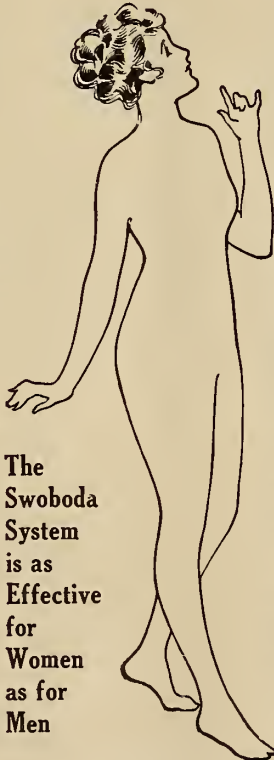
25,000 in New York	800 in Cleveland
14,000 in Chicago	1,200 in Cincinnati
15,000 in Philadelphia	2,000 in Los Angeles
7,000 in Boston	1,000 in Washington, D. C.
5,000 in Pittsburgh	25,000 in England
4,000 in St. Louis	162,000 in other places

Total, 262,000 Men and Women

Conscious Evolution has followers all over the world, in all countries of the globe. Swoboda has followers in Fiji Island, in Java, in New Zealand, in Austria, in the Philippines, in China, in Japan, in Brazil, in Argentina, in Bolivia, and in all of the Southern and Central American countries as well as in Canada and Mexico.

What Others Have To Say

- "Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."
- "Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."
- "I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."
- "I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."
- "The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"
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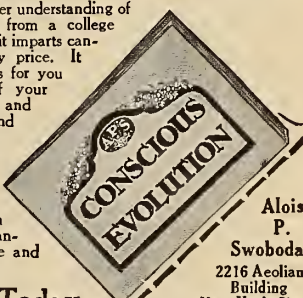
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Beware of individuals pretending to be my agents or representatives. All such are imposters and frauds.—Swoboda.

Who's Who and Where

Elda Millar is thinking of getting a red, white and blue gown, especially as stripes are very good this year.

Madge Kennedy says there's something even sadder than a man without a country—that's a country without a man.

George Bronson-Howard, well-known author and playwright, has taken charge of the scenario department of the Fox Film Corporation.

How'd you like to be a plotter? Violet Palmer has been accepted as a sort of reserve detective by the Department of Justice. Her duties consist chiefly of keeping her eyes and ears open and trailing all persons whose talk sounds suspicious.

there beds of onions, peas, cauliflower, beans, potatoes, cabbages and other staple vegetables.

Blue-eyed men, here's your chance. Jewel Carmen says that if a brown-eyed person marries someone with blue eyes, the marriage is invariably unhappy. "When I marry," says she, "I'm going to select a man with blue eyes, like my own."

Harry Harvey has organized a machine gun company of sixty-nine officers and men as a home guard and for protection of the border. Mr. Harvey was awarded a medal of honor by act of Congress, in 1900, for distinguished gallantry in the Philippines, and the War Department will give him two



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PHOTOPLAYS STORIES POEMS

WRITE FOR FREE COPY "Hints on Writing and Selling Photoplays, Short Stories, Poems." Atlas Publishing Co., D-243 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati O.



SELIG Vivian Reed occupies her spare time nowadays in talking for suffrage.

H. B. Warner is planning to enlist as a guardsman. He has seen military service and knows what it means. "I am ready whenever there is a need," says he. "Anybody can wave a flag, but this takes deeds, and they come from the heart."

Bessie Love is personally trying to fight the high cost of living. Back of her Los Angeles bungalow she has a small farm and scientifically plants

machine guns, ammunition and equipment for his company.

Theda Bara has had a dream—yes, brothers, a mar-vel-ous dream! This dream is that some woman who has had no participation in the world war will be the person who will make peace possible. Somehow, we can't help wondering whether the name of the woman Theda saw in her dream doesn't begin with a "T" and end with "a."

Fritzie Brunette has been engaged to act as leading lady for Sessue Haya-kawa in his next picture. This marks Miss Brunette's first appearance for Paramount.

June Caprice announces that she is very superstitious, and that she would not think of running through a glass door, on account of the pane! Don't blame us—we're not responsible!

Crane Wilbur has been so bothered with girls calling him up and telling him how wonderful he is that he has asked the telephone company to have his number taken out of the book.

Helen Holmes has started a "back-yard farm." A large section of unused land back of her home has been broken, and every morning and evening she is hard at work there with hoe and rake.

In some of Gertrude Selby's former work which was especially dangerous, her little brother put on skirts and did stunts for her. Now, however, Jimmie Selby is growing fast and furious, and Gertrude is looking around for another double.

At Columbia University there is a cinema club, consisting of seventy-five students. The organization devotes itself entirely to the writing of motion picture synopses and the construction of photoplay scenarios. It is conducted by Dr. Victor Freeburg.

Herbert Rawlinson is responsible for this bit of philosophy: "It is one form of cowardice to get panicky, and getting panicky shows a want of faith in that grand old gentleman, Uncle Sam. We must all keep a firm upper lip and do all we can to keep everyone cheerful and happy."

Charlie Chaplin has accumulated over a million dollars since he has been a motion picture actor. On his twenty-eighth birthday, April 10th, he admitted to a group of his studio friends that his fortune was past the million mark, and that it has reached nearly to \$1,500,000!

The Lee kiddies have been doing their "bit" for Uncle Sam, by aiding in the recruiting service in New York. Jane, in an exact copy of the khaki uniform of a second lieutenant of the United States infantry, spends her time

around Bryant Park, Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue, distributing recruiting literature. Katherine, in the uniform of a Red Cross nurse, is doing the same. Jane says she doesn't mind kissing men at all, and will kiss 'em all if they'll enlist.

Triangle directors and camera men have been working at the United States Naval Training Station, at Goat Island, on a film that is to be presented to the United States government to assist in the recruiting of the navy. The film shows just how Uncle Sam takes a young American in civilian clothes and turns him into an able seaman and first-class fighting man afloat.

Gail Kane is a member of the Trench Club, formed among New York theatrical stars. Miss Kane writes letters to five young French soldiers at the front, and receives letters in return from all of them. She prizes these letters highly. They are written on all sorts of paper scraps, and one is on the cuff of what the soldier declares to have been "an officer's dress shirt."

Now then, boys, if you want to be a picture star, take courage. George M. Cohan, Uncle Sam's pet nephew, says that to make good in motion pictures, you don't have to have stage experience. "In fact," says he, "you have more chance if you've never been on the stage, because if you have been a 'legit' actor, you have to unlearn practically all you know about acting, except make-up—and even that's different."

Balboa studio offers some excellent "don'ts" for the consideration of the film-struck. Here are a few of them:

"Don't think that a pleasant smile, nice teeth, straight legs and the ability to dance will get you into the pictures. All combined might get you in, but if you lacked certain other qualifications, they'd get you out.

"Don't think that stars are made overnight. Publicity may smear a girl all over the map, but if she stays on the map, she must have star stuff in her.

"Don't think the movies need you. They don't.

"Don't think the picture game a joy ride. It's a hard road to success, just as is any other road to any success worth while."

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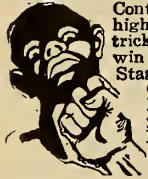
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BALBOA

Jackie Saunders has given up her furbelows and fripperies to don khaki for the time being and seems to be hard at work transcribing wireless orders.

OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of **FILM FUN**. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

Yesterday I read **FILM FUN** for the first time. From now on I shall not be without it. No other magazine, to my mind, has the variety and the abundance of pictures that you offer. Mrs. R. D., Denver, Col.

My opinion of **FILM FUN** is that it is the merriest little sixpennyworth of fun I have seen. I can only get it at one place here and have to pay out carfare to go after it each time, but it is well worth the extra price. A. E. E., London, England.

My club asks me to write you to express our appreciation of your efforts to make the pictures cleaner and better fit for our children to see. When we see a picture in **FILM FUN**, we know it is all right to see on the screen. Censor Club, Springfield, Ill.

I am glad that you put in a plea for the author as well as the star in pictures. Many people do not stop to think that if it was not for the man who works out the story that there would be no picture for the star. I think all the authors are glad to see **FILM FUN** stand for the story as well as the star. Rev. J. S., Chicago, Ill. 30

In the March issue of **FILM FUN** I note a desire on the part of some of your readers to organize an amateur composition club for the purpose of exchanging ideas. I think it is a splendid chance for beginners and hope it will work out. I would like to hear from some of your readers who are writing picture plays. W. W., Denver, Col.

I have just read your editorial on "Housecleaning" in the May **FILM FUN**, and it has stirred me to voice my opinion. I agree with you most heartily in your effort to clean up the films, and I admire the writer of the "Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress" for her courage in writing these things. If we had more of such articles, we would have more clean directors. I love **FILM FUN** and wish you much success in your effort to clean up the pictures. C. R. L., Wisconsin.

I have been working off and on for two years in the studios, and in all that time have not heard one word from manager, director, camera man or actor that was in the least insulting. I disagree with my sister confessor about conditions in the studios and venture to say that in most cases the fault lies entirely with the woman. I found that as I improved I was advanced, and that my efforts received recognition without any familiarity on the part of anyone. There are no more temptations in this business than in any other walk of life. J. D., Los Angeles, Cal.

Will you tell us just what is the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures—how it is chosen, the compensation of the members, and the work done? We are a bit new to this work and find our information rather vague. Texas Motion Picture Club.

The National Board of Review of Motion Pictures is made up entirely of unpaid workers, including a General Committee of 35 members, self-perpetuating, from which is selected an Executive Committee, which, in turn, elects members of the Review Committee. This latter committee is divided into sections, which attend from 25 to 30 picture reviews weekly. In 1916 members of this committee reviewed 1,186 meetings and reviewed 9,550 reels of film. The General Committee is a court of appeal for any pictures which may be held for further consideration. It was formed in 1909 and has always been gladly recognized by the manufacturers, exhibitors and producers. Last year it caused to be eliminated 46,990 feet of objectionable films. Among those on the General Committee are: Roland Haynes, of the Committee on Recreation of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment; Ralph Folks, Commissioner of Public Works; Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, Church of the Divine Paternity; Henry E. Jenkins, District Superintendent of Schools; P. F. Jerome, Business Bureau of the International Committee of Y. M. C. A.'s; Burdette G. Lewis, Commissioner of Correction, New York City; Orlando F. Lewis, General Secretary of Prison Association of New York; Dr. Charles S. Macfarland, General Secretary Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America; W. Frank Persons, Director of the Charity Organization Society; and Edward F. Sanderson, Director of the People's Institute. On the National Advisory Committee are: S. Parkes Cadman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Shailer Mathews, Chicago, Ill.; Felix Adler, Robert E. Ely, Professor Franklin H. Giddings, Bishop David H. Greer, Jacob H. Schiff, and Oscar S. Strauss, of New York City.



Please tell me the addresses of Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark and Mary Miles Minter. D. D. D., Baltimore, Md.

Mary Pickford's address is Artcraft Pictures, 729 Fifth Avenue, New York; Marguerite Clark, Famous Players, 130 West Fifty-sixth Street; Mary Miles Minter, Mutual Film Company, 220 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.

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FOX

Little Jane Lee doing her bit by standing in uniform all day long at a recruiting station in New York, urging young men to enlist.

Everybody

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

Los Angeles, Cal., March 17th.—Miss Dottie Green, the well-known screen comedienne, last Monday jumped in to save from wat'ry grave a cam'ra man named Bundy. "'Twas nothing," she said modestly. "I only did my duty!" Miss Dottie Green will soon be seen in "Who Was Tutti-Frutti?"

"Bunk!" * said Ev'rybody;
 "That thing did not occur.
 Press agent got that story up;
 It's just an ad for her!"

* But it really happened.

Fort Lee, N. J., March 19th.—"Big Bill" McCann, the leading man for Reelo's Realy Features, a hero was today, because he saved two little creatures. From burning flat he saved a cat and dog from being cinders! Though somewhat burned, all praise he spurned.

Said he, "Although it hinders our work upon 'The Irish Don,' we'll finish it, by thunder! 'Twill be released soon West and East, and, honest, it's a wonder!"

"Press agent wrote that story,"
 Said Ev'rybody then.
 "It beats the Dutch what they will do
 To boost their leading men!" *

* But the story was true.

New York City, March 22d.—"We guard the screen," says M. T. Bean, the well-known picture censor, "from things that we don't like, you see—though fans are very dense, sir, they understand when we have canned a picture, and they heed us. They love us, too, and what we do, and swear that they all need us!"

"He lies!" * cried Ev'rybody.
 "And here's a little tip:
 Let's build a ballot submarine
 And sink this Censor Ship!"

* And for once Ev'rybody was right!

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Can you think of a better decoration than these five jolly girls from Judge?

Five brilliant paintings by

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Mary Lane McMillan
Paul Stahr

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By James Montgomery Flagg



"GOOD-NIGHT, NURSE"



"ARE MY LIPS ON STRAIGHT?"

By James Montgomery Flagg



"REDDY MAID SUITS"
By Mary Lane McMillan



"ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME"
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JULY

And The Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined



MARY PICKFORD

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT!



THE ORIENT UNMASKED

THE sombre and fantastic tapestries that so long hid from modern gaze the Eastern world during the height of its luxury and laxity have been drawn aside, and behold! a new world—strange and dim and distant—real and still unreal—devotional and yet emotional—spiritual and yet intensely physical—a world of men and women with ardent temperaments and strange beliefs. Though the lutes are silent, and the beautiful women who fascinated and allured the ancient kings and princes with their smiles and dances are gone; though the warm blood no longer courses through their veins, and all the ancient Gods and phantom hosts and wizards with their magic arts are dead—that wondrous vivid life—so poetic and intense—which found expression in a thousand merry, roguish tales, can now be enjoyed through the John Payne translation of

“ORIENTAL TALES”

THE REAL ARABIAN NIGHTS

Being the first complete and unexpurgated rendering into English of The Book of The Thousand Nights and One Night. Translated from the Original Arabic by JOHN PAYNE and Specially Prepared for the Francois Villon Society of London.



A MARVELOUS WORK

The first glimpse the Western world had of the wondrous life of this period was in the early part of the eighteenth century, when Galland issued the first part of The Thousand and One Nights, in a French translation from the Arabic, which at once became famous as "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments." For nearly two centuries these few Oriental tales were allowed to masquerade in abridged condition in the literary world. Deprived of their beauty and originality, shorn of the very qualities which make them attractive, they were printed and reprinted in English until famous scholars, Mr. Payne and others, carried away by their mysterious power, resolved to give them and many others to the reading world in their original form.

So John Payne, the most eminent Orientalist of his day, set to work to translate these many tales and mystic legends, with all their passionate and languid charm, into the English tongue; to reproduce fully and candidly the literature of Persia, India and Arabia—a literature redolent with the smell of incense, with the din of plaintive and alluring music, with black-haired women and strange dances—subtle and suggestive—with weird influences and voluptuous beauty; to render into English the sports and caprices of those old peoples—keeping nothing back—and to let the finished work stand as its own apology; to translate these wondrous stories exactly and literally as they were told by the Oriental people themselves, with all their Oriental freedom and candor.

When the work was finished it was received by the privileged few

among whom it circulated as a marvelous, almost a miraculous, contribution to the literature of the world.

BRUNSWICK SUBSCRIPTION CO. F.F.—7-17
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A few sets of "Oriental Tales" will be available to Film Fun readers at an especially low price while they last. Full information sent on receipt of coupon—BUT MAIL AT ONCE.



Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

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E D I T O R I A L

The Universal Illusion

PERHAPS the illusions of life that convince all of us that we would have been shining lights in any other profession save that in which we find ourselves chained in a bread-and-butter bondage are good things to encourage, after all. Sometimes they are the only roseate tinge of hopeful dreams that stern reality allows us.

The registration cards of the various motion picture companies tell a story that is pathetic. Every aspirant for screen honors must fill out an application card. One such, who frankly gives her age as that at which most women are letting their waist line go its own happy way and ordering shoes that really fit, admits that her occupation is that of a dressmaker. She says that her chest measure is 32 inches and her weight 98 pounds. She can ride horseback and is willing to learn how to swim and to drive an auto or dance, but she draws the line at fencing. "NO!" is her horrified answer to the question that inquires if she can fence. Her specialty is acting, and her wardrobe consists of one trunk!

Between the lines one can read of the starved emotions of this middle-aged, frail, little dressmaker, who dreams of real salaries earned in screen work. Her youthful visions of dramatic ambitions have remained with her. One can imagine that she has stitched into the gowns she has made all of these years something of the beauty of which she could only dream—and never realize. She is a pathetic little figure, and her photograph is not needed to get the pathos of her appeal to "go in the pictures."

She naively admits that her experience has been limited. "I have no experience," she writes, in her cramped and unaccustomed hand; "that is, no experience on the stage. But I know that good acting is asking God to help

us and knowing that we can act each part by feeling and seeing what we are acting."

It was given to us as a bit of comedy, this story. To us it is not comedy; it is tragedy. It tells a story—this registration card—that spells the tragedy of a hard-working, self-sacrificing life of work. But underneath the dreary routine of the day, and bubbling to the surface to relieve the routine and the deadly monotony, is a hope, a half-stifled glimpse of better things, that leads the poor little dressmaker to shed her chains of day labor and get out into the open and the fancied freedom of the pictures. She has probably pictured herself as winning applause and admiration on the screen—she has seen herself, for a moment or two, beautiful, wonderfully gowned, the center of attention.

And she is not so far wrong in her estimate of "good acting." She has put it in crude language, and the man who picked up the registration card no doubt smiled at it and thought it good material for a press story. But who of us can give a better description of "good acting"?

"It is asking God to help us," she says, "and knowing that we can act each part by feeling and seeing what we are acting."

More experienced actresses might put it in smoother language, perhaps. But the thought is there. And, to our mind, her crude little sentence is worth getting acquainted with.

Heaven help the little dressmaker, whose chest is only 32 inches and who weighs only 98 pounds and who wants to "get into the pictures," to keep for many a year the illusions that have helped to smooth her days of stitching at beautiful gowns for other and more fortunate women to wear.



Douglas and Mary and Charlie

By F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

DOUGLAS and Mary and Charlie one day
Met in the Summer weather ;
Each of the three had drawn his pay
And they smiled as they stood together.
"What are you up to, now that you've met?"
The Public asked the three.
"Oh, we think we'll retire the National Debt,
If we don't buy out John D.—
Scads of silver and gold have we!"
Said Douglas
And Mary
And Charlie.



Douglas throws smiles and Charlie throws bricks,
And Mary just shakes her curls;
Each raises thrills with his box of tricks
In the hearts of stage-struck girls.
Why should we think about Germany,
And quarrel and fume and fight
When Douglas and Mary and Charlie we see
On a thousand screens a night?
"There's one born a minute, so we're all right!"
Said Douglas
And Mary
And Charlie.



UNIVERSAL

GRACE CUNARD

Graciously consented to take a few moments off from her duties as author and star of Universal serials, to pose for us in her newest afternoon gown. You can see, of course, why she turned her back—and isn't it too bad the streamer from her hat got in the way?



"CONFESSIONS OF A MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS"

This series of articles, which began in our February issue and which is concluded in this number, has been one of the most remarkable stories of its kind ever published. Disclosing truthfully and without exaggeration happenings in motion picture offices and studios as the writer has found them, it has called forth much favorable and unfavorable comment—the former from real friends of the industry who realize that if it is to be the Art it deserves to be, such things must be exposed and done away with; the latter from certain persons who, because of a consciousness of guilt, have sought to silence us, lest the attack be directed against themselves. The writer of this series was well known in the world of drama before she entered the motion picture field and she has been in a position to know personally of the incidents she has mentioned.

I COULD tell through endless future "Confessions" of experiences similar to the personal ones I have recounted. I could parallel the stories told me by my sister professionals, until by repetition they would become monotonous. So with a few observations, I will, in this installment, bring my "Confessions" to a close. Some of my readers have, no doubt, been skeptical as to the truth of the confidences that have been given them. If so, let me most emphatically state that they need have no doubts as to the verity of what has been told.

The experience of one ambitious girl who endeavors to reach the smiling heights of success, with no money, influence or friends among the "powers that be," is the experience of a thousand. My own trials are those and have been those of any number of motion picture actresses. The heartaches of the girl you know in these "Confessions" as "Myra" have come to countless young aspirants just as they came to her. I know, as I have been forced, and unwillingly forced, to see with open eyes, that the insults I have been the recipient of from producers and managers in my efforts to advance myself have been identical with those of the girl who followed me as well as of the girl who immediately preceded me. This type of studio official has a line of talk and a method of procedure with every girl who comes to him, looking for work or advancement in her profession, so similar that any girl who will be confidential enough to compare notes with me could continue my story from any point at which I chose to stop.

Every girl sooner or later establishes her "Rules of Conduct," and to these she adheres no matter what the cost. To realize her ambition has led more than one woman to sacrifice her soul. I am happy to say I know of many who

have sacrificed their ambitions and kept their souls. Surely God did not plant within us an unconquerable longing for some expression of art if it wasn't right to have it, but I am almost tempted to say, "Heaven forbid it come in the form of motion picture art!" Alone in his room, whether a bare attic or a comfortable studio, the artist works on his canvas with his brushes and paints, and, his work finished, offers it to the public. On its merits it lives or dies. A man writes a poem, and a woman a novel. They do their work alone, unhampered by the thousand and one unpleasant contingencies that come to vex one in a motion picture studio.

The artist and the writer work only with the simple tools of their trade, and the thing each conceives is given to the world in a form similar enough to their original creation to be at least recognizable to the author as his own. But in the motion picture world how different! After many buffetings and knocks, you wedge your way in and are engaged for a small part in a production. To take one of many instances, let it be a part with a woman star. You are young and pretty and have talent. The star, older by some fifteen years than you, is a recruit from the spoken drama. Her name has glittered in electric lights over a Broadway theater. She became a convert to the movies at the time when producers were making so much money, and making it so easily, that they didn't know what to do with it. So with money for bait, they lured the dramatic stars from the art they loved so well that only filthy lucre could tempt them from it.

The photoplay in which you are supporting this star is finished. You are not, however, invited into the projection room to see it when it is first run. Only the star, "leads,"

director and photographer are at the first showing. A month or so later the picture you played in is on view in a theater, and with great hopes and as many fears you venture in. The reels begin to unwind. You look for your first little bit. It isn't there. Oh, something is dreadfully wrong! That effective little scene you had is cut out. The reels continue to unwind. Your next scene seems shorter than when you played it at the studio. Your heart begins to ache and the tears come to your eyes. You had hoped so much from this picture. The star being so prominent and the picture playing one of the popular theaters, you knew every manager and director in the business would see it, and that would have helped quite a bit toward your better establishment as a motion picture actress. But there is so little of you left by the time the picture reaches the public, that when it is run no spectator could be expected to remember whether you had any part in it or not.

But you, watching catlike every foot of film as it was projected on the screen, saw enough of yourself to at least give you confidence to continue in your work. What it would have meant to you if they hadn't cut out your best scene, you don't dare think. Even judging merely from the fragmentary bits of your work that remained in the picture, any manager could make you one of those "overnight" stars if he chose to. It has been done, and the method is simple. First, an expensive press agent is engaged. Some thousands of dollars are spent on advertising in theatrical papers and magazines, some new thousands on smart frocks and fetching hats and the other accessories of dress, and some hundreds of dollars on striking photographs. Then, presto! overnight, 'most any little curly-headed, ordinarily cute trick becomes a Mary Pickford. At least the public is asked to accept them as Mary Pickfords or Marguerite Clarks, and, sad but true, if they are fed to the public long enough and constantly enough, the public accepts them as such. It has been done!

One of the biggest men in the motion picture business to-day established in just such a way one of the genus "ingenue" as a world-famous star. He himself is credited with having said, "It just happened to be her—could as easily have been any young girl who happened along at that time. I might just as well spend my dollars on making an unknown known, for, in the first place, I won't have to pay a star's exorbitant salary. I'd have to advertise the expensive star just the same, so I sign a long-term contract with little Miss Unknown and proceed to make her known. It's a good investment. I'll make money, and when she leaves me at the expiration of her contract, she can command a big salary from some other concern; but just now she'd be glad to work for tea and cakes."

To go back in my story to that unhappy day when you were mostly "minus" on the screen when the picture you played in with the woman star was shown: You swallow your disappointment, pull yourself together and go back to this same producing company to see if there is anything for you in the next picture. There most emphatically "*isn't*" anything for you. You meekly accept the "*isn't*," but are told to "drop in and see us." You keep up a lingering interest in this star's next release, and out of curiosity

chiefly you go to see it, and having seen it, you go away a wiser and a sadder girl. For the supporting woman in this cast is so far from being fair to look upon, that you do not care to look upon her at all.

If you were a layman and not of the profession, you would have worried to weariness your little head trying to understand why the beautiful Miss So-and-So should have chosen such a homely woman to play with her in her picture. There was no reason in this wide world why you shouldn't have played it. But the beauteous star who had to have the studio lights "just so" for her best photographs, and who supervised the general "cutting" of the film, was not going to permit rivalry in the form of that, to her, fatal combination of both youth and beauty. So in the one picture in which you worked with her, she had your part trimmed down to nothing, and the next time she wouldn't have you in it at all. So you conclude there is nothing for you with a woman star.

How about the man star? You try for an opening there. The opening materializes. You play a part with the man star. You finish your work. In the time it takes to produce one feature, either the star has become fond of you and would be glad to retain you, with the privilege of making love to you and the promise of becoming his leading woman, or he remains indifferent, being unable to see you even with a spyglass. In these days of the dominance of the star and the almost Hohenzollern power of directors, it seems futile for the poor, struggling beginner to come up through these controlling forces and begin to feel support beneath her feet. Good-fellowship and parties more or less gay help to smooth the rough edges, and one can thereby make helpful friends if one cared for that sort of thing. But many don't, and it is foolish to bluff a liking for such affairs for which one has neither aptitude nor desire.

Many hold to a generally accepted statement that no girl in any walk of life is ever insulted unless she lays herself open to insult by her conduct or manner. In a measure that is true. There are young girls and women working in or "hanging about" motion picture studios looking for work who by their conduct invite from a man any insolent or ribald remark he may choose to make. They get what they ask for, and some would not criticise a man under such circumstances for whatever he might say or do. But what does hurt is that there are a number of men directing and managing companies who cannot differentiate (or have no desire to differentiate) between the clean, self-respecting class of girl and the free and easy kind.

To my mind comes an experience. I had known the director for years. He surely could have had no doubts as to my principles. But when I called at his office not long ago, merely to exchange courtesies and have a little business chat, he refused absolutely to talk business, but arrived immediately at the question of what I was doing this night. He said he had a great part in a future picture for me, that only I could play it—the part suited me "to the ground." If it had been written for me, he said, it couldn't have been more my type of a part. And then, what was it to be—did I want to "sport" first or work first. I told him I had an engagement for the evening. Then, nothing



"You must be sweet and pleasant to the exhibitor, and jolly him along."

(*"Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress."*—See opposite page.)

daunted, he asked what I was doing Saturday. I said I didn't know just yet. He asked me to 'phone him at the studio on that day. I said, "All right." I had no intention of doing so, but I wanted to get away with as little unpleasantness as possible.

Saturday came. I purposely stayed away from my room all day, but when I returned in the evening, I found three 'phone calls awaiting me from him. I ignored them, and I have never seen or heard from him to this day, and this all happened six months ago. Of course there would have been no wrong in my taking dinner with the man, but I should not have enjoyed the conversation that went with the dinner. And, then, I knew his wife and had accepted hospitality from her, which, to my way of thinking, made the whole thing despicable. He certainly had no honor. He made things mighty plain to me, and so it had to end.

When all is said and done, the right thing is not always the easiest to do. No one knows this more than the girl who is alone in a city like New York, a thousand miles from home and family and friends. Seldom, if ever, has she any money but what she earns, and in the dreadful uncertainty of dramatic work, when she makes a few dollars she must hold onto them. Bright and cheerful places in which to eat her dinner do not come in her category. It is the dismal, dreary, cheap table d'hote, or often preferably crackers and milk in her hall bedroom, or a tin of soup heated over that life-saver, canned heat. Do not think it is easy to forever say "no" to an honest-to-God dinner in a first-class hotel or brilliant cafe of which New York City boasts so many. Music, soft lights and laughter, out of the grayness of a lonely, empty life—how one's heart may long for them! But it is better to accept the loneliness, for men with influence to do "things" for you seldom do them unless you are willing to give in return more than friendship.

With money and business ability or a good manager in the shape of a fond and doting mamma, there are other ways of beating down the bars that lock so firmly the entrance to the road of success in the moving picture world. Take, for instance, the case of a very young girl. A mother can tell a child that she is very clever and very beautiful, and if only she tells this often enough, not only the child but the managers and agents that the mother takes her child to in the endeavor to secure an engagement come to believe it. Not a few mothers of those children and young girls of the motion picture profession who have risen to positions of prominence deserve the credit for their daughter's success. The child may be clever and it may not be. The mother's ability lies in her power to convince managers that the child is clever. You can tell the public how talented and wonderful a certain player is, and if you only keep on telling it, keep on pounding at the fact, the public in a large measure accepts your statement. This has often happened in stock companies, where an actor, no matter how bad he may be, if he only stays with the company long enough, becomes a popular idol eventually.

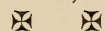
An actress with some money and brains can, as some have, after failing to "arrive" by the ordinary conventional methods, depart from these shores and sail for for-

eign parts. After six months or so she returns to the United States of America. In the interim she has adopted a new name, preferably Russian, a Continental manner, an eccentric method of arranging her hair, odd clothes, an un-American temperament and a foreign accent practiced and acquired in, let us say, Petrograd. Metamorphosed in such a way, on her return to New York City she will be accepted as a rare, exotic plant from a far-away land, and in the twinkling of an eye her name will be flashed forth in brightest electric lights. Overnight a new star has arisen to shine in the firmament of motion picture players. The same manager who didn't have a moment to see Sadie Jones, from Missouri—or, if he had the moment, couldn't see Sadie, no matter how closely he looked at her and how wide open his eyes were when he looked—now welcomes with open arms and generous pocketbook the same Sadie Russianized.

I must not forget to say a word anent the Exhibitors' Ball. Player folk the world over are a good-natured and generous lot. We all know how they respond to any call for their services to help in a charitable cause. But I do think the Exhibitors' Ball is an imposition. To go and let the public look at you by simply paying a dollar, as if you were a lot of monkeys, is asking a great deal of a self-respecting picture player. But one must go, for one cannot afford not to stand in the good graces of the exhibitor, and, of course, it is good advertising, but cheap. You must be real sweet and pleasant to the exhibitor, and if you jolly him along and have several dances with him, he not only will put his fat arm around you and call you "dearie" before the night is over, but what really counts is that afterward he will ask the exchange man for more of your "releases." This, you know, makes your concern feel you are becoming very popular with the public, and you go up a peg or two in their estimation. So the Exhibitors' Ball may be a necessary part of one's work, but it is certainly a most unpleasant part.

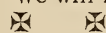
I think I have "confessed" from nearly every angle touching the life of a motion picture actress. I have told truths, and the truth is not the most popular thing one might tell. We do not like to hear it told either of ourselves or others. They let Christ live only thirty years because He told it. But it is everlastingly true that "the truth shall make you free!"

My hat is off to the many fine men and women of the profession. What a wonderful thing it would be if they could co-operate in protecting the innocent from the insults of the cheap, vulgar, ignorant men whom the great and wonderful motion picture profession could so easily do without—and some day, I trust, will do without!



Unlimited Edition

On the lips of the maiden he printed a kiss,
That brought joy to the heart of the sweet movie miss.
Said she, "Dear extra, won't you print a lot more?"
"Yes," replied he. "We will have editions galore."



Ripp—What kind of a screen artist is he?

Rapp—He can draw anything but a salary, and make anything but a living.

Fans, and How to Use Them



MUTUAL

One fan held to the lips, one black velvet hat, one pair of Edna Goodrich eyes between—'nuff said!



TRIANGLE FINE ARTS

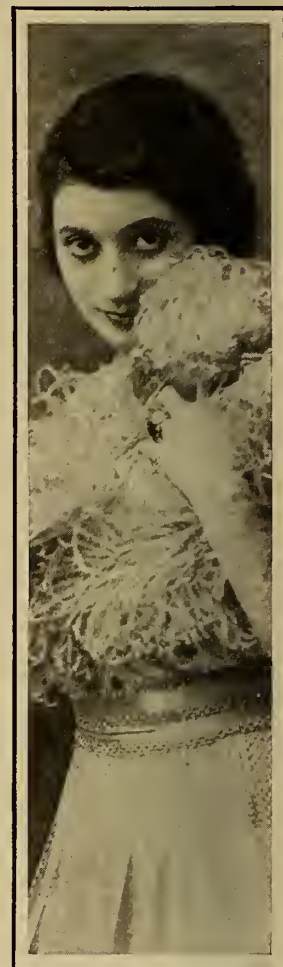
Fay Tincher uses her fan like a Spanish senorita—minus the bull.



FRANK POWELL PRODUCTIONS

Veta Searl doesn't even bluff about using her fan to keep cool—it's so much more becoming as a background.

CAMPBELL STUDIO



FOX

A sweet, simple pose? "Well, not so simple as it looks," says Jose Collins.

Son Chasers



VITAGRAPH

Think how dreadful it would be if, on a close-up, one should discover a freckle on the fair Anita Stewart's countenance!



BLUEBIRD

Leah Baird calmly plants her parasol beside her in the sand, shuts her eyes, and dares the sun to do his worst!



MUTUAL-AMERICAN

Mary Miles Minter likes summer, because she can use her fluffy sunshade; and as for her companion—everyone knows that the dog-days come in August.



FOX

Even Old Sol will fall one of these days, when Virginia Pearson rests her parasol over her shoulder, tantalizingly turns her head and puts that come-hither twist to her mouth!

Play Ball!



INCE-TRIANGLE

Bessie Love prefers her baseball played with a football—it's so much easier to hit. Watch this one, and mind your heads, you fellers out in the bleachers!



MR. CLURE

If it doesn't go through Shirley Mason's fingers, and the signals don't get mixed, this ought to be a good catch.

"Three and two, and the bases full! Take it easy now, Ida Schnall. Don't let 'em get you rattled. Plenty of time. ATTA BOY! Seventh inning. Everybody stretch!"



INCE-TRIANGLE

Charles Ray is a REGULAR ball player. Is always good for a home run.



MUTUAL

Harry Pollard and his wife, Margarita Fischer, are fond of all outdoor sports, and whenever they can find time, they get out and play ball with the studio kiddies. Margarita is telling Harry that if he makes base, she'll bring him home.

Reel Ropers



RED FEATHER

It must be a wonderful feeling to be "The Hero of the Hour," like Jack Mulhall—even if the chaps and guns are a part of the prop.



FOX FILM

This *may* be the new way of saluting, out where Tom Mix posed for "Hearts and Saddles."



SELIG

Test a man's love. See whether he grabs first for your lips or the food.—Fritzie Brunette and Ed. Coxen, in "Who Shall Take My Life?"



TRIANGLE-INCE-KAY BEE

The last word in screen cowboy-ism.—William S. Hart, in "The Gun Fighter."



GOLD SEAL

"A 44-Caliber Mystery"—what will it mean when Harry Carey's thumb turns down? Apparently Claire DuBrey knows, so it's all right.



MUTUAL-AMERICAN

WILLIAM RUSSELL

Has some very definite ideas about the dress of the male of the species. He believes that man makes the clothes, not clothes the man, and to prove it he has just ordered seven new suits and four new top-coats—hence the smile.

Man Proposes —



SELIG

"Mistakes Will Happen"—so Victoria Forde is making sure right at the start of the size of the sparkler Tom Mix slips on her finger.



VITAGRAPH

Anita Stewart knows it's a good stunt to keep 'em guessing, but she also knows that if you give a man too long to think it over, he's just naturally going to think of the High Cost of Living—which accounts for this scene in "The Glory of Yolande."



TRIANGLE

Bessie Love likes men to read poetry to her while they propose—as in this scene from "Nina, the Flower Girl."



PATHE

He still has a reel of "Her Beloved Enemy" left in which to plead his cause.



FOX

June Caprice is "A Modern Cinderella"—the other Cinderella had the prince at her feet, too.



MUTUAL-VOGUE

You've got to hand it to a man who's got the nerve to do his proposing while maw and paw look on, but we should say that he doesn't deserve to get the young lady of his choice.—Gypsy Abbott and Paddy McGuire in "Jealous Jolts."

Indoor Sports



R&D FEATHER

Ruth Stonehouse, in "The Law and the Lady," evidently feels that a queen by his side ought to be worth two on the table; but it's funny how unromantic men get about things when there's money at stake.



FOX

Violet Horner deserves to be a star. In "The Marble Heart" she gets excited over dominoes.



TRIANGLE-INC

Charles Ray is a great chess fan and often sits by himself figuring out moves.



MUTUAL

Peter, the Great's chief indoor sport is eating—that is, when he gets a spare time off from supporting his mistress, Margarita Fischer, in photo-plays.

Little Grains of Powder, Little Drops of Paint--



VITAGRAPH

Eyelashes are to be worn dark and curly this season, but not too sticky. "It's the last part that takes the time," says Peggy Hyland.



MUTUAL

If we were Yerza Dayne, we'd demand at least one scene like this one in every picture in which we played.



WORLD

Montague Love preparing for old age. You see, it isn't only the ladies who keep their hair on the bureau.



FRANK POWELL PRODUCING CORP.

Marjorie Rambeau putting on the finishing touches—"a bit of powdered sugar," one might say.

Ministering Angels



WORLD

A scene from Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's picture, "Mothers of France"—actually filmed in the hospital at Rheims. Just as the memory of Joan of Arc has lived through the ages, so will the memory of the deathless soul of Mme. Bernhardt be ever fresh in the hearts of men.



UNIVERSAL

It's our private opinion that Allan Holubar is stalling a little—though with Nellie Allen to cool his fevered brow, you can't blame him.



FOX

What hospital did you say June Caprice is from? Come on, you bomb throwers! We're ready!

The Woman's Part



GAUMONT
 "The Danger Zone," starring Aimee Davis, was actually filmed in the danger zone, "somewhere in France," and shows the part thousands of brave women are playing in helping to carry on the war.



LASKY-PARAMOUNT
 Yes, they're discharging him, but his heart is incurably affected. No, it will never be any better. Got it from being nursed by Mae Murray in "The Primrose Ring."



LASKY-PARAMOUNT
 They're small, but, oh, my!—any soldier will be glad to get 'em; after seeing Marie Doro in "The Heart of Nora Flynn."

Getting in the Pictures

By VERA VLADIMIR



THE OTHER day I met an old friend—a miniature painter of note. He censured me for having seemingly no ambition above that of being the best stenographer and bookkeeper I know how to be.

"I hate to see you waste your ability in a dingy office," he said. "I'm ashamed of you! You can act. Why don't you try to get into the motion picture game. You'll succeed if you do."

Succeed? When I think of the experience I have gone through in the last year, I firmly believe that nowadays a girl would have a better chance to become the first lady of the land than she

would to succeed as a motion picture actress. From my experience I would judge that there are at least three hundred girls for each position open in the pictures.

I am a Russian type. I can dance, swim, act—being a direct descendant of the great actress, Olga Thomashefski. I ride, drive any kind of a car, play tennis, and I photograph unusually well. At school—a private school—I played the leads in every play we put out, directed and coached two plays as well as played the leading part. I had to leave school after the first year, because of reverses at home, and set out to earn my living as bravely as I could under the circumstances.

My mother strenuously objected to my being in pictures when I had an opportunity to play in an educational picture. She thought I would lose all social position, as well as the respect of my friends, for she was not a patron of the pictures as I was. I persuaded her that everybody had accepted the pictures as one of the new arts and gained her consent to go into the picture.

It was a most delightful experience. I rehearsed for five weeks. I received a splendid salary and was wise enough to deposit most of it in a safe bank. Critics and directors spoke warmly of my work, and I had no fears for the future. I felt that my success in this picture paved the way for success in the films for good.

I had some stunning new clothes made, paid considerable attention to my looks and my grooming, and came to New York with roseate hopes and plans. I had several excellent letters to well-known directors and had every reason in the world to believe that I would soon get a good position in the pictures. I was not the least worried as to the outcome.

I went to a good hotel, and early the next morning I called at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn. I had with me a letter to Mr. Vic Smith. I inquired for Mr. Smith and was told by



a boy in the office that he was out of town.

"You can see Mr. Blank," suggested the boy. I accepted the suggestion gratefully and presented the letter to Mr. Blank. He gazed completely through me. He had an appraising look in his eye that I tried not to notice or to believe that it was merely what I had to expect.

"We got more chickens hanging round dis joint dan we need in a hunderd years," he snapped. "But, say, I like your looks, kid—suppose you come in early in the morning, and we'll see what I kin do fer you."

I thanked him and promised to be on hand bright and early. I did hope so to make good. I was there at nine prompt, and after an hour's wait Mr. Blank appeared and handed me a dress about five sizes too large for me, with



orders to go into an adjoining dressing-room and don it. It reminded me of a maid we had once who applied for a job. My mother needed her, and Nora needed the place so badly that she immediately took off her hat and put on the black gown the former maid had left. The maid before her was a large, fat woman, and Nora was a

little, thin thing, and we laughed so much at her when she came in to serve dinner in that baggy dress that she retired in tears and confusion. I was wondering if I was going to emulate Nora, when Mr. Blank appeared once more.

"Here, kid," he ordered, "join de mob. Dis is a shoit-waist strike. Act bostrious—act mean and mad."

I assumed that he meant that I was to act "boisterous." I tried to, but I am sure that no one ever saw me in that picture, for a tall, fat man insisted on standing between me and the camera. If it had been a sunny day, he'd have made a grand shade; but I wanted to get in the picture, so I did not appreciate him. Along about five-thirty they paid me five dollars for my day's work. When I asked to see Mr. Blank, I was told that he had left. I was asked to leave my name and telephone number, and when I gave the address of my hotel—one of the best in the city—they looked at me in amazement. I had spoken once or twice during the day to several of the girls there, and on the car coming back to town we fell into conversation—a group of us. They told me that they "filled in" occasionally at the studio, but that work was so scarce that they had only worked two days that month. When I was in my room once more and recalling what had been said, I decided that if I was to struggle along for the next year or two as they had been doing, I need never worry about the attentions of the director—for I felt sure they would never notice me





enough to tell whether my eyes were blue or brown.

Next I went to the Famous Players studio. I had a letter of introduction to Mr. Al Kaufman. He was too busy to see me and sent out word that if I would come back the next afternoon, he would see me. I waited almost two hours the next time before they admitted me to his presence. He sighed when he saw me, and his eyes seemed to say, "Another stage-struck girl! Will they never cease coming!" But after talking to me a few moments, he said,

"You are a splendid type, and you look as if you had ability; but the Famous Players cannot bother with beginners. To tell you the truth, I haven't even the time to give you an opportunity to show me what you can do."

Mr. Kaufman was courteous in his refusal, and I realized that he was sincere in what he said. I tried to think how I would act if my time was taken up with film-struck young women wanting to act in the pictures, and I suppose after a while I would be as weary and blase as he was. I thanked him for giving me the interview and went sadly away.

I had another letter of introduction to Charles Taylor, of the Metro. He could only give me a letter to their Mr. Hooper, but with the letter he gave me much encouragement and a kindly welcome. I went out to the studio with a lighter heart and hunted up Mr. Hooper.

"Had any experience?" he asked.

I patiently went over my experience in the pictures. He looked at me in despair.

"Why, I have over a hundred girls here on my list who have had from one to three years' actual stage and film experience," he said, while my heart sank down into my boots. "We do not need anyone just now, but leave your name and address, and if we need you, I will let you know." He turned his eyes to the perusal of a manuscript and bid me a curt adieu. Judging from the manner in which he received and dismissed me, I would say that he was not on friendly terms with any Russian.

The next day and for several days after I attempted to interview Robert Vignola, but could not see him. Either he was out or he refused to be bothered with me. About this time some friends gave me a letter to Mike Higgins, of the Fox Company. Hope rose anew in my heart, and I hurried there. I could not tell exactly what position he held with the company, but his name and his hearty manner were enough to make one feel at home in his presence. He was very courteous.

"I'll tell you," he explained. "We probably won't be doing any casting for the next three weeks, but if you'll"—

I could supply the rest of the sentence by this time—"leave your name and address, and we will let you know." We get so we have that sentence engraved deep on every brain cell. I used to wake up in the middle of the night with it ringing in my ears. But at least,



when it is said to us courteously, it takes away some of the sting, so that I left Mr. Higgins with a warm spot in my heart for his pleasant manner.

Frank Powell came next in my list. I went out to the Powell studio, at College Point. I found the studio empty, guarded by a carpenter and the stage manager, who gave me to understand that it was far easier to see the Crown Prince of Germany than to see Mr. Powell. After one look at him, I believed him. I did not even wait for him to finish the usual sentence, "If you'll leave your name and address," etc. I went on out to the Gaumont studio, at Flushing, and while the office of the company was still there, they told me they were not making any pictures just then. I felt that I would have given anything to have been a man just long enough to swear loudly while they were saying, "If you'll leave your name and address," etc. That remark began to get on my nerves.

I refused to give up yet. I went out to Yonkers to see Allan Dwan. The gate was locked, and a boy out on the street gratuitously informed me that there seemed to be some misunderstanding about a picture someway, and Mr. Dwan was in the city and not out at Yonkers. The boy was talkative, but I tore myself away and looked dubiously at my thin-soled shoes. It was a long walk from that studio to the cars. The boy was trying to tease an automobile into really starting, and I sat down despondently and watched him.

"Look here," I ventured; "if I start that thing for you, will you drive me back to town?"

He gladly agreed, and an examination showed us that the tank was empty. He went for gasoline, and we gayly started back for New York. The tears came to my eyes when I got my hands on that wheel, and memories of the happy days when I had two cars at my disposal at home rushed over me. I was tired in body, but when that little car stopped in front of my hotel and I turned over the wheel to the boy, I was still more tired and sick in mind and heart. However, I plucked up courage the next morning to go to the Frohman studio, at Flushing. I stood in their office door, hesitating a moment, when a pleasant Southern voice requested me to have a seat. The voice was so kind and so courteous that tears came once more to my eyes. The owner of the voice informed me that he was the studio manager and listened to my plea most patiently. It was the same old story. They all admitted that I was a good type, but—no position just then.

I spent two months and every dollar I had in New York, trying to get in the pictures. Now I am back at my typewriter again, pounding, debeting and crediting and balancing my books. I do not like this work, but in order to eat, have a place to sleep and a decent suit to wear, I must keep at it. So when my friend suggested that I try to get in the pictures, I smiled. I have earned the right to smile at such suggestions.



Julia Sanderson has been signed by John R. Freuler to appear in a series of Mutual Star Productions.





THE Motion Picture Players' Association has been actively engaged for weeks in doing its bit for the contest for humanity as seen in the present war. Many of the players are hard at work in pictures, but they spare time each day to hustle out for recruits and to make up comfort kits for the soldiers. They are not going to let the stage women get ahead of them. The motion picture people stand on boxes at street corners, urging men to enlist, hold committee meetings and give generously of both time and money to raise funds for the soldiers. Between whiles in the studios, they are busily at work making comfort kits; all of them cannot knit, but any one of them can fill a comfort kit.

An odd bit of information was brought to light at one of the committee meetings, at which fully thirty-five of the best known picture stars were present. It transpired that not over five of them knew each other. One has a general and vague idea that all of the motion picture stars know each other. But as introductions went on, even the stars themselves relaxed and smiled at the almost universal greeting when two stars met each other. There were the Gish girls and Norma Talmadge and Alice Brady and Doris Kenyon and Ruth Roland and Jane Gail and Roshanara and Valentine Grant and Mae Marsh and Anita Stewart and Alice Joyce and a score of other shining stars, who looked at each other hopelessly and repeated again and again,

"Oh, yes, I have seen and admired you on the screen immensely, but this is the first time I have ever had the pleasure of meeting you!"

This statement was repeated so many times that the screen lights began to regard it as a joke. Yet it was an odd occurrence that among those thirty-five stars, only five or six had met personally. Perhaps not so odd, after all, for picture players are busy people and have little time for recreation or visiting.

The screen stars have joined in the general spirit of conservation. Even Fatty Arbuckle has taken to dieting. He says he has cut out French pastry and ice cream and heavy roasts, and has had compiled for his especial benefit a diet that will satisfy him, cut down the bills and leave no trace on the avoirdupois that is one of his assets. The screen people are sensible about the cutting down of their bills. They feel that it is a duty now to keep a balanced amount of money in circulation, but they are cutting out unnecessary expenses, in order to have more money to buy Liberty bonds and fill comfort kits. At the same time, they are demanding higher prices than ever. The producers are almost flattened against the last wall of retreat,

and if action is equal to reaction, and in a contrary direction, as our schoolbooks taught us in our credulous youth, we may look to see some of these demanding stars looking at their salaries through the small end of the telescope. One of the high-priced ones, whose largest call on a high salary is the fact that she knows how to wear clothes and dance and how to procure the proper amount of publicity, was surprised herself when a company with which she was dickering for a salary came across at her price. A friend of hers was calling on her when an agent for the company called with the contract for her to sign.

"Gosh!" she sighed inelegantly. "I never thought you'd pay the price—honest, I didn't!"

But she was careful not to say it until the contract was signed. A leading lady for one of the expensive male stars hangs on for a mere pittance of a couple of hundred a week. A few months ago she kicked for a larger salary. She pointed out that he would find it difficult to get another leading woman with whom he could work so congenially, but he came right back at her. He is troubled slightly with a pinching of the coins in his bank roll at all times.

"Why, I made you!" he said. "You wouldn't be worth two cents anywhere else. Go on out and hunt a job if you want to. You'll be idle for weeks, and then glad to pick up something at fifty a week. I give you leave to try."

The leading lady did not try. She realized that he spoke something like the truth, although he can ask almost any price he wants and get away with it. But some day the producers will wake up and find that the authors are demanding equal constellation privileges with the stars, and that it may come down to a fifty-fifty basis between the author and the star. And there'll be just as many stars. They'll reduce the swollen size of their mental head bands and be perfectly willing to take a reasonable salary.

The talk of taxing the pictures has naturally suggested that the screen stars pay back a bit of their inflated salaries in taxes. This may result in a trifle less boasting of what they draw per week. If they had not talked so much about the enormous salaries they were getting, the Assembly hounds would not have gotten on their trail. They are all having moccasins fitted nowadays and will walk with a silent trail in the future. If they have money, they are not going to talk about it, which is a lesson that able financiers have learned long since. Naturally, if you let the public know you have money, it is going to try to separate you from some of it.

The motion picture industry has merely gathered to itself the publicity in all the details of its business that must come to any industry that suddenly lands on the crest of a wave of unprecedented prosperity and publicity. Out of the restlessness that is merely symptomatic of an underlying prosperity and sturdiness that will endure will come a ferment that will permeate the business and steady it eventually into a permanent and solid industry.



Auto salesman—Our 1916 output was quickly exhausted.

Screen idol—Yes; I bought one, and it gave out completely in three days.



It isn't often that one catches five celebrities together like this, but here are stars and humorists hobnobbing together just like regular people. Left to right: Fred Schaefer, General Film Company; Corinne Griffith, leading lady for her next-door neighbor, Earle Williams; K. C. Beaton ("K. C. B."), of the *New York American*, writer of "Ye Towne Gossip"; and Roy K. Moulton, of the *Evening Mail*.

In Our Town

By JAMES G. GADELLE

Miss Lyda Lott, our dressmaker, says this is sure the age of combinations. Almost any day now she expects to hear of mothers-in-law, sewing machine agents, motion picture censors and other moral contagions forming a union.

Ed Dyball wishes to correct the statement that he said he had read the dictionary through while waiting for his wife to get ready for the movin' picture show. It wasn't no dictionary; it was an encyclopedia.

There is grate excitement in Centropolis. Hen Reardon has fell in love with Mary Pickford, and his wife is crazy over Tom Forman. Our whole town is worked up over it. Some folks take his part, and others take hers, and then, of course, there's a few people left who mind their own business.

It might be a good idea at that to kinda finish this here war thing before it started. We don't want this Land of the Screen and Home of the Reel all mussed up. Why, some of the movie theaters would have to close up if those enemy chaps broke in on us! That would never do! We could send Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin over into the enemy's country! Chances are that Doug and Charlie would clean 'em up right there and keep our sidewalks and front yards from being all cluttered up with enemies and things.

Francis X. Bushman and Warren Kerrigan would have charge of the Red Cross nurses. They've busted many a heart; let 'em mend some! Besides, we mustn't keep 'em away from the girls!

I wish we knew what to do with those censors, though. I'm strong for loading 'em into cannon and shooting 'em at the enemy. It would be tough on the enemy, but war is war, and somebody must suffer. Why not the enemy?

The Happy Ending

By RUTH WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Flower-face, half like a rose,
Petals pellucid and pale;
Half as the violet grows
Down in an indistinct dale.
How your long lashes exhale
Visions you never intend!
What if there blow up a gale?
That is the way it will end.

Once, among old cameos,
I had found features as frail,
Destined for loves and for woes;
Catalogue all can retail.
Bravely your heart did not quail.
What should your soul apprehend?
Pride conquers foes that assail:
That is the way it will end.

Courtship and marriage—and blows;
Scenes that a poet would fling;
Villain that mockingly throws
Innocent husband in jail;
Heart that is nearly for sale;
Kisses that nearly impend—
Catastrophe part of the tale?
That is the way it will end.

Director, your art must prevail;
Your star you must somehow defend.
Since pictures are meant *not to fail*,
That is the way it will end.

Sounds Something Like It

A chauffeur and his taxi had quite a prolonged scene in a certain film, and when it was over, Mrs. Ahearn drew a long sigh of admiration.

"'Tis a foine business, thot, and it does me proud to think me bhoy, Timothy, is studying to be a shofer."

"Ye don't say!" ejaculated her companion, in surprise.

"Yes, 'tis so. 'Twas only yesterday he sint me a letter fr-rom Chicago, saying he is taking a course in taxidermy."



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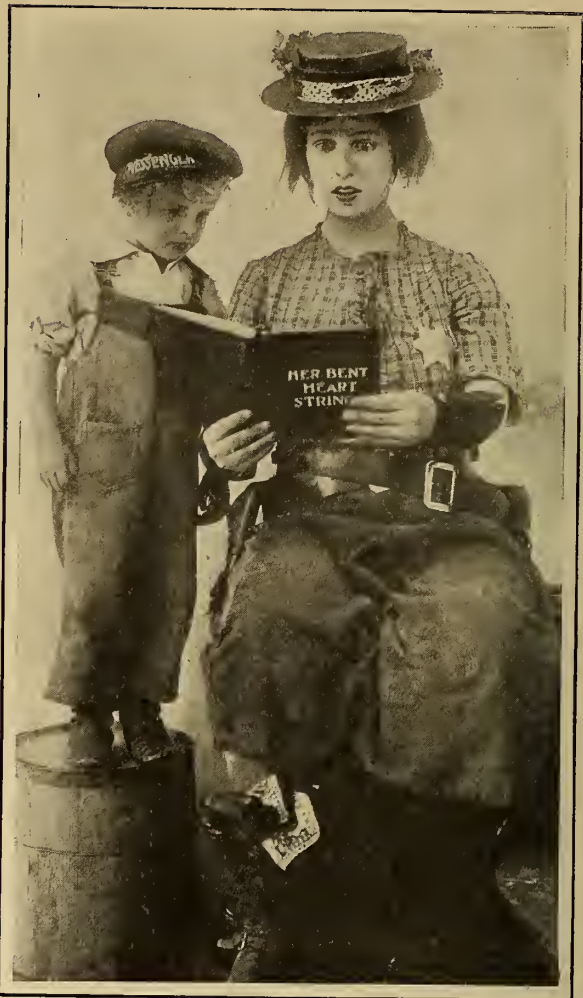
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TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Polly Moran and Jory Jacobs, in "Cactus Nell," are afraid the handsome hero won't come in time to rescue the beautiful heroine from the hands of the scheming villain.

Wireless!

Sure, 'tis little I care
How she flirts on the screen!
When that kiss flung to air
(A-ah, she knew I'd be there!)
Was for *me*, straight an' fair,
Ye can catch what I mean
Of how little I care
When she flirts on the screen!

Every curl of her hair,
An' each laugh in her earg
(Och, an' aren't they the pair?
Blue as heaven, I swear!)
Cries her message: "I dare
Play to you, naught between!"
Sure, 'tis little I care
Though she flirts on the screen!

✱ ✱
We Expect It of Douglas

While filming one of his recent releases, Douglas Fairbanks and his company were on location in the country. When dusk came on and the party started back home, they stopped at a farmhouse to get a drink.

The hired man was running the milk

through a cream separator, with Douglas an interested watcher; the moment the former let go the handle, Douglas went up and studied the machine.

"Sixty revolutions a minute," he read aloud, slowly, the words on the handle. Then he began to search on each side of the separator, below it, on its feet, around the tank; in fact, each part was subjected to intense scrutiny.

"It's here somewhere, I know," he was heard to murmur; "but I can't seem to find it."

"What *are* you looking for, Mr. Fairbanks?" queried dainty Jewell Carmen. He raised his eyes soberly to hers.

"Why, 'Made in Mexico,' of course."

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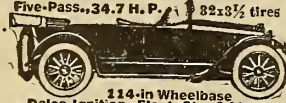
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Who's Who and Where

Sally Berch has educated feet. She can say more with them than most people can with their eyes and mouth.

The Criminal Prison Hospital at Danemora, N. Y., has adopted motion pictures as a means of entertainment for its inmates.

Fritzie Brunette has signed up with the Selig Company and is to begin work on a feature under the direction of Colin Campbell.

Doris Pawn says that some people remind her of the motion picture "sets" of building exteriors. They are all front, with nothing inside.

The Fox publicity department is responsible for this: "Virginia Pearson—is an expert cook. Her next release will be 'Wrath of Love.'" There's only one connection that we can see.

Slim Summerville has had a cigar named after him. It was meant as a compliment, but Slim has been so swelled up about it ever since that there is danger of his getting too stout to hold down his job.

Juliette Day, who last appeared in the "legitimate" as the "baby vamp" in "Upstairs and Down," is to appear in a series of photoplays released through Mutual. The series will be produced under the direction of Rollin S. Sturgeon.

Margaret Illington has returned to New York, after completing two productions for Lasky. The first of these pictures is "Sacrifice," and the second an adaptation of Basil King's novel, "The Inner Shrine." Frank Reicher directed both productions.

Marie Cahill believes that the one way to really do something for your country is to make a big sacrifice. Accordingly, she has offered to the government, as a submarine chaser, her greatest treasure—a motor boat that can travel forty miles an hour.

The other day Polly Moran roped a steer, threw it as it lay on the ground, took it by the horns and twisted its head toward the camera. "Best bull thrower on the lot!" exclaimed Mack Sennett, when he saw it. Whereupon

Polly applied to the publicity department for a job.

Ann Ivers says she doesn't mind being slapped in the face with an open-faced pie, but since her latest picture, in which she was stuck with a fork and burned with a hot iron and had to fall over a railing on the side of a house, Red Cross work under shrapnel fire has no terrors for her.

"Skip and grow thin" is Marjorie Rambeau's advice to fat people. Miss Rambeau's morning exercise consists of skipping rope. "If women complaining about increased weight would begin with ten skips and work up to fifty a day," says she, "they would soon be rid of their troubles."

The following is a partial list of the expenses for the making of Fatty Arbuckle's "A Reckless Romeo": Three dozen dinner plates, five dozen cups and saucers, one dozen platters, five vegetable dishes, two soup tureens, sixteen bread and butter plates, twenty-five saucers and a couple of punch bowls.

Norma Talmadge's idea of paradise is a Connecticut farm, where motion picture directors and camera men are unknown quantities. As soon as she finishes work on each one of the productions she makes at her Forty-eighth Street studio, she jumps into her car and starts for the country to recuperate.

Among the various thrills in Mary Pickford's newest picture, "The Little American," will be scenes showing the sinking of the *Lusitania*. For one of these scenes a tank, measuring fifty by one hundred feet, is being built at the Lasky studio in California, in which the ballroom of the liner will sink. It is said that this feature will cost about ten thousand dollars.

Several weeks ago Tom Santschi proudly announced that he was about to give old H. C. of L. a knockout blow, by raising his own chickens in the backyard of his own home at Los Angeles. The other day, after taking inventory, he found that his chickens were as expensive to feed as an automobile, that he had expended more time and money in going through periodicals that tell how simple a matter it is to get ten eggs from ten hens daily, and

that he had gathered in just five real eggs. Tom has given up the chicken business for good.



Kathleen Kirkham has joined the American-Mutual forces and will make her appearance soon in a forthcoming William Russell production.



Vivian Reed had a birthday recently. Vivian admits she's twenty-two, doesn't care who knows it, and hopes that she looks it. She says there are too many movie actresses who refuse to grow out of their 'teens.



Georges Renavent, the young Frenchman who has been playing all winter with the French Players at the Theater Francais, New York, has signed a contract to appear under the direction of Allan Dwan at the Triangle studios in Yonkers.



While acting in a fighting scene in "Freckles," Billy Elmer was knocked against an iron girder at the side of a bridge, and his collar bone was broken. The broken bone was set by the doctor at the lumber camp where the company was making its temporary headquarters.



A swimming pool, forty feet wide, sixty feet long and ten feet deep, is being installed at the Lasky studio. It will serve the double purpose of cooling the temperaments of the stars and the fevered imaginations of the scenario writers, and will incidentally afford numerous opportunities for staging aquatic scenes.



Taylor Holmes has signed a contract with Essanay to star in the picturization of the "Efficiency Edgar" stories which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*. In announcing Mr. Holmes's engagement, nothing has been said regarding the star's salary—an unusual procedure for a publicity department.



Goldwyn Pictures Corporation is fast making good its promise that twelve completed pictures will be ready for inspection by exhibitors by September. Mae Marsh is now on her third picture, and by the date mentioned will easily have completed two more, making a total of five. By the same date Madge Kennedy will have completed two pictures, and perhaps three. Maxine Elliott has finished two and sailed for Europe. Jane Cowl will have completed two, and Mary Garden, beginning work in July, will have at least her first picture ready September 1st.

Doctor Says Nuxated Iron Will Increase Strength of Delicate People 100% in Ten Days

In many instances—Persons have suffered untold agony for years doctoring for nervous weakness, stomach, liver or kidney disease or some other ailment when their real trouble was lack of iron in the blood.—How to tell.

New York, N. Y.—In a recent discourse Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied widely both in this country and in great European medical institutions, said: "If you were to make an actual blood test on all people who are ill you would probably be greatly astonished at the exceedingly large number who lack iron and who are ill for no other reason than the lack of iron. The moment iron is supplied all their multitude of dangerous symptoms disappear. Without iron the blood at once loses the power to change food into living tissue and therefore nothing you eat does you any good; you don't get the strength out of it. Your food merely passes through your system like corn through a mill with the rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind. As a result of this continuous blood and nerve starvation, people become generally weakened, nervous and all run down and frequently develop all sorts of conditions. One is too thin; another is burdened with unhealthy fat; some are so weak they can hardly walk; some think they have dyspepsia, kidney or liver trouble; some can't sleep at night, others are sleepy and tired all day; some fussy and irritable; some skinny and bloodless, but all lack physical power and endurance. In such cases, it is worse than foolishness to take stimulating medicines or narcotic drugs, which only whip up your flagging vital powers for the moment, maybe at the expense of your life

later on. No matter what any one tells you, if you are not strong and well you owe it to yourself to make the following test. See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous run down people who were ailing all the time double, and even triple, their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of their symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form, and this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. You can talk as you please about all the new wonders wrought by new remedies, but when you come down to hard facts there is nothing like good old iron to put color in your cheeks and good sound, healthy flesh on your bones. It is also a great nerve and stomach strengthener and the best blood builder in the world. The only trouble was that the old forms of inorganic iron like tincture of iron, iron acetate, etc., often ruined people's teeth, upset their stomachs and were not assimilated and for these reasons they frequently did more harm than good. But with the discovery of the newer forms of organic iron all this has been overcome. Nuxated Iron for example, is pleasant to take, does not injure the teeth and is almost immediately beneficial."

NOTE—The manufacturers of Nuxated Iron have such unbounded confidence in its potency that they authorize the announcement that they will forfeit \$100.00 to any Charitable Institution if they cannot take any man or woman under sixty who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. Also they will refund your money in any case in which Nuxated Iron does not at least double your strength in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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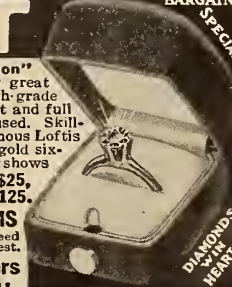
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AMERICAN QUEENS

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, CHARLES SARKA and ALONZO KIMBALL drew eight covers for Judge which attracted widespread attention. Requests from readers and subscribers poured in for copies of these pictures, and so the Judge Art Department gathered the eight prints into a flexible portfolio stitched with silk cord.

This album is now offered to the public for \$2.00.

These pictures, which attained such remarkable popularity, will be a valuable addition to any library table and they will make any walls attractive. Their appeal is not only in their individuality, but in their striking artistic merit, as a glance at the artists' names indicates. \$2.00 with the coupon below will put this album in your home.

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OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of FILM FUN. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

I wonder if you get any letters of appreciation from Ireland? I hope so, for we all like FILM FUN, and our only complaint is that, since the war, we cannot always get it at our news dealers. They tell us they cannot get them across now, because of the shortage in ships, and we miss it more than any of the others. Mrs. D. M., Dublin, Ireland.

Let me congratulate you on your excellent pictorial make-up. I find FILM FUN just the thing for a busy man who wants to keep up with the newest in pictures and who has not the time to wade through long stories of the films. I derive great pleasure from looking over the pictures in FILM FUN, and the family enjoy especially your excellent captions. Every page is good for many laughs. A Business Man, Chicago, Ill.

For the first time I have read FILM FUN and find it a captivating magazine. I was in search of a magazine that would give me information regarding photoplay plots, and I read in your column the letter signed "W. W., Denver, Col." I would like to get in touch with him. I think it would be a good idea to exchange plots with youngsters in the business, for it would save them many heartaches that come to the beginner who tries to do things the wrong way. F. Z., N. Y.

I have just read the first installment of "Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress" and believe that her articles will prove to be a safeguard to the young woman who aspires to be a motion picture actress. I am also pleased with "At Last! At Last!" written by Miss Linda Griffith. I am glad to know that the film companies recognize the fact and are endeavoring to improve matters along this line. I think FILM FUN is the best and brightest motion picture magazine of them all. E. F. H., Chenoa, Ill.

Perhaps you might be interested in knowing how eagerly we who are deep in the mud and the trenches look forward to the coming of FILM FUN. We pass it along from hand to hand. The motion pictures have been the greatest help to the soldier. And you might be surprised to know that we keep up with all the latest films. We know all the stars, and how we shout when our favorites appear at the screen shows that we see infrequently enough, although it means a great deal to us to have them provided for us at all. Trenches, Somewhere in France.

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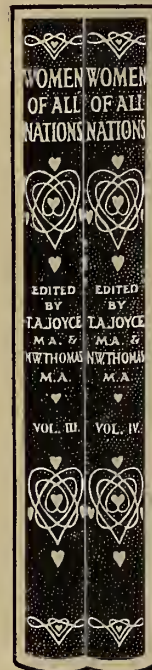
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MARGARITA FISCHER

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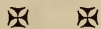
No. 341—AUGUST, 1917

Subscription by the Year, \$1.00

E D I T O R I A L S

Women at Work

THERE is perhaps no business in modern industry that offers such tempting possibilities to women as the motion picture industry. Practically all of the highest-priced stars—with few exceptions—are women. There are as many high salaries paid to women in the business end of the industry as to men. The sales department of the films are offering untold inducements and possibilities to women. Many of the high-salaried directors are women. The best of the scenarios are written by women. Women are filling executive positions that carry with them heavy responsibilities and salaries commensurate with the responsibilities. Women not only dominate the business field, but in many instances have dictated many of the policies that have resulted in radical changes for the better in the offices. There is room for more of them in the business end of the pictures. The sales departments are looking for good business women, who are capable of earning good salaries.



A Little More Funny Stuff, Please

PRODUCERS should turn their attention to special pictures for soldiers during this war crisis. Motion pictures for the soldiers, according to those who have been through the grind of camp training and trench warfare, have done more to assuage homesickness, trench ailments and the deadly suspense of the waiting from day to day than any other war movement.

But they are fed up on scenes of carnage. Soldiers—and civilians, as well—have had about all the scenes of blood and thunder that they can stand. At this time, when we are face to face with a most serious condition, we need more pictures of simple interest and humor. A soldier cannot have too much comedy. They need it for the nec-

essary high light to their background of constant hardship and danger. Even slapstick comedy has its place just now. It might be a wonderful service for the country if the producers would lay off the sob stuff and the war stuff and turn us out just some natural, wholesome, genuinely funny screen stories. We may not feel like laughing just now, those of us who are bidding good-bye to our loved ones and those of us who are donning the khaki to go across—but we need something besides the harrowing sort of screen fare that the producers insist on dishing up.



The Danger

THE motion picture theater is operated solely for profit. Touch the exhibitor through the box-office values, and you have struck at a tender point of his mental anatomy. To do him justice, the exhibitor is usually as willing to offer the public the better class of pictures, provided it will pay him. The better pictures cost more money. He can find plenty of cheap, flashy pictures for a cheap rental.

The picture theater is essentially democratic. Every seat in the house has a stated price. Your dime will secure for you the best seat in the place, if you are there in time to get into it before the rush. You may rub elbows with a millionaire or a laborer; but if you are a real picture fan, you enjoy the picture just as much as they do. For if you did not care for pictures, you would not separate yourself from a dime to see them.

The chief danger of the pictures is that they are not entirely good or entirely bad. A picture that may have very bad points is apt to be balanced by an equal number of good ones. There is a class of exhibitor who insists that his patrons want "ginger" in their pictures. A bit of "ginger" adds zest, perhaps, but not when it is merely added to conceal filth.

Captivating Carmens



FOX

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

Valeska Suratt sticks her hands in her pockets, puts an apple into her mouth, and prepares to vamp a few bulls.



MUTUAL

We've always wondered where the song writers of the "popular" variety got their ideas, but now we know. This picture of Helen Holmes, for instance, might easily suggest something like "Oh, Lucky Rose!"



INCE-TRIANGLE

Spanish ladies are supposed to have dangerous temperaments, but we think we'd take a chance on Olive Thomas when she puckers up her lips like this—though, of course, she *may* be only whistling the national air of sunny Spain. What is the national air of Spain? Why, everybody knows that the onions come from there!



McCLURE

SHIRLEY MASON

**Knows that in order to keep fit to work during these warm days, you've got to keep happy—
modesty forbids us to say more.**

Starlets



BALBOA

Leon Purdue, who plays with Gloria Joy, has the distinction of being the only little colored boy in the pictures.



BALBOA

Even when they're as young as Gloria Joy, they seem to know that a bathing suit and a pose like this is a sure winner every time.



FOX

Although Kittens Reichert is a full-fledged star, she does not consider it undignified to play with dolls. Kittens, you see, puts her children through a course in the use of cosmetics, so that, if they ever get into the pictures, they'll know all about it.



MUTUAL

Helen Holmes has adopted this baby and is bringing it up as her very own. Like its proud "parent," this youngster is decidedly up to date and insisted on being snapped in these new spring model overalls. Baby Holmes is wondering what has become of the "pretty birdie."

How's the Luck?



MACK SENNETT-KEYSTONE

Some enterprising young fish tried to walk off with Maud George's boot, but she caught him before he got away with it.



MACK SENNETT-KEYSTONE

Marie Prevost, in the background, looks on while Ethel Teare plays with her catch. Ethel knows perfectly well that she can have him if she wants him.



THANHOUSER

One look at Peggy Burke, and you have the answer to "Why is a flying fish?" It would have to be a mighty slow one to be willing to stay in the water while Peggy was around.



FOX

June Caprice's near-catch has eaten all the bait and hurried off to tell his friends something quite new in the way of "star-fish—blond and very nifty."



MAYFAIR

Peggy Hyland and William Davidson, in "Persuasive Peggy."

They Missed It

By A. WALTER UTTING

THREE Cæsar brushed aside the crown
 With which the Romans sought to don him,
 And thrice the mighty one fought down
 The honors that were thrust upon him.
 He was the fluffy boy—some guy!
 Worth emulating, too. But, say,
 Think you I'd be J. C.? Not I!
 He never saw a picture play.

Young Alexander—he who sighed
 Because more worlds he could not shatter—
 Was quite some hero, true and tried;
 But, after all, what does that matter?
 He had his share of comes-an'-goes,
 And while he lived, his life was gay;
 But all too soon came Alex's close—
 He never saw a picture play.

I worship Shakespeare—who does not?
 Old Horace has me genuflecting.
 Who apes the Chaucer polyglot,
 I argue, is quite too perplexing.
 I grant the flimsy bay of Fame
 To these—the lasting, broad-brimmed bay;
 But this they lacked, with Time to blame—
 They never saw a picture play.



Now, get me right—I stretch my hands
 To kindred folk beyond the waters;
 Fair are the fields in other lands,
 Fair are the sons, and fair the daughters.
 But all of those whose names you've read
 Are quite as dead as, were I they,
 I, too, like them, would now be dead
 And could not see a picture play.

A Study in Expressions



VICTOR

Billy Mason's expression means, "When in doubt, and there's a cactus plant in the vicinity, always stand," while Marcia Moore's means that a girl doesn't *always* tell all she knows.—Scene from "A Box of Tricks."



MUTUAL

Of course a mere man, with nothing to do but take his clothes off and put 'em on again, can't be expected to appreciate the hardships undergone by "A Vanquished Flirt."



PATHE

Gladys Hulette, "The Candy Girl," just laughs, while her young friend's expression means that what he thinks about girls wouldn't bear telling.



MUTUAL-HORKHEIMER

Weary Willie's expression spells "Contentment"—he knows there's not a knife made that he can't juggle. Jackie Saunders is good to the "boes" but she is frequently astonished at their capacity.

Helping Mr. Hoover



VOGUE

Ben Turpin is so busy trying to learn how to raise "Poultry a la Mode" that he doesn't realize that, like most men who try to be useful around the house, he has put his foot in it. However, he is in a fair way to learn that dough is not so scarce as he thought it was.



STRAND-MUTUAL

Billie Rhodes believes that the best way to make a man eat less is to feed him yourself; but we know lots of men who wouldn't agree with her—for instance, this one in "And In Walked Uncle."



VITAGRAPH

This ought to be a good opening for the now-you-see-it-now-you-don't type of magician. For instance, what could be easier than for such a person to take a plain loaf of bread, say "Hocus-pocus" to it, and bring out a nice, roasted chicken? Anita Stewart, in "The Glory of Yolanda," believes in it fully.

Solve the Food Problem



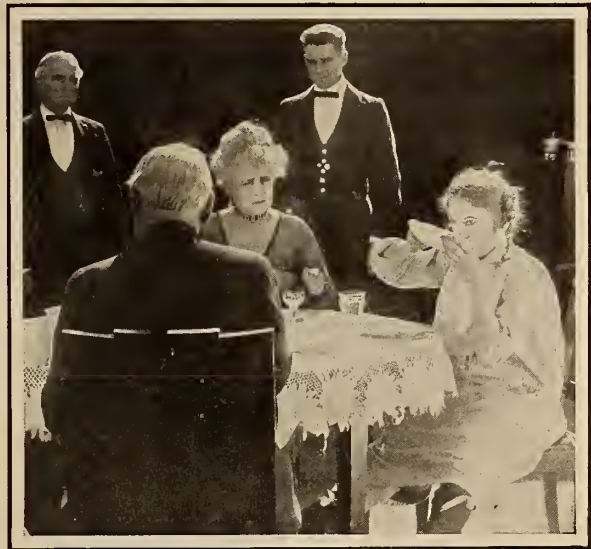
MUTUAL-STRAND

Always discourage "Third Parties" like this one in "Her Hero"—it will be a great saving.



RED FEATHER

This picture, from "The War of the Tongs," might furnish somebody with a bright idea. It would be a good stunt to try Chinese eating for a while. The Chinese live on next to nothing a year, and rice is very nourishing.



MUTUAL-STAR

Jackie Saunders, as "The Wildcat," wastes nothing.



FOX

June Caprice realizes that it is difficult to persuade youngsters that they gain nourishment from the food that goes into their mouths, *not* from what they put on their faces.—Scene from "The Ragged Princess."

Bits From Here and There



INCE-TRIANGLE

This photograph of William S. Hart was taken just before he started on his tour of the United States—not that this had any connection with his going, of course.



BALBOA

Kathleen Clifford learning how to hit a nail (not her own), under the eye of Stage Manager John Wyse.



MUTUAL

Mary Miles Minter shows a staff artist how to do his job. This was the most we could manage to get in of the artist.



FOX

June Caprice, as "Patsy," must have had a rough journey down, judging from the condition of her clothes when she reached bottom. June believes that woman's place is *not* in fluffy, ruffy gowns. "Never walk downstairs when you can slide," says she, "and never dress up when you don't have to." And she doesn't. What Miss Caprice is wearing evidently started out to be overalls, but they'd hardly answer that description right now. However, they're very becoming, which was probably what they were originally intended for.

Veta Searl Tells About a Cat-astrophe



TRIANGLE-YONKERS

Veta Searl looks very much like a little brown kitten herself, when she curls up in a suitcase; but Miss Searl, we are sure, has "never scratched yet."

VETA SEARL, a pocket edition of a pretty girl, wandered into our editorial sanctum the other day for a chat. Miss Searl frequently comes in, in her friendly little fashion, and when she does, every young man in the place drops whatever he may happen to be doing and develops an astounding zeal for delivering messages and finding bits of business to be done near where she is sitting.

"Speaking of cats," began little Miss Veta on this particular day—of course, we weren't, but she may have been thinking of some *very* dear friend at the time—"speaking of cats, let me tell you about my experiences in acting for my newest picture at the Triangle-Yonkers studio. During the picture I was supposed to be married to a nice young man, and instead of being old-fashioned and throwing the proverbial rice and old shoes at the bride, the director decided that the action demanded black cats instead, as the story had to do with superstition.

Accordingly an ad was sent out for all kinds of black cats to be brought to the studio, the offer being that sixty cents would be paid for each cat. The following morning, bright and early, there was a mob of youngsters outside the door, each one with a protesting black cat in his arms, and

some with two and three. Of course, the director asked no questions, but welcomed the cats and fixed up accommodations for them. That afternoon the papers came out announcing: 'Mrs. Smith's pet cat has been lost, strayed or stolen. Finder please return to —.' 'Mrs. Jones misses her pet cat.' 'Mrs. Brown offers a reward for her kitten,' and so on. That town had been wiped as clean of cats as though it had been struck by a hurricane.

"There was one darling little kitten that we were crazy to use, but it was gray. So we took some stove-black and painted it. Everything was all right until that kitten started taking its morning bath—and then it liked the taste of our stove-black so well that it licked every bit off. For four days they kept those hundred cats there in the studio, until we were ready to 'shoot' the wedding scene, with everybody in the place kept busy

feeding them liver and milk. And for those four days you didn't meet one black cat on the streets of Yonkers. I used to love cats, but now, when I see one, I'm so afraid it's one of those we used, and that someone will yell 'Stop thief!' if I'm seen talking to it, that I let them all severely alone and say nothing."

Comparison

By DIXON MERRITT

He told of his loves of the stage,
Why they got him; 'twasn't beauty nor age—

"Theda Bara I love

All the others above.

With Geraldine Farrar

Compare her!

Geraldine—I admit she is Farrar;

But Theda—oh, Theda is Bara!"



PALLAS-PARAMOUNT

GEORGE BEBAN

Who gives us one more reason to have a soft spot for our Italian allies, as he appears in "A Roadside Impresario."

Two's Company—Three's a Regiment!



VICTOR

"It Happened in Room 7," but our artist cut out Friend Wife, to make this picture fit on the page.



MUTUAL

We don't know just which one constitutes the "crowd" here—the kitten or the man behind the hedge. At any rate, if "Shorty Goes to College," Shorty Hamilton ought to know better spots than this one. We have never gone to college, and—oh, well!



UNIVERSAL

There was another man here, but we cut him out, too, to boost along "The Birth of Patriotism."



TRIANGLE-KAY BEE

Dorothy Dalton isn't accustomed to this, even when the other woman is Enid Markey, and if you know anything about "The Female of the Species," you know it's going pretty hard with Harold Hickman.

Milady's Midsummer Millinery



FOX

Virginia Pearson's newest hat is of the type known as "garden"—tasty, expensive and hard to get.



GOLDWYN

Mae Marsh can afford to smile; she knows that any hat she wears will be becoming. Miss Marsh likes her hats thin; they're cooler, and one doesn't mind a bit of sun now and then, anyway.



ARTCRAFT

Anna Nilsson sees no reason why one can't combine furs with a midsummer bonnet.

Why Walk?



MOROSCO

Kathlyn Williams believes in preparedness—therefore she is busy with her oil can, getting ready for a trip into the country.

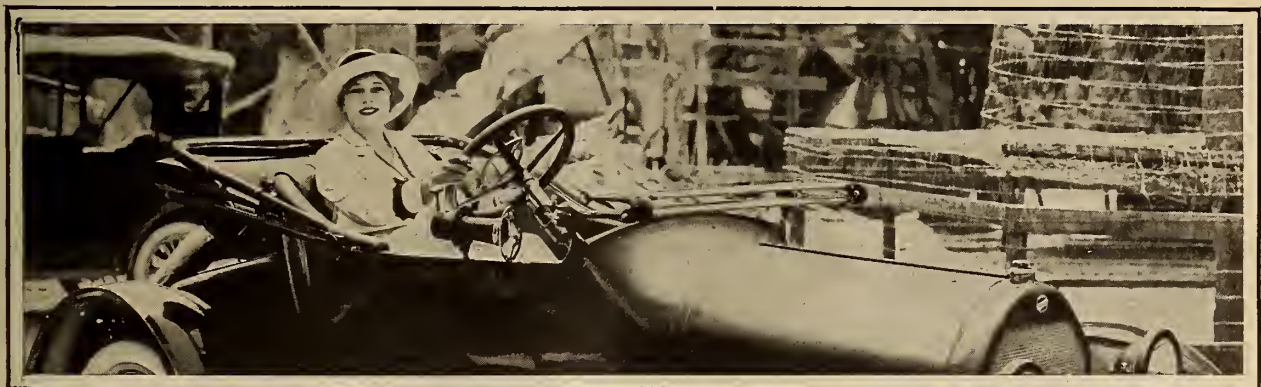


BALBOA

Ruth Roland designed this sedan of robin's-egg blue herself.



Jackie Saunders is "in bad" with the traffic cop, who finds it difficult to do his duty.



FOX

Violet Horner has to keep close watch on her car—it's inclined to be a "runabout."



FOX
Virginia Pearson tells Glen White "The War Bride's Secret"—how to coax an onion out of the cold ground.



HORKHEIMER-MUTUAL
Jackie Saunders loves to work in her war garden. It gives her a chance to wear her nifty overalls. "I like the tomatoes and radishes," says Jackie, "but the nasty potatoes always wink their eyes at me."



AMERICAN
Anna Little confiding to friend that you never can trust these horrid chickens.



AMERICAN-MUTUAL
"Don't be a slacker," says Mary Miles Minter. "Show your arms when the enemy approaches—especially if it's a man."



PATHE
Gladys Leslie, who has recently become a war bride, is gentle, yet strong.



Valentine Grant's garden is continually feeling "seedy," despite its owner's sunny smile.



"My Orphan," finds that if you sit up with a cow and talk to it she will give you much more milk.



Violet De Biccari knows that she planted *something, somewhere*, but she just can't remember where or what.

FARMERETTES



FOX

Virginia Pearson tells Glen White "The War Bride's Secret"—how to coax an onion out of the cold ground.



HORKHEIMER-MUTUAL

Jackie Saunders loves to work in her war garden. It gives her a chance to wear her nifty overalls. "I like the tomatoes and radishes," says Jackie, "but the nasty potatoes always wink their eyes at me."



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Anna Little confiding to a friend that you never can trust these horrid chickens.



Valentine Grant's garden is continually feeling "seedy," despite its owner's sunny smile.



Violet De Biccari knows that she planted something, somewhere, but she just can't remember where or what.



AMERICAN-MUTUAL

"Don't be a slacker," says Mary Miles Minter. "Show your arms when the enemy approaches—especially if it's a man."



PATHE

Gladys Leslie, who has recently become "An Amateur Orphan," finds that if you sit up with a cow and talk to it gently, you can induce it to give much more milk.

Acting in the Pictures

By JOHN RUSSELL



JACKSONVILLE, without a job, without money, on the first of January. That's me.

I was not a hobo, but temporarily I had joined the band of hoboes, cripples and pretenders who spend the winter months in the South, where they need work but little to secure the necessities of life. The Jacksonville Times-Union maintains a free "Position

Wanted" column for all comers. From day to day I scanned this column and tried for all the jobs it offered. I was willing to be a dishwasher, waiter, Ford mechanic, sewer digger or night watch; but on arrival at the places found long lines waiting and no chance of a job. I was mighty glad to graft a chunk of bread from a yacht or a plate of beans from a schooner's galley.

One Monday morning I glanced down the column, but stopped further search after reading: "Wanted—One thousand men for pictures. Apply next door to M— Hotel."

I was there in two jumps and found about the entire thousand already assembled. It was a motley crew. Some of the men were just out of jail for freight jumping in New Orleans, and some for other reasons. There were representatives from every State in the Union in that crowd, but I do not think that the States would point at any one of them with pride. Near the door was a cripple, groaning and trying to get to the door to have first chance because of his misfortune; but no one paid any attention to him. It was a survival of the fittest.

The manager was greeted with wild cheers when he haughtily walked out of the hotel and prepared to unlock the door. It had a big plate of glass in it, and as the crowd surged and pushed in after him, there was a loud crash, a thousand tinkles, and the job hunters pushed through the place where the glass had been and crowded around the manager expectantly. He gave us an icy look.

"Outside!" he said. "No slips issued until every man-jack is outside that door!"

When we were again in the street, we had orders to advance two at a time. The manager wrote down our names and the name of the one to whom we were to report—and the job was assured. When I had my slip, I went outside

to sit on the curb with the other bums and talk about the war. We were all sure the world was going to the dogs. I am usually optimistic, but my empty stomach had me going at a most pessimistic gait.

At eleven o'clock the mob was organized for business, and we started for the outskirts of the city, escorted

by the night force of cops, who had had their palms crossed with silver to act in the scene. A general order was given to pick up a brick and have it ready. I had three. When we came to a corner and were halted to listen to a talk from the camera man as to our duties, we were told to drop the bricks, and they hit the ground with a crash like thunder. I wondered how the Jacksonville roads committee would like the job of picking them up again.

"Now, men," bellowed the assistant, "a man owns this mill. He is your employer and has wronged you frightfully. Burn the building. There is a vat of kerosene over there. Get ready. When you have set the old trap on fire, go back and get your bricks and get ready for action."

There was a grand rush for the kerosene, the cripple leaping and jumping along with his crutch, about three feet ahead of anybody else. With flaming torches we went for the building and burned it with neatness and dispatch. The mob was orderly and easily handled. We yelled with excitement and joy as a great mass of flames began belching from the windows, and then we rushed for the bricks. Everybody was well behaved—we obeyed every order, and then marched back to the office for our pay.

This was one dollar per each. I never could tell you what that dollar meant to me. The way we spent our day's pay would be a story in itself. It was too precious to spend for mere lodging, so, after investing in food that meant quantity rather than quality, I hoarded the remainder of my treasure and retired to my bedroom, which was a quiet, grassy plot under a boardwalk. I was too tired to notice the sand that sifted down as people walked over my chamber and fell asleep quickly, reveling in the thought of another day's work. It didn't take me long to dress the next morning, either, and get my yellow slip.

This time we went out to the negro quarters—a narrow, ill-smelling street, lined thickly on both sides with small, two-roomed houses. This was to be the setting for our next act. The director had numerous signs, bearing the legends of "Smallpox," "Scarlet fever," and so forth, placed about in conspicuous places. This worried a soup-bespattered and rotund gentleman, who addressed me as "Say, dere, leader of de gang," and asked me earnestly if he could be let off. He said "he didn't want to ketch none o' dem goimes." The directions from the assistant spared my answer. He ordered us to look angry and hide in the alleys and get a stick or a bottle to wave.





A grand shout of approval greeted this announcement. A number of the gentlemen produced bottles from their hip pockets that made good weapons when properly drained. This the owners proceeded to do. We all looked too happy, and the assistant angrily ordered us to look mad. A fat negress had issued forth to the frail balcony in front of her home

to gaze at the picture. We amused her. She laughed heartily and rocked in unison. The combined force broke down the chair on which she sat. She plunged straight on down through the floor of the balcony. I ask you—who could remain angry while watching a portly colored woman breaking the balcony off her own house? She rose up from the ruins in majestic wrath, while the camera clicked, the assistant swore, and we roared.

We went at it again and trained ourselves into an angry mob. We pursued the hero and heroine to the queen's taste, as they sped away to enter an auto, according to the scenario as written. But just as the mob came up with them, the police stretched a rope across the road, and above the noise of pounding feet rose a half-laughing cry, "Kill the cops!"

From time immemorial a crowd has been swayed by a single word. No one knew why they were ordered to kill the cops, but it was a job to their taste, and they went at it with a right good will. The long tails of the uniforms were very convenient. With a tail in each hand and a little forcible persuasion, they split up the back in a lovely and satisfactory fashion. The policemen were in for it, and they used their clubs with splendid effect. It ended in a draw, with three policemen piled up against the fence, unconscious. We had lost only one. The general opinion as we went back was enthusiastic. We seemed to feel that the fight had been "swell."

The assistant was weary, but tried us once more. This time he explained that the scenario called for the complete destruction of a building. We were to arm ourselves with bricks again and bombard the building. This pleased us all, for everybody likes to break things, if he doesn't have to pay any damage later. There was mighty little glass or furniture left after we got through the job. We enjoyed this part of it immensely and were interested when the assistant told us we were through for the day. We expected another dollar, you see.

"Now, men," said the paymaster, when he was surrounded by the mob waving their yellow slips, "we are not going to pay you till to-morrow!"

"Oh, yes, you are!" "Lynch him!" "I gotta catch a freight out to-night!" "They are trying to skin us—skin game!" and similar outcries rather startled him. He had been present at the police fight and



knew what we could do in that line.

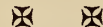
"I haven't the money with me, boys"—he began.

"Then we'll go to the office with you," yelled the crowd, and seizing him by the shoulders, the mob started off for town. Somebody telephoned ahead, and when we reached the hotel with our yellow slips and our hostage, we found the police waiting for us. Even the chief of police was there, talking to the manager.

"If you don't pay 'em, you won't have much left of your paymaster," suggested the chief coldly.

And so they paid us. It took them until eight o'clock to get rid of us all.

So ended my experience in the pictures. The next day I got a regular job. But I learned a valuable lesson, and I'll pass it on for the benefit of the public. Never try acting in the pictures unless you have some capital to start with. Mighty few men can keep happy and healthy on the few dollars a week that I earned during my first and last week in the pictures.



Death

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

'Neath the Southern Cross, on a sun-cursed isle, in the heart of the tropic sea, we were cast alone, you and I, my own, when our ship went down on the lee! Starvation came, and I watched you die, and I buried you where you lay! Ah, it was to be—I was saved, you see, but I buried my heart that day in the lonely grave by the coral strand near the surge of the dashing spray!

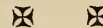
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But we met again and we loved once more, in a land 'neath the arctic sky, where we delved for gold in the Klondike cold, as we dreamed of joys 'twould buy. So we worked and we loved, and we made our plans, but the Reaper grim said "No!"—and you wept forlorn o'er my body torn by a blast in the mine, you know! So I died, sweetheart, with your hand in mine, in the land of the ice and snow!

* * * * *

We met once more, and again we loved, and the skies of our love were blue, till your dad grew stern while he bade you spurn all the love that I held for you. You were an heiress, your chauffeur I, but we laughed at the social bar! We eloped one day in the usual way, but before we had traveled far, the machine was wrecked and we both found death in the mass of the shattered car!

Evolution? Well, hardly that! Nor is it a dream of dope. The explanation is simple, quite; you'll understand, I hope. These are but scenes from three new plays we are making, Mr. Fan—the girl is a motion picture star, and I am her leading man!



Scenario writer—I wonder where I can find an example of a "bust" scene?

Movie director—Why don't you visit the opera?



A Film Fun Frappe



FOX

Don't ask us what William Farnum is saying to Gladys Brockwell, because we don't know. We thought that just looking at this picture might help you to forget that it's eighty in the shade and—you know the rest.



WORLD

We may have a nasty disposition, but our one satisfaction is that, despite this scene from "The Crucial Test," Kitty Gordon is probably just as uncomfortably warm as we are right now.

How to Keep Cool by Proxy



VITAGRAPH

Take a good look at this scene from "The Fathers of Men" Stop mopping your brow. Concentrate, now. Don't you feel cooler? Aren't you just shivering? No? Well, we couldn't make it work on ourselves, either.



WHARTON

Just supposing that you were Doris Kenyon and that this bit of "The Great White Trail" was a mountain of vanilla ice cream, and that you had to eat your way out. Whew!



WORLD

This chap is probably trying to shoot a snowflake, to take it back with him and show the folks in town there really is such an animal.
—Scene from "Human Driftwood."

Laugh and Keep Cool



KLEVER PICTURES

Victor Moore, in "Bungalowing," an amusing comedy with a universal appeal, falls for one of those "dollar-down-and-dollar-when-you-can-catch-'em" schemes, and finds that life in the country isn't all the prospectus cracks it up to be.



FOX

Hank Mann and Peggy Prevost, in a scene from "His Final Blowout." A stranger coming to town supplants Hank in the affections of his girl, but Hank manages to turn the tables on him in a novel manner.

how, the audiences came to see the films unrolled, and told their friends to come, too, and the regular theaters that were not doing first-class work became lonelier and lonelier, and many of them did not see the light till they had to put their own lights out.

But the critics die hard. They have been driven from trench to trench, but are still digging newer (if much shallower) holes in the ground. The films became too good to be ignored, but they could still be kept in a separate pen and noticed under a subordinate heading among the dramatic news, and you could always smile a little disdainfully when they were mentioned.

Those who chose could soon say, "The movies? But why not save up your money till you can go to THE OPERA?" And not everyone replied, as did a little friend of mine, "What foolishness! If it cost five dollars to go to the movies and ten cents to go to the opera, you would save up to go to the movies!"

And now—what's the answer?

Why, the critics (with honorable exceptions, of course) have not had the brains to see that this is a new art, not only in its mechanical but in its esthetic side. It is a combination between the oldest dramatic art—pantomime—and literature. It is not the drama (so called), for that is a mixture of pantomime or action and oratory. By using the picture instead of human agency, this new art also admits of a whole new series of effects impossible to the stage, and so involving a technique unknown in old dramas, and only now in process of creation in the hands and the brains of a new sort of artists.

I have made a partial list of these, but it is a growing list and needs constant additions. Just for examples, let me mention the close-ups that make small items and minor

actions a strong portion of the film plays; or the vista scenes that in their rapid changes have made scene backgrounds lifeless; or the transformations that make magic real and the imagination a creator of realities instead of dreams; or the throw-in scenes that put on the screen the inner thoughts of a character.

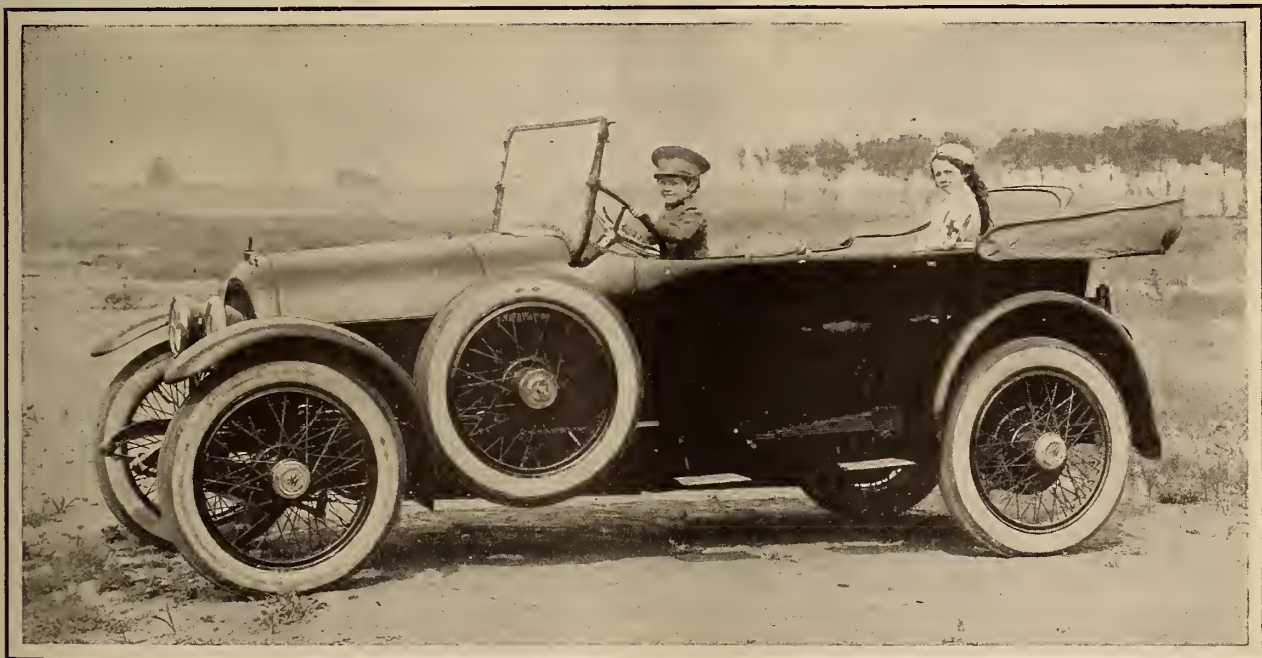
But what is the use? It is in vain to preach to deaf ears. An old story is permissible when it illustrates a point. So let us recall the old countryman's remark after a careful study of the kangaroo in the menagerie: "H—! There *ain't* no such animal!"

Of course, he was wrong; and the critics are wrong in the same way. There *is* such an animal, but it is new to the critics.

They expect its legs to be even, and they are uneven; they expect it to run, and it jumps; it has a big, fat tail, when they expected a bob; and its head is small, where they expected—something else.

Meanwhile, in spite of the critical disquisitions that the movies are—only what they are, the makers of film pictures and plays keep on giving an appreciative public a form of entertainment, a kind of instruction, a vehicle for causing emotions, a means of waking and satisfying the imagination and arousing sympathies. And they keep their hold on the people by charging them something less than a week's wages for a two hours' recreation.

Still, "what is the use of a baby," unless we all encourage it to grow to its full power of development? And we may respectfully ask these well-meaning friends, whether constant fault-finding or perpetual detraction seems called for toward a new and delightful art and one promising endless development. Hitch your wagon to a star, dear critic. The one-hoss chaise is out of date.



FOX

N. LAZARNICK PHOTO

Jane and Katherine won first prize at the Automobile Fashion Show, at the Sheepshead Bay Speedway, in this Willys-Knight eight-cylinder sporting touring car. The Lee kids got a \$200 Liberty bond and the Willys-Knight Company a blue ribbon.

Comments of a Free Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH



IN THREE of New York's Broadway theaters, located within a stone's throw of one another, there are being shown at this writing three photoplays widely different in character. These three photoplays are interesting not alone in themselves, but also because of the patronage that each draws to its respective theater. One of the three is Benjamin Chapin's Lincoln Cycle, a historical, educational film, depicting scenes in the life of Abraham Lincoln. This photoplay is nightly packing the theater. The audiences embrace not only the typical "movie fan," but professors, ministers, children and that

large class of people who like "fine" things, but who prefer a quiet evening at home rather than to spend it seeing Theda Bara "vamp."

Across the street and downtown a few squares from the theater showing the Lincoln Cycle is to be seen "Christus," a photoplay portraying scenes in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. It is a film that at least could do none of us harm to see, especially in this day of a world war, when it seems at times as if the white race were doomed to bleed to death. The story and the lesson of the Man of Peace, even if told on the screen of a motion picture theater, might be well heeded. But there are many vacant seats at the Criterion.

In between the theater showing the Lincoln Cycle and the one showing "Christus" is a playhouse displaying a film called "Redemption," with Evelyn Nesbit and her son, Russell Thaw. The star, once associated with one of the most shocking crimes in the history of New York City, would no doubt never have been given a chance to demonstrate whether she had a right to a measure of fame—possibly would never have been seen on a motion picture screen—had it not been for the notoriety in which she was once enveloped. But to this theater the crowds are flocking. Why?

A few words in detail as to these three pictures. First, the Chapin film. In the seven years that I have been seeing motion pictures there have been few that I have cared to see twice. I could count on the fingers of one hand those I have witnessed, from choice, more than once. I have no desire to be credited with the statement that there have been only five really fine pictures since the photoplay became an integral part of our modern, American, everyday life, for we have had many splendid ones. I attended the pre-view of the first part of the Lincoln Cycle some few weeks ago and came from the theater with a sense of having seen something very different from anything I had ever seen on a screen before. I was so profoundly touched that I wondered if I had been cherishing some mood which gave such harmonious and complete response to the underlying sentiment of the production. My second viewing of the picture—seeing it "cold," as it were—convinces me that

Benjamin Chapin has done a great thing in giving the public this photoplay, conceived and executed in a masterly way.

Mr. Chapin looks like Lincoln, and he knows his Lincoln. I understand that he has given twenty years of his life to the study of the martyred President. He has written of Lincoln. He has acted Lincoln in a drama on Lincoln's life that he himself wrote. He has transferred to the screen, impressively and reverently, the life of the man who, more than any of our great men, touches the heart of every true American. For we all love Lincoln, while we respect and honor Washington.

The scenes in the poor log-cabin home of the Lincolns are touching in the extreme. The uncouth father, Tom Lincoln—uncouth to look at, but with a big, gentle heart—the spiritual mother, and Abe as the boy, lovable and irresistible, are as fine characterizations as have ever been seen on the screen. Mr. Chapin has stamped his picture with sincerity, dignity, humanness and simplicity. Even the men in the audience were not ashamed of their tears. If Mr. De Mille, Mr. Jesse Lasky and Miss Geraldine Farrar understood a little of this abiding quality of simplicity that goes with the truly great and cared to present history truthfully, they could have made a great picture of even the absurd photoplay, "Joan the Woman." Many producers have much to learn from Mr. Chapin's Lincoln Cycle. Some benevolent and patriotic citizen of means should see that every child has an opportunity to view this picture revealing the inner life of our greatest President, for the picture will help to instill more genuine patriotism than millions of yards of red, white and blue bunting and waving banners.

Articles on "the Thaw case" have used up as much printers' ink as they should—and more than they should. From a psychological standpoint only, the case has its points of interest. I attended the Globe Theater at the initial presentation of "Redemption." The first thing that interested me was the audience. Audiences always are interesting, but this one was particularly so. One might surely expect to see on such an occasion a rush for seats by many that might be classed as among the "undesirable," but it was of vital interest that there were few of that class. Plainly to be seen among the conglomerate audience were thrifty housewives, the domestic suburbanite, long-haired ministers and proper husbands with their as proper wives. Outside at the box office stood a long line of people waiting. I asked myself, Why this vogue of the Thaw? Miss Nesbit, the former Mrs. Harry Thaw, has been seen in vaudeville sufficiently to have had the edge taken off the people's curiosity. She has been conspicuously before the public on and off for over ten years. Tragedy and time have placed their tax upon her beauty. As a dancer in vaudeville she met with indifferent success. Therefore, it is not entirely a morbid interest in her past notoriety, it is not remaining beauty of face or form or peculiar talent that brings the people. Miss Nesbit has been quietly

working, and working hard. The thought came to me, Is a sympathetic public, always ready to help the unfortunate, trying to help her find herself and gain for herself a recognized and well-earned place, where she may be judged on merit alone? I should like to think so.

As a motion picture actress Miss Nesbit is most satisfactory. Her work has repose and a surprising amount of genuine suppressed emotion. In all the seven reels of the picture she did absolutely nothing that was not in good taste. Her little son, who appears with her in the film, also has the fine poise of his mother—rather a remarkable degree of it in a child so young. We wish Miss Nesbit had had a better story. It was a long-drawn-out, weary tale, comprising parts of her strange and tragic experiences. Given a good story and a good director, Miss Nesbit will hold her own with the best of the motion picture stars.

And isn't it strange that at the same moment of the Thaw revival, and only a few steps from the crowded theater, is to be seen "Christus," telling the beautiful story of the Leader of mankind, and to houses practically empty? The picture is impressive. Beautiful reproductions from the old masters are introduced in the story, and actual places in the Holy Land where this Bible story is located are shown in the film. All this should be of great interest. To see the Baptism in the River Jordan and Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee, and to know that one is really looking upon living representations of these incidents, was to me worth the price of admission.

Whether we believe in the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth or not matters little. We must all agree, if we have studied His life, that He was at least the most scientific man that ever trod the earth. It is always a delicate matter to portray, either on screen or stage, the life of heroes such as our own Washington or Lincoln. I prefer to think the reason "Christus" is not better patronized is that the subject is too sacred for the screen and the presentation to some possibly seems irreverent. I prefer to think this rather than to feel it is a matter of indifference on the part of the public to the words and story of humanity's greatest teacher of ethics.

All that Mary Pickford lacks in dramatic ability she supplies by her winsome personality, and the one dominant note of that personality has always been its appealingness and purity. What we calmly accept from Miss Pickford, we as calmly are ready to hang Theda Bara for. Nevertheless, it is rather distasteful and jarring to one's sense of the niceness of things to see Miss Pickford in the role provided for her in "A Romance of the Redwoods." Of course, we know she could visit, in a photoplay, 'most any den of iniquity, and no matter how near the sin and debauchery obtaining there, she would not be touched by it. But, however innocent her "motion picture soul" may be, it surely is not ignorant of the realities of life, and so we wish she wouldn't be given stories in which she is asked to fall in love with such a worthless specimen of humanity as is impersonated in the character portrayed by Elliott Dexter. The authors of the scenario might at least have dragged in the conventional and shown the would-be hero

in a scene or two where he did an act of heroism, a touching scene with a child or even a dumb animal—just some little bit to show he had the makings of a man in him, no matter how deeply buried his manhood might have been; but the character has not one redeeming feature. Motion picture heroines, even the most fragile and soulful, have always apparently had a soft spot in their hearts for the cave-man type. But when our virtuous heroines of the screen presume, for no reason in God's world, to fall in love with these motion picture representations of our aboriginal antecedents, we want to catch at least a glimpse of the sparkle that 'tis said shines in the roughest diamond. "A Romance of the Redwoods" certainly breathes a most immoral atmosphere. Probably we should be thankful that our motion picture audiences are not more analytical than they are. But the Board of Censors might well be.

It must hurt those who knew and loved Ethel Barrymore in the days when she played "Sunday," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" and "Cousin Kate" to see her on the screen. It surely hurts those of us who knew her only in later years. Why does this maturing matron, with a fine and growing family, want to be a motion picture actress? It fills one with despair to view her on the screen. Seeing her real self in "The 12 Pound Look" at the Empire Theater and her shadow self on the screen of the Rialto, as was possible, revealed that success in the art of the stage does not mean the same success as a motion picture star. Please, Miss Barrymore, help us to keep the little place in our hearts that you won by your fine work on the stage. Don't kill even the memory of the good things you have done by appearing in photoplays. They don't fit you, and you don't fit them. If Charles Chaplin, young and at the height of his success and essentially of the screen, can turn his back on extravagantly profitable motion picture contracts and go and fight for his country, surely Miss Barrymore should be able to resist the lure of the remunerative motion picture. If she would only let us see her oftener in the spoken drama and seldom on the screen, how much happier we all would be!

Why does a scribe in the *New York Times*, in writing of the boon the photoplay has been and is during the summer months to managers of theaters devoted to the spoken drama, say that, after accepting \$3,000 a week as rent during these summer months, all that it is necessary to do after the "movie horde" has departed in the fall is to fumigate the theater? It has not been perceptible to me that the two-dollar theater devoted to the housing of a photoplay became any more smelly than when it sheltered three or more acts of spoken drama. There have been times when I have been uncomfortable and not altogether happy seeing the legitimate drama in an expensive orchestra chair. And on these occasions I have often been sorry that I did not bring either my smelling salts bottle or a match and a stick of Chinese punk. But, after all, the manager might well afford the expense of a proper fumigation when the offensive "movie horde" departs, after taking in \$3,000 rent on the photoplay he so kindly domiciles in his theater during the dull "dog day" season.



The official movie man (in a warm corner)—Aw, for heaven's sake register hate, some of you!

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S REGRET

NOW I wish I had the money I have wasted!
 I can see, too late, how foolishly it went.
 Oh, the few and fleeting pleasures I have tasted
 Haven't been enough to pay for what I've spent.

"Spend your money like a prince," may sound alluring,
 But a prince is pretty certain of his job.
 There's no chance he'll have to stand what I'm enduring
 With the florist and the tailor raising hob.

When a fellow gets his envelope, its showing
 Makes him fondly dream he'll lay aside a bit;
 But the next he knows he's at his foolish blowing
 Like a drunken sailor in a lavish fit.

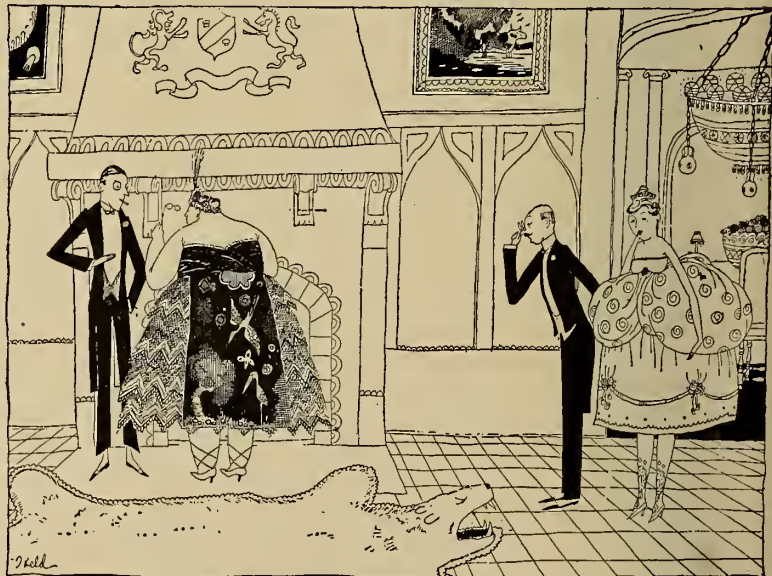
For an hour or more I've sat and idly pondered
 On the goodly cash blown in for vanished joys.
 How I wish I had the money I have squandered!
 I would do the town this evening with the boys!
 —Walter G. Doty.

The Other Angle

"My fourth boy, Coonrod,—” began Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark.

"But, looky yur, Gap!" expostulated a friend.
 "Don't you know your own family? Your fourth boy is Runt."

"I'm counting from the other end of the line."



JUDGING FROM APPEARANCE,

Near-sighted man (to hostess)—Ah, Mrs. Marceau, what an exquisite new fire-screen you have!

Who's Who and Where

Whoever gets Marie Prevost's goat gets a fortune as well. Marie raises goats—not the common, backyard variety, but real aristocrats all the way from Persia.

Mary Pickford's latest gift from one of her admirers is a comb sent by a little girl, who formerly used it on a kitten named after "Little Mary," and which lost all of its nine lives before it was two months old.

Fannie Ward and her company have left the Lasky studio for the Mexican border, in order to film scenes for Miss Ward's next production, which is being staged under the direction of George Melford.

Arthur Ashley, who specializes in villains, declares that he has been put to death on the screen more times and with a greater variety of violence than any other actor. "Still," says he, "he who dies and walks away may live to die another day."

"The Naulahka," by Rudyard Kipling, is to be put into a motion picture feature by Pathe. Antonio Moreno will play "Nick Garvin," Warner Oland will play the Rajah, and Helene Chadwick will be the "Kate." George Fitzmaurice will direct the picture.

Hassard Short, the young English actor who played with Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart," and with Emily Stevens in "The Unchastened Woman," is to support Norma Talmadge in "The Moth." Mr. Short has refused to appear in the pictures up to this time.

The kiddies at Universal City are eating chocolate this season to prove their patriotism. There are numerous signs tacked on the walls, asking everyone to save tinfoil for Red Cross purposes, and chocolate comes wrapped in the precious stuff. So the youngsters are munching chocolate at every opportunity and defying parents to object.

Arrangements have been completed between Julian Eltinge and Jesse L. Lasky, whereby the well-known female impersonator's name has been added to the list of Famous Players-Lasky stars. Mr. Eltinge is just plain "Bill" to his friends, and he refuses to discuss feminine fashions, even for publicity.

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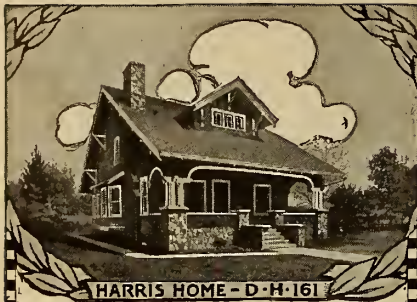
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He weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds and is as accomplished with his fists as he is with his ankles.

George M. Cohan's second photoplay is to be "Seven Keys to Baldpate," which had a long run four years ago on Broadway, at the Astor Theater, under the direction of Cohan and Harris.

Captain Leslie T. Peacocke says that Edward Jobson, who plays heavy (in all senses of the word) character roles, evidently eats a lot of "soldier food"—it all goes right to the front.

Dustin Farnum has established the long-distance smoke record, having taken whiffs from the stem of a clay pipe twenty-nine inches long. Dusty makes another record, in that he is the first film star who doesn't use his smoking implement as a vehicle for blowing rings.

Za Su Pitts says there's nothing extraordinary about her name and that she got it in a very simple manner. "My mother had two sisters, one called Elizabeth and one Susan," says she. "She took the 'Za' from the one, and the 'Su' from the other, and so I was christened. That's all."

Wallace Reid has learned to extract weird noises from every conceivable instrument, from a wash boiler to a broom handle, and has now turned his attention to the innocent saxophone. The consensus of opinion is that he will develop into a good saxophone player, if the hearse doesn't beat him to it.

W. Somerset Maugham, the author and dramatist, has been engaged by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation to write especially for its photoplay productions. The motion picture rights to Mr. Maugham's play, "The Land of Promise," have been obtained by the producers and will be adapted for Billie Burke by Mr. Maugham himself.

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle says he's perfectly willing to go to the front if his country needs him, but declares that he is in doubt as to his practical usefulness in the trenches on the firing line. He does not think he would exactly fit in such surroundings. However, he is certain he'd be very efficient when it came to stopping bullets or providing a human fortification behind which his entire company could hide.

Mollie King declares that, despite a common belief to the contrary, it is not the motion picture star, but the average "fan" who is temperamental. "Working for the camera is a matter-of-fact business proposition," says she. "There is no time for 'temperament' or for anything else but work. The theater-goer receives the benefit of the finished motion picture. All the work of star, director, author and technician has gone out to the end of pleasing the audience."

John R. Freuler, president of the Mutual Film Corporation, prophesies that along with milk, bread and potatoes, the price of motion pictures is going up. "A general and decided increase in admission prices for picture theaters all over America is to be expected at once," says Mr. Freuler. "All of the increasing industrial costs and everything which affects the scale of living affects the pictures very directly. The motion picture is sold to the public too cheaply now. It is sure to cost more."

Jackie Saunders's uncle, a wealthy Philadelphian, living in London, has offered her \$100,000 to quit the screen. Miss Saunders had hard work gaining the consent of her parents when she was offered her first motion picture engagement in 1911, and her uncle has always been the irreconcilable member of the family. He first offered her \$25,000, then \$50,000 to retire. Jackie says the \$100,000 is a terrible temptation, but she thinks she can make that much by her own hard work, and would rather work than loaf. She is thinking seriously of asking him to turn the money over to the Red Cross.

A company of gunners from the antipodes, who are fighting on the western front, have named their trench "The Louise Lovely Trench" and written to tell her about it. The letter is written on a piece of brown wrapping paper, signed by every man in the company, and placed in a homemade envelope. In addition, they have called their howitzer "Louise." "Yesterday we opened fire with 'Louise,'" the letter goes on to say, "and bombarded the bally enemy with her for nineteen hours." Miss Lovely keenly appreciates the honor conferred upon her and is making up a box to send to her gunners.

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OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of FILM FUN. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

Recently a friend recommended FILM FUN to me. I bought a copy and liked it immensely. I think it a live little magazine and am particularly interested in the pictorial layout, as it gives one some idea of all the newest pictures in a brief and attractive manner. Good luck to FILM FUN and its publishers! G. M., Syracuse.

Can you please tell me what Mae Marsh is doing now? She is one of my favorites, and I have followed her work carefully since I first saw her in "The Birth of a Nation." S. P. A., Buffalo.

Mae Marsh is now making pictures for the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, in Fort Lee. Her first picture for this company is to be released in September.

Allow me to congratulate you on the last issue of FILM FUN. From the editorial right through to the last page, it was interesting, amusing and timely. Can you tell me with what company Theodore Roberts is playing, and where I can write to him? L. J. N., Kentucky.

Theodore Roberts is with the Lasky Company. You can write to him in care of Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.

FILM FUN is my favorite motion picture magazine, and I cannot tell you how much I like it. If it will not inconvenience you, I should be very grateful if you would tell me the name of Louise Glaum's newest picture. R. O., Yonkers.

Louise Glaum's newest picture to date is "A Strange Transgressor," released through the Triangle Film Company.

I buy FILM FUN quite often and think it is a nice magazine. I like the Readers' Column especially. Will you please tell me where I can send a letter to Enid Bennett, and will you tell me how old she is? I should also like to know Marguerite Clark's age. E. K., Utah.

You can address Enid Bennett in care of the Triangle Film Corporation, 1459 Broadway, New York City. Miss Bennett is about twenty-two years old. As for Marguerite Clark—reckoning in the only way we can in the film game, we should say that she is ten or thereabouts.

We have been taking FILM FUN for several months, and we all look forward to its coming. The children are particularly fond of it, and no one else in

the family gets a chance to read it until they have gone carefully through each page, looking for their favorites. Our children are great picture fans, and it is a pleasure to know that they can go through FILM FUN in search of pictures they would like to see and that they will find only clean, wholesome photoplays recommended. If more magazines stood for clean pictures, the industry would grow even more quickly than it is now doing. Mrs. B. L. D., New York.

I have been reading FILM FUN for quite a while, and always read it with interest. It is nice to be able to read bits about your favorites and to discuss them with your friends. Will you please tell me where I can write to Florence La Badie, and whether she would answer my letter? Do you think she would send me a picture? F. T., Albany.

You can address Florence La Badie at the Thanhouser Film Corporation, New Rochelle, N. Y. If she is not too busy, she will probably answer your letter, and perhaps send you a photograph if you ask her to.

I read FILM FUN and cannot say enough good things about it. I enjoy the Readers' Column especially. I am a great admirer of Mary Pickford and of Mrs. Vernon Castle. I have been going sixty-one miles to see Mrs. Castle in "Patria," and I think I would go one hundred miles to see Mary Pickford. Will you please tell me whether Mrs. Castle is separated from her husband? I should like to know, in order to settle an argument on the subject. C. L., Oklahoma.

Most people are only too ready to believe all the slander they hear about film folk. Vernon Castle has been in France, doing brave work flying for the Allies. He has been unable to be with Mrs. Castle continuously, but we understand that the latter used up her last vacation in going across to visit him, and that she is quite satisfied with her courageous husband.

I am sorry to trouble you, but FILM FUN has always been so kind about answering my questions that I thought you might let me ask one more. Can you send me a photograph of Norma Talmadge, and if not, can you tell me where I can get one? Shall I write directly to Miss Talmadge herself? N. S. B., Philadelphia.

We should be very glad to send you a photograph of Miss Talmadge, but, unfortunately, all those which we have on hand are kept for our own use and reference. If you will write to Miss Talmadge, in care of the Selznick Picture Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, perhaps she will send you one.



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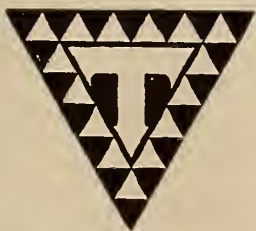
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MUTUAL

GAIL KANE

Day-dreaming—in blossom time—of laurels, perhaps.

Film Fun

E D I T O R I A L S

For Decent Sunday Shows

THE Blue Laws of Connecticut no longer govern. After 300 years they are obsolete. Sunday observance now-a-days means that a man may do what he likes. Motion pictures and baseball have been main factors in bringing about this state of affairs. In all good conscience it becomes now the duty of all concerned to rebuild, in worthier form, what has been torn down.

The ten commandments have hitherto been made the basis for all laws that mankind honors. Probably they always will be, although present day philosophers claim that Christ's commandments, which all begin with "Thou Shalt" have superseded the Mosaic law of "thou shalt not" and produce a better type of citizen.

The Blue Laws, being man-made, were foredoomed to failure. That they prevailed as long as they did is matter for marvel. That even to this day they are to be found in some form on the statute books of most of the states is an instance of American indifference, for such laws have always been honored in the breach, and always will be.

Whether or not the church erred in countenancing the picture show must remain an unsettled question. It is certain that angels and ministers of grace can't stop the Sunday movie now. There is one thing, however, that can be done to render it harmless. All problem plays, and all plays having a sensuous appeal, should be eliminated from Sunday programs. There will remain travel and adventure pictures, patriotic plays, educational, industrial and news films, and clean comedy. The salacious ought to be censored and forbidden altogether, but if such plays are omitted from Sunday programs the managers of motion picture theaters must soon be brought to the realization that clean business is good business. What the public demands persistently it always obtains. Everybody can help to create this demand.

Open Bookings Win

OPEN booking seems to have become an established fact, after a year or more of discussion pro and con. It means as much to the motion picture patron as to producer and exhibitor. Under the plan no subscriber to an exchange is under obligation to take any offering unless he believes it will be popular with his audiences. This selective plan must result in better scenarios, better staging of them, the very best work the best actors are capable of and better pay for everybody. It becomes a very plain case of the survival of the fittest.

Getting Into the Game

THAT the standard of excellence which will necessarily result from open booking will make the picture game hard for even the multi-millionaire to break into, and well-

nigh impossible for the average actor, goes without saying. Quite a few studio stars we could name are drawing salaries equal to that paid to the President of these United States. A dramatic director that isn't worth at least a thousand dollars a month isn't worth considering. Continuity writers are paid anywhere from three thousand to seven thousand dollars a year, or more. Publicity Directors are demanding, and receiving, a wage commensurate with the work they do and the responsibility for success or failure of a picture which rests upon them. Members of the supporting cast must have attractive contracts and steady work or they will be encouraged to desert. All these total only a small part of the cost of a production. But it is estimated that ten million admissions a week are paid to movies, so a good picture soon pays for itself and has in prospect after that a long and profitable career. It is a good game, and getting better, but there is no place in it for weaklings.

More and Better Comedies Coming

THERE is no safer or surer way to cure an abuse than to ridicule it. **FILM FUN** doesn't claim all the credit for some of the changes for the better that have lately come to pass in the making of films, but it has helped. In the matter of the slap-stick, for instance, it has made frequent and vigorous protest. The flying pie doesn't make comedy. Trick stuff no longer mystifies. That there is no dearth of material for fine, clean fun is proved by the Fairbanks films, and its popularity is evidenced by the fact that these films always run to capacity houses. The Drew comedies of home life are also gaining great favor. All that seems to be needed now is more of the same sort.

Smile—and Don't Forget

A FEW at a time, and silently, our soldier boys are setting out on a long journey. Many of them may never return. The fair thing for us who stay in the homes they go to guard is to do our bit as cheerfully, wear our brightest smiles when we bid them good-bye and God speed, and after that remember and do the innumerable little helpful things. There is no heroism involved in putting a one-cent stamp in the place provided on the cover of this magazine so it may go to the front with such good wishes as it can convey to some brother on the fighting line.

Doing Our Bit

FILM FUN hopes to demonstrate its faith that there's a lurking laugh in the most serious of situations. Its "bit" as a purveyor of good cheer will be carried through most heartily, and in the spirit of that poet who added luster to Ella Wheeler Wilcox's verses by amending her lines so that they read:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and the laugh is on you."

"Shoot!"



ARTCRAFT

A prize-winning exposure—the inimitable Doug Fairbanks, his authoress, Anita Loos, and his director, John Emerson.



ARTCRAFT

Elsie Ferguson, who is Artcraft's newest recruit, gets her first official lessons in film technique from George M. Cohan.



VITAGRAPH

E. H. Sothorn, having stood up before the camera numerous times, turns it on someone else in one of the sets of a picture and proceeds to film a few feet.



ARTCRAFT

"It's all in the daily grind," says Eileen Percy, who, besides being her charming self, is Douglas Fairbanks's leading lady.



MUTUAL

Gertrude Atherton, the well-known novelist, having a look through the camera which is to screen the first of her novels, "Mrs. Balfame," with Nance O'Neil in the title role.



ARTCRAFT

Wuxtry! All about Douglas Fairbanks—in a new role!

Writing About Myself

By DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

We asked Douglas Fairbanks to write a story for **FILM FUN**: we thought our readers would like it; we are still of that opinion; if you do not, tell him—it's his story. If you enjoy it, as we think you will, tell us, for other stories by favorite screen players are to follow.



ARTCRAFT

"Over the bounding m-a-i-n"
—out for a holiday in the
"Optimist."

THE DAY had been strenuous. I had three big fights with Charley Gerrard, exchanging real and reel blows, while cold-hearted John Emerson, my director, encouraged our pugilistic demonstration. The day was over at last, and I departed for Hollywood, with my nice bed in mind. Five minutes after my

entrance and an abbreviated dinner, the telephone rang, and I answered the call.

"FILM FUN just telegraphed for a signed story. It must leave to-night, in order to make the September issue," cried a voice I knew at the other end of the line.

I explained that working since early morning until sundown was rather tiring and pleaded for time.

"Sorry to disturb you," my tormentor continued, "but you can't afford to neglect the demands of such a publication." And he went on to explain the number of subscribers, the cumulative value of each magazine, being read by at least ten people, and continued along this line of chatter until I could see nothing but figures.

"Why don't you give them some dope on the theory that motion pictures are still in their infancy," was suggested for a starter.

Motion pictures recently passed their twenty-first birthday. Do you know the significance of the word "infancy"?

"Well, how about this—we've only scratched the surface of the industry?"

There you go again with old ideas. Almost every office boy, film director and player some time has seriously discussed this question. Nice evening, don't you think?

An angry growl was the only response to this. Then—

"We've got to get down to cases and get this story off right away. Yes, it's a darn nice evening, but what about writing on types in the movies?"

Types? Do you mean the value of crepe hair and make-up, or reviving that abused press story about going down to the slums in quest of genuine types? You can't get away with this line of newspaper copy any longer. The people won't stand for it. Original material—that's what they want.

"Then how about a human angle—say—oh, something about your dog?"

Dog? You don't mean that studio mut?

"Well, you feed him every night."

But why tell the public these things? Do you see anything unusual in feeding a homeless dog? Anybody that would neglect this kind of an animal is All Wrong. I suppose you would like to have me discuss my horse "Smiles," and tell about my palatial new home, the new Mercer automobile, and how I spend my evenings. I'm just an ordinary human being. I can't hold out much hope for your story.

"You have my goat! I can't appreciate your attitude at all—you, the most interesting and by far the most intelligent and congenial member of the film profession, refusing a considerate request like this of **FILM FUN**!"

The moan that followed was too much for me. I decided to help out and said so.



ARTCRAFT

Don't you think the scenery lovely out here? My leading lady, Eileen Percy, and—



ARTCRAFT

Trying to "Bull" Montana.

"Fine, oh, fine!" gayly chortled that friendly voice. "That gives me an idea—a story about the outdoor life you really lead, the swimming pool, your sleeping hammock, the tennis lawn, your outdoor gymnasium."

Just a minute. Did I tell you the story of Bull Montana and the buzzard? He shot at a buzzard yesterday while on location and was caught in the act by a game warden. It was a case of paying the fine, \$50, or seeing Bull thrown in jail. We kept him out.

"That's the stuff! Some more incidents of this kind, and you'll have an excellent story for FILM FUN. How's this—saving tinfoil for the American Red Cross?

You've been doing that for months. And how did you ever forget this—your interest in unfortunate people that hang around the studios simply because you've somehow earned a reputation for generosity? Don't stop me now while I am going good. The watchman who said he enjoyed 'Wild and Woolly' because there wasn't a hole in the entire film, and you anticipating a rare, eloquent tribute; the personal interest you take in the business end of the company; your between-pictures vacations; or what about your yacht, 'The Optimist,' or that wonderful trip to the snow-capped mountains of Yosemite Valley, then the next week to Catalina Island? Or what about having the mountain peak and island named in your honor by a government official? Seems to me that's the biggest thing of all."

My boy, my boy, what do the dear readers of FILM FUN care about all this? Or, if you think so well of these ideas, why confine yourself to ancient history? Why not tell them what I intend to do in the near future—what the stars portend? I'm going after mountain lions before they're all gone, my lad, don't forget that. It keeps me thinking about it a good deal. Yes, as soon as possible after this new picture, "Down to Earth," is done—not later than next month.

* * * * *

That's all. One of my playmates thought you might like to have it written down the way it actually happened.

The Disappearing "Extras"

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

Ten "extra" men I took with me to film "The Haunted Mine." I sent one back to get a shirt, and then there were but nine! These nine I led up through the rocks that crowned the mountain's pate, where one of them fell off the trail—which left me only eight! One of the eight so foolish was, it filled me with surprise; he tried to pet a rattlesnake—which left me seven guys! We came

across a grizzly bear, and one of those poor hicks mistook it for a cow—and, well—that left me only six! One of the six climbed on a rock, and then he took a dive (I guess it made him dizzy)—anyway, I had but five! We let one down into the shaft a hundred feet or more; he's down there yet (the cable broke)—and now I had but four! One of the four got hungry, chewed the moss from off a tree (I hope he'd led an upright life)—and now I'd only three! A lizard lay upon a log: "Let's see what it will do!" an "extra" said, and tickled it—and then I had but two! Our burro ate the dynamite; an extra, just for fun, gave it a kick, there came a crash

—and then I had but one! And this guy said to me, "Well, boss, when do we start to act?" I murdered him and went back home—alone, and that's a fact!

Unnatural Enemies

The scene showed two men meeting in front of a cafe. One tried to pick a fight with the other; being unable to do so, he registered disgust and walked away.

"Phaix," said Pat to his wife, "thim two don't appear to be friends."

"Oi should say not," his wife replied. "They are not even friendly enough to fight wid each other."

Doubtful

Zigg — How was that feature you saw last night?

Zagg — In a way it was rather unique. One never knew how it was going to end, and one never found out.



ARTCRAFT

Girls are a lot of trouble—Miss Percy, again.



ARTCRAFT

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a handsome child, and so like his father.



FOX
A trip with Annette Kellermann. — Scene from "A Daughter of the Gods."



TRIANGLE
A visit to an Indian reservation. William S. Hart and Chief Brown Beaver, in "The Apostle of Vengeance."

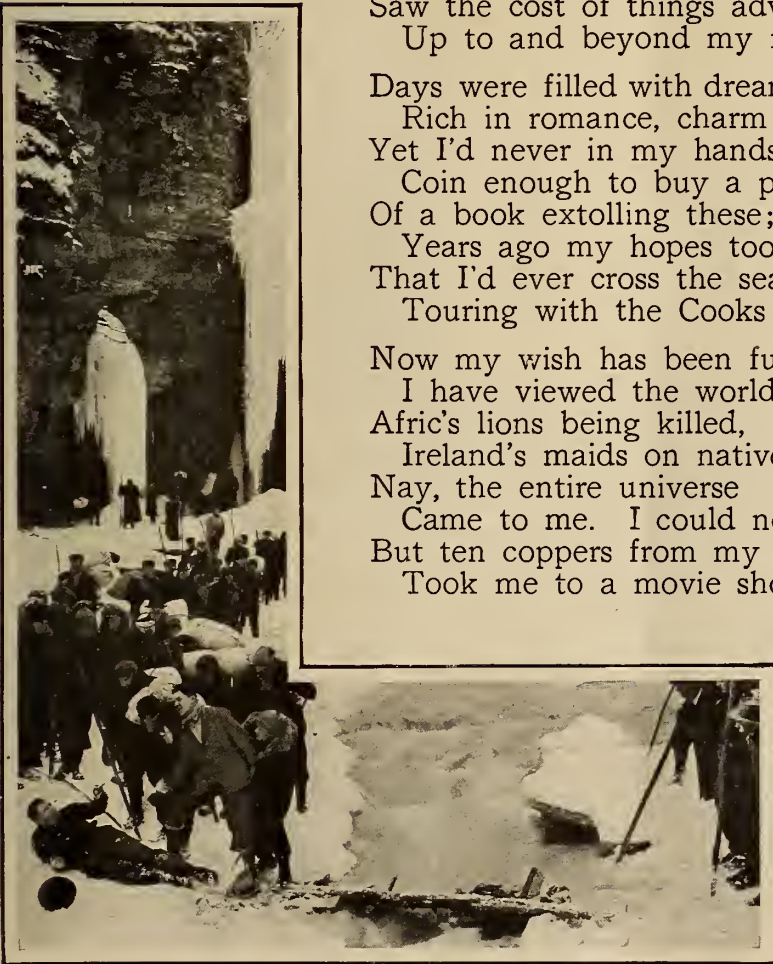
SEEING THE WORLD

By A. WALTER UTTING

YEARS ago I sought to save
 For a trip around the world;
 Unto thrift became a slave,
 Still to poverty was hurled;
 Thought I'd never get a chance
 To behold the foreign scenes;
 Saw the cost of things advance
 Up to and beyond my means.

Days were filled with dreams of lands
 Rich in romance, charm and age,
 Yet I'd never in my hands
 Coin enough to buy a page
 Of a book extolling these;
 Years ago my hopes took wings—
 That I'd ever cross the seas,
 Touring with the Cooks and Kings.

Now my wish has been fulfilled;
 I have viewed the world. I've seen
 Afric's lions being killed,
 Ireland's maids on native green;
 Nay, the entire universe
 Came to me. I could not go;
 But ten coppers from my purse
 Took me to a movie show.



WHARTON

A cold stretch of country in "The Great White Trail."



SUBMARINE MOTION PICTURES

Under the water with "The Submarine Eye."

Their Superstitions

By KATHARINE HILLIKER



MUTUAL

This is the way Richard Bennett looks at a wrinkle.

THEATRICAL folk without superstition are as rare as a penguin on Fifth Avenue or a made-in-Germany trade-mark. They are like four-leaf clovers and three-horned cows and the Siamese Twins. Some people even doubt their existence altogether. But their very scarcity acts as emphasis to the power of the fat little God of Chance who holds sway over their more credulous fellows in the realm of Make Believe. From the prop boy up to the radiant star, these others yield allegiance, and their devoirs are paid in an amazing variety of ways.

When stunning Kitty Gordon went house hunting last fall, she found in the setting of Gramercy Park a studio seemingly designed for her alone. It possessed the correct number of rooms, correctly arranged, and a delightful park view thrown in. To all appearances it was everything to be desired, and she signed her lease in a glow of content. But just as the Morris chair was beginning to get on friendly terms with the chimney corner and the cat had discovered an interesting mouse hole, Miss Gordon found that she had inadvertently moved into Number Thirteen Gramercy Park. Her plea to have the house number changed fell on deaf ears, and her consequent evacuation was as sudden and complete as the German retreat before Paris. That it cost her a pretty penny to break her lease in

so exclusive a neighborhood weighed not a tittle in the balance, and she is firmly convinced that only the dispatch with which she left Number Thirteen saved her and the cat and the Morris chair from hideous disaster.

Jere F. Looney, author of the World release, "The Brand of Satan," is another who burns incense to Chance, and the casual visitor to his rooms is apt to take his name seriously. Back in the days before success had smiled so convincingly on him, he was, like the rest of the downtrodden profession, occasionally out of a job. One day, when he and Mother Hubbard were in much the same plight, he learned of an opening with a big representative company. On his way out to apply for the place, he picked up a photograph which had fallen to the floor and set it upright on his bureau. His trip to the studio netted him an excellent position, and he was told to report for work the following morning. Back in his room, with the prospect of a square meal only a week off, his elated gaze fell on the photograph which he had rescued. Unwittingly he had placed it on the bureau UPSIDE DOWN! And right there the Looney superstitions got to work. Which accounts for the fact that all of his photographed friends, be they male or female, may be seen by the aforesaid visitor standing



Jere Looney turns his friends upside down. Why not call the turn?

on their heads in the midst of the writer's

otherwise thoroughly respectable surroundings.

Not so long ago, when Viola Dana wore her hair pigtailed and interpreted mud pies instead of movie heroines, someone told her that redheads were unlucky. Once her attention was called to the fact, she discovered ample proof of its truth. Since then, whenever a redhead has loomed across her path, she has backed away rapidly with crossed fingers and scanned the horizon for a white horse. But owing to the fact that automobiles are putting the horse out of commission, and that redheaded people are increasing at an alarming rate, Miss Dana finds herself in desperate straits now and then. The other afternoon, while speeding down Riverside Drive on her way to a train, her chauffeur was held up by a traffic cop. She noted with sinking heart that the enemy's locks were Titan, and gazed wildly about for the much needed equine. Nothing doing. The limb of the law delivered a windy lecture on unnecessary celerity as applied to automobiles, and the lady missed her train. Who says redheads aren't unlucky?

Then, again, some people take their superstitions seriously enough to



METRO

Viola Dana, in desperate straits, is scouting for that white horse.

suffer for them. It is told of Rose Melville that on her opening night as Sis Hopkins, she discovered at the last moment she had no pocket in which to carry her beloved luck piece. With the call boy clamoring at her door, she picked the coin up in desperation and squeezed it down into her slipper, then danced out onto the stage. The discomfort she suffered was lost in her overwhelming success, and each night thereafter the luck piece in her slipper was as much a part of her costume as the ridiculous ribbons with which she decorated her hair.

“Whoever wears a wrinkle in his stocking
Is sure to meet with a disaster shocking!”

And this may account for the fact that Richard Bennett keeps not only his own hosiery strongly moored and as smooth as newskin over his ankles, but has been known to establish a censorship over the silken insteps of his play-fellows. In fact, one sweet young thing in his company threatened to paint her stockings on if he didn't quit glaring at them. Certain it is that the collapse of one Boston supporter in the midst of a Richard Bennett play would spread wilder consternation among the members of the cast than would the most tempestuous Russian break. Which moves one to ruminate darkly on the frailties of garters and the unreliability of fasteners in general.

It is a safe bet that Mrs. Leslie Carter's rabbitfoot will be remembered by the majority of those who have worked with her, for so convinced is she of its peculiar guardian-angel and lucky-devil combination of qualities, that she makes it one of the important equations in her scheme of things. However, if, as Mrs. Carter believes, it has had anything to do with her art, we might all with profit take to rabbitfooting.

On the other hand, Stuart Holmes, the good-looking Fox villain whose business it is to make Theda Bara supremely miserable, does not stop at one superstition. He has 'em in flocks, and he also has the courage of his superstitions. When he found that he could not always remember to get out on the right side of his bed in the mornings, and that such lapses were followed by utterly disastrous days in which all of his villainies fell flat, he determined on strenuous measures. Convinced that the left side of a bed is as useless as two tails on a cat, he set himself to designing a bed with no sides at all. As a result, his present sleeping couch is as round as a round dining-room table, and the evil spirit of the left side is



This picture of Rose Melville proves our story. Anyone can see that her right foot hurts.

doubtless all mixed upon his locations.

I came across dainty Emmy Wehlen in the Metro studio. “So!” said I. “What is your pet superstition?” But she shook her head sternly. “I have none—at all,” she denied. “So foolish—supersteetions!” “What!” I exclaimed, with the ardor of a specimen hunter. “An actress without a superstition! Come to

Continued in advertising section



FOX

There is no left side to a round bed; hence Stuart Holmes's contented look. He has baffled the evil one.

Some Good Things in Small Portions



FOX

Jane and Katherine Lee proving that, critics to the contrary notwithstanding, there are some motion picture stars who are above petty jealousies. Also that barefoot dancing looks well in a close-up.



VITAGRAPH

Bobby Connelly, three-year-old Aida Horton and Helen Connelly, Bobby's sister, waiting to see if they really did live happily ever after. Miss Mabel Ballin is reading to them.



TRIANGLE

A scene from "In Slumberland," the entire cast of which was composed of Triangle kiddies, with Thelma Salter as the star. It would seem they have yet to learn that the fish that got away is the great catch.



BALBOA

Gloria Joy, Balboa's newest baby star, is only four and a half years old.



GOLDWYN

MADGE KENNEDY

Has heard the films a callin' and, a popular and successful comedienne, she has deserted the stage to make films for Goldwyn. Her first picture will be released early in September.

Comments of a Free Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

The writer is well known in the moving picture world. She began her career as a moving picture actress with the Biograph Company when it was the pioneer in this field of operation. She has since been prominently connected with the Kinemacolor and other companies and more recently was the star in her striking sociological play "Charity."

VERY little publicity has been forthcoming regarding the picture that D. W. Griffith has been at work upon in France and England. Keen interest and speculation are being shown as to just what interesting material he will secure on the war fronts of Europe. If he brings us a film of actual battles and stirring incidents of this great world war, and then works into it a thrilling dramatic story such as he gave us in "The Birth of a Nation," the motion picture public will have much to look forward to. With his fine discrimination as to the dramatic values of motion picture construction, his overkeen imagination and his peculiar ability to make his artistry of universal appeal, all classes may count on a photoplay that will be instructive from the historical and educational and enjoyable from the dramatic standpoint.

TOO MUCH OF THE NUDE

Clara Kimball Young is a clever actress. Her admirers are legion. Her beauty is of the character and quality that transfers its full value to the screen. Therefore, we ask, why does Miss Young resort to the use of such photos of herself for advertising purposes as those which appear in the motion picture trade papers? A woman of her standing in the motion picture profession does not have to consent to such vulgar publicity. We like to see photos of Miss Young. New York City has some mighty clever photographers who would give her better advice than she is no doubt getting as to her poses. If Miss Young and her managers would look over the numberless attractive photos of Mrs. Vernon Castle and Elsie Ferguson, they would understand that it is unnecessary to revert to the salacious in order to get the public's attention. No doubt thousands of Miss Young's admirers are young girls and youths, and these semi-nude photos of herself are not her wisest choice, even from a business standpoint.

STAGE MASTERPIECES DISAPPOINT AS PHOTOPLOTS

About two years ago I saw a photoplay made from Clyde Fitch's masterpiece, "The City." It so happened that I

was in San Francisco at the time, and the dramatic bill of fare being rather meager in that far Western city, I went, being very "play hungry," in keen anticipation of an enjoyable and interesting evening. But I was doomed to great disappointment. The strong, fine play of "The City" was not the photoplay called "The City." All the meat and strength of Clyde Fitch's greatest drama were carefully eliminated from the screened version. The ending was distorted so that the little sister, who in the drama is shot by her brother and dies, lives in the photoplay version; and the dope fiend half-brother, who in the play lives, is in the photoplay killed. And everybody is happy in the end.

That evening, when it was all over, I vowed my firm intent never to see another photoplay adaptation of a drama I liked. The reason I had gone to see plays "done over" in photoplay form was principally because I had seen the play, liked it, and knew it would make good screen material. Why in the name of common sense do managers pay enormous prices for an author's name and work, and then distort his work so that it is not recognizable on the screen? The public goes to see something it is familiar with, gets something it is not familiar with, and is disappointed.

All of which is *a propos* of Florence Reed in "To-day," a photodrama founded on a vital play of modern American life that ran a year or more in New York City. Owing to my great admiration for the star, I overlooked my former resolution not to see plays I liked when made into screen dramas. Knowing Miss Reed could not fail of being great in the part, and having a vehicle that suited her "to the ground," I felt that all there could be for the spectator was to sit back in an orchestra chair and be happy. When I did see it, I was happy, I enjoyed the picture, I was quite crazy about it

up to almost the finish—and then I wanted to go out and die.

The scenario, acting, direction and photography were all that one could ask. Miss Reed was beautiful to look



CAMPBELL STUDIOS

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

at. Her work throughout was charming and completely satisfying. But the producers were tricksters and fooled us. All our sorrows and joys in following the game of life as interpreted by these clever artists in the photoplay were taken from us, for in the end it all proved to be merely a dream.

Are motion picture audiences mostly composed of children and the weak-minded, so that when a strong, vital drama is transferred to the screen, the tragic realities of that drama must be made to be only a dream? Most of us are well enough balanced and under sufficient self-control not to go home and kill a relative, just because we may have seen such a thing done on the screen.

SOME GOOD COMEDY

When Charles Chaplin donned an evening suit and surrounded himself with a large number of props and proceeded to enact an entire picture by himself with the aid of the props, and gave to the world his comedy, "1 A. M.," many of us were very sad, for we thought we had lost our "Charles." I was so unhappy over it that I never gained sufficient courage to see him in another picture, until the loud chorus of praises that greeted "The Immigrant" fell on my ears. And then I went to see it. Though a bit vulgar in spots, it is delightfully funny. Continuous laughter greeted nearly every foot of the film. There is truly only one Charles Chaplin, and a photocomedy such as "The Immigrant" shows how unique an actor and how clever a comedian he is.

The story is well worked out and full of splendidly acted comedy scenes. There is always such splendid team work and exact dove-tailing of action in the Chaplin comedies. Possibly many people think Chaplin's work is easy, it is so simply done it looks easy, but it is indeed the hardest kind of work. There are so few comedians. Of women we can name one eccentric, Flora Finch. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew occupy a unique place in the motion picture field. They stand absolutely alone in their line of work, that of clever, clean domestic comedy. Many try it, but few succeed. We also have "Fatty" Arbuckle, whose avoirdupois has much to do with his funniness. Chaplin is an actor first, last and always. I do not suppose the public will ever accept him in serious roles, but he has proven he can "put it over." His vogue is not due to chance or a grotesque make-up. It is due to just such beautifully acted scenes as those in the restaurant ordering the dinner, the scenes with the piece of money, etc. These scenes are timed and played on almost the fraction of a second, and if anyone thinks it is easy to do, just try it. I speak with knowledge of my own experience during the years when I worked in pictures. After the number of sad comedies motion picture audiences are asked to endure, the genuine laughter that greeted "The Immigrant" falls like sweet music on one's ears.

SUB-TITLES ARE NOT WHAT THE PUBLIC GOES TO SEE

I have not read George Bronson Howard's "God's Man," but they tell me it is a clever story. However, I saw the

Sherrill photoplay production of this book, with Robert Warwick featured—or, pardon, starred! I wish I might say as much for the photoplay version of the story as I have heard people say about the book. It is really inviting the public into a picture theater on false pretenses to give them an evening mostly of sub-titles. I kept waiting and hoping for one strong, dramatic sequence worked out to a logical conclusion, but it wasn't there. "God's Man" seemed to be a talkative sort of person. He talked alone in "close-ups" and in groups in the background, and the producer never once failed to give us a nice, long sub-title of what they were talking about—which is not motion pictures. I, for one (and others are with me, I know), would prefer to sit at home and read "God's Man" as G. B. Howard wrote it. One could be much happier spending a hot, humid July night in one's room, coolly and thinly clad, with a pitcher of iced Croton by one's side. It would be much, much more comfortable than sitting in a stuffy theater with perspiring humanity and reading wordy sub-titles, with a few acted scenes in between. A motion picture that must have a long, verbose sub-title to explain nearly every scene is not a motion picture.

"LONE WOLF" WELL PLAYED

Herbert Brenon has given the world some motion picture masterpieces. Right off we can name "Neptune's Daughter," "The Darling of the Gods," and "War Brides." After these first-water photoplays the screen adaptation of Louis Joseph Vance's "The Lone Wolf" is disappointing. The opening is the most interesting part of the story. The best actor in the cast is the boy, Cornish Beck, as the Waif. All of his scenes were tenderly and exquisitely played. I had hoped the story would develop along sociological lines, such as obtain in Francois Coppee's "The Guilty Man." But it rapidly grew into cheap, conventional melodrama, with everybody being a detective, and Hazel Dawn living a Pearl White life of adventure a la "The Clutching Hand." And in the end there were auto races, autos being madly driven over open drawbridges and spectacularly spilling their occupants into the water; a race and battle in the air between two aeroplanes, with pistol shots charging the air; and in the end Keystone Comedy policemen. However, the aeroplane scenes were remarkably well done. But the boy and his friend who dies remain with us as the one human part of the story. There were some characteristic French sets and good photography.

"THE WARRIOR" A NEW DEPARTURE

Just a word before I close regarding a truly remarkable film now on view at the Criterion Theater, New York. This film, called "The Warrior," with Maciste, the hero of Cabiria, is a new departure in feature photoplays. It is produced on an enormous scale, and with all the thrilling adventures the hero has—for he "puts over" the most terrific stunts—he plays them all for comedy. "The Warrior" is the first comedy spectacle. The scenic effects are wonderful. Beautiful views of the snow-clad Alps and real Italian castles and public buildings make this a film that no one should miss seeing.



Leslie-Judge Co.

MORE ACTION

Title—Are you still in the movies? *Tattle*—Not for a minute! The director wouldn't stand for it.

A Sorrow's Crown of Sorrow

By BURWELL HAMRICK

LET US CONSIDER the movie ACTOR ON A HOT day. HE PERSPIRETH much and EVEN MORE MUCH than that. HIS LABORS ARE twice what THEY ARE ON A cool day. THE SUN RISES early, and HEATS UP THE lot. THE LOCATION bus is ready, TOO, AND BY 8 a. m. is headed FOR A STILL hotter place. BY NOON THE grease paint THAT WAS IS no longer, AND, VERILY, THE actor APPLIES MORE many times. THE SCRIPT DOES not call FOR RECLINING in an easy CHAIR IN THE shade of an OAK, BUT, INSTEAD, we must ALL DO THE fairbanks stuff RIGHT OUT IN boiling sun. NEXT WINTER WE will be ALLOWED TO JUMP into the ICY ARROYO AND stay there UNTIL THE HERO has made up HIS MIND TO rescue us. THE QUESTION now is, who WILL BE THE hero and make THE DIRECTOR do winter STUFF IN THE summertime? ALAS, WE KNOW it can't be DONE—SO WE movie actors MUST SUFFER THAT you may BE MADE happy.

Reel Mean

The scene showed a miser counting his money and refusing to give his wife enough to buy supper.

"That man is certainly stingy," remarked a girl to her father.

"Yes," he replied; "he couldn't lose his step without missing it."

✕ ✕

A Hungry Actor

The scene showed the interior of an office. A man glanced at his watch, and then started for lunch. In the next scene he repeated the action.

"Gee," said a boy to his chum, "dat's a busy guy for you! Dat gink is either going out to eat, or else he is just coming back."

✕ ✕

Held in Suspense

A scene showed a man hanging from a rope suspended from a tall building.

Mrs. Lanigan, in an aside to her husband, remarked, "Phot would happen if thot rope broke?"

"Be jabbers," was the reply, "if the rope broke, he'd hov sense enough to lit go."

✕ ✕

Time Flies

In one scene the crook had been sent to jail for a year. In the tenth scene he was being released from prison.

"I say, pop," remarked a young boy to his father, "I wonder if that year went as fast for him as it did for us?"



ARTCRAFT

General charges often fail to fit in particular instances. What do you think about it? Here's Elsie Ferguson, who is to make pictures for Artcraft, being welcomed by Director Maurice Tourneur on her arrival at the Fort Lee studio for her first day before the camera.

Some Studio Recipes

By MICHAEL GROSS

INCENSED SUPE

START with two hours spent in praying that the man who picks the cast will walk over to you, saying, "Well, Jim, I've reached you at last." Now stir in lots of rehearsing, where you seem all feet and hands, And the chief—so mad he's cursing—bawls you out from where he stands. Pour in patience by the plateful, to take everybody's say; And for all of this be grateful when they hand you five a day.

DIRECTOR (a la supreme)

Take one sport shirt, colored loudly, and a tie that seems to shout; White duck trousers worn so proudly; season well with slang throughout. Add a megaphone for shocking supes who seem to be afraid, And some gentlemanly knocking for that film a rival made. Now, to make the dish a hummer, add a nifty racing car And a Palm Beach home in summer; stir up well—and there you are.

PROPS (well roasted)

Open with unthankful drudging, striking a big ballroom set, While directors stand unbudging—idle, while *you* moil and sweat. Add diffusers, limp and flappy, put up in a burning sun, With the boss, profane and snappy, shouting how it should be done. Throw in constant, earnest toiling, but this fact be sure to note: When things fail to keep a-boiling, blame the prop man—he's the goat.

COMEDIAN (a la gloom)

To an old suit, torn and ragged, add a pair of ancient shoes, Then a tile, with brim all jagged, and a bottle labeled "booze." Now throw in a scene at dinner, hero eating with his knife; You can make the scene a winner if he flirts with someone's wife. Copper spies the sly flirtation, chases hobo forty miles, Drags him off to near-by station; serve—with side dish of tired smiles.

LEADING LADY

Take a name like Gertrude Graceful, add a wealth of auburn hair, Throw in pearly teeth—a face full—figure slim and skin so fair. Temperament—add quite a measure; vanity—a cup or two; Salary—a Cræsus' treasure, if the tales you hear are true. Now pour in press-agent fables, woven on some mystic loom; Add some diamonds, Russian sables. Talent? Why, there's no more room!



MUTUAL-HORKHEIMER

Come on, boys! Just think what a dreadful thing it would be if a nasty U-boat came splashing along and got Jackie Saunders's pretty bathing suit all wet!



PARAMOUNT

Here's your chance, girls, to get back for all those shoves you've been getting. Why not don clothes like Louise Huff's and become a conductor or a subway guard?



PAMAMOUNT

If you think this a day of false alarms, just look at this picture of Jack Pickford in "The Varmint."

PARAMOUNT

Few are the things whose ing these days—but it's that help to make "The Girl" the stirring ph

ARMS



OUNT
 othes make the man," says
 Vivian Martin.



INCE-TRIANGLE PHOTO INCE STUDIO

Who wants this
 Bessie Love-ing
 cup? Get busy,
 then. Show what
 you can do to de-
 servé it.



SELIG

Why not join the navy? Can you
 think of anything easier than saying
 "Eye-Eye" to Amy Leah Dennis?



unflag-
 e flags
 Soldier
 s.



TRIANGLE

If fists are right, arms will take care of themselves
 —as Charles Ray's did in "Sudden Jim."



FOX

A draft's a good thing in this weather
 —if the arms be strong enough.

A CALL TO ARMS



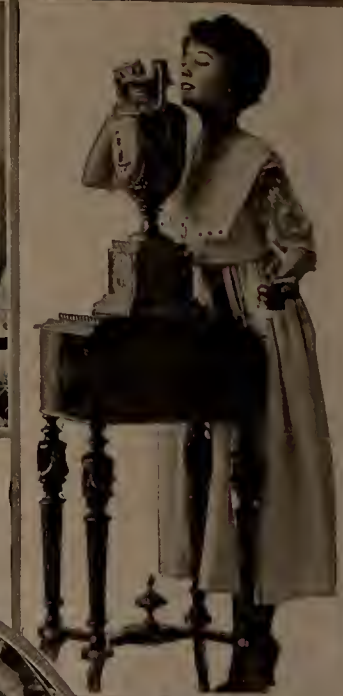
MUTUAL-HORKHEIMER
Come on, boys! Just think what a dreadful thing it would be if a nasty U-boat came splashing along and got Jackie Saunders's pretty bathing suit all wet!



PARAMOUNT
Here's your chance, girls, to get back for all those shoves you've been getting. Why not don clothes like Louise Huff's and become a conductor or a subway guard?



PARAMOUNT
"Clothes make the man," says Vivian Martin.



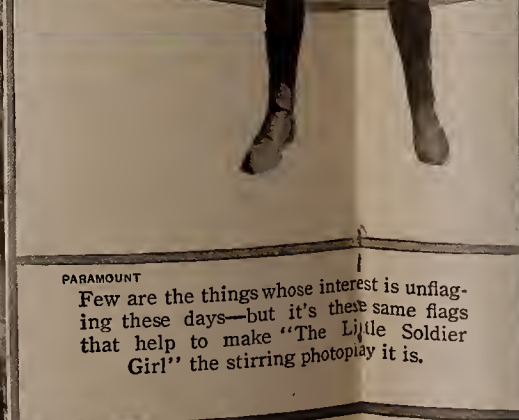
INCE-TRIANGLE PHOTO INCE STUDIO
Who wants this Bessie Love-ing cup? Get busy, then. Show what you can do to deserve it.



BELIG
Why not join the navy? Can you think of anything easier than saying "Eye-Eye" to Amy Leah Dennis?



PARAMOUNT
If you think this a day of false alarms, just look at this picture of Jack Pickford in "The Varmint."



PARAMOUNT
Few are the things whose interest is unflagging these days—but it's these same flags that help to make "The Little Soldier Girl" the stirring photoplay it is.



TRIANGLE
If fists are right, arms will take care of themselves—as Charles Ray's did in "Sudden Jim."



FOX
A draft's a good thing in this weather—if the arms be strong enough.

Fashions for Idlers



TRIANGLE EVANS STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CAL.
 Seena Owen's horse casts an appraising eye over his mistress's riding outfit, cocked hat, black jacket and checked breeches.



TRIANGLE
 In a striped sport gown and a tight-fitting white hat, Louise Glaum starts out to see whether there still really are plenty of fish in the sea.



FOX
 What more comfortable and becoming for a midsummer game of tennis than this white Shetland sweater and linen skirt worn by Gladys Brockwell?



PARAMOUNT
 The ideal idler's costume, worn by Vivian Martin in "The Sunset Trail."



PARAMOUNT
 Dainty and demure and as cool looking as can be is this white afternoon gown worn by Billie Burke. The trimming is tiny tucks and bandings of real filet.

and Idol Styles



OX
William Farnum's newest
sport coat—it's tan.



SELZNICK

A dressing gown, a great dane, and a book
—Robert Warwick's idea of what's what
for off-stage comfort.



SENNETT-KEYSTONE

Hats are worn large and roomy,
according to Charlie Murray.



SELZNICK

Montague Love dressed for his newest picture—"The End of a Perfect Scenario."



FOX

DORIS PAWN

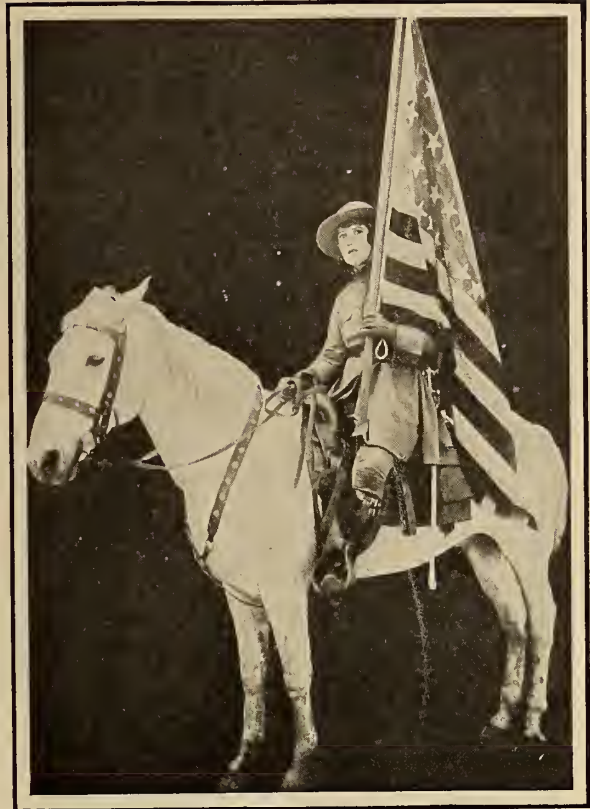
Believes that in war times woman's place is in over-alls—it they're becoming.

Warriors — Reel and Real



ARTCRAFT.

The Lasky Home Guard received its colors from no less a person than Mary Pickford. She is here seen presenting them to Standard Bearer Wallace Reid.



PATHE

Pearl White, a victorious reel warrior, who daily fights a winning battle for fame and glory in the film world.



THANHOUSER

This chap is a stern and stalwart soldier under other circumstances. Which goes to show that even coffee, when properly administered with a dash of Gladys Leslie smile, is an effective weapon for conquest.



FOX

Theda Bara and Major-General Liggett, commander of the Department of the West, U. S. A., photographed on the latter's visit to the Fox studio. Courage? Hasn't he proved he has all that a hero needs?

Outside the Camera Lines



MUTUAL

Helen Holmes refuses to let anyone get her goat, and manages to keep it pacified, despite the High Cost of Living.



INCE-TRIANGLE

This newest addition to Dorothy Dalton's family is young, but you can see by his expression that he knows when he's got something good.



INCE-TRIANGLE

This ostrich doesn't even hide its head when it spies Olive Thomas; perhaps it realizes that, in her own fashion, Olive, too, is a bird.



UNIVERSAL

Grace Cunard's pet dog works on the principle that most things worth having are worth begging for.

Comedy Capers of the Month



METRO No man is a hero to his cook, is the burden of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew's comedy, "Mr. Parker—Hero."



METRO "Music Hath Charms"—"Sometimes," adds Mr. Drew.



GOLDWYN "Baby Mine"—Madge Kennedy, claimant.



KLEVER PICTURES Sometimes something else besides wisdom comes out of the mouths of babes—as Victor Moore found in "Oh, Pop."

How Not To Be Photographed



ESSANAY

If Taylor Holmes were a contributor, we might guess he is registering aspiration, inspiration, faith, hope, doubt and acceptance.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Of course, there *are* times when a thing like this is explainable, as, for instance, in this scene between Owen Moore and Marguerite Courtot, in "The Kiss"; but we should say that as a general rule, and particularly if one happens to be a married man, it is just as well to make sure that there are no camera men lurking in the vicinity. We thought we'd better give this picture publicity, seeing that in private life, the gentleman in question is Mary Pickford's husband.



SELIG

Even though all the world loves a lover, George Fawcett is on record here that *there are* times when he should not be photographed.

A Few Suggestions on the Art of Kidding the Public



But his own criticism is that the possession of a brain, eyes, hair, teeth and a smile might be more cleverly indicated.



SMALLWOOD

"A pleasant smile is all right, but don't forget it's a good stunt to watch your step as well," says James Aubrey.



HORSLEY

Even though your best girl is disappearing down the street with another fellow and you have spent the last of your week's salary buying flowers for the ungrateful creature, remember that sorrow may be registered in different ways than sitting on the back of a passing automobile. This is particularly true if you are dressed in your best clothes. Crane Wilbur—he always arrives, no matter how he travels; but even he should avoid grieving his many admirers with such an expression.



FOX

The Princess appeals to Jack to save her from the Giant.

"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK"

A Kingdom of Children and a Giant Eight Feet, Six Inches Tall

CINDERELLA has come to life, and Jack and his Beanstalk are really with us. No longer does the youngster of to-day have to read in dry-as-dust words how Cinderella went to the ball and lost her slipper, and how Snow White found the Seven Little Dwarfs in the forest, and, best of all, how young Jack climbed up the Beanstalk and slew the Giant single-handed. "Dry as dust?" we hear some grown-up murmur. "Why, they were wonderful words!" Of course they were. But 'fess up now. Just once or twice as you followed Jack's adventure, didn't you wonder a little whether the Brothers Grimm really knew what they were talking about? Didn't you wish you could make sure that Cinderella's pumpkin truly turned into a coach that disappeared at exactly twelve o'clock? And weren't there perhaps only six instead of seven dwarfs in Snow White's forest? And, as for Jack—your favorite story of them all—*did* Jack really get away from the Giant without being hurt—and *could* a hen lay 200 eggs of real gold?

No such questions bother little Miss Up-to-Date. *She* doesn't have to wonder about it, because she knows these things really happened. For young America—yes, and for young France and Switzerland and Japan too, it's a day of seeing them—and everybody knows that "Seeing's believing." That's what comes of being young these wonderful days. Too late for you? Not at all. Do you know what's the matter with you these warm days? Heat? You've tried taking off your hat and coat and that didn't help much, did it? It's years, that's what ails you, and now is your time to get rid of them—to find the answer to all those questions that have been bothering you for so long.

"First aisle to the right" says the usher as you come into the theatre, but what he's really saying is "Check your years right here." Of course, you don't know it at the time, but later, when with Jack you search for the enchanted forest, you understand the language better. For it all comes back to you. You see the magic beans, and once again you shiver in your boots for fear Jack will refuse to take them in exchange for his cow. You experience the delicious uncertainty you did when, in the long-ago the Giant first said so you could understand it, "Fi-Fi-Fo-Fum—I smell

the blood of an Englishman," and with Jack you hid in the Giant's castle, waiting to steal the hen that laid the golden eggs. You, too, fall in love with the beautiful princess. And, though you know that she and Jack are going to live happy ever after, still, you can't help feeling a tiny bit worried, just as you used to, while Jack is climbing up and down so fearlessly.

All too quickly it is over. "Beautiful photography," you hear some unimaginative voice behind you. "Wonderful direction and exquisite settings," says another. And, "Great kids, Francis Carpenter, as Jack, and Virginia Lee Corbin, as the Princess," comes still a third. But you have no patience with such technicalities. Direction, acting, photography? Of course not. It *was* "Jack and the Beanstalk"—perfect and complete. And as you go back up the aisle, somehow, you don't put on all those years you left off. For you've really seen Jack, and know that what you used to read is true. With Peter Pan you believe in fairies—and to believe in fairies is to be young.



FOX

"Fi-Fi-Fo-Fum—I smell the blood of an Englishman," muttered the Giant.

Their Superstitions

(Continued from a previous page.)

my arms! You belong in the Metro Museum, not the Metro studio!" She looked a bit startled, and I went on confidentially, "Of course, this superstition stuff is absolute rot. It couldn't hurt a flea"— "Ooooh!" cried Miss Wehlen. "Don't boast like that! Knock on wood!! Queeck!!!"



WORLD

Kitty Gordon regarded her landlord thusly when he scoffed at superstitions.

Getting Down to Details

The scene showed a powder mill being blown up. Two Irishmen were very excited over it.

"If any men were blown up, how would they bury thim?" asked one.

"Phaix," was the reply, "it wouldn't take a long toime to collect the remints."

Heard in a Studio

Two heads are better than one,

He told the miss,
When deciding the question
Of whom to kiss.

A Society Bud

An interior of a country school-house was shown. A man enters and engages the teacher in conversation, after which she dismisses the class, with the exception of one little girl.

"Why is that girl kept in?" asked a boy of his small sister.

"Why," was the answer, "she is to act as a chaperon."

Henn—Why do you liken motion picture plays to matrimony?

Peck—Because there's too many unnecessary scenes.

You Can Tell The People Who Have Iron In Their Blood— Strong, Healthy, Vigorous Folks

**Doctor Says Ordinary Nuxated Iron Will
Make Nervous Rundown People 100%
Stronger in Two Weeks' Time
in Many Cases.**

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"One glance is enough to tell which people have iron in their blood," said Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied widely both in this country and in great European medical institutions, in a recent discourse. "They are the ones that do and dare. The others are in the weakling class. Sleepless nights spent worrying over supposed ailments, constant dosing with habit forming drugs and narcotics for nervous weakness, stomach, liver or kidney disease and useless attempts to brace up with strong coffee or other stimulants are what keep them suffering and vainly longing to be strong. Their real trouble is lack of iron in the blood. Without iron the blood has no power to change food into living tissue and therefore, nothing you eat does you any good; you don't get the strength out of it. The moment iron is supplied the multitude of dangerous symptoms disappear. I have seen dozens of nervous, rundown people who were ailing all the time, double and even triple their strength and endurance and en-

tirely get rid of every sign of dyspepsia, liver and other trouble in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without any benefit.

"If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. There is nothing like good old iron to put color in your cheeks and sound, healthy flesh on your bones. But you must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. E. Sauer, is one of the newer organic iron compounds. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy, in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any Charitable Institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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Who's Who and Where

Norma Talmadge's hobby is odd and exquisite old fans, and she uses them in her pictures whenever possible.

Mack Sennett, creator of two-reel comedies of the slapstick variety, has completed arrangements with Paramount whereby he is to produce exclusively for that concern in the future.

Helen Holmes is spending what little spare time she gets in watching the progress of that big Utah ranch where she intends one day to just be a prosaic farmer without stunts or dangerous doings.

Geraldine Farrar has signed a contract with Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. She will begin work with her new company next spring, and the rights to several productions for her use have already been acquired.

Frank E. Woods has been engaged as general manager of productions of the Lasky Company, under Director General Cecil De Mille. Mr. Woods is the author of the original scenario of "The Birth of a Nation" and was former general manager for D. W. Griffith.

Alice Mann is Roscoe Arbuckle's new leading lady. She makes her debut in Paramount-Arbuckle comedies in "His Wedding Night." Miss Mann has appeared in Vitagraph productions and in Lawrence Simon comedies. She also played with Billie Reeves under Lubin.

Thomas H. Ince announces that he expects to build a new studio, in which will be produced the pictures under Mr. Ince's new affiliation with Paramount. Charles Ray and Enid Bennett, who made their way to stardom under Ince, will henceforth appear in pictures released through Paramount.

Earle Williams is studying aviation, with a view toward joining the aviation reserve corps if he is called for service. He has been a frequent visitor to the aviation field at Mineola, Long Island, and has a thorough technical knowledge of aeroplane construction. If called, he will provide his own battleplane.

Two important stage successes have been purchased by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation as vehicles for Billie

Burke. The first of these is "The Runaway," in which Miss Burke starred on the stage under the management of Charles Frohman a few years ago. The second play is "Arms and the Girl."

When Chester Conklin recites Shakespeare's famous line, he paraphrases it, "To bean or not to bean." Conklin is in private life a farmer. He owns one of the largest and most scientific bean ranches or farms in Southern California. Thousands of Uncle Sam's Jackies eat Chester Conklin beans, for most of his output goes to the navy.

"Roping Her Romeo" is the first Paramount-Sennett comedy. It features Polly Moran, Ben Turpin, and Slim Summerville. "A Bedroom Blunder," featuring Charles Murray, Wayland Trask and Mary Thurman is the second Paramount-Sennett comedy. "The Pullman Bride" is the third Paramount-Sennett comedy. The men featured are Chester Conklin and Mack Swain.

Goldwyn Distributing Corporation announces that it has closed a contract to release and distribute eight two-reel Marie Dressler comedies, to be made by Miss Dressler's own company under an exclusive agreement with Goldwyn. Miss Dressler has already been working on these comedies for several weeks and will follow the same principle as the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, by always keeping months ahead of release with finished production. 30

Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

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"GOOD-NIGHT, NURSE"



"ARE MY LIPS ON STRAIGHT?"

By James Montgomery Flagg



"REDDY MAID SUITS"
By Mary Lane McMillan



"ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME"
By Paul Stahr

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OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of FILM FUN. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

FILM FUN is very proud to be the recipient of the following letter:

Inclosed please find check in payment of a year's subscription respectively of Bessie Love, at 1259 St. Andrews Place, Los Angeles, and the Mabel Condon Exchange. It may interest you to know that Bessie Love especially requested a subscription to your magazine for the sentimental reason that your publication was the first to give space to a Bessie Love photograph. Considering the present popularity of Miss Love and her photographs, this, it seems to me, was rather a scoop on your part. Your recent other courtesies to Miss Love are being fully appreciated by her, and a copy of FILM FUN is always to be found in her home and her dressing-room. To insure its regular and early receipt, however, she prefers to be on your subscription list. With pleasure I convey to you the sincere best wishes of Bessie Love and yours very truly, Mabel Condon, Los Angeles.

I have just finished reading the latest issue of FILM FUN, and I enjoyed it ever so much. I thought the picture of Grace Cunard very pretty and thank you for putting it in. I can, am, and will boost FILM FUN to the highest point possible. Thank you very much for answering my last questions. Hoping to have my curiosity satisfied about the ones below, I am, sincerely, J. D. S., Trenton, Tex.

The answers to your questions are as follows: (1) As far as we have been able to find out, the Flora Finch Company does not have its own studio and very possibly rents one either in New York or in the Fort Lee, N. J., neighborhood. (2) Mary Fuller made only one picture for the Lasky Film Corporation, and since then has appeared in "The Public Be Damned," which was released by the Public Rights Film Corporation. (3) As far as we know, Margaret Gibson is still with the Christie Comedy Company. She played in "He Fell on the Beach," which was released by that company on June 25th. (4) Yes, Mollie King played in Pathe's "Kick In." (5) "The Road o' Strife" was a series made by Lubin in 1915, commencing April 5th. This series was in fifteen one-reel episodes, each episode supposed to be complete in itself.

I have been reading your magazine, FILM FUN, for some time, but I have never found out what company Mary Miles Minter plays with. If it is no trouble to you, will you please send me the name of the company? B. H., Chesham, N. H.

Mary Miles Minter is with the Mutual-American Film Corporation, Santa Barbara, Cal.

I am twelve years old and think your magazine is fine. You know a lot about motion pictures, so will you please tell me the address of the William Fox Company? Hoping to hear from you soon in answer to the favor I asked of you, yours very truly, B. P., Independence, Mo.

The Fox Film Corporation is at 126 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

We're printing this letter just to show that even FILM FUN sometimes makes mistakes and has to apologize for them, and we think it's good discipline for us to eat humble pie, thus doing our bit by helping to conserve the food supply. Besides, we like to do something now and then for our contributors.

Dear Miss or Mrs.—I accept your apology, because there is nothing else I can do with it. Lets you and me play it never happened, huh? I compromised on the drink by absorbing two cream puffs and a sundae, which is proper dissipation for a pote. Goodness! Is everybody on FILM FUN a lady except Mr. Judge and Mr. Leslie? I suppose, as the magazine grows and you have to have an "Answer Man," he, too, will be a lady! Now, about this "overstocked" alibi of yours. I'm going to call your bluff on that. Hereafter, when my stuff comes to you, and it looks good, just retain it (if you are overstocked) until you are understocked. Nothing annoys a pote so much as having his stuff come back. You will usually find my efforts original, if somewhat uncouth, and I am going to give you my best. Regards to the rest of FILM FUN's wimmin folks. Sincerely, Harry J. Smalley.

FILM FUN is our great friend here. We read it over and over. What has become of Mrs. Garrigan? Why doesn't she lay down the law any more? We sure do miss her and would like to hear from her soon. The Boys of the Sixteenth Company, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

Dear boys—We are glad you like us, and gladder still that you told us about it. We don't know what has happened to Mrs. Garrigan. Perhaps, like the rest of us, the extreme heat has dried up her fountains of speech for a while. We'll ask Mr. James G. Gabelle about her.



O. STEWARD ILMORF

“EMPTY!”

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NEWTON D. BAKER, Secretary of War

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THE English “Tommys” have their pipes kept filled by the folks at home.

The French “Poilus” never want for a smoke—their friends are “on the job.”

The “Anzacs” have all the tobacco they can use sent them by their loved ones.

And now the time has come for Americans to send little packages of happiness to our “Sammies” in the trenches and our “Jackies” with the fleet. These lads are defending our lives and fortunes. We must show them our appreciation.

Besides facing the foe, our boys must experience homesickness, loneliness, dreary hours in the trenches, uncomfortable days in torpedo-boat destroyers. Tobacco cheers them; home and friends loom up in the fragrant puffs. Help us to give the boys at the front the “smoke” they crave and need. Even if you object to tobacco personally, think of those whom it comforts and let your contributions come without delay!

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Each quarter buys a package of tobacco and cigarettes worth 45 cents, enough to make one of your defenders happy for a week. One dollar makes him and his trench mates glad for a month. Those who can afford it should adopt a soldier and keep him supplied with tobacco for the duration of the war. One dollar a month does it. Small and large contributions solicited.

A War Souvenir for You

A feature of this fund is that in each package is enclosed a post card addressed to the donor. If it is possible

for the soldier or sailor receiving the tobacco to mail you this post card receipt, it will be a war souvenir you will treasure forever.

Hurry Up With YOUR “Smokes”

Dive into your purse. Out comes a quarter, half-dollar, a note. Mail it at once—currency, stamps, check or money order. The quicker it comes, the quicker our boys will have their smokes. A similar fund in England has sent over four million packages to soldiers and sailors. Here is one way to do your bit—mail the coupon!

“OUR BOYS IN FRANCE TOBACCO FUND” 25 West 44th Street, New York

GENTLEMEN:

I want to do my part to cheer up the American soldiers who are fighting my battle in France. If tobacco will do it—I’m for tobacco.

(Check Below How You Desire To Contribute)

I send you herewith.....my contribution towards the purchase of tobacco for American soldiers. This does not obligate me to contribute more.

I enclose \$1.00. I will adopt a soldier and send you \$1.00 a month to supply him with “smokes” for the duration of the war.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Film Fun, September, 1917

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Swoboda

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How much wealth of mind and body do you possess?—If you are not a millionaire in Brain Power and Bodily Power—with ability, alertness, confidence, ambition, energy, vitality and health to spare—you are living an inferior life, an empty life, an inefficient life! Only if you are a mental and physical giant, able to abuse yourself without flinching—only if you are miles ahead of other men in thought-power and action-power—only if you are always grasping your opportunities—only if you never get tired of thinking or working—are you what you ought to be and can become, easily and quickly.

Are You a Victim of Self-Deception?

Most people say, and think, they feel fine when they are actually only half alive, half awake, half as energetic, half as successful as they could be.

Health to some individuals means freedom from distress and freedom from disease. Health to others means a wealth of living power, a superabundance of physiological power, a superabundance of physical power, and a superabundance of personal power.

There are two distinct advantages that a person gains through a superabundance of living power. One is—absolute freedom from weakness and inefficiency and ill condition,—the other is—the consciousness of superabundance of power which gives the personality confidence—self-reliance—aggressiveness, just as the possession of any unusually valuable characteristic gives the person self-reliance and the means of success.

What Conscious Evolution Is

The body is composed of billions of cells. When illness or any other unnatural condition prevails, we must look to the cells for relief. When we lack energy and power, when we are listless, when we haven't smashing, driving power back of our thoughts and actions, when we must force ourselves to meet our daily business and social obligations, when we are sick or ailing, or when, for any reason, we are not enjoying a fully healthy and happy life, it is simply because certain cells are weak and inactive or totally dead. They haven't the power to run the human engine as nature intended. These facts and many others were discovered by Alois P. Swoboda and resulted in his marvelous new system of Conscious Evolution which develops every cell in the brain and body to its maximum capacity of positive qualities. Conscious Evolution thus improves on nature. In other words, it harnesses nature, and makes it continue the evolution and organization and upbuilding of your cells and life, and thus, not only restores to normal those who are below normal, but it continues their advancement and evolution, and makes them better than nature alone could make them without guidance and without harnessing.

Conscious Evolution is to the body and its life what cultivation is to corn. Corn that is left to nature without cultivation is much inferior to corn that is cultivated by man. Cultivated corn is wonderfully superior to uncultivated corn, and cultivated cells and cultivated energies of personality are equally superior to uncultivated cells and energies.

What Conscious Evolution Does

Regardless of how alive you may believe you are, regardless of how active, energetic and alert you may

consider yourself, regardless of how successful and developed in every department of personality and body you may think yourself, regardless of how healthy, wealthy and successful you may be, you cannot afford in justice to yourself, to miss the energizing and greater life creating influence of Conscious Evolution.

You may think yourself strong, brainy, energetic, vigorous, highly vitalized, exuberantly healthy and successful, but you have not attained one-half of what is possible for you. You are, in reality, living an inferior life. Conscious Evolution can prove it to you. Conscious Evolution can make of you a giant, psychologically and personally.

Conscious Evolution gives energy and vitality to spare, self-reliance to spare, health power to spare, thinking power to spare. Conscious Evolution develops gigantic cell power. Conscious Evolution makes the body, brain and personality fatigue proof. It creates reserve health, reserve energy, reserve vitality and reserve mentality.

Do Not Deprive Yourself

The difference between your cells highly evolutionized and your cells in the present condition is as the difference between real life and moderate life.

To deprive yourself of the privileges and benefits of Conscious Evolution, is to practice fraud on yourself, to impose on yourself. If Conscious Evolution were not such a genuine reality, such a genuine power for your good of every type, it would not be possible for me to guarantee it as I do. Conscious Evolution is guaranteed because it can be guaranteed—because it produces better results for my pupils than I promise. You are not capable of realizing beforehand what Conscious Evolution actually will create for you, and which you will realize through experience.

A Startling Book—FREE

If you think you are totally well, if you feel only a little below par, or if you have resigned yourself to your fate after many years' suffering and many experiences with medicines, then by all means let Swoboda send you his new copyrighted book on health, strength, efficiency. Read what his system is, what it has already accomplished. You will be intensely interested in every page, in every sentence, in every word. You will realize that Conscious Evolution solves the problem of continual youth, that old age the bug bear can be swept aside.

Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it, or write a letter or even a postal card, and mail to Alois P. Swoboda, 2056 Aeolian Hall, New York. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages in Swoboda's book, you will have been repaid a thousandfold for having read it. I urge you by all means not to delay; not to say, "I'll do it later," but to send the coupon or a letter or postal NOW, while the matter is on your mind. Remember the book is absolutely free—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write NOW.

What Others Have to Say

"I am more than pleased with my results. I have seen your advertisements for fifteen or twenty years. I am now just beginning to figure out what I have missed and lost by waiting until now to take this course."

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude, I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts to both body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."

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OCTOBER



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NOW JUMP!

THE HUN AT PLAY



THE Boches were bored. To be shut up for three months in a deserted chateau in the heart of Normandy was no small hardship for five Prussian officers accustomed to the gayeties of Berlin. To be sure, during their enforced stay, they had found entertainment in acts of vandalism, after the manner of their kind. Mutilated family portraits, priceless Flemish tapestries cut to ribbons, fine old mirrors cracked by pistol bullets, and the hacked and broken furniture that littered the spacious apartments of the chateau, all bore eloquent testimony to the favorite pastime of the Hun. But even this sport for the moment had palled. Outside the rain descended in torrents. As the brandy and liqueur passed from hand to hand, suddenly the Captain has an inspiration. A soldier is despatched to a nearby city. In the evening he returns with five handsome girls. How the table is laid and the fun grows fast and furious as the champagne flows; how in an access of alcoholic patriotism toasts are proposed by the chivalrous Prussians reflecting on the bravery of the men and the virtue of the women of France; what happens to the Baron at the hands of one of the girls—a patriot even if a *fille de joie*—is told as only Maupassant could tell it in the story *Mademoiselle Fifi* found in this superb *Verdun Edition* of

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In comparison with his novels and stories all others appear artificial and labored. Maupassant does not preach, argue, concern himself with morals, and has no social prejudices. He describes nothing that he has not seen and shows men and women just as he found them. His language is so simple and strong that it conveys the exact picture of the thing seen. His choice of subjects is always redeemed by an exquisite irony and art.

The Best English Translation Complete--Literal--Unexpurgated

WHILE the eyes of the whole world are centered on our gallant ally, France, and her heroic struggle against a ruthless invader; with the ghastly picture before us of the brutal atrocities committed by an inhuman foe on her civilian population, her women and young girls; while the smoke still rises from her destroyed cities and profaned temples, and the crash and thunder of her guns is heard from Calais to the Vosges as she hurls defiance at her treacherous enemy—nothing could be more timely than the publication of this Complete Collection of the works of France's most gifted son, Guy de Maupassant, in whom realism reached its culminating point and the short story the perfection of its art, and whose stories of the Franco-Prussian War, told with relentless realism, will be read now with a new interest and a fuller appreciation of their verity in the light of current events. But if such stories as *Boule de Suif*, *Madame Scavage*, and *Mademoiselle Fifi* first raised Maupassant to the highest pinnacle of literary fame, that position was rendered secure for all time by his other matchless series of novels and stories covering the widest range of human emotion and experience in which every kind of character, good or bad, yielded material for his art. Literally translated, all these will appear in the *Verdun Edition* which will be published soon in a form unapproached by any previous edition ever offered on this side of the Atlantic.



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LITTLE MARY McALLISTER

The most necessary qualification for a patient is to *be* patient, and, no matter what qualifications he may lack, Little Mary McAllister's dog "Bobo" is that, and serves as a satisfactory outlet for his mistress' desire to do her bit.

Film Fun

EDITORIALS

Does Your Money Pay This Bill?

IT ISN'T what you spend, but what you get for your money, that makes happiness in this life. The costliness of worthless things was never more in evidence than in some of the films that are thrust upon us—technically almost perfect, but from a mental and moral viewpoint about as wholesome as morphine.

The thing you absolutely cannot afford is to fail to get value received for your outlay, be it much or little. Ten million admissions to motion pictures a week amount to a tidy sum, and the people who pay it are guilty of inexcusable waste and thriftlessness if they tolerate shows that they do not enjoy.

Just as soon as the movie fan makes a convincing demonstration of his disapproval, the production of these futile films will cease, and probably not before. He can be heard, any time one likes to listen in the theater, expressing his likes and dislikes. He ought to go a step further than this, and get up and leave the playhouse and demand his money back at the box office, when a plot that is an affront to ordinary intelligence or an offense against good taste is the offering.

The manager is on the job; he will know when you leave, and it will not be long thereafter until he knows why, and then he will apply the necessary remedy.

As long as bad films are tolerated, they will be manufactured, and the worst result is a spreading mental disorder.

The man who pays the bills has the last word to say, in this as in every other business.

See to it that you get your money's worth

It Isn't Fair

CERTAIN abuses tolerated in connection with the motion picture business can only be explained by admitting re-incarnation as a fact.

The pirates of the Spanish Main seem to have come to life again, and their doings make the cutthroat, walk-the-plank methods of Captain Kidd and his merry crew seem clean and honorable by comparison; for the victims are usually helpless young girls, whose main fault seems to be that they are ambitious.

These girls come to New York by the scores of hundreds, determined to win fame and much money in motion pictures. They believe they can do this.

In most cases they have only a little money and very few friends wiser than themselves. Sooner or later each receives a card of invitation, signed with an unfamiliar name, but bearing every evidence of good taste and sincerity.

It informs the ambitious one that the writer has learned she is open for an engagement in the pictures, and if this

is so will she please call. She does call, and is met with a cordiality that might arouse suspicion in a star, but which pleases the innocent one.

Very adroitly she is put in possession of the information that she is needed in the work, but three or four weeks' training is absolutely necessary to prepare her, even though she may have acted for years on the stage. And the charge will be \$50.

Usually, if she seems reluctant, an assistant is called into conference, and presently a special price of \$25 is agreed to.

If it may be surmised from the conversation that a larger sum can be obtained, the aspirant for stellar roles is told that stock may be purchased in the corporation, in amounts anywhere from \$100 to \$1,000, and an investor will receive enormous dividends, and the necessary preparation for screen success without tuition. A contract is guaranteed to each investor.

Everybody in filmdom knows of the existence of these concerns, of which there are several that vary but little in their plan of operation. They all carry regular ads in the daily papers. It is from responses to these advertisements that addresses are obtained.

One concern charges an enrollment fee of \$5, a dollar each for a course of twenty lessons, and confers a diploma when these have been completed. Then the new actress is advised to have a strip of film made, just to show how well she screens.

The charge for this is only \$25. She is assured this is essential to success. The near-riot that often ensues when a young woman shows up with her strip of film and demands the star part which has been guaranteed her, and which she believes she has earned and paid for, would be very funny if it were not in very many cases so tragic.

This very thing would happen oftener than it does, but for the fact that studios and managers are safeguarded against all visitors.

Let every victim of a swindling advertisement report the fact to the Postmaster-General, Washington, D. C.

Preparedness

IT IS our pleasant duty to remind you there's just about time enough, if Thanksgiving tokens are sent now, for them to reach the soldier lads "somewhere in France" in time to make it a holiday for them. And it is none too soon for the Christmas packet, but bear in mind that transportation facilities are overtaxed. Save space all you can. Money gifts will bless the recipient, and if expended in France will afford a needed help in time of trouble. Actors know better than any other class of landsmen what a homeless Christmas means, and always co-operate cheerfully. Every one of us should do his bit.

"Business Before Pleasure"



A. H. WOODS

Alexander Carr as Morris Perlmutter, Clara Joel as Rita Sismondi, the vampire, and Barney Bernard as Abe Potash.

THERE have been recently many plays and stories dealing with the motion picture industry, but at no time has there been anything so hilariously funny as the comedy, "Business Before Pleasure," which bids fair to have a record run in New York. The following are a few of the funniest and most characteristic bits of the dialogue:

"I don't care if it's moving pictures or a theater, Mr. Blanchard; if you want people to have a good time, you got to pretty near break their hearts."

"Quit your swearing! What you think this gentleman is? An actor?"

"Every business experience is experience for the moving picture business. People is going into moving pictures out of all kinds of business, from soap and perfumery to delicatessen. Everybody nowadays has got two businesses—his regular business and the moving picture business. What is there to the moving picture business, anyhow? A couple of cameras, some electric lights, a few hundred dollars secondhand furniture, and right away you can start manufacturing!"

"Don't you know what a vampire is?" "Sure! A fellow that gives a decision like five strikes and out." "You are thinking of a *empire*, not a vampire."

"Nobody would ever trust a vampire who was happily married on the side."

"There she is, gentlemen! For six hundred and fifty dollars a week, a regular Kipling vampire!"

"Regular or not regular, for six hundred and fifty dollars she could kipple somewhere else."



Morris—Seemingly moving pictures have went to your head, Abe. Such behavior is only good for fifty feet in a five-reel fillum, but in business it lands you in bankruptcy.



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG FILM CORP.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

WHITE PHOTO

Seems to prove that people who say "Follow your nose and you'll get there," know what they're talking about—for hers has led her straight to success.

A Backward Glance—Twenty Years In the Pictures

By CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

HEREDITY always helps or hinders. Acting runs in my family, and so it has always been easy for me. I began my stage career when I was only four years old. My father likes to tell people how at that age I made a great hit in "Ten Nights in a Barroom," singing "Father, dear father, come home with me now, the clock in the steeple strikes one." That was more than twenty years ago. Many actresses do not like to tell how old they are; I am proud of being the oldest actress in the pictures.

And father and I have played together ever since my beginning. In "Magda," which we are just finishing, he takes the part of Magda's father, but people need not pity me for the curse is only make-believe. We're great pals. One great big factor in such success as I have won, I am sure is my inherited talent and the training he has given me.

He has been on the stage all his life, too, but acting is a family failing which goes much further back. Although my father is the first to win recognition in America, in England our people for generations have been stage folks. Most noted of them all, and my own really-truly great-grand-aunt, is Sarah Scott Siddons. I knew the fact, but never cared or thought much about it, until our director in Vitagraph in the old days, William Ranous, used to say, when he thought I deserved a bit of praise, "Oh, you Clara Siddons! You can't help but be great, if you'll only work!"



My father, Edward Marshall Kimball.



I was seven years old when this picture was made.

I didn't have much of a chance not to work in those days. We all worked. We had to. It would make too long a story to tell all that I have done in pictures since that beginning, although I should like to say how I have hated some of it. No, I don't mean good and bad characters. To an actress that has no meaning; she knows she has to play both sorts of women with equal ardor and earnestness. But trifling, silly, inconsistent women and illogical plots are weary work and hard to put one's heart into, and I'm glad to feel that I am done with them forever. Great plays—nothing else—and a contract running four years, under which I must finish at least eight plays each year. That means much work, but also much money.

Notwithstanding the drudgery, I do not hesitate one minute to advise any girl or woman who is a type, and who has health, ambition and a little above average courage and endurance, to go into the pictures if she wants to. If she is sincere about it, she will be able to get in somewhere, although it will not be easy. Hard work is inevitable, and endurance will be needed after her first success to develop her best points and make a name for herself. Dogged, long-continued effort is the price of success in the pictures.

I work hard every day. I rise about seven-thirty and am usually at the studio by nine. From then until the light fails us in the late afternoon I am right there. Even if I am not working, I like to supervise all that goes on. We usually film all my scenes in a play one after the

other as fast as my director will allow; then I am free to see about my dresses, my hats, my boots, and, oh! lots of nice, pretty things it is necessary to provide.

New costumes have to be created for every play. These I study out, just as I learn the lines. Then I consult with my director, and after we have decided how to dress the part, I go into executive session with my costumers and milliners. Fittings often require half a day at a time, sometimes longer, and it is weary work, and yet I thoroughly enjoy it. I think every woman loves pretty clothes, but I often think that an actress is especially lucky, because she is obliged to have the best, newest and most beautiful things. Nobody knows how much it helps me to really and truly become, for the time being, the character I have dreamed and planned these costumes for. It takes time, and costs enormously, but it is worth while.

Then there is the photographer. He has to have a day or so for each new play. FILM FUN folks and all of the people who like my work expect this. I enjoy the results when they are good, but posing is anything but easy, comfortable work, and tires me more than my scenes.

Even when I pick up a book or a magazine by way of recreation, I am on the lookout for a plot. Hundreds of manuscripts we return unread, because we do not consider original scenarios; our plays are all adapted from stage successes, books or short stories. We have to read hundreds before we find one that meets all our requirements.

In closing, shall I tell you how happy I am just now over having won, at last, what I have always wanted—the right to make only the pictures I want to, in exactly the way I wish? After “Magda” is finished, we do “The Marionettes,” and then “Shirley Kaye,” here at New Rochelle. Then we go to the West Indies to stage a play called “The Savage Woman,” which requires a tropic setting, and after that to California for an indefinite stay.

(This is the second in a series of stories written for FILM FUN by screen favorites. One will appear each month. Olive Thomas, who has never worked outside of New York before this trip to the great West to film “Broadway, Arizona,” has promised us a story when she gets back from her trip. In the November FILM FUN. Watch for it.)



FOX

Theda Bara

FOX

Valeska Suratt

METRO

Olga Petrova

Theda, Valeska and Olga

Apologies to F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

By CHARLOTTE R. MISH

VALESKA and Theda and Olga one day
Met, and they smiled together.
Left home their daggers and went out to play,
Out in the sweet June weather.
Discarded their earrings and put on some gowns
(Not a camera was there for this scene!)
And there wasn't a trace of those murderous frowns
We're accustomed to see on the screen
From Theda,
Valeska
Or Olga.

Valeska and Theda and Olga confessed
(Without a reporter around!)
This simple good time and the way they were dressed
Just suited them down to the ground.
“But now we must haste to our arduous labors,
As, fully attired in a comb,
We've four men to kill before six with our sabers!”
Then sadly departed for home
Did Theda,
Valeska
And Olga.

A First Aid to Sanity

That is how a returned soldier designated the little theaters back of the trenches. To a certain extent this will be true in our own land. The National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. has perfected plans and already has arrangements nearly completed for providing movie shows for the soldiers in training at the 343 United States cantonments, camps and posts. Eight million feet of film each week will be furnished—real entertainment, true as the camera, such as red-blooded men would select for themselves if a choice were open to them. Warren Dunham Foster, of the Community Motion Picture Bureau, who will supply these films, and who has taken very special care in his choice of subjects, has this to say: "The men don't want sob stuff. They will not be bored with pictures of mother, home and heaven, nor will they want to see soldiers depicted as specially heroic or patriotic. We will give them romance, real war photographs and farces."

Already many of these theaters are in operation. Civilians are not permitted to attend the performances.

A Helpful Hint

The work of the motion picture organizations throughout the United States was very effective in bringing about the successful over-subscription of the Liberty Loan. Women and men of the motion picture companies worked with unbounded zeal and achieved telling results. These organizations can give more effective aid in the future than they have already given, because there will be more time to work out a definite plan of campaign. The details regarding sale of the next issue will soon be announced. Think carefully about the matter and be ready.



VITAGRAPH

Henry H. Bliss, the winner in the essay contest conducted by the Greater Vitagraph Company, on "How America Should Prepare," receiving a thousand dollars in one-dollar bills. The judges in the contest were Hudson Maxim, the inventor; Alan R. Hawley, president of the Aero Club of America; and Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph.



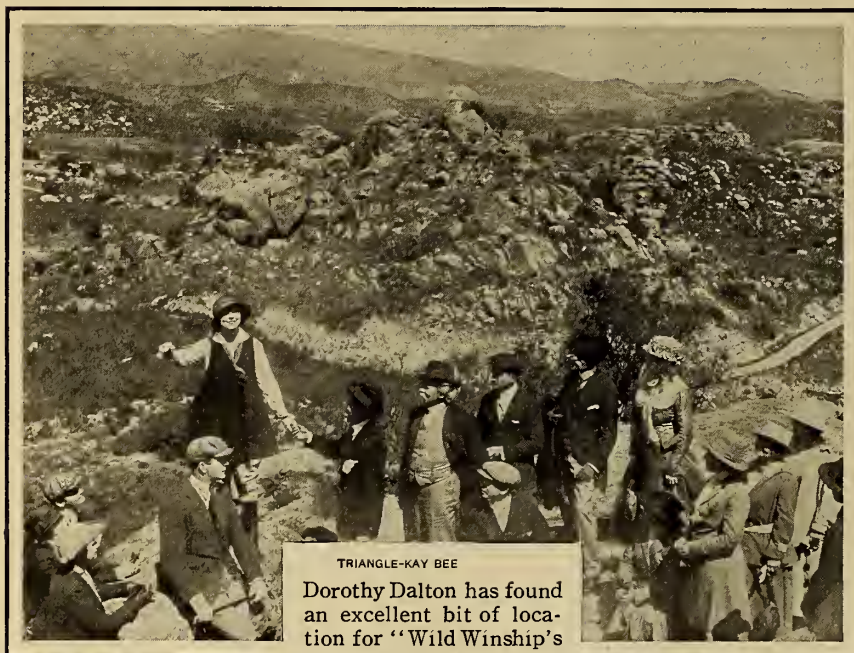
The beautiful open-air theater on Rosemary Farm, Huntington, Long Island, where a stupendous pageant, under the direction of the American Red Cross Bureau of Motion Pictures, is to be staged on October 5th. The pageant is to be filmed and will be used throughout the country to stimulate interest in the work of the Red Cross.

Hitting the Trail



METRO

Mabel Taliaferro and her entire company spent two weeks at Saranac Lake, for the purpose of filming some scenes for "The Jury of Fate."



TRIANGLE-KAY BEE

Dorothy Dalton has found an excellent bit of location for "Wild Winship's Widow," up among the

mountains about Los Angeles, and triumphantly surveys her company therefrom.



ARTCRAFT

Algeria was transplanted to Fort Lee for a while, where a village was built for Elsie Ferguson's first picture, "Barbary Sheep."



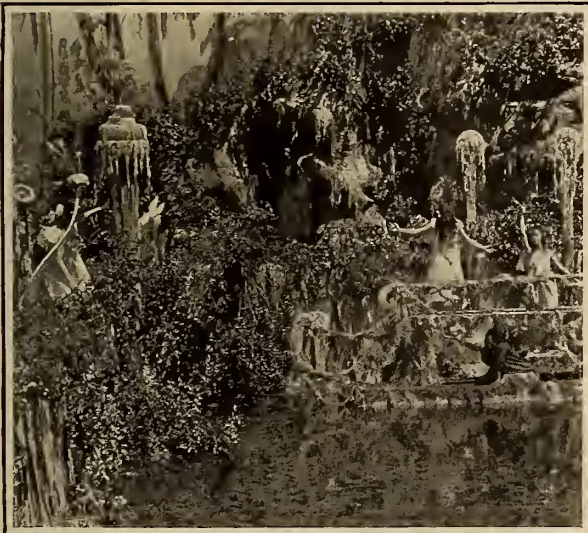
SIGNAL-MUTUAL

Since Helen Holmes started working there, Los Angeles has become accustomed to all sorts of thrills, and railroad wrecks are part of its daily diet. This picture shows Miss Holmes and her company starting work on the new serial, "The Lost Express."

A Convertible Village



TRIANGLE
This elaborate Dutch village was constructed at Culver City, Cal., for the production of "Wooden Shoes," in which Bessie Barriscale was the star. Its cost would have been prohibitive, even for a movie set, were it not that such a structure is convertible.



TRIANGLE
Hung with vines, moss and streamers, and aided by a clever arrangement of lights, it became a fairy village for "In Slumberland." A whole barge-load of rose petals was tipped into the water.



TRIANGLE
Abandoning all these disguises with the facility of a lightning-change artist, shorn of its eerie beauty, our village emerges as an Irish setting for Bessie Love's "Wee Lady Betty."

Photoplays Pass the Reviewing Stand



FOX
The stupendous production of "Cleopatra," in which Theda Bara stars, is said to have cost

\$500,000, and 15,000 people and 2,000 horses were used. Roman palaces, the Roman Forum, the Barge on the Nile, the Pyramids, the Sphinx and all other scenes incidental to the life story of Cleopatra were perfectly reproduced.



ARTCRAFT

Elsie Ferguson makes her initial appearance in motion pictures in "Barbary Sheep," taken from the novel by Robert Hichens. A sumptuous Oriental setting contributes much to the popularity of this play.



PARAMOUNT

No star could be better suited to his part than is Sessue Hayakawa to that of "Hushimura Togo," in the photoplay of that name. The artistic settings and the Japanese atmosphere achieved throughout make this a truly remarkable release.



NORMA TALMADGE FILM CO.

Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien, in "The Moth." Miss Talmadge plays the role of a social butterfly suddenly brought to a realization of the perilous course she has been steering.

On Their Way to the Front



FOX

"The Conqueror," with William Farnum as the star, picturizing the heroic life and times of General Sam Houston, the Liberator of Texas, was photographed in California, Texas and Mexico. Sioux Indians, Texas rangers and U. S. cavalrymen appear in the production.



GOLDWYN

Tom Powers and Rubye De Remer, in a characteristic bit from "The Auction Block," by Rex Beach.



GOLDWYN

Jane Cowl's first photoplay for Goldwyn is "The Spreading Dawn," based on Basil King's *Saturday Evening Post* story. Aside from looking her customary beautiful self, Miss Cowl does some fine acting. The entire production measures up to the Goldwyn standard of excellence.



METRO

Walter Miller with Emily Stevens in "The Slacker."



METRO

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

Has been in his day a wrestler, a bicycle racer, an artist's model and a student of sculpture. All of which goes to prove that a motion picture idol isn't made in a day.

Comments of a Free Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

The writer is well known in the moving picture world. She began her career as a moving picture actress with the Biograph Company when it was the pioneer in this field of operation. She has since been prominently connected with the Kinemacolor and other companies and more recently was the star in her striking sociological play "Charity."

BATTLE FRONT FILMS THRILL CROWDED HOUSES

ONE OF the most interesting motion picture openings I ever attended took place at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, New York City, on August 8th, when the first and only official Italian war films to reach America were shown there. Had the pictures been dull and stupid, the unique crowd of first nighters that filled the theater would have been well worth the price of admission to see. It was something new in the way of a first night. There were no dress suits noticeable, a few Palm Beach ones; but every true Italian there—and there were many—had his coat off, revealing a bright pink or blue shirt, with a few striped ones interspersed. Whether suspenders or belts were a necessary part of the costume mattered little. Even the musicians in their Palm Beach suits left off their coats, and the occupants of the boxes were also in their shirt sleeves. Our men, suffering in their dark woolen suits, might well envy the simplicity and naturalness of this one of our Allies, which has not too much false pride to be comfortable. Even if the night be hot and humid, and a close theater be not the happiest choice of a place to spend an August evening, a visit to this theater to see these Italian war films is well worth the effort. The views which make up this film, called "The Italian Battlefront," and which were photographed by the cinematographic division of the Italian army, under the direction of the Italian General Staff, are in three parts:

1st, Italy's warfare in the Adamello, at the top of the snow-clad Alps.

2d, The battle of Gorizia, showing the capture of the supposedly impregnable Austrian fortress.

3d, Italy's warfare in the sky and on the sea.

These films make us realize the tremendous part Italy is playing in this World War. No one could help but be thrilled by the wonderful scene showing the courage, strength and endurance of Italy's brave men—it seemed there were thousands of them—in hauling a six-inch gun up the precipitous mountainsides, through soft, deep snow,



CAMPBELL STUDIOS

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

to the top of the peak, thousands of feet above the level of the sea. It was not as we had been accustomed to think of "sunny Italy," heretofore more often associated with laughing skies and vine-clad hills and a people light of heart.

CAN'T WE CHANGE THIS CIGAR SIGN?

Why does the motion picture actor, when he portrays an American business man, lawyer, financier, police official, public official or editor, invariably smoke a big, black cigar as a mark of identification? Quite as proverbial as the screen doctor with his goatee and little black bag is the screen business man with his cigar. I have visited business men in their offices, bankers, lawyers and real-estate men, and I cannot recall a single instance where I was ushered

into the presence of one who was smoking. And I have observed gentlemen conferring in their offices, with no women present, and never were they indulging in tobacco. Is it a lack of repose that makes the motion picture actor eternally puff? I have seen photoplays where every man in a scene "puffed" until it got on one's nerves. Business men of responsibility (as movie actors always are) have other things on their minds than the fragrant Havana. Cannot a motion picture actor play a scene, open a book, read, go to the telephone, talk business or even think unless he smokes? No actor who has genuine repose, the first essential of fine acting, needs the help of a cigar or a cigarette to "get by" when he portrays the man of business.

SPY PICTURES OVERDONE

As I entered the lobby of the Globe Theater to see William Fox's production of "The Spy," I was handed a large, bright yellow sheet, containing rather startling information regarding the picture. It embraced reprints from the New York Times, telling about Germany's sending many secret agents here and of American residents in Europe being in her service, all of which was set off with a headline caption in very large black letters, saying "A Box Office Riot." It may turn out to be that sort of a riot, for it is not so hard just to make money; but I hardly think there

will be any riots inside the theater when "The Spy" is shown. Mr. Fox is past grand master in the art of sensational advertising. Naturally everyone will want to see his motion picture expose of how the Kaiser operates and secures inside information, all of which is supposed to be shown in this photoplay by George Bronson Howard. Somehow it seems to me that a combination including such fine figures as William Fox, manufacturer, George Bronson Howard, author, Richard Stanton, director, and Dustin Farnum, screen star, might have collaborated on a "spy" story that could have given us at least one thrill and a small measure of novelty. But "The Spy" has the same hackneyed, conventional plot, with the lady spy and the gentleman spy, each serving a different country. They meet and fall in love and are "discovered," and later the gentleman spy refuses to disclose the whereabouts of the little book containing the names of Germany's secret agents in America, which he has secured by "cracking" a big safe in about the same time he could crack a walnut. Both spies are tortured by being suspended in air and stretched. Still the gentleman spy won't tell. Lady spy is brought in to see her lover tortured—all of which has never been done before! After far too many feet of film showing Mr. Farnum's torture, with revolting "close-ups" of his agonized face, heavily vaselined to give the appearance of perspiring blood, and scenes of the girl's agony, and their agony together, the gentleman spy makes his final refusal to give up the book of addresses which he has secured for his country. Then they are both taken out and shot. True, he served his country and gave his life in so doing. But can we never have a change? Can we not have a story of self-sacrifice for one's native land with a spiritual note such as the story of Edith Cavell? Must we always have the lady spy and the gentleman spy serving nations at war, and must they always meet on board ship and fall madly in love with each other on the first moonlight night? Cannot some producer give us a photoplay worthy of the awful conflict going on across the ocean, instead of the cheap, banal stuff that has been given us on the war subject since time immemorial?

WHERE MOVING PICTURES EXCEL

A cable dispatch to the *New York World* says that plays in England may have to be staged without scenery. The motion picture manufacturers may well stop and consider that while they have their own troubles, they have many things to be grateful for. This is one of them. Should the demand on the railroads for transport facilities in this country also be too heavily taxed during the war, there is a possibility of our having spoken drama without scenery. But the motion picture reels of celluloid, done up in neat little tins, containing the scenic beauties of our own and other lands, magnificent ballrooms or poverty-stricken hovels, as backgrounds, can very easily be shipped to the far corners of the earth with no appreciable tax on the capacity of any railroad, mail or transport service. The native of Borneo can see the photoplays with the exact "sets" that we see in the theaters on Broadway. And even aside from the war, imagine ever shipping scenery for a play to Borneo or Samburan!

THE TARDY THEATER CURTAIN

A note in the daily papers said that the Shuberts gave warning that the curtain would rise at 8:15 sharp, Western Union time, on Wilton Lackaye's presentation of "The Inner Man," at the Lyric Theater, New York, and that during the prologue no person would be seated, even if he brought his own campstool. Therefore I had an earlier dinner hour than usual and hastened to the theater to be on time. With my wrist watch conveniently at hand, I took note of the time. Eight-fifteen came and 8:15 went. Eight-twenty came and 8:20 went, and 8:30 arrived before the curtain went up, and then and thereafter any person with a check for a seat was seated. Why make these statements and then utterly disregard them? It is not fair to those who make the extra effort to be on time. The photoplay advertised to begin at a certain hour begins at that hour. Cannot our theaters presenting drama learn a simple lesson from their humble rival, the motion picture playhouse, and stop this most annoying practice of advertising a time at which the curtain is supposed to rise, and then having the play begin anywhere from a quarter to a half hour later?

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

The decision handed down by Supreme Court Justice Ordway, when he granted an injunction against a news film depicting Mrs. Grace Humiston, who so skillfully solved the Ruth Cruger mystery, was satisfying even if somewhat of a surprise. Mrs. Humiston's modesty in not wanting to appear in a film is much to be admired. In her case the decision is just. As Justice Ordway concludes, Mrs. Humiston is "not the commander of an army, a visiting ambassador or even a public official, but a private citizen entitled to be protected in her right of privacy." All well and good. But this same judge goes on to mention a similar case recently decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, where the ruling was that "it cannot be put out of view that the exhibition of moving pictures is a business pure and simple, originated and conducted for profit, like other spectacles, not to be regarded, nor intended to be regarded by the Ohio Constitution, we think, as part of the press of the country or as organs of public opinion." From this I infer that newspapers are not conducted for profit. I know I pay my pennies when I buy them, which, of course, is the very smallest part of the profit of a newspaper. There are newspapers that receive such enormous sums for advertising that in columns remote from the advertising pages a dramatic critic cannot even give an honest opinion.

Has Justice Ordway ever seen the educational films that have been shown all over the world? I wish I might have had the wonderful help that school children of to-day can receive from the animal and plant life studies shown on the screen. I had only my dry little text-book of zoology and botany. The motion pictures beat them to death. It costs a cent or two to buy an evening paper with pictures and captions of "Our Boys" marching down Fifth Avenue, and it costs ten cents or a quarter to see the same picture only larger and animated with similar captions on the screen of

a motion picture theater. We get some fine music and other films for our quarter, of course. But the "profit" part is surely vague, and as to the difference in news value, it is hard to get the justice's viewpoint.

THE RIVAL OF THE STAGE

True, many years rolled by and the newspapers had no rival in the distribution of the news, but all this is very different now. However, there is plenty of room for both, only let a distinction be drawn between cheap, sensational film producers and the reputable ones. There are even newspapers more or less "yellow." The screens of motion picture theaters flashed the picture of Miss Ruth Cruger, in a humble effort to help solve her mysterious disappearance. I do not know whether there was a charge made for this service or not, but I hardly think so. But as through life the innocent must suffer for those who do wrong, so reputable motion picture companies must pay the price along with those who in the quest for the almighty dollar are willing to commercialize events and circumstances in people's lives that are sacred to them. It is high time motion picture people ceased talking about money. Aside from any other issue, Mrs. Humiston, engaged in doing a fine, big, noble work, surely cannot afford to have the public think—as it has been educated to think in other cases by some unscrupulous motion picture people—that she received possibly ten thousand dollars for the film taken of her.

A HOPKINS-BRENON CONTROVERSY

When learned gentlemen producers of the drama condescend to a tour or a detour, such as not a few of them take, through a motion picture studio, there is usually one result. When the hurried visit is concluded, they write, for the edification of all, a brilliant article full of wise observations and clever suggestions for the improvement of the motion picture that we poor "movie" people, who have spent as many years studying and working out the possibilities of the photoplay as these interlopers spend weeks, are supposed to know nothing about. Mr. Arthur Hopkins, who sojourned in "movie-land" for five short months, tells us startling things about the motion picture in an article in the *New York Times* of July 29th. I could fill much more space than I have in answering Mr. Hopkins's foolish statements, but Mr. Herbert Brenon has made a very able reply in an article in the *Dramatic Mirror* of recent date, quite to the satisfaction of all of us.

If Mr. Hopkins thinks he was the first director to have used a black velvet drop for a background in a scene, he is much mistaken. This "experiment," which he states was a "complete success," was used in a photoplay version of the old English morality play, "Everyman." As I played "Everyman" and as the year was 1912, the facts are quite clear in my mind. Back in 1808 D. W. Griffith held many a long discussion with me as to whether he could "cut off people's legs" and have just their "top parts" play scenes. The "close-up" was invented by him. Really, this is such an old story that even Mr. Hopkins should have known it. And just a word about "settings," where Mr. Hopkins says the greatest improvement could be made. I know of no

stage setting that, from beauty of ensemble or detail, can be in any way compared with the magnificent Babylonian scenes and those of the Holy Land in Mr. Griffith's photoplay, "Intolerance." The stage has yet a long way to go to catch up with the motion picture as far as such settings are concerned. I doubt very much if it ever can reach the motion picture. "The Wanderer," a magnificent spectacle, shows how far in the matter of "sets" the stage must advance before it can achieve the art of a photoplay production such as "Intolerance."

There have been and there still are being shown in some pictures "parlor sets," where the over-generous property man puts on every piece of furniture and decorates the mantel with every ornament he can dig up in the property room. But why put all motion pictures in the same class? The stage, such a mature child as compared with the movies, occasionally shows the same bad taste in the matter of sets. Recently I saw Wilton Lackaye's new play, "The Inner Man." One act took place in a room in the home of a philanthropist who gave two hundred thousand dollars a year to charity. For a reception room in a mansion, it certainly was cheap, ugly and in very bad taste. Aside from all this, how can the stage ever hope to compare with the movies in the matter of "sets," when the latter have the whole world to choose from for their stage settings—the forests, mountains, rivers and deserts? When logs are transported by boat from the far North to southern California, and then hauled up a steep mountain, there to be built into a cabin, to get the genuine mountain scenery for a background, what is there left to say? This is only one instance. Mighty clever lighting and dull, soft tones would be necessary for a similar stage setting to approximate the beauty and reality of the natural scenery reproduced in the photoplay.

The Rival Movies

By TUDOR JENKS

SMITH and Jones ran rival movies in a Western town, and Smith's receipts kept rising up, while Jones's still ran down.

No matter what the features, results remained the same, until Jones went to Smith's reel shop, and there he learned the game.

For Jones had run the pictures just the way they were sent in;

He ran them as the numbers came, with the first one to begin.

But Smith was wise to women's ways and how they read a book:

He put the last reel on at first and let them have a look
To know how stories ended before they did begin.
So, knowing human nature, he raked the money in.

There is a rule for womenfolk on which you can depend:
They all begin a story by reading the wrong end.

A Reel Drawback

Friend—What makes you think she hasn't nerve enough to be a picture actress?

Director—Because when she asked me for a position, she registered fear.

TWINKLE, TWIN



FOX
Francis Carpenter and Virginia Lee Corbin given five-year-old

FOX
"Babes in the Woods," one of eight fairy photoplays for the Fox kiddies.



TRIANGLE
Six-year-old Georgie Stone, featured player of Triangle.



TRIANGLE
The field for the former-day "ingenue" is constantly growing smaller, for of what use is it for her to assume short skirts and a "baby stare," when eight-year-old Thelma Salter can handle a stellar role and look the part besides?



VITAGRAPH
Bobby Coe and his three old leading lady, Aida



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE
Being a full-fledged leading lady, Baby Spofford appears to be contemplating a strike for a raise.



ESSANAY
"Do Children Count?" says Essanay. Which is Of course they do, particularly Mary McAlister, featured in that series.

E, LITTLE STAR



stars of the Fox Kiddie Fairy Stories, have just been at stupendous salaries. Their first release, "Jack beanstalk," cost sixty thousand dollars.



PATHE
Baby Marie Osborne, in "Captain Kiddo," is distinctly "in the swim." She is only five years old and has several stellar roles to her credit.



FOX
Jane and Katherine Lee, two of the best known youngsters on the screen. The Lees, being wise, are starting early on their Thanksgiving dinner.



BALBOA **WITZEL PHOTO**
Bobby Holman proves that "Never too old to start" ought to read "Never too young," these days. Twenty-two months isn't too young, anyway," says Bobby.



TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR



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The Eternal Feminine in Transitory Fashions



TRIANGLE

"And ye shall walk in silk attire, and siller hae to spare," promises Susanna Blamire. So Alma Reuben thought she'd try it.



TRIANGLE-KEystone

"Woman's glory—my hat!" says Ora Carew.



MAYFAIR

APEDA

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," said Shakespeare. So Peggy Hyland selected this gown for "Persuasive Peggy," her first Mayfair release.



ARTCRAFT

Mary Pickford, as she appears in her newest release, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." "It matters not what Mary wears, nor how she wears it; she is still America's sweetheart." — FILM FUN.



HORSLEY-DAVID

"Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most," said Thomson; but he hadn't seen Margarita Fischer's newest creation.



TRIANGLE

"How sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong," said Bryant. But raiment like this Louise Glaum wears in "Idolaters" ought to make heroism easy.

Beauty—Skin Deep and Otherwise



McCLURE

These days it doesn't seem to be so much a question of how many clothes one wears as where one wears 'em. For instance, Shirley Mason, in her party frock, looks dainty and demure, and yet—



McCLURE

"If I were to come to a party in this," says Shirley, "I'd probably be mobbed. And if you think it cheap to dress a part like this, just inquire into the price of furs."



TRIANGLE

Bessie Love revels in outdoor life. In her playtime costume, "shattering our sorry scheme of things entire," she doesn't appear to own ten of the eighteen years credited to her. But just watch the leopard change its spots—



TRIANGLE

Behold! Miss Love, all that conventionality demands, more dignified, decidedly less comfortable, back to the serious and humdrum business of being a regular Young Lady.



PARAMOUNT

VIVIAN MARTIN

Despite that carefree smile, has been working steadily through the summer months. Whether or not that work has been worth while you will have an opportunity to judge in her forthcoming releases, "The Sunset Trail," "The Trouble Buster," "Lolly Entangled" and "The Fair Barbarian."

"All the World Loves a Lover"



PARAMOUNT

Try this in your home. It will safeguard you from having some person read your newspaper over your shoulder, and serves equally well as a love scene between Billie Burke and Thomas Meigham in "The Mysterious Miss Terry."

GENERAL

All heroes belong to the Ancient Order of Handholders. No love scene is complete without one clutch at least. Witness Rodney La Rock and Marguerite Clayton in "The Rainbow Box."

GENERAL

No, Webster Campbell and Lucile Heyer aren't running away with the bank's money. Lucile is going into the hands of a receiver—for the filming of "Discounters of Money."



SELZNICK

Eva Tanguay in this scene from "The Wild Girl," her first Selznick play, soon to be released, seems to be preparing a warm reception for Stuart Holmes.



OGDEN

Lillian Walker's dimple makes her attractive enough in any attire. One of the many charming scenes in the first Ogden Pictures release, "The Lust of the Ages."



EMPIRE ALL STAR

When a man lets a woman carve the festive fowl, as David Powell is permitting Ann Murdock to do, it's a sure sign nothing can save him.

In Search of Types

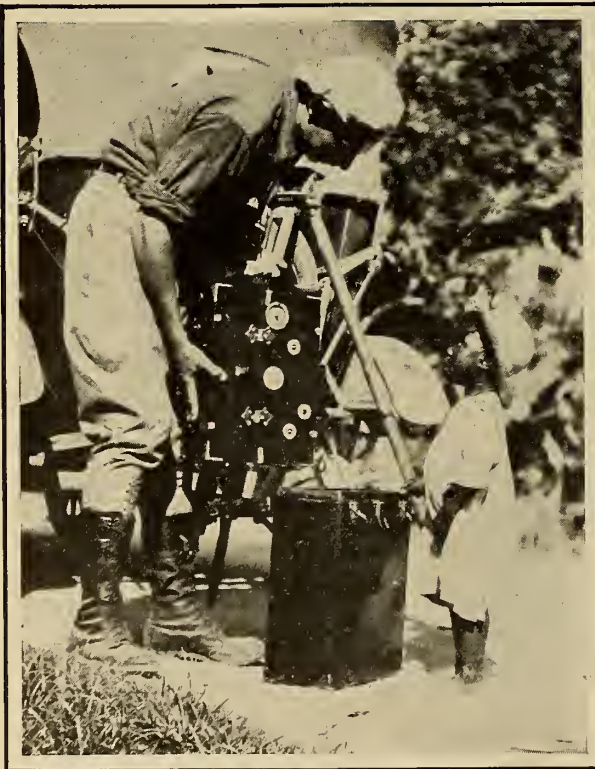


GAUMONT
A Hindu priest, one of the interesting types Mr. Van der Veer found in Trinidad, B. W. I.

WHERE once, in the "legitimate" drama, a sign reading, "This is a forest," and a small plant marked, "This is a tree," served as a satisfactory setting for one of Shakespeare's plays, theatrical producers of to-day leave no stone unturned to reproduce in exact detail the settings required for the action of their dramas, even to the smallest detail. Such, too, has been the history of the motion picture industry. In the early days of film production, when motion pictures were made for the five- and ten-cent houses and for the type of person who frequented those houses, a setting was reproduced more or less—usually less—faithfully, wherever the convenience of the director or the company was best suited. Motion pictures were a "cheap" amusement, and so they were done in a "cheap" way. But with the advent of the higher-class theater, devoted exclusively to the display of first-run feature photoplays at a twenty-five-cent, fifty-cent, one-dollar and sometimes even two-dollar admission fee, has come the more refined, more intelligent type of "fan." For them pictures must have at least a fair semblance of truth, and "faking" no longer "goes." Motion picture producers have come to realize this, and count the expense of sending entire companies of players to Saranac, Florida, Mexico and other points well worth while, if the result is a truthful, logical setting. The Gaumont Pictures are doing great work in the field of obtaining authentic types and settings. Their photographers have been to all points of the civilized and uncivilized world, bringing back with them many interesting and valuable pictures. The pictures on this page are a fair specimen of what Willard Van der Veer, a well-known cinematographer, has brought with him on his return to America after an extended trip through the West Indies.



GAUMONT
A front view of the same priest. Great interest in Mr. Van der Veer's work was displayed in Trinidad.



GAUMONT
A mystified and inquiring youngster of Trinidad, examining the camera.



GAUMONT
Another photograph showing an East Indian beggar in conversation with the operator.



towns and neighboring country, are almost uncanny in their portrayal of the force of the advance.

For the first time the Italian camera men also have obtained motion pictures of an actual sea battle, from the deck of one of the fighting ships. The destruction of an Austrian submarine is pictured in detail, from the deck of the small destroyer, which not only follows the chase, but sends home the shots that sink the enemy craft.

With such detail is each scene shown that army and navy officers declare these pictures to be the most wonderful portrayal of modern warfare the camera has ever caught, especially in the scenes illustrating the Italian methods of "camouflage" and aerial observation, the camera being taken aloft in a monster Italian balloon.

Figuratively Speaking

A play of stage life was in progress, showing flashes of the chorus girls in the dressing-room.

"The man who picked out the girls for that part had a great head for figures," remarked Kriss.

"Yes," replied Kross. "he certainly was a good mathematician."

Poor Consolation

Friend—Do you get your scenarios back in a hurry?

Writer—Yes, unless I send them to the studios in California; then they take longer.

This photograph shows the transportation of heavy guns across chasms by aerial ropeway.

A Staggering Assertion

The scene showed a tipsy man staggering up the street.

"Be jabbers," an Irishman remarked to his wife, "that man looks as if he had been torpedoed widout warning."

At the Movies

The first time that they ever meet,
Each gazes in surprise,
For he is strong, and she is sweet,
And both have wondrous eyes.
While he is seen to gasp for breath,
She gives her heart a clutch.
'Tis plain these two will love till death!
(I like that very much!)

But trouble intervenes straightway;
The villain soon appears.
His hair is slightly tinged with gray
A bit above the ears.
He holds her father's I. O. U.,
And, rotten to the core,
He claims the girl. They always do!
(I like that even more!)

Of course, they have an awful time;
The villain's schemes are vile.
He will not stop at any crime,
And, oh, that fiendish smile!
But virtue wins the day, depend,
For vice is bound to fall!
A hug! A kiss! A sigh! The end!
(I like that best of all!)

—Harold Seton.



JUDGE

How the average vampire-photoplay is costumed.



TAGRAPH

Mary Anderson finds that there are one or two small things women *cannot* do as well as men, despite their frequent boasts to the contrary.

Doing Her Bit

It happened in Levy's, in Los Angeles. I had finished my meal, and the waiter had departed for the check. The conversation of the two ladies at an adjacent table was wafted to my idle ears. They—the ladies, not the ears—were very pretty, vivacious and smartly gowned. Said one:

"Done my bit? Goodness, my dear, I should say I have! I've knit socks and sweaters, discharged my German maid and hired a French one, adopted a Belgian orphan, donated to the Red Cross, bought a lot of Liberty Bonds, cut down on my meals to conserve food, and made hubby forget his frankfurters and sauerkraut! I've done lots! And you?"

"Well," said the other, "I, too, have pulled off most of the stunts you mention—and then some more some! Gracious! Let's see. I've married two Canadians, an Englishman, three Frenchmen, a Russian—and flirted with a Jap."

The waiter had returned and was standing at my elbow. I gazed at him and gasped. "The Queen of Reno?"

"Nix!" he whispered. "That is Miss Apryle Maye, leading lady at the Reelo studio. Ain't she a p'—"

I faded out!

—Harry J. Smalley.

Idols—But Not Idlers

Robert Warwick and Bud Fisher are in training at Plattsburg. Tom Forman and Walter Long (the Bottle Imp) are in the Coast Artillery at the Presidio. Bryant Washburn, Wallace Reid and Irving Cummings are doing their bit under the selective draft. From Universal City more than forty—props, camera men, actors and directors—have answered the call. These are our "own folks," and it will be of interest to their friends and admirers to know something of the conditions they will meet when they get to France.

Facilities for feeding our soldiers both at the front and in the rear, including the most advanced trenches, are astonishingly perfected, and very seldom is there any complaint as to quantity or quality of food. Arrangements for receiving and sending mail, even for the men under fire, are almost as efficient as those in cities during peace times, and unremitting effort is made to supply the dugouts as well as headquarters with papers, magazines and books.

At regular and frequent intervals men in the advance line are brought back beyond the reach of fire for rest and change—four or five days being the usual rest period. In these rest camps behind the firing line there are organized arrangements for sports, games, amateur theatricals and other amusements. Without this relaxation the tension of trench life would be intolerable.

Bachelor Wisdom

The scene showed a chorus girl making up and registering temper.

"A woman isn't like wine," remarked an old bachelor to his married friend.

"No, indeed," was the rejoinder; "they never grow mellow with age."

A Fruitless Effort

Very pretty movie miss, sitting in the park;

Along comes a chappie, out for a lark.

Said he, "Little girl, you certainly are a peach!"

She answered politely, "But far out of your reach."



WORLD

It's all right to have thousands of people in love with you, but when it comes to autographing that many photographs each week, Ethel Clayton admits it's no soft job.

PHOTO BY WHITE

WHY there is no excuse for old age at forty!

As You Grow Older in Years You Can Become Younger in Body, Younger in Spirit, Younger in Ambition, Younger in Every Characteristic That Gives Greater Earning and Living Power, Greater Thought Power, Greater Pleasure-Obtaining Power and Greater Health-Promoting Power

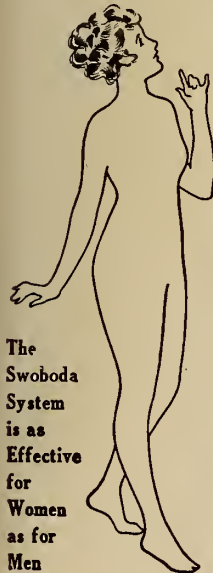
By W. W. WASHBURN

THE number of years a man has lived does not tell how old or young he is. A man is as old or as young as his energy, his vitality, his capacity for work and play, his resisting power against disease and fatigue.

A Remarkable Personality

Swoboda, himself, is perhaps the most perfect example of what Conscious Evolution can accomplish. As Swoboda gains in years, he grows younger in enthusiasm, younger in vitality, younger in health; he is becoming stronger, more energetic, more confident, more dominant and more alive by capitalizing his creative powers through Conscious Evolution. What Swoboda is accomplishing for himself, you too can accomplish—every individual can accomplish, for every individual is governed by the same laws and principles, and every individual has it within himself to make use of these laws and principles. Swoboda's mind and body are so alert and so active that in his presence one feels completely overpowered. His personality dominates everything with which it comes in contact; yet Swoboda is real—there is absolutely nothing mysterious about him. He knows not what fatigue is—he is a tireless worker. He delights in making sick people well and weak people strong. He loves his work because he feels he is of benefit to humanity—making a better, more vital, more potent race of men and women.

more efficient, more alive, more energetic, more ambitious, more enthusiastic, more youthful. By consciously developing the cells in our stomachs, we must improve our digestion. By consciously developing the cells in the heart, we must increase its strength in exact proportion. By consciously developing the brain cells, the result can only be multiplied brain power—and so with every organ in the body.



What we are and what we are capable of accomplishing depends entirely and absolutely on the degree of development of our cells. They are the sole controlling factors in us. We are only as young and as great and as powerful as they are.

There Is No Fraud Like Self-Deception

You may think you are young, strong, brainy, energetic, happy, yet when compared with other men or women, you are old, weak, dull, listless and unhappy. You do not know what you are capable of accomplishing because you have not begun to develop the real vital powers within you. The truth

is you are only a dwarf in health and mind when you can easily become a giant through conscious development of every cell, tissue and organ of your body and brain. By accelerating the development of the powers within you, you can actually become younger, as you grow older—yes, younger in every way that will contribute to your health, happiness and prosperity.

Conscious Evolution—The Secret

Swoboda proves that Conscious Evolution gives energy and vitality to spare, digestive power to spare, self-reliance to spare, and gives many other desirable characteristics to spare. He proves that Conscious Evolution makes people disease-proof, fatigue-proof. He maintains that to possess sufficient vitality and energy and to keep the body in normal health under the most favorable conditions is no more health prosperity than to have only enough money from day to day to meet current expenses. Great reserve health, great reserve energy is what we must acquire if we are to successfully nullify the ravages of time, and to easily overcome every adverse condition and thus enjoy the benefit of our health power and the advantage of our energy.

Beware of Health Poverty

As Swoboda says, "There are individuals who seek work only when their last cent is gone. Likewise, individuals live from minute to minute and from day to day, seeking health and energy only as they need them badly."

Conscious Evolution is for them—for everyone. It is a simple scientific and practical system by means of which every part of the brain and body is energized, strengthened, awakened, so that we become possessed of a super health and mentality—the Swoboda kind of health and mentality. Conscious Evolution makes for good fortune by developing the resources and the ability and power of personality.

Strange as it may seem, this revolutionary method of consciously awakening and developing weakened and lifeless cells requires no drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. It does not require dieting, deep breathing, excessive exercising, cold baths, electricity or massage. It takes only a few minutes a day, yet so startling is the effect of Swoboda's system that you begin to feel younger, renewed, revitalized, re-energized after the first day.

Swoboda Has Over 260,000 Followers!

25,000 in New York	1,200 in Cincinnati
14,000 in Chicago	2,000 in Los Angeles
15,000 in Philadelphia	1,000 in Washington D. C.
7,000 in Boston	25,000 in England
5,000 in Pittsburgh	162,000 in other places
4,000 in St. Louis	
800 in Cleveland	

Total—262,000 Men and Women

Conscious Evolution has followers all over the world, in all countries of the globe. Swoboda has followers in the Fiji Islands, in Java, in New Zealand, in Anstralia, in the Philippines, in China, in Japan, in Brazil, in Argentina, in Bolivia, and in all of the Southern and Central American countries as well as in Canada and Mexico.

CREATOR OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION



AN AMAZING BOOK FOR YOU

Swoboda has published for distribution a remarkable book which explains his system of Conscious Evolution and what it has already done. Write for this book—not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 200,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that hasn't at least one member a pupil of Swoboda, including Chas. E. Hughes, Rockefeller, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Arnours, the Cudahys, the Swifts—but write for the book because it means so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power and resisting power. It is a big book filled from cover to cover with the vital facts about yourself and how you can acquire the degree of perfection in body and mind that you so much desire. It exposes the dangers of excessive deep breathing, excessive exercise, and excessive muscular development.

Regardless of how you may feel, of how efficient you may think you are—regardless of how active, energetic and alert you may consider yourself—regardless of how happy, how contented you may pride yourself on being—regardless of how healthy, wealthy or successful you may be, you cannot afford, in justice to yourself, to miss the interesting and instructive secrets explained for the first time in this startling new book.

A mere reading of "Conscious Evolution" will so fill you with enthusiasm and ambition, that you will not rest until you have yourself acquired the Swoboda kind of health and energy by cultivating and revitalizing intensely every cell, tissue and organ in your own system. Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it or write a letter or a postal card and mail it today. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages you will have been repaid a thousandfold for having read it. I urge you by all means not to delay, not to say "I'll do it later," but to send NOW, while the matter is on your mind. Remember, the book is absolutely free for you to keep—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write NOW. Address

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Who's Who and Where

Billie Burke, Paramount star, after a two years' absence from the foot-lights, is returning to the stage in a new play by Clare Kummer.

Thomas H. Ince has taken over the former Biograph studios in Los Angeles for the production of photoplays which he is to produce through Arcraft and Paramount.

The motion picture rights to Samuel Merwin's novel, "Anthony the Absolute," have been sold to the Universal Film Company, and the story will shortly come to life on the screen.

Charles Ray's first picture for Paramount is called "The Son of His Father" and was picturized from Ridge-well Cullem's story of the same name. Volva Vale supports Mr. Ray in this picture.

The Balboa Company has guaranteed a position to every one of its employees lost by draft or enlistment. "Your job will be here awaiting you when you come back," said the officers of the company when bidding the boys good-by.

The exterior scenes in "Tom Sawyer," Jack Pickford's and Louise Huff's newest production, were taken in the very locality where Tom lived seventy years ago. The entire Pickford-Huff company went to Hannibal, Mo., where Mark Twain lived as a boy.

George Ade's new crop of "Fables in Slang," which have appeared in magazines during the last year, have been made into screen material by Essanay and are twenty-five to fifty minutes in length. The first release is the fable of "The Twelve Cylinder Speed of the Leisure Class."

Arthur S. Roche is said to be writing the scenario of a motion picture play for Houdini, the man who can escape from a time-locked safe and for whom handcuffs and like restraints are without terror. With Mr. Roche to write and Houdini to act, the result should be a real thriller.

Twenty O. Henry tales have already been done in two-reel length, and the O. Henry stories sufficiently elaborate

to permit of presentation in four-reel length are to follow. These include "A Municipal Report" and "The Defeat of the City." Another series of two-reel O. Henry stories is also planned.

Mme. Alla Nazimova's first Metro picture is a seven-reel production called "A Rose-Bush of a Thousand Years," written by Mabel Wagnalls. It was published originally in *Current Opinion* and was adapted for the screen by Ethel Browning Miller. George D. Baker directed the picture.

Emily Stevens is to postpone her annual New York engagement and tour of the country in a stage production until early in 1918, for the purpose of continuing in Super-Feature pictures for Metro. Miss Stevens will for the next six months appear only in special productions de luxe for Metro, under the supervision of Maxwell Karger.

George Vere Hobart, the author of "Experience," and joint author with Edna Ferber of "Our Mrs. McChesney," has been engaged to prepare exclusive screen material for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Mr. Hobart will devote the greater portion of his time to this work and is engaged in writing a photoplay for Sessue Hayakawa.

All future Rex Beach pictures, made from the stories and novels of this famous author, are to be distributed and controlled by the Goldwyn Distributing Corporation, under a contract signed by Samuel Goldfish, president of Goldwyn; Benjamin B. Hampton, president of the Rex Beach Film Corporation, and Rex Beach himself. "The Auction Block," the latest completed Rex Beach picture, was six months in the making.

Rather than try to duplicate Fifth Avenue or Broadway in the backyard of a Los Angeles film studio, Douglas Fairbanks took his company on a 3,500-mile journey to secure the real goods for three scenes of his new picture. He was accompanied by twenty persons, and the entire trip took two weeks, allowing him three days in New York and a stop-over in New Orleans. The trip was tremendously expensive, but the result was the desired realism.

OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of **FILM FUN**. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

E. M. G., Wilmington, Del.—Thank you. Glad you like our magazine. Pearl White is now starring in "The Fatal Ring," and prior to her work in this serial starred in "Pearl of the Army," another serial. Preceding this was "May Blossom," a five-part Gold Rooster play, and "The Iron Claw," a serial. Creighton Hale is in "The Seven Pearls," a serial in which he is starred with Mollie King. The last record we have been able to find of Eugene Strong shows that he appeared as Robert Clayton, the artist, in "The Crimson Stain Mystery," made by Consolidated Film Corporation.

FILM FUN has received a letter from Japan, which we take great pleasure in quoting:

Dear Sirs—I beg to inform you that please write me the following letter on your Readers' Column of **FILM FUN**. I am a reader of **FILM FUN**, and I believe it is the best magazine to comfort me—my only friendly reading. I cannot find such a fine, amusing magazine in my country. I enjoy the Readers' Column especially, therefore I am anxiously awaiting the following number of **FILM FUN**. I hope to exchange the letter or the picture card with any reader. Yours faithfully, Tadaki Kondo, Yusenji Copper Mine, Nomigum, Ishikawaken, Japan.

We are also in receipt of the following postcard:

I am one of the most Japanese readers of the **FILM FUN**. I like the **FILM FUN** very much. I hope to exchange motion picture postcards, books and many other things with the **FILM FUN**'s readers. Please exchange with great favor. Do you know Miss Grace Darmond? She is a skillful motion picture actress. Most admirers of the Kinema. Remember! Miss Grace Darmond in the Astra Corp. Yasuhiko Mabuchi, No. 4 Yagenbori, Nihonbashi, Tokio, Japan.

E. W. H., Alabama.—We are sorry, too, that you did not become a regular **FILM FUN** fan sooner, and hope that you will keep your promise not to miss another issue. Both William S. Hart and Thomas H. Ince have left the Triangle Company and are now making pictures for Artcraft. Mr. Hart's newest picture is called "The Narrow Trail" and is to be released October

You Can Tell The People Who Have Iron in Their Blood — Strong, Healthy, Vigorous Folks

**Doctor Says Ordinary Nuxated Iron Will
Make Nervous Rundown People 100%
Stronger in Two Weeks' Time
in Many Cases.**

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"One glance is enough to tell which people have iron in their blood," said Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied widely both in this country and in Great European medical institutions, in a recent discourse. "They are the ones that do and dare. The others are in the weakling class. Sleepless nights spent worrying over supposed ailments, constant dosing with habit forming drugs and narcotics for nervous weakness, stomach, liver or kidney disease and useless attempts to brace up with strong coffee or other stimulants are what keep them suffering and vainly longing to be strong. Their real trouble is lack of iron in the blood. Without iron the blood has no power to change food into living tissue and therefore, nothing you eat does you any good; you don't get the strength out of it. The moment iron is supplied the multitude of dangerous symptoms disappear. I have seen dozens of nervous, rundown people who were ailing all the time, double and even triple their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of every sign of dyspepsia, liver and other trouble in from ten to fourteen days' time

simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without any benefit.

"If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. There is nothing like good old iron to put color in your cheeks and sound, healthy flesh on your bones. But you must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. E. Sauer, is one of the newer organic iron compounds. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy, in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The Manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.

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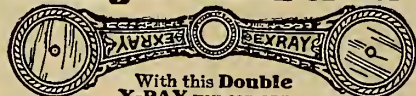


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15th. Mr. Ince's productions for Triangle were filmed in Culver City, Cal., but he has taken over the former Biograph studios in Los Angeles for the production of the plays he is to release through Artercraft. Charles Chaplin has been making pictures for Mutual Film Corporation. His latest release up to the time of going to press was "The Adventurer."

B. H., Elkin, N. C.—We are very glad that you like us, and extremely sorry that you have any complaints to register. We play no favorites but use all of them just as often as possible. Of course, we cannot use them all every month. We have recently used pictures of Mrs. Castle, Violet Mersereau and Ann Murdock, and no doubt you have already noticed the full-page portrait of Vivian Martin in this issue. We are glad you liked the picture of Grace Cunard in the July number. We like her, too. You can write to Ann Murdock in care of the Mutual Film Corporation, 220 South State Street, Chicago, Ill. Billie Rhodes is with the Christie Film Corporation, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Mary Fuller can be reached at 49 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City. If they are not too busy, no doubt they will answer your letters, and perhaps send you photographs. Thank you very much for your kind wishes. We are always glad to hear from our readers.

M. K., St. Paul, Minn.—Very glad you find us of interest. We will try to use a nice picture of Billie Burke in the near future.

If You Can Draw

a *little* and want to draw *more*, you have an opportunity to learn at small expense to yourself. Eugene Zimmerman has an established reputation as a cartoonist. He has put some of the tricks of his trade into a book,

"CARTOONS AND CARICATURES"

bound neatly in three-quarter morocco, which will be sent to you prepaid on receipt of price, \$1.00.

ZIM BOOK, F. F. 10, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City

Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

No. 343—OCTOBER, 1917

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O. STEWARD ILLUSTRATED

“EMPTY!”

THIS IS A VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT

The space for this advertisement is given free by the Leslie-Judge Company. The services of those who manage the fund are donated. Every cent collected goes into the purchase of tobacco comfort for our soldiers and sailors. Do your part!

MAIL COUPON AND CONTRIBUTION NOW!

WHAT THE SECRETARY OF WAR SAYS:

“The War Department approves of their enterprise (that of those who take part in raising the “Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund”) and thanks them in behalf of many a homesick soldier and sailor who will be cheered not merely by the kindly gifts themselves, but still more by the spirit of cordial and homely sympathy which inspires them.”

NEWTON D. BAKER, Secretary of War

“OUR BOYS IN FRANCE TOBACCO FUND”

25 West 44th Street

New York City

Depository:—Irving National Bank, N. Y.

“Gun Smoke Everywhere—

But not a whiff of TOBACCO SMOKE to cheer a fellow up!”

THE English “Tommys” have their pipes kept filled by the folks at home.

The French “Poilus” never want for a smoke—their friends are “on the job.”

The “Anzacs” have all the tobacco they can use sent them by their loved ones.

And now the time has come for Americans to send little packages of happiness to our “Sammies” in the trenches and our “Jackies” with the fleet. These lads are defending our lives and fortunes. We must show them our appreciation.

Besides facing the foe, our boys must experience homesickness, loneliness, dreary hours in the trenches, uncomfortable days in torpedo-boat destroyers. Tobacco cheers them; home and friends loom up in the fragrant puffs. Help us to give the boys at the front the “smoke” they crave and need. Even if you object to tobacco personally, think of those whom it comforts and let your contributions come without delay!

25c Keeps a Fighting Man Happy for a Week—
\$1 Sends a Month’s Supply of Tobacco—ACT!

Each quarter buys a package of tobacco and cigarettes worth 45 cents, enough to make one of your defenders happy for a week. One dollar makes him and his trench mates glad for a month. Those who can afford it should adopt a soldier and keep him supplied with tobacco for the duration of the war. One dollar a month does it. Small and large contributions solicited.

A War Souvenir for You

A feature of this fund is that in each package is enclosed a post card addressed to the donor. If it is possible

for the soldier or sailor receiving the tobacco to mail you this post card receipt, it will be a war souvenir you will treasure forever.

Hurry Up With YOUR “Smokes”

Dive into your purse. Out comes a quarter, half-dollar, a note. Mail it at once—currency, stamps, check or money order. The quicker it comes, the quicker our boys will have their smokes. A similar fund in England has sent over four million packages to soldiers and sailors. Here is one way to do your bit—mail the coupon!

“OUR BOYS IN FRANCE TOBACCO FUND” 25 West 44th Street, New York

GENTLEMEN:—I want to do my part to cheer up the American soldiers who are fighting my battle in France. If tobacco will do it—I’m for tobacco.

(Check Below How You Desire To Contribute)

I send you herewith my contribution towards the purchase of tobacco for American soldiers. This does not obligate me to contribute more.

I enclose \$1.00. I will adopt a soldier and send you \$1.00 a month to supply him with “smokes” for the duration of the war.

NAME

ADDRESS

Film Fun, October, 1917



If you can tell a Lachnite from a Diamond—Send it Back

YES, we'll send you one of these exquisite man-made gems and you can wear it for ten full days at our expense. Put it to every diamond test you ever heard about—fire—acid—diamond file. *Compare its brilliance with the brilliance of a mined diamond.* Notice how it is cut—by world-renowned diamond cutters. Test it in every way. Wear it everywhere you go. Then, after ten days—if you are able to tell which is your Lachnite and which is your diamond—or, if any of your friends have been able to tell the difference—send the Lachnite back to us. *The trial does not cost you a penny.* If you decide to buy the Lachnite, pay only the rock-bottom price, and if you wish, at a rate of a few cents a day. Our new jewelry book (sent free) tells about our generous terms. Send the coupon for it today.

Pay as You Wish

Do not decide to buy a genuine Lachnite Gem until you have worn it for ten days. Wear it everywhere you go. Wear it on the same finger with your diamond—and let your friends see it. Then, if you wish, you may pay for it at the rate of only a few cents a day. *Terms as low as 3½ cents a day—without interest.* Your credit is good.

Set in Solid Gold

Lachnite Gems are mounted only in solid gold. To hold these splendid jewels we have secured the latest and newest ideas in solid gold settings. In our new catalog you will see illustrated rings by the score for both men and women—bracelets, LaVallieres, stick pins, cuff links—all the newest jewelry—made of solid gold.

Send Coupon for Our New Catalog

Put your name and address in the coupon or on a post-card and get our new jewelry book. It shows handsome illustrations of newest solid gold mountings from which you have to choose. Too—it tells the interesting story of how Lachnites are made—and why their brilliance is guaranteed to wear forever. Send the coupon for it today—you will be under no obligation.

Harold Lachman Company, Dept. 1597 12 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Harold Lachman Co., Dept. 1597
12 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, absolutely free and pre-paid, your new Jewelry Book and full particulars of the free trial, easy payment plan. I assume no obligation.

Name

Address

FILM FUN

And The Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined

Notice to Reader

When you finish reading this magazine, place a one cent stamp alongside of this notice, hand to any postal employee, and it will be sent to our soldiers and sailors at the front

No wrapping—no address.

A. S. BURLISON
Franklin, Conn.

PRICE 10 CENTS

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 PER YEAR

NOVEMBER



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BY LESLIE-JUDGE CO NEW YORK

THE RECORDING ANGEL OF THIS GREAT WAR

To Win This War We Must Jail German Spies

WILL YOU GIVE A DOLLAR TO HELP
PUT THEM ALL IN JAIL?

*If you can't go to the trenches, serve at home, and stand by
the man at the front.*

*Telegraph, write or bring us reports of German activities in
your district.*

Aid in patriotic work by enrolling and serving as a regular mem-
ber of the American Defense Society. Only Americans need
apply for membership. Our service card will explain how you
can serve your country at home.

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YOUR DOLLAR IS NEEDED

Film Fun—11-17

PIN A DOLLAR BILL TO THIS COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

Make Checks Payable to ROBERT APPLETON, Treasurer

AMERICAN DEFENSE SOCIETY

303 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please enroll me as a regular member, and send me the Society's
button, service instruction card, and certificate of membership.

NAME

Street Address.....

City and State..... Date.....1917

The American Defense Society ac-
knowledges with grateful thanks the
Patriotism of the Leslie-Judge Com-
pany in contributing this advertising
space.

**You Need
Your Country**



THE THREE FATES

Of olden days wouldn't stack up so very large next to these three. J. Stuart Blackton, Thomas H. Ince and David Wark Griffith, who got into the motion picture game while it was in its infancy and helped to mold it into what it is to-day—the fifth largest industry in the United States.

Film Fun

E D I T O R I A L S

Be a War Santa Claus

HERE'S *your* chance to help make Christmas for our boys in France—we know you want to.

Hitherto the belief has prevailed that the loneliest folks on earth at Christmastime have been the players. Homeless, most of them, "living in a trunk" the whole year round—and a traveling trunk, at that. The few who had homes claimed they were worse off than the rest, because, being condemned to wander, they could not foregather with their own round the festive board under their rightful roof-tree. You may have heard some of them tell how desolate it was. Or perhaps you have laughed at their stories of devices resorted to for cheating Old Man Gloom out of his prey. They have a gift, these make-believe people, of searching out the cheerful viewpoint from which to contemplate these lonesome holidays, after they are over. While they are happening, there is nothing very joyful about them.

But this year a lonelier lot must make what shift they can for Christmas good cheer—our own soldier boys, "somewhere in France"; and *Judge*, to help out, has planned a trench Christmas—a good-will package that will contain "smokes" and "sweets" and as many of the little conveniences as can be crammed into these "Comfort Kits," which are a real marvel in the number of necessities they contain in space so limited as to be a delight to the transportation managers. Unpacking them is likely to be as much pleasure to the boys over there as the surprises in their Christmas stockings long ago. Not so very long ago, at that, for some of the first draft aren't much past twenty-one, and for some of them it may be "Curtain" before another Christmas comes.

Film folks have been more than generous in their contributions to the cause. They haven't waited for Opportunity to knock; they have gone out to meet and welcome it every time. We could wreathe this page with pictures, postage-stamp size, of those we know about who have given liberally of time, thought, money and toil in promoting the Liberty Loans, in aid of recruiting, in benefit performances of every sort and in private charities, not to mention the many of their number actually in the service. We're proud to know them.

This is just one more chance to go on with the good work. Every dollar you can spare buys two kits—for two boys. And just now is the best possible time to make remittance—one dollar, two dollars, five dollars or ten or whatever you can contribute.

This trench Christmas plan is conducted with the active co-operation of the American Defense Society, composed of some of America's foremost citizens, including Colonel Roosevelt, Dr. David Jayne Hill, Robert Bacon and Perry Belmont, vice-president of the Navy League. The cost of

packing, shipping and distributing has already been donated. The fifty cents of each contributor will be used for the purchase of the kit, with no expense, no commission and no profit to anyone. Contents include medicated talcum powder, chewing gum, lime drops, matches, cigarettes, tobacco, playing cards, pencil, stationery and the like. And in each package, if you so desire, you can have inclosed a personal card. Each package will contain a postal addressed to the donor, so that the recipient may send his thanks direct to the one who helped to make his holiday happier.

Checks should be made payable to Judge's Trench Christmas Fund, and addressed to "Leslie-Judge Company 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City."

Put some "pep" in the action. Now go!

El Dorado

THE SAME spirit which moved the Argonauts back in the forty-nines animates many an adventurer into the motion picture game to-day.

And the tales which tempted many a staid and sober citizen to join the gold rush were not much more highly colored than the things they tell nowadays about fortunes to be made in pictures. Moreover, as in the bygone time, there are mighty men of the profession whose millions, or near-millions, have been acquired as quickly and often in as spectacular a way as were the fortunes from the Comstock lode.

But, as it also frequently happened in the long ago, the bonanza kings are conspicuous against a background of bonanza failures. It was estimated that for every dollar of gold that came out of the mines, twenty dollars, at least, went into them; and between those times and these the difference is only in degree, not in kind.

Probably every dollar gained in pictures represents at least a hundred dollars' outlay. There is money in the enterprise, which is growing rapidly in importance—a filmed course of study for use in common schools is a recent project of interest—but investment should be made with caution and good judgment.

The glamour of the Cooper-Hewitt must be withstood by the man who would make a worth-while clean-up in the pictures.

They Turn to the Right

THE INSTANCES are very rare where crime has been inspired by motion pictures, and the great good which accrues is coming to be recognized. Educational films are gaining popular favor, and the day is not far distant when a complete course of study can be followed in films. Let us bespeak for it fair consideration. The Gary system has had more opposition than it ought to have met with.

Let the Women Fight!

Many a Woman Has Brought Down a Man, So Why Couldn't She Bring Down the Kaiser?

By OLIVE THOMAS



TRIANGLE

"Myself—and one of my dependents."

THE CONSCRIPTION business may be fair, but why send all the good-looking boys and leave the girls at home? Most women would rather be shot than be old maids. Why not give them a chance—equal chances with the men, I mean? This thought occurred to me—I mean the thought about

being an old maid—while I was recruiting men in Los Angeles several months ago. Right then and there I decided I was an impostor to be shouting about patriotism and doing nothing myself. So up I fox-trotted to the recruiting man and said:

"Hey, Cap! I'm of age, a voter and a fighter, so why not let me in on the European merry-merry?"

He roared. The men around him roared.

"Boys, this levity is not in harmony with the uniforms you wear and the bloody business you are getting into. I may be a fluff, but give me a half hour with Mr. Bill Hohenzollern, and he wouldn't have enough mustache left to wad a toothbrush. I can box, I've studied jiu-jitsu, I've danced with a sprained ankle, and I've traveled for miles with no other baggage than a vanity case and a box of chocolates. Do I qualify, boys?"

"You do!" they chorused, and they let me enlist. Of course, I was never called. It was the old story of discrimination against women. I saw the recruiting officer not long ago and asked him why I was not summoned. He giggled like a schoolgirl and said he heard that the government had been looking all over for a guy named Thomas Olive; evidently I had transposed my name. Ridiculous! I may not know much about the position of a gun, but at least I know the order of my own name.

"No taxation without representation" is about all I remember of school history. That, and "I regret I have but one life to give for my country." Well, we've got the rep. now; why shouldn't we give up the taxes and the lives?

Oh, I know mother didn't raise her girl to be a soldier, but neither did she bring up her boy for that purpose. The Kaiser has upset the plans of all the mothers of the world, so why shouldn't we upset his? Many a woman has brought down her man, so why couldn't she bring down the Kaiser? I've yet to see the German that could outwit a Yankee girl. It can't be did, Hans, it can't be did!

Now that I've submitted my big scheme for overcoming the submarine peril and saving the world for democracy, I suppose a lot of the supercilious boys will say, "List to the fighting fillum freak! She couldn't fight a teddy bear!" They would never say it to my face, though. I know lots of women that are wonderful fighters in their own sphere—the home. Then there are such girls as Joan of Arc, Sylvia Pankhurst, Carrie Nation and others whose names I couldn't mention without severing friendly relations.

I admit a girl couldn't stand the tramping as well as the men. She ought to be in the conveyance sections—cavalry or aviation. I think women will make better fliers than men. I know I would, and one of my friends agreed,



TRIANGLE

"In the signal corps a sub-deb may become a sub-chaser."

"No wonder he smiles! Behold the decoration at his bosom!"

"Loading up on powder, ready to meet the enemy face to face."

"I prefer bayonets to knitting needles."



TRIANGLE INCE PHOTO
 "I think women would be best in the cavalry or aviation corps."

saying that right now I could go up in the air without being provoked or propelled.

Some people insist that women are too frail to stand the nervous wrack of fire, shot and shell. They said that we couldn't stand the exertion of dropping a ballot into the box, but out here in California, where girls talk about revenue bills just like milliner bills, I haven't noticed any dropping at the polls. Take us picture actresses; we have to work all day, sometimes far into the night, performing all sorts of stunts. We might just as well be chasing German boys back to Berlin or loading up on powder ready to meet the enemy face to face. As it is, we do our "bits" by knitting crazy scarfs, or raising radishes in a flower basket, or saving catsup corks for life preservers. I like thrill and action. I prefer popping shells to popping corn, bayo-

nets to knitting needles. And I haven't any dependents—except two Chinese poodles.

As for wearing the uniform, it would be just as ladylike as the things we now don. All the fashions are military, anyway. I heard a militia boy say the other day that he saluted his own grandmother on the street, thinking she was a colonel!

Quite seriously, though, you know a number of women have banded together in different sections of the country, for the purpose of training. Even if they never go to the trenches, the experience will be ripping. It corresponds to the daily work of the studio, inasmuch as it is out of doors, requires punctuality, a great deal of physical exercise and strict adherence to the rules of the simple life. During the filming of my last play, I had to get up at five bells in the morning. Fancy that, Hedda! Instead of picking at a grape fruit and sipping a dainty cup of coffee, I encored slices of toast, ham and eggs and regular soldiers' rations. I could have eaten black bread and corn husks.

That is what outdoor life, regular hours and physical exercise does for a person. That is why I think military training is not only practical but advisable for women.

"Props" Soliloquizes

Waitaminute cantcha!
 I'm a comin'!
 Darn it!
 Everybody wunts me at once!
 When I die
 I'll bet they'll
 Make me prop man
 To the Devil.
 But say,
 I drather festoon firebrands
 And live coals
 Around Hades than
 To work fer one uv these
 Rock topped directors!
 Say
 That guy don't know enuf
 To put butter on
 His wheat cakes!
 Yisterday he wanted
 A Ford
 In a Spanish-American war scene!
 What!
 It'd looked like a
 Shoe Horn
 At Belshazzar's Feast
 What!
 Say I'm gittendamtired
 Bein' horsed around by a lotta
 Apple Knockers.
 I'm a comin'!
 Cantchawaitaminute!
 I bet if that guy
 Was in my place
 He'd be lookin' fer a job
 Groomin' goats,
 In ten minutes!
 Aw, shut up,
 I'm a comin'.



TRIANGLE
 "I enlisted in the California coast artillery, but they wouldn't call me."

The Seven Ages of Curls



PARALTA

BESSIE BARRISCALE

The experienced actress. "When in doubt, try curls," is her constant advice to aspiring young things.



AMERICAN

RUTH EVERDALE

The kiddie. She is wise who cultivates her curls early. She cannot attain prominence without them.



TRIANGLE-INCE

ENID BENNETT

The sweet young star. Through five reels she grows to womanhood, suffers and marries, all with the indispensable curl.



ARTCRAFT

MARY PICKFORD

The originator. It's easier to start things than to finish 'em, and she sadly visualizes an endless procession of sincere flatterers—imitators.



PARAMOUNT

VIVIAN MARTIN

The ingenue—whose special job it is to shake her curls roguishly in the hero's face.



TRIANGLE

JUANITA HANSON

The lead. In between reels she can pose for "Her-per-ine grew this, and—" advertisements.



AMERICAN-MUTUAL

MARY MILES MINTER

Miss Sweet Sixteen—one of our best known stars. Behold the curls!

New Pictures That Will Probably



ARTCRAFT

William S. Hart's first appearance in Artcraft pictures is in "The Narrow Trail," written by the star himself. "The Narrow Trail" presents Hart as Ice Harding, an outlaw of the plains. A romance between Ice and the daughter of a divekeeper of the Barbary Coast forms the basis of the story. Hart's horse, Fritz, appears for the last time on the screen in this picture. In one scene Fritz narrowly escaped death, whereupon Hart decided to retire his horse, of whom he is very fond.



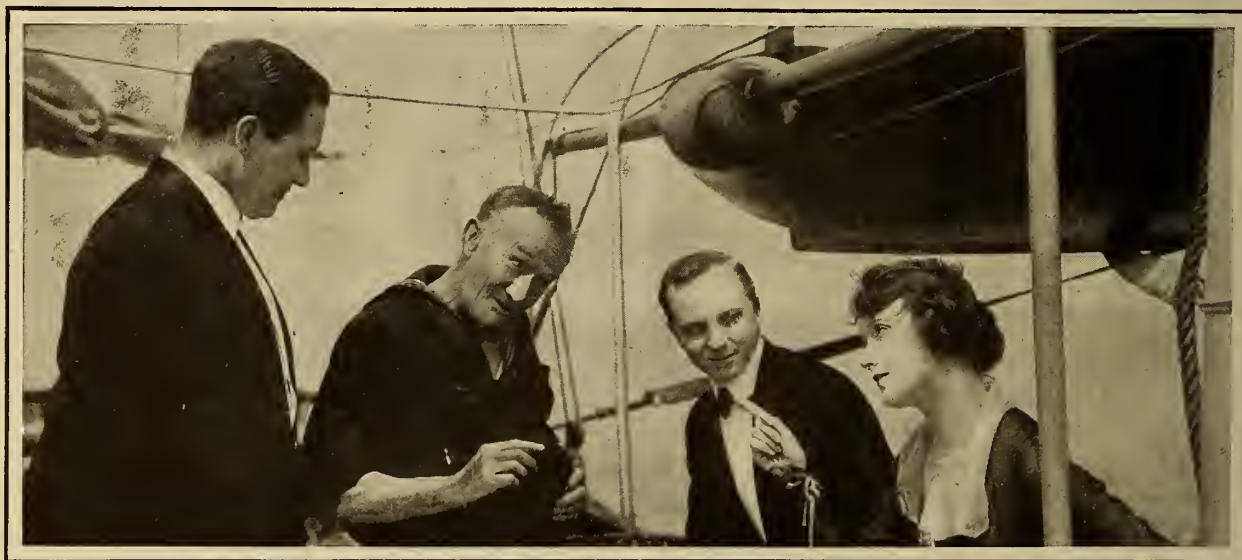
METRO

Emmy Wehlen, in "The Outsider," by Louis Joseph Vance, is a shoppirl who tires of poverty and decides to become an adventuress. Aided by chance—and a rainstorm—she obtains her wish, as well as a wealthy husband (Herbert Heyes).



EMPIRE MUTUAL

Ann Murdock, as the little French heroine in "The Beautiful Adventure," runs away with the man she loves on the morning set for her wedding to the man of her parents' choice, fleeing to her grandmother's home in the country. Grandmother naturally accepts them as bride and groom, and being the old-fashioned type of grand dame, she cannot sympathize with modern ways. Thus begins the beautiful adventure. David Powell supports Miss Murdock in the role of Andre.



SELZNICK

A scene from "Scandal," by Cosmo Hamilton—the first of the eight pictures in which Constance Talmadge is to star during the coming year. "The worst spoiled girl in America," and how she is brought to a realization of the true values of life—that is the story.

Be Shown in Trench Theatres



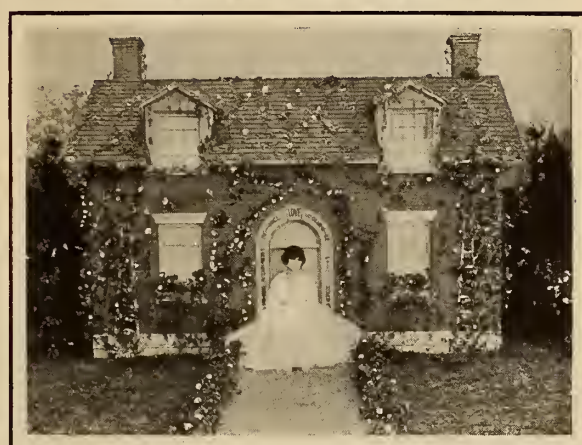
A screen copy of the painting, "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to His Daughters," in "Conscience." Gladys Brockwell plays Ruth Somers, to whom Conscience comes on the eve of her marriage.



PATHE
Antonio Moreno, in the "Angel Factory," plays a wealthy young man who conducts a settlement house. Helene Chadwick is the girl of the slums, whom he uplifts and afterwards learns to love.



EMPIRE-MUTUAL
Julia Sanderson makes her initial appearance on the screen in "The Runaway," as Alice Avery, the orphaned daughter of an artistic mother and father. Norman Trevor, is Danforth, her artistic lover.



MAYFAIR
Peggy Hyland, in "Persuasive Peggy," tells how she has built her house of happiness, with Love as the keystone. Miss Hyland is charming in the role of a young bride who goes on her honeymoon alone.



MUTUAL
Juliet Day, in "The Rainbow Girl," her first screen vehicle, is Mary Beth, a poor but optimistic little girl, who sells a song for a poor musician (George Fisher), and wins a lover in the bargain.



BALBOA
Mabel Van Buren, Helen Marie Osborne and Mollie McConnell, in a "Little Mary Sunshine" feature. Mrs. McConnell is the widow of Will McConnell, the first editor of the New York *Telegraph*.

Romeo and Juliet—in Clay!



"Romeo, Romeo,
Wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

NOT LONG ago the editors of *FILM FUN* received an invitation to view a projection of "Helena Smith Dayton's Clay Folks in 'Romeo and Juliet.'" Now, to a worker on a film magazine, a projection is an everyday and often a twice-a-day affair, the novelty soon wears off, and one learns to believe that there really is nothing new under the sun—or the camera.

But there is, for this "Romeo and Juliet" was something absolutely new. True, Juliet leaned from her balcony, and Romeo made love to her ardently while the moon looked on, and the cruel Montagues and Capulets ruined the lives of the lovers; but everything—balcony, moon, Montagues, Capulets, Romeo and lovely Juliet herself—was fashioned of clay!

When the immensity of the thing had dawned upon us, we hustled over to the studio to find out how the wheels went round.

"There are no wheels," smiled Mrs. Dayton, "and no



"When Romeo piped the little queen,
He went completely off his bean."

strings. The principle is known as 'stop action.' The figures are modeled in soft clay, placed in position, and photographed. Then I raise an arm a tiny bit or give a slight twist to the head of one of the figurines, and the camera again records. Then another bit, and so it goes until the entire action is accomplished. When reeled off, the effect is as though the figure had made a complete movement. The difficult thing at first was to determine just how much to move an arm or a head, to avoid an appearance of jerkiness. I used to make the change too great, but am learning to overcome that now.

"It took one week to animate 'Romeo and Juliet.' The cast was all assembled and the sets made before we started work. The pose of the figures is altered sixteen times to each foot of film. The entire picture is one thousand feet in length. I can do about one hundred feet a day. It is tedious work, but fascinating. The figures are so like humans—you never know just what they are going to do nor how they'll look. Sometimes a minor character with



"They plight their troth by the light of the moon
And agree to be married the following noon."

whom I take no pains at all shines right out and runs away with all the honors."

The Educational Films will release the Clay Folks, probably one picture a month. "I can do two if desired, but that's rather a strain, for in the ballroom scene in 'Romeo and Juliet' there are thirty figurines, each one of which must be moved for each picture." Mrs. Dayton longs to do "Carmen," on account of the bull fight. "I think a clay bull would be a scream," she laughed; "and I shall probably do the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam next, because I can put in some camels. Can't you just see them humping along?"

Mrs. Dayton writes the clever jingles which sub-title her pictures.

"And when will *FILM FUN* be out?" she smiled.

"About November 1st. We'll send you a copy."

"Don't do that," she laughed. "I shall go right down to the news-stand and buy up the entire edition."



METRO

ANTONIO MORENO

Looks as though he's trying to pose as Billiken. Billiken, you know, is the lucky god of Things-as-they-ought-to-be. That's the reason. Cut this out, try it in your sitting room, and see what happens.

Comments of a Free Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH (MRS. DAVID W. GRIFFITH)

The writer is well known in the moving picture world. She began her career as a moving picture actress with the Biograph Company when it was the pioneer in this field of operation. She has since been prominently connected with the Kinemacolor and other companies and more recently was the star in her striking sociological play "Charity."

"THE CONQUEROR" NOT ANOTHER "HONOR SYSTEM"

"THE CONQUEROR," in which William Fox presents William Farnum, has all the ingredients of the popular photoplay. Romance of the big outdoors, melodrama, a "regular" love story, adventure, animals, children and a happy ending—what more could anyone ask? R. A. Walsh, the director, from whom, since his production of "The Honor System," big things in the movie line have come to be expected, has done as well as anyone could with the story. "The Conqueror" is not another "Honor System," but that is not Mr. Walsh's fault. All the pleasant "Walsh" touches are there, particularly his clever and artistic introduction of characters. There are beautiful photographic effects and well-acted scenes in the picture. The characters, however, seem to take no note of the passing of time. Years roll by, but they never seem to touch the persons in the play. Particularly was this true of the very pretty Jewel Carmen. She began as a child, and after the years had passed which we were never told of, but knew must have passed (for the achievements of Sam Houston could not have been accomplished overnight), she was still a child in looks and in mind. "The Conqueror" suggests this original method of construction: Take a number of pretty pieces of cloth cut from one's best frocks and sew nicely and neatly together. But frocks cut and put together in this fashion, as with photoplays, seldom result in very good-looking completed garments.

THE SOLACE OF THE MOVIES

It is to be hoped that the rumor that the price of admission to motion picture shows is to be increased is merely rumor. The decision at Washington to exempt from the war tax popular plays and amusements is surely most wise. With prices for the bare necessities of life soaring daily, with the hardships that must come to all before this war ends, what a wicked thing it would be to raise the entrance fee to the movie theater! More than ever before will the great mass of the American people need something to make them at intervals forget their

worries and soften a bit their sorrows. Nothing can fill this need as the motion picture can.

"A MAN'S MAN" IS A PERFECT LADY

It is rather difficult to give a fair criticism of the Paralta Plays, Inc., first offering, "A Man's Man," by Peter B. Kyne, in which J. Warren Kerrigan makes his debut as an independent star. This difficulty is largely due to the unfortunate way in which the photoplay was presented. The projection was very bad, at times out of focus and foggy. This finally resulted in one projection machine being used instead of two, as is the custom, thereby necessitating pauses between reels. It was apparent that there had been no music arranged for the picture. The one piano to which the reels unwound was so out of keeping that it was distracting. Any fine points that may have been in the picture were thus lost. We have come to accept, as a matter of course, perfect musical accompaniments to the movies. The method of presenting them at the Strand and Rialto theaters, New York, and motion picture theaters all over the country, is to have perfect orchestral music always in harmony with the subject matter of the film story. This bad showing of "A Man's Man" disclosed the large part that proper music plays in heightening or lessening the artistic touches of a photoplay. Music has often brought a thrill, a laugh or a tear at a "situation" that, without the music, would have had very little, if any, appeal to the emotions. Of course, one does not expect an orchestra of forty pieces at a private showing of a picture, although it has been done. Better by far no music than the kind that is so distracting that it becomes hard to follow the thread of the story.

It is to be regretted that J. Warren Kerrigan makes his debut in "A Man's Man." Romance of a dainty, pretty quality is easily portrayed by Mr. Kerrigan, but never the red-blooded kind that Mr. Kyne writes about. Although I have not read "A Man's Man," I have read other stories of Mr. Kyne's and am familiar with his type of man. As to the kind of man "A Man's Man" is, one does not need



CAMPBELL STUDIOS

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

to read the story to ascertain this. I should say that Mr. Kerrigan's portrayal of a man's man was more that of a "perfect lady." He seems mostly concerned over his becoming millinery and the proper nonchalant effect of the cuffs of his soft silk shirt. He wore the most startling Panama and soft velour hat, with the cutest little bow tied "just so" and placed at the proper angle. I kept looking for "red blood" to manifest itself somewhere, but through all the eight reels I was doomed to disappointment. Lois Wilson, in support of Mr. Kerrigan, was pretty and dainty.

ELSIE FERGUSON'S TRIUMPH

If the movie fans feel as I do about it, they would get down on their knees and welcome with open arms and hearts Miss Elsie Ferguson. In "Barbary Sheep," an adaptation from the novel of Robert Hichens, the Artcraft Pictures Corporation presents, as a motion picture star, Elsie Ferguson. Whether the peculiar charm of Miss Ferguson as a stage star could be transferred to the screen was doubtful, for Miss Ferguson has that delicate beauty and dainty personality that doesn't always "get over" on the screen. But one could not ask for more than Miss Ferguson gives to the screen in "Barbary Sheep." She has beauty, charm, refinement and knows how to walk, talk and act as a lady should. And she *does* know how to wear clothes! Maurice Tourneur deserves great credit for this beautiful production. It was so satisfying. The only part that jarred was the opening scene, meant for "atmosphere," of the street procession before an all too obvious "back drop." The apparent artificiality of the scene brought to the picture no suggestion of Algerian environment. The story is slight, being hardly more than a fragment of "Bella Donna." The photography is splendid and the cast perfect. Lumsden Hare as Sir Claude Wyverne and Pedro De Cordoba as Benchaalal giving excellent performances, besides being perfect types of the characters they represented. The introduction, during the picture, of the Bedouin love song was a very pretty touch. But most of all, "Barbary Sheep" brings to the screen a welcome, refreshing personality in Elsie Ferguson.

DON'T BLAME THE MOVIES TOO MUCH

Three little girls, the oldest twelve, were arrested in New York City on a recent evening for having stolen a hand bag containing money. When telling about their method of committing the theft, one of the girls, according to the police report, said that they had learned the trick at the "motion pictures" and had practiced it for some time, using the proceeds to see more motion pictures and learn more modern methods. Truly alarming admissions from children of such tender years! But guilty as many motion picture producers must plead to the wrong of showing so clearly in their films how to "put crime over," is it just for the movies to be blamed for every naughty thing that every naughty child does? It is human nature always to seek some thing or some person to blame for our misdeeds—children or grown-ups, it matters not. "The devil tempted me," said Eve. No one ever seems to plead guilty and come right out, in a straightforward manner,

and say, "I did it because I wanted to," which, after all, is why we do nearly everything in life that we do do. The inclination surely is there, and the one particular thing that sets it in operation may be this or may be that. Just now it is the movies, for all the youngsters attend them. Many mothers are not interested in what their children see, as long as they can get them out of the house for a few hours in the busy afternoon. Years ago, when all small boys read dime novels and there were no movies, there were naughty boys. The naughty things they did then were no doubt blamed on the "Adventures of Jack Shepard." Now children no longer read in yellow-covered books the wild and thrilling experiences of their bandit heroes. Instead, they go to the movies and see them on the screen. So why blame the movies? Blame it on human nature. If the movie passes away (which let us hope it never will do) and a new form of popular entertainment appears to take its place, there will be something new upon which we can lay the blame for our wrong doings. But never on our own dear selves!

A POPULAR MISAPPREHENSION CORRECTED

Just as every man believes he can edit a newspaper, notwithstanding the fact that he doesn't know the difference between "six point type" and an "italic shooting stick," so every man thinks he can produce motion pictures. It matters not that all his previous training may have been confined to a tailor shop, the carpenter's bench, a bank or a playwright's desk. Why this is so is hard to understand, but it is nevertheless true. Even a bricklayer must serve his apprenticeship at laying bricks before he can become a skillful mason. A man who owns and runs a shoe factory and makes a success of it has got to know something about each one of the fifty-nine and more component parts that are necessary to the making of one pair of shoes. This he doesn't learn overnight. The successful shoe manufacturer has often begun at the workman's bench and given many years to the study of the different angles of his business. So with all business if one would be successful. It is only in the proper editing of a newspaper and the production of motion pictures and selection of motion picture stars that the idea seems to prevail that there is nothing to learn and no time needed to gain experience. If a man has once written a play that was seen on the dramatic stage, he then feels that he can give the world something new and startling in the form of motion picture entertainment.

HOW THE MOVING PICTURE IS MADE

There is a vast difference between even the writing of a clever play and the writing of a good, strong motion picture scenario. The very first things the newcomer must learn are the peculiar limitations and vast possibilities of the camera. A play is rehearsed and little changes made each day as the rehearsals continue. But each day one is looking at the thing in the form it is eventually to be seen. That is, the audience will hear the voices and actually see the person in the flesh as at the rehearsal of the play.

How different in the motion picture studio! A five-reel

scenario, with its three or four hundred scenes, is ready for production. Rehearsals are in order. The voice is used and speeches uttered as at the rehearsal of the spoken drama. But just here is where the director who is a raw recruit, especially from the theater, is apt to be misled as to values. He must never forget for a moment that that voice is a negligible quantity as far as the finished product is concerned, and that only a photographic representation of the actor is seen. Here is one place where long and conscientious study of that sensitive instrument, the motion picture camera, is necessary. With the proper understanding of the camera and a careful study of the star's head, profile, three-quarters or full face, the wise director need only let his star be seen at her best. It would take more space than I am allotted to point out the things peculiar to motion picture production that must first be learned if one would be a successful producer. From the inception of the story, the writing of the scenario, the selection of the cast, the selection of the star, photography, development of film, cutting of film, splicing and subtitling—it is some long job, all of which needs to be thoroughly understood. To do it well, it were wisest to take off one's coat, roll up one's shirt sleeves, and go to it! Be a super if necessary. The top of the motion picture ladder of success has a few men who so began in the movies.

Many atrocities in motion picture production and some very fine things can be attributed to those who have entered the motion picture arena by way of the stage door. The atrocities result in a measure from a feeling of superiority and over-developed ego on the part of the playwright, directors and star from the spoken drama. They are always going to revolutionize the picture business and set heretofore unattained standards in motion picture production. It were better they attained the standards first, and then did their talking.

"POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"

All of which brings me to "Polly of the Circus," the first Goldwyn release. I wish to quote their own modest announcement of what they propose to do and the place they presume to fill in the motion picture industry. This is the statement: "Goldwyn, with its organization of specialists, contributes a production that establishes a new and hitherto unattained standard in motion pictures." Ridiculous! Of course, on closer analysis, it doesn't seem so ridiculous, for it emanates from a company whose advisory board is composed, with the exception of Samuel Goldfish, of a number of persons who have had no experience whatever in the production or exploitation of motion pictures. For months and months we have read glowing accounts of the big things being done in the Goldwyn studios, so naturally both the movie fan and the casual motion picture public expected something out of the ordinary in Goldwyn releases. In the course of time came "Polly of the Circus," with Mae Marsh, and if any honest critic can say it is other than the most ordinary junk, I want to meet him. The picture is ordinary from every standpoint. The photography is not up to standard, and the telling of the story does not show the finest continuity.

Why, the elephant had a far better introduction than Mae Marsh—the same Mae Marsh who, under the careful, watchful eye of D. W. Griffith, gave, in "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance," bits of acting that showed genius. In an interview in the *New York Telegraph* some time ago, Mae Marsh was asked what she most feared in appearing under a new management, and she answered: "That people will say I cannot act without Mr. Griffith." The poor child's fears were not ungrounded. Who, not even Goldwyn themselves, never having seen Miss Marsh before, on seeing her as "Polly," would offer her a fortune a week for her services?

There was also another press story about work in the studio having to be suspended for several days, while they were producing "Polly," as Miss Marsh's elusive personality had taken flight, and a pause of a few days was necessary for its return. As far as I can judge from this, her first Goldwyn release, her elusive personality took flight before it ever was seen at all. A few feet of Miss Marsh's death scene in "The Birth of a Nation" is worth her entire performance in "Polly of the Circus." Miss Marsh has also gained a few pounds. Her face seemed fuller. Flesh to Miss Marsh would be more than fatal, for first, last and always she is the half-starved waif type, and there is where physically she made her strong appeal. The one bit of real acting in the whole picture is the scene where the clown and the child are together after the mother's death. Another touching bit was where the two small boys part, one running off to join the circus, and the other, true to life, remaining behind. The captions were the most interesting part of the picture, but what else would one expect from the number of literary lights enrolled under the Goldwyn banner?

"Lord, Douglas, Thou Hast Leapt"

Some actors climb the ladder Fame
And curse its weary rounds,
But Fairbanks reached the top of same
By giddy leaps and bounds.

Not his to clamber, strive and toil,
Till life had lost its flavor;
He simply rubbed his joints with oil
And vaulted into favor.

Such acrobatic enterprise
Could not but bring renown;
A chap like that was bound to rise—
You couldn't keep him down!

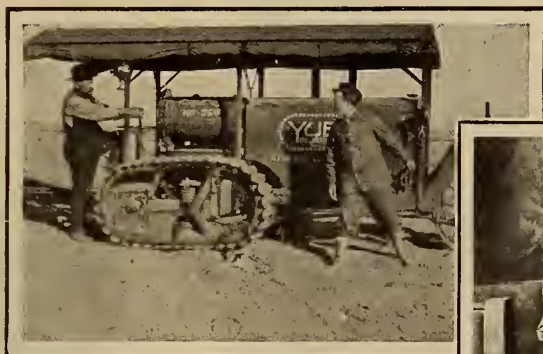
No obstacles subdued his heart.
Why should he heed or fear 'em,
When he could take a running start
And crook his knees and clear 'em?

Now, perched upon the apogee
Of public adulation,
He makes a jest of gravity
And laughs at gravitation.

And if he ever falls from thence
And busts his spinal column,
'Twill be by losing common sense
And turning stiff and solemn!

—W. E. Nesom.

Greetings From Our Friends



SENNETT

"DEAR FILM FUN—Do you like beans? Here I am on my three-hundred-acre bean ranch. Dad is just about to start the tractor. Yours, Chester Conklin."



ARTCRAFT

"DEAR EDITOR—These are real squaws. We had a bully time at Cheyenne, Wyo., during the Frontier Days' Celebration.—Douglas Fairbanks."



YORKE-METRO

"We've joined the Union—nothing to do till tomorrow. Are we down-hearted? NO! Fred Balshofer, Dick Spencer and Harold Lockwood."

TRIANGLE

"DEAR FILM FUN—Here's a picture of me, taken when I used to play in comedies. Thought it might interest you. Best wishes. Louise Glaum."



"On the beach at Santa Barbara. Talking over old times with Henry King, but we've just been rudely interrupted. Sincerely, Ruth Roland."



YORKE-METRO

"Thought I'd better cook this forty-inch one before it grew too big for me. Yours, Fred J. Balshofer."



"DEAR FILM FUN—Water, water everywhere, but nary a fish in sight. Odd, isn't it? Best wishes. Rose Melville."



"In my harem'—how do you like my new costume? I designed it myself. Sincerely, Clara Kimball Young."



PARAMOUNT

Myrtle Stedman is a believer in the personal equation. She is touring the country, visiting picture houses, singing and talking to her audiences.



PARAMOUNT

We've always said that window dressing was an art, and here's the proof—Louise Huff understands it perfectly.



VITAGRAPH

Alice Joyce registering 'The Alabaster Box.'



MUTUAL

Edna Goodrich is the particular idol of milliners and modistes. She recently spent thirty-seven thousand dollars for fifteen gowns and as many hats.



TRIANGLE

All isn't smoky that hails from Pittsburgh. Witness Elda Millar, who is co-featured with Wilfred Lucas at the Triangle studios in Yonkers.



PARAMOUNT

Ann Pennington of the in the mid

ROSEBUDS



EMPIRE MUTUAL

Ann Murdock, one of the stars, is helping to present on the screen the Charles Frohman successes.



TRIANGLE

Texas Guinan, a recent recruit from musical comedy—where they learn early that it isn't only the voice that takes the silence out of drama.

"Nature Wonderful?" for the mercury mounting.



es." You will note the curl
her forehead.



BALBOA

"To nurse or not to nurse"—seems to be the question uppermost in the female mind now. Judging from appearances, we should recommend Ruth Roland.



SELZNICK

When Greek meets Greek, it's supposed to be an important occasion. Judge, then, what it is when Norma Talmadge dons a Grecian costume.

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS



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VITAGRAPH
Alice Joyce registering "Isn't Nature Wonderful?" for "The Alabaster Box," with the mercury mounting.



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TRIANGLE
Texas Guinan, a recent recruit from musical comedy—where they learn early that it isn't only the voice that takes the silence out of drama.



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Edna Goodrich is the particular idol of milliners and modistes. She recently spent thirty-seven thousand dollars for fifteen gowns and as many hats.



TRIANGLE
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PARAMOUNT
Ann Pennington of the "Follies." You will note the curl in the middle of her forehead.



BALBOA
"To nurse or not to nurse"—seems to be the question uppermost in the female mind now. Judging from appearances, we should recommend Ruth Roland.



BELZNICK
When Greek meets Greek, it's supposed to be an important occasion. Judge, then, what it is when Norma Talmadge dons a Grecian costume.

Mermaids and Merry men



ARTCRAFT

Homer Rodeheaver, Douglas Fairbanks and Billy Sunday played ball in Los Angeles. Proceeds of the game, over five thousand dollars, will buy athletic equipment for soldiers in camp.



CHRISTIE

Betty Compson in a "water, water everywhere except on my bathing suit" pose.



FUN ART FILMS

Ray and Gordon Dooley, to be featured in two-reel comedies by Fun Art Films, Inc., in which Clara Kimball Young holds a controlling interest.



PARAMOUNT

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle believes in encouraging home talent.



METRO

VIOLA DANA

Of the soulful eyes, is just four feet eleven inches high, and her weight is ninety-six pounds. Which goes to prove that quality, not quantity, is the important thing. Miss Dana made her first big hit on the stage in the title role of "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

How To Be a Moving Picture Actress—In One Lesson

By BERNADINE HILTY



You will likely draw a size 44 to drape around your perfect 32 figure.

FIRST gaze at yourself in the mirror for a month or two. Smile, frown, vamp, look wistful, look soulful. Rage, tear your hair, and get a good idea how you look in action.

If you have already done this, you have no doubt decided whether you want to be a Pickford or a Theda Bara.

Now get down to actual work. Go to the studio of your choice. You will find a small office, marked "Employment Department." Step right in, if you can get in; usually you have to elbow in. Once in, you will see a very small window, and all your ideas about interviewing a handsome manager over a mahogany desk will vanish. All you

can see of the man at the window is half of his face.

After you stand in line about an hour, you get to the window. Speak right up to this effect: "I would like to apply for a position." This friendly little man at the window won't say a word; he will shove a paper out to you. This has on it a list of questions for you to answer. In answering these, let your imagination run riot. If you are too fat or too short or too tall, fix it up to suit yourself. To the questions, "Do you dance, swim, dive, ride, drive, canoe, play tennis, golf and cards?" write boldly, "Yes, indeed." To the question, "Wardrobe?" stop at nothing. Say, "Complete in every detail." Have a wonderful time making out this slip, as it will never be looked at again.

After you have done this, leave. You are blocking the way for a thousand others.

Go out to that studio every morning at eight. Someone may fall dead who was hired the night before. Perhaps after a week or two, if you are lucky, your chance will come. You will get this summons: "Bring attire for Russian winter scene and be made up at seven-thirty."

Run down-town and get some wild shades of make-up, lemon-yellow preferred. Get some powder about No. 15, and some black dope for the eyes. Spend the evening making up and posing before the mirror. In the morning rush out to the studio. The man at the window will give you a little slip which will give you entrance to the stages.

Step right in; don't be afraid. Ask everyone you see where the dressing-rooms are. Someone may tell you. It may look like a Chinese puzzle to find them. After you open a few of the stars' dressing-rooms and get kicked out, someone may lead you to them. When you finally arrive,

don't be bashful; walk right in. Everyone will be in some stage of undress, putting on and taking off clothes.

On one side of this room you will find a long shelf, about a foot wide, and a long bench in front of it. This bench will be crowded to the limit. Shove right in; that is the way they got in. The conversation will be something new and novel. If Billy Sunday could hear, it would form the nucleus of some great sermons. If there is anything new in slang you want to cultivate, simply absorb all you wish.

Grab a few inches of the shelf and start your make-up. Take your nice yellow stick and smear it all over your face. Use great care. Remember you want to make a hit with the director. After the yellow ooze is smooth, lay on about an inch of powder. Then do your eyes. It is better to have your eyes than your mouth. You can adjust your mouth on the run.

Light a candle and get the black goo all oozy, then take an orangewood stick and swab your lashes. Make them stand out like awnings. About that time the door will burst open; all the semi-nudes will scream and jump behind everyone else. The assistant director will yell: "Everyone on the stage!"

Wrap yourself up in furs and look Russianish and dash out. You will find the stage nice and warm, not over a hundred and ten in the shade, and no shade. Some studios have glass tops; this directs the rays of the sun and burns holes in your head.

After you stand for several hours and your eyelashes are running around your ears and your lips are dripping off your chin, the assistant yells: "Half hour for lunch!" You make a bee line for the lunchroom and eat a dollar's worth. As you are getting three dollars for the day's work, that is a good percentage.

Rush back to the dressing-room and get your eyelashes back up on your eyes again; also put on a new set of lips. Dash up to the stage again and stand in the sun for two or three more hours. Then the assistant will yell at you: "Everybody walk through this scene, talking to each other, and don't look this way!" Your heart beats fast. Now for the picture! You walk through a few feet



The back is for the stage hands only.

of space to the other side—assistant yells: "That's all for to-day!"

If fate is with you, the assistant director will say: "We have a few scenes to-morrow. How do you wear an evening gown?" You say: "Oh, beautifully!" "Come back in the morning. Be made up at eight."

To yourself you say: "Aha! All this bunk about pictures being hard to get into is a fake. Why, here I am already chosen!"

That night buy several movie magazines and imagine yourself soon on the cover.

The next morning hurry out to the studio and get your ticket of entrance. You will feel very professional, not having to ask where the dressing-room is. Get made up; dash up to the wardrobe-room for your gown. There will be a bunch ahead of you. The wardrobe woman throws you an evening gown. You look at it. "Oh, it is too large!" you say. "Put it on and don't talk to me." You sign a book for the gown; this keeps you from stealing this swell creation.

You go back to the dressing-room. The sight that meets you would be a riot filmed. Everyone is in the midst of putting on the gown they drew. The fat girls struggle with a size 34, and when they get it on, they keep their fronts to the camera; the back view is for the stage hands only.

You will likely draw a size 44 to drape on your perfect 32 figure. However, this is not your fault. Make the best of it. Of course, you won't look like the lead. The yell comes: "All on the stage!" You sneak out in the misfit. When the director sees you, he is discouraged. "Keep that funny-looking person out of this scene," he says.

Finally you are run into the back of a mob scene. The day is ended. You say sweetly to the assistant director: "Shall I come to-morrow?" He says: "No; we won't need you any more. The director don't like the way you look in your clothes."

You are through with that studio for life. The thing to do is to try another studio. After several years you may get "Ground Permission," which means that you can get in the gate and bounce the director for a day's work.



Everyone will be in some stage of undress. Don't be bashful—walk right in.

Have patience; that is the sure road to success. You may get a few days' work every month.

Sammy Speaks

Pa goes to the movies
To see the pretty girls.
He likes real shows best,
With girls that you can really
See.
But shadows are all right, especially
Audrey Munson's.

Ma goes to see the styles
In hats
And gowns
And shoes.
We know when there is a Mrs. Castle
Film
At the Palace,
Because we have waffles for supper,
And ma calls pa "sweetheart."
Then she takes him to the picture
And hints
About a new gown like the one with the
Peacock feathers.

Sis goes to see Jack Lockwood,
The handsome hero.
She dotes on him.
But she is so jealous of his leading lady
That she doesn't enjoy herself
A bit.

Brother doesn't like movies.
When you ask him to go, he starts talking
About the shows at Harvard
And the girl he took Thanksgiving Night,
And of her hair—
Her golden hair!
And her eyes—
Oh, boy, her eyes!
And he forgets all about the original subject
Under discussion.

Our minister says movies are educational, so he goes
A lot.
But he usually feels especially studious
When there is a Theda Bara film
Running.

Me?
I like ol' Charlie Chaplin.
I like him best because of his
Feet.

—Eleanor Chase.

Not an Advertisement!

Whenever Doug commences
To race o'er hills and dales,
We marvel at the fences
And walls that Fairbanks scales!

—Harold Seton.

At the Movies

She had found the sun quite dazzling,
All within was dark and still;
Shortly after she was seated,
Boyish shrieks rose sharp and shrill!
"I sincerely beg your pardon!"
Whispered Miss Clarissa Craig—
She had tried to pin her bonnet
To her nearest neighbor's leg!

—Dell Miltimore.

Sons of Liberty



AMERICAN-MUTUAL

The disguise of Lucius, the jobless actor, and Sam, the tramp, in "Charity Castle," was so good that we haven't been able to get their real names. Their liberty consists of the fact that they're away from "society drama" and don't have to eat with their little fingers pointed daintily outward.



PALBOA

Reading from left to right: The bold, bad villain Bruce Smith, the champion fisherman of the motion picture industry; 450 pounds of barracuda—count 'em—450; and the second-story-looking man is Secretary E. D. Horkheimer, of Balboa Studio. The only members not at liberty are the fish.



GENERAL

Thomas R. Mills, alias "Soapy the Bum," in the O. Henry story, "The Cop and the Anthem." Some stunt—to look like a bum on a motion picture actor's salary.



VITAGRAPH

The movies are going in so strongly for realism that they even smear local color over the actors. In reality this is Evert Overton, one of our best (young) heroes.



PARAMOUNT

Here we see Walter Long getting a running start before prohibition goes through and motion picture companies give up using the real thing.

Daughters of Freedom



FOX
Gladys Brockwell showing her fitness to lead a woman's battalion against the bold, bad men. We are not quite sure just what the qualifications will be, but it is apparent that Gladys has got 'em.

FOX
It looks as though the photographer had Anna Luther pose in this costume with a little bear just to test our spelling, but we refuse absolutely!

BALBOA
"Down with the skirt; let (T)Ruth be unconfined!" smiles Ruth Roland. She believes that women should be given the right to show their equality with men.



SELZNICK
Eva Tangay, of the overall squad—"All right! Make me take 'em off if you dare!"

HORKHEIMER-PARAMOUNT
Cathleen, Clifford considering whether she'll be President or just a plain senator.

MUTUAL
Needed—A new line of slang! "Swell skirt" no longer describes Helen Holmes.

It's Your Duty To Keep



VITAGRAPH

Larry Semon, in an amusing scene from "Slips and Slackers." Upon learning that married men are exempt from military service, Larry drags the first woman he finds to the altar and joins the ranks of the benedicts. The lady in question sets him to work scrubbing floors. Finally, peeling onions proves the last straw, and Larry rushes away to enlist.



PAMAMOUNT

Victor Moore, in "In Bed—In Bad," though in perfect health, is told by his friends how bad he is looking. Each one sends in a doctor to fix him up, and each doctor makes a different diagnosis of the case. After a final consultation they decide to operate. Vic is told that he hasn't been getting enough exercise, so proceeds to take it—on the doctors.



VITAGRAPH

'Member that fresh kid next door who wouldn't let you play with her kitty or her doll nor nothin' that she had? That's what happened to Mildred Manning in this scene from "Mary Jane's Pa." Marc MacDermott plays the father.



GOLDWYN

"Tillie the Scrub Lady," who is, of course, Marie Dressler, saves the life of a young Frenchman, then prevents the explosion of a munitions factory by catching the bomb in her arms. When she finds, however, that hand kissing and other demonstrations are only the French manner of saying "Thank you," she throws the bomb out again.



PATHE

WITZEL PHOTO

Toto, for many years the principal clown in the New York Hippodrome, now on the West coast with the Rolin Comedy company. Toto was one of the highest priced clowns on the stage before he answered the call of the films.

Cheerful—Here's How!



METRO
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, in "The Patriot," have done something distinctly worth while, besides being hilariously funny. At a masquerade, garbed as Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia, they become so enthusiastic over food conservation that they dedicate themselves to Hooverizing. Returning home, Miranda is converted to the cause, and one of the funniest things in the picture is where Miranda serves two chops for dinner, with the remark that what is left over will do for next day's luncheon.



HORKHEIMER-MUTUAL
Eddie Saunders, brother of Jackie Saunders, is coming to the front as a comedian. He is featured with the baby star, Gloria Joy, in the production, "Sallie O."



MUTUAL-STRAND
"Some Nurse" is the first of the new series of one-reel comedies starring Billie Rhodes. Rival suitors for the fair damsel's favor have both feigned injury in automobile mishaps to gain her sympathy. They are carried to the same hospital room. The doctor suspects. The girl is certain. Whereupon radical treatment begins.



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The action of "A Bedroom Blunder" centers around a lost diamond necklace, two married couples and switched hotel rooms. Mary Thurman is the star, and the funny situations are endless.

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You would like to make Christmas merrier for an American soldier boy in France, wouldn't you?

Well, you can!

You would like to send him a personal gift and get his acknowledgment, wouldn't you?

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For American Boys Abroad

A plan, authorized by the United States Government, endorsed by the United States Army and assisted by the

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- 1 pk. Lime Tablets
- 1 pk. Candy Mints
- 1 Pencil, Stationery and Envelopes
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Because of the generosity of the manufacturers, you can send two gifts for the price one would cost in the stores.

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Old age is a sign of cell deterioration—there is no excuse for cell deterioration at any age. I can prove to you that old age at 30 is a disgrace, old age at 40 is a crime, old age at 50 is a nightmare, old age at 60 is a horrible state, old age at 70 is pitiful, that old age at 80 is the result of ordinary living.

NO MATTER how young you are in years, if you are beginning to feel *old* in body—no matter how old you are in years, if you do not feel *young* in body—if you are not superior to other men regardless of your age or theirs—I know that I can easily, quickly and positively prove to you that you are living an inferior life—that you are not realizing half the joys and benefits of living in full—that you are getting infinitely less than your full share of life and pleasure, that you are militating against your own earning power, your success—that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be and only half as well developed as you ought to be, in mind and body.

I can prove to you that old age at any age is impossible when the cells are consciously cultivated so that they maintain their activity, energy and thoroughly alive condition.

There Is No Fraud Like Self-Deception

If you are not entirely successful every day of your life—if you are at times dominated by others—if you are afraid of anything or anybody, if you are listless—if you are beginning to have aches and pains in your stomach or liver or heart or kidneys—you are deceiving yourself unless you admit that you are beginning to grow old.

Unless your body in every department, including the mind, is capable of withstanding abuse without distress, you have no real youth, you have no real physical and mental power; you have but negative health—you are well by mere accident. I can prove to you that the Swoboda character of health youth and vitality will enable you to enjoy conditions that now distress you. I can prove to you that I can revitalize, regenerate and restore every part of your body to its normal state, that I can create in you the type of mental and physical super-efficiency that you never before dreamed was possible to you. I can prove to you that I will do this without use of drugs, medicines or dieting, without weights, exercises or apparatus, without violent forms of exercise, without massaging or electricity or cold baths or forced deep breathing—in fact, without making you do anything you do not like and without making you give up anything you do like. Moreover, I can prove to you that I can make you feel stronger,

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Hundreds of New York tenement kiddies are depending solely on the warmth of new friendships for gifts and necessities, this year.

Will you make a Merry Xmas for at least one of them?

Unless you—and other readers—generously respond to this appeal, many little children of New York slums are going to look in vain for tokens of Christmas Day.

In many homes we know of there is barely enough food to sustain life, no winter clothing, no fuel, and in some cases the entire support of the family devolves upon the children for whom this appeal is made.

Will You Send Help For These Families NOW?

Whatever your contribution—\$1, \$5, \$100 or more—it will be used solely for relieving the distress of the poor and for providing a real Merry Christmas. Address your contribution now to:

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Who's Who and Where



Miss Lela Sue Campbell, of Brinkley, Ark., a winner in a contest designed to secure eligible stellar material for Filmdom. Out of thirty-eight thousand contestants she was selected as one of a dozen who will be given an opportunity to develop their talents.

Vola Vale, who has the only woman's role in Charles Ray's first Paramount-Ince picture, "The Son of His Father," has been engaged by Thomas H. Ince to play opposite William S. Hart in an Artcraft production.

Leo Nomis, a Paramount player, has received a commission as first lieutenant in the United States Army Aviation Corps. Out of a class of twenty-seven Nomis was the only one to pass successfully all the severe tests and was the only one accepted by the government.

Neta Evans, the English actress, is journeying from Copenhagen, Denmark, to Hollywood, Cal., to become a member of the Lasky stock company and will appear in Paramount pictures in the near future. Miss Evans achieved no small fame with the Pathe and Gaumont companies in Paris, and also worked in films in Berlin and Copenhagen.

The Strand, one of New York's largest and most pretentious motion picture theaters, has realized so strongly the necessity of good music for the



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LEGAL NOTICE.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, etc., required by Act of Congress of August 24th, 1912. Film Fun and the Magazine of Fun; Judge's Library & Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1st, 1917.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Reuben P. Sleicher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Film Fun and the Magazine of Fun; Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24th, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1.—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and the business manager, are: Publisher, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Jessie Niles Burness, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, James A. Waldron, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Reuben P. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y. 2.—That the owner is, and stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock, are: Owner, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Stockholders, John A. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y., Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall St., New York, N. Y. 3.—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities, are: John A. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Mary Peckham Sleicher, 710 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.; Reuben P. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; City Real Estate Company, 176 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 4.—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bonafide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. REUBEN P. SLEICHER. (Signature of the Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1917. A. E. ROLLAUER, Notary Public, Queens County No. 982; Certificate filed in New York County No. 201; New York County Register's No. 9165; Commission Expires March 30th, 1919.



Photo by Ira L. Hill

PETROVA—the Magnificent

BY special arrangement with Madame Petrova, the famous Polish actress, who is now starring in her own personally supervised Petrova Pictures, her plays will appear in story form from month to month in *The Ladies' World*.

This favorite magazine will also publish a series of short articles by Madame Petrova on the art of dramatic expression. *The Ladies' World* is primarily a

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Hence, *The Ladies' World* publishes each month carefully selected stories and photographs of famous stars and their plays. Madame Petrova is splendidly representative of the high type of stage and screen personalities the reader meets through *The Ladies' World*.

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photoplay that one of its recent programs included such elaborate compositions as Bach's "Fugue in G Minor" (For Organ), Beethoven's "Leonora Overture," and Grieg's "Peer Gynte Suite 1."

Through arrangement with the Central Organization of the Boy Scouts of America, Troop No. 100, from the upper West Side of New York City, appears in support of Ann Pennington in "The Boy Scout." This troop is one of the star organizations of the Boy Scouts, having distinguished itself both in drilling and in community service.

Grace Darmond, of "Shielding Shadow" fame, has the distinction of being the first star to appear in a photoplay done in natural colors. The name of this picture is "The Gulf Between," and it was made by the Technicolor Company, in Jacksonville, Fla. Miss Darmond is now at the head of her own company and has completed a war picture, "When Duty Calls."

It's too bad, boys, but Louise Huff has a sure-enough sweetheart, who won't give her up to anyone else. This is a copy of a letter Louise received from her admirer: "Dear Miss Louise Huff, Your my sweetheart. if you won't wait for me until i grow up i will be mad. You cant get married to anione else or I wont have you be my sweetheart animore. i want to go to school where you go in the varmint. please tell me rite away. i love you. good by.—Jimmy williams 10 years old Cranford, n. j."

Motion picture service for all army camps has been thoroughly organized for the period of war by the War Work Council of the Young Men's Christian Association, at the instigation of the President and the Department of War. The arrangement calls for one auditorium for showing films for each five thousand men, or in some instances for each three thousand men. Last spring the service was in operation in about ninety camps, big and little, all the way from Rockland, Me., to San Diego, wherever young men were training for the army and navy, for aviation work and for ambulance service, for engineering duties and for coast defense. At the present time the number of these exhibition places is computed to be nearly three hundred.

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OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of **FILM FUN**. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

E. J. B., New York.—You can write to Miss Enid Bennett at the Thomas H. Ince studio, Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Ince has taken over the old Biograph studios there for the production of his pictures.

C. D., Trenton, Tex.—According to the latest records we have, William Parke, Jr.'s, address is 15 Church Street, New Rochelle, N. Y. If you intend writing to him, it would be well to place "Please Forward" on the envelope, as screen players move about a great deal.

We are very happy to print the following: "Dear Editor—I am renewing my subscription to **FILM FUN**. I tell you frankly I would not be without it. It is without equal. I mean this sincerely and ask you to accept my thanks by printing this letter in **FILM FUN**. A sincere subscriber, Laura A. Raymond, Rock Falls, Iowa."

E. P., Bronxville, N. Y.—The cost of photographic material is high now. That perhaps accounts for the fact that you did not receive the picture. You might try writing to Anita Stewart at the Vitagraph studio, East Fifteenth Street, Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y., and place "Please Forward" on the envelope. You can address Gladden James in care of the Screen Club, 117 West Forty-fifth Street, New York. Most of the screen players are very generous about sending out pictures, so perhaps he will.

FILM FUN is in receipt of the following letter: "Dear Sir or Madam—Ever since, once upon a time, you published a snapshot of my Chinese cook, Jim, he confiscates as personal property every copy of your magazine that comes to my home. He's a good cook, but a rascal when it comes to entertaining pictures. He believes they are all published for his personal amusement. For all of the above reasons, I respectfully ask that you send your magazine to me, in exchange for the inclosed check, care of the American Film studio at Santa Barbara. With the best of good wishes for the continued success of your interesting publication, I remain, sincerely, William F. Russell."

L. E. P., Louisville, Ky.—Thank you for your interest in **FILM FUN** and for the suggestions. "The Land of Promise" is Billie Burke's third picture for Paramount, "Mysterious Miss Terry" being the first, and "Arms and the Girl" the second. The picture Jane and Katherine Lee are now making for Fox had not yet been named up to the time of going to press. Their last pic-

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Quickly transforms the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of weak, anaemic men and women into a perfect glow of health and beauty—Often increases the strength of delicate, nervous, run-down folks 100 per cent. in two weeks' time.

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Extracts from some of the letters received are given below:

Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York physician and Medical Author, says: "There can be no strong iron men without iron." Pallor means anaemia.

Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale. The flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails and they often become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks. In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degenerated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste-pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked are responsible for another grave loss.

Therefore, if you wish to get the most strength out of what you eat, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt.

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston Physician who has studied both in this country and in great European Medical Institutions says: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders."

"If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of

dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous mal-

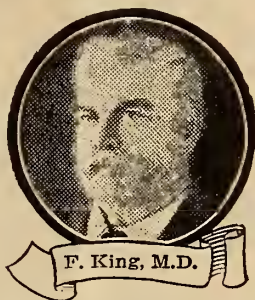
adies. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood."

Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly-looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron.

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time, simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

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ture was "Two Little Imps." FILM FUN is placed on the news-stands the first of each month, except when the first falls on a Sunday or a Monday, in which case it is put on the stands the Saturday preceding. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" was released September 3d. We do not know about Franklyn Farnum being of French parentage. Mr. Farnum himself, we believe, was born in Maine.

M. B., Baltimore, Md.—Pearl White is with the Pathe Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York. She has been working in the serial, "The Fatal Ring." William S. Hart is now making pictures for Artcraft, under the direction of Thomas H. Ince. You can address him at the "William S. Hart Studio," Hollywood, Cal. Mr. Hart's latest release up to the time of going to press was "The Narrow Trail."

J. S. D., Trenton, Tex.—Sorry we have no records on Margaret Gibson's newest pictures. We do not know of any serials in which Kathlyn Williams appeared except "The Adventures of Kathlyn." She was with the Selig Company for some time and appeared in some of their big productions, including "The Spoilers" and "The Ne'er-Do-Well." Since her connection with the Morosco and Lasky Paramount Companies, she has not appeared in any serials. Ruth Roland is with the Balboa Producing Company, located at Long Beach, Cal. In the next Lois Weber picture, she is not in the cast, although, according to the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, there may be a production in the future which will include her in the cast. Clara Kimball Young is at the head of her own producing company, the Clara Kimball Young Company, with offices in Aeolian Hall, New York City. She has been using the old Thanouser studios in New Rochelle for the filming of her pictures.

Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and
Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

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THE HUN AT PLAY



THE Boches were bored. To be shut up for three months in a deserted chateau in the heart of Normandy was no small hardship for five Prussian officers accustomed to the gayeties of Berlin. To be sure, during their enforced stay, they had found entertainment in acts of vandalism, after the manner of their kind. Mutilated family portraits, priceless Flemish tapestries cut to ribbons, fine old mirrors cracked by pistol bullets, and the hacked and broken furniture that littered the spacious apartments of the chateau, all bore eloquent testimony to the favorite pastime of the Hun. But even this sport for the moment had palled. Outside the rain descended in torrents. As the brandy and liqueur passed from hand to hand, suddenly the Captain has an inspiration. A soldier is despatched to a nearby city. In the evening he returns with five handsome girls. How the table is laid and the fun grows fast and furious as the champagne flows; how in an access of alcoholic patriotism toasts are proposed by the chivalrous Prussians reflecting on the bravery of the men and the virtue of the women of France; what happens to the Baron at the hands of one of the girls—a patriot even if a *fille de joie*—is told as only Maupassant could tell it in the story *Mademoiselle Fifi* found in this superb *Verdun Edition* of

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WHILE the eyes of the whole world are centered on our gallant ally, France, and her heroic struggle against a ruthless invader; with the ghastly picture before us of the brutal atrocities committed by an inhuman foe on her civilian population, her women and young girls; while the smoke still rises from her destroyed cities and profaned temples, and the crash and thunder of her guns is heard from Calais to the Vosges as she hurls defiance at her treacherous enemy—nothing could be more timely than the publication of this Complete Collection of the works of France's most gifted son, Guy de Maupassant, in whom realism reached its culminating point and the short story the perfection of its art, and whose stories of the Franco-Prussian War, told with relentless realism, will be read now with a new interest and a fuller appreciation of their verity in the light of current events. But if such stories as *Boule de Suif*, *Madame Sauvage*, and *Mademoiselle Fifi* first raised Maupassant to the highest pinnacle of literary fame, that position was rendered secure for all time by his other matchless series of novels and stories covering the widest range of human emotion and experience, in which every kind of character, good or bad, yielded material for his art. Literally translated, all these will appear in the *Verdun Edition* which will be published soon in a form unapproached by any previous edition ever offered on this side of the Atlantic.



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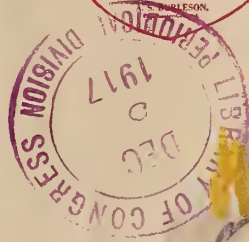
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ARTCRAFT

Mary Christmas!

Mary Pickford has done her Christmas shopping early, and the war orphans of France are to have some of the happiness that belongs to them on Christmas Day. It all happened this way. The stage settings for "Little Mary's" play, "A Poor Little Rich Girl," include one with a big Christmas tree equipped with candles, tinsel decorations, and a hundred different kinds of toys. Mary conceived the idea of sending these toys to the little French orphans. Not only that, but she issued invitations asking all the studio folk to send in more dolls and toys and things they had at home. Mary Pickford's tree party was an entire success, and the boxes and bundles, enough to stack a toy shop for a Christmas rush, have been shipped to France to be distributed by Santa Claus.





Film Fun

EDITORIALS



"God Bless Us Everyone"

WITH all the good will in the world, FILM FUN gives its friends a Christmas greeting in the words of Tiny Tim, for they seem more appropriate than the usual salutation. It cannot be a Merry Christmas this year, but we can be a little bit glad that this old, old fashion has still its hold on all hearts at nearly all times. We can still love and remember, and we can loosen up the pursestrings to the limit, willingly, and go bail for Old Santa in his trouble. The "Christmas Sermon" says, you know, that our duty to our neighbor is to make him happy, if we may.

Who Ought To Pay the War Tax on Films?

IF PRODUCERS and exhibitors adhere to their agreement to impose this tax on patrons of motion picture theaters, it is FILM FUN's belief they will be emulating that unfortunate who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. The ten million admissions paid every week to motion picture theaters throughout the country do not represent that many individuals. Fans attend three or four performances a week, and it will work a hardship on one provider, taking the whole family, to pay this. The recreation fund is the first to be scaled down when economy becomes the watchword, and everybody who hopes to see the picture place in every neighborhood continue to be the able rival of the corner saloon that it has become will regret and resist any procedure that jeopardizes it. Meanwhile, the sense of justice in mankind demands, in view of the fabulous fortunes made or in the making from motion pictures, that they who reap the reward should pay this tax. If we don't want to see the little picture places closed, we will not lay this extra weight on shoulders already overburdened.

In certain instances the advance seems to indicate that managers have seized upon this opportunity to swell the contents of their own coffers, making Uncle Sam party to the procedure. Charging 60 cents for a ticket which hitherto was priced at 50 cents nets 5 cents to the theater in addition to the 10 per cent. exacted for the war tax. On an audience of 1,000 people that would be \$50. Most theaters run five shows every day, and most of the men who have decreed this imposition do not need the money. This law can be changed; we think it ought to be.



It is about time for somebody to unsheathe the sword or sharpen up the trusty battle-ax for use on whoever is responsible for a certain class of plays of which we are hav-

ing too many. They serve no good purpose and are infinitely more harmful than anything white slavery has yet accomplished. The original seven plots seem to have been reduced to two. Of late a scenario seems to gain favor with producers only if it deals with war or the degradation of a woman. It is morbid, it is stupid, and we speak for a lot of people who are clean-mindedly above it, and only endure because they must, not having foreknowledge. Of plays reviewed within a month, eight have this abomination for a central theme. The staging of each is so much like all the rest that it has occurred to us to suggest, in the interest of war economy, that a stock scene be filmed, with a composite heroine. Such a stock reel could be loaned from one studio to another for use in forthcoming plays, and it would be a protection to those who honor American womanhood and think that vice in satin charmeuse has no more claim on our consideration than vice in cheap finery, for they could know what was coming in time to get up and go home. This would seem more like fair play.

Another way out would be for stars to refuse such parts. This can be done. If you doubt it, go see the "Spreading Dawn," or "Persuasive Peggy," or "The Man-hater," or "Bab's Burglar." And don't hesitate to get up and go home when vicious films are shown.

If we must confine our scenarios to screen versions of stage successes or "best sellers," why not revive "Shore Acres" or film "Caleb West," or "Tom Grogan," or "Adventures of Captain Horn"? In all these real men and women handle man-sized adventures in vigorous, reasonable, human fashion. It is high time for the "reel" heroine unable to protect herself to make way for a real woman, who will wreck the pretty studio and "muss up" the tempter.

A Man Should Have No Cause To Fear His Friends

SCANDAL mongers are like moths—their mission in life is to destroy; and the fine fabric of a hard-won reputation is exactly to their taste. They've been busy lately from coast to coast, spreading "they say" tales, and FILM FUN wants to put all the punch it is capable of in dealing them this blow—there's nothing to it. The mischievous story has no foundation in fact. And it is to the everlasting shame of the story tellers that the principals concerned have gone on serenely all the while the storm was raging, doing good work and co-operating splendidly in the national undertakings which most of us are inclined to take in an easy way.



© JUDGE

Willie's dream after seeing Douglas Fairbanks's play, "The Man From Painted Post."

Comments of a Free Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH (MRS. DAVID W. GRIFFITH)

The writer is well known in the moving picture world. She began her career as a moving picture actress with the Biograph Company when it was the pioneer in this field of operation. She has since been prominently connected with the Kinemacolor and other companies and more recently was the star in her striking sociological play "Charity."

PICTURES WITH WORTH-WHILE IDEAS

THERE should be more photoplays like "Fools for Luck," presented by "Perfection Pictures," with Taylor Holmes as the star. Why we have so few pictures presenting worth-while ideas is hard to understand. The public is eager and hungry for photoplays of this character. The eternal romance of youth becomes a bit wearisome when one is fed up on it three hundred and sixty-five days a year. The most thrilling stunts of the cave-man type of motion picture actor pall on one in time. A steady diet of pictures showing the alluring wiles of the siren and the vampire eventually gives one a sense of nausea. But the photoplay presenting some truth, in a well-developed sequence, is always keenly appreciated and enjoyed, whether by a low- or high-brow audience. This type of photoplay is far too seldom seen.

There have been many motion pictures showing untruths illogically developed—too much muck-raking, too many pictures depicting what a rotter the rich man is and what a paragon of virtue the poor. The multi- or once-millionaire, as far as the movie is concerned, is nearly always shown as a close-fisted, penny-hoarding, flinty-hearted individual. Anyone who reads the daily papers knows how very untrue this is, and that there is no more charitable individual than the American man of wealth, who in most instances has worked for and honestly earned success. Few are born with a golden spoon. Of course, the fixed idea that poverty means virtue and wealth means vice obtains in other expressions of art than the movie; but the movie has been especially guilty, and as it reaches a bigger and more cosmopolitan audience than the novel or the two-dollar spoken drama, it has more need to stick to the truth.

Samuel Butler, in "The Way of All Flesh," uncovers this generally accepted falsity. When the poor young minister asks the charming Oxonian, "And do you mean to tell me that the poor are not better than the rich?" and receives as answer, "No, good heavens, no!" the poor young minister is left gasping, as if a blasphemy had been uttered. I recall with some amusement a picture in which I worked, produced some six years ago by the Biograph

Company, called "Gold Is Not All." For the purposes of the picture we needed a handsome estate, and one was very kindly loaned us by a very wealthy family. They showed us every courtesy and even arranged for us a tea party on their lawns. When the picture was finished, they were invited to a projection, to which they gladly came. As the different scenes were unreeled, there were shown all the pictures taken on their beautiful estate, and every vice that could possibly be given to a rich person had been laid upon them. The husband had been guilty of infidelity, and only misery and discontent seemed to prevail in this home of wealth. Then the scenes flashed to the home of the poor little washerwoman, with her kiddies at her knee, and there—and there only—was found peace and happiness. When the projection was finished, the man who owned the estate where we had taken the scenes was indignant. In very clear and emphatic language he gave us to understand that his home was a happy one—a very happy one. He didn't care to have the film go about the country picturing it as the habitat of misery and immorality. He certainly had every right to be indignant.

A few more words about "Fools for Luck." Here is a photoplay that everyone should see. Superstition is all too common. Every one of us knows some person who still believes that if he breaks a mirror, he will have bad luck for seven years. Many labor under the delusion that those who succeed in life are merely lucky. There may be a few such, but nearly everyone who succeeds does so because of application, hard, earnest work, patience and perseverance. This is all well developed in "Fools for Luck." Taylor Holmes gives a thoroughly sincere and effective performance of the part of Philander. The ending of the picture was well put. It was a caption which said: "What do you think of luck, anyway?"

One scene is so charmingly acted in this picture that I must mention it—the one between Philander and the barkeep, where Philander tells his sorrowful story and the barkeep tells his—a splendid bit of acting on the part of both men.

MACISTE STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE
Those of us who have come to



CAMPBELL STUDIOS

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

know and love Ernesto Pagani, the Maciste of that great and wonderful photoplay, "The Warrior," and the hero of the preceding "Cabiria," are very happy to hear that the report of his death in battle was unfounded. We hope that his luck holds and that before very long we shall see this much beloved hero in another film.

CHARMING MADGE KENNEDY

Madge Kennedy came, film-acted and conquered. Always one of the most charming and capable of our young actresses of the stage, I hoped she would be equally charming and capable as a movie actress. For her first picture she did remarkably well. When she understands better how to make her comedy points register stronger, and her director gives her more close-ups, movie comedienne will need to watch out. She has eyes shaped and colored just for the screen—wonderful eyes. She has also grace and womanly charm. Madge Kennedy will go far if she is properly handled. Goldwyn should give her every opportunity in the way of good screen stories and good direction. "Baby Mine" was interesting and well done. Five reels of refined comedy is the very hardest thing to "put over" on the screen. The last two reels of "Baby Mine" dragged a bit; the comedy situations suffered by being too frequently broken by lengthy conversational sub-titles. Future releases of this clever comedienne will be looked forward to with great interest.

REEL MONEY

From Los Angeles comes word that "Charlie Chaplin, who has been amusing the public for years with his antics on the screen, to-day amused himself by signing a contract with the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, whereby the comedian receives \$1,000,000 for a series of eight two-reel pictures." Well, perhaps—maybe—but—

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL MOVIE PLAY

Potash and Perlmutter have gone into the movies! I wonder if the layman realizes how terribly close this play of "Business before Pleasure" touches the naked truth regarding many film companies that have come and gone. It touches truth so closely as to be almost uncanny in some of the scenes. Most of us will go to see "Potash and Perlmutter" to laugh, but some few will remain to wipe away a tear. The vampire and the backer! How true it all is, even to the "vamp" turning out to be the finest character of all those concerned, directly or indirectly, with the movie play! The insistence of the female relatives on appearing before the camera was a delightful bit of satire. It has often happened. The "tag" of the play after Abe

and Mawruss have decided the movies are not for them, and that they will go back into the business they know, the "Cloak and Suit," can surely be appreciated by anyone on the "inside." Speaking of the motion picture industry, Abe (or is it Mawruss?) says: "Moving pictures isn't a business; it is a *dissipation!*" Some of the movies seen on the screen prove that to be so. One doesn't even have to be "in the know" to understand that the word "dissipation" as applied to the methods and maneuvers of some motion picture companies is the most expressive word that could have been chosen out of all the dictionaries and books of synonyms.

ROSEMARY PAGEANT TO BE SEEN IN MOTION PICTURES

To have seen the National Red Cross Pageant, held at the Rosemary Open Air Theater, West Neck, Huntington, Long Island, is something to be grateful for. The day was perfect; the setting, on one of the most beautiful estates of Long Island, gave a background of loveliness seldom equaled. The actors and actresses who so graciously gave of their time and services presented a program of unusual interest and beauty. And there, as always to be seen, were the motion picture cameras, eight or ten of them, taking both "close-up" and "long-shot" views. Those who were unable, therefore, to see the original presentation of the pageant can see it on the screens of motion picture theaters throughout the country, and by paying the small admission fee thereby add their bit to the National Red Cross Fund.

WHAT'S THE USE?

According to the *New York Times*, Margaret Mayo, a Goldwyn official, attributes the "low estate" of the motion picture to the negligence of the author. She states that "an author of a play thinks no more about it once he has disposed of the film rights to his work. If it is being produced as a



GENERAL ENTERPRISES, INC.

Ernesto Pagani, giant player of Maciste in "The Warrior."

play, he attends all rehearsals and sits up nights to rewrite scenes; but the disposal of the picture rights he regards as merely a quick business deal and a bit of easy money, and he never goes near the studio to see what is being done with his story." I know of more than one playwright who would have been more than willing to attend all rehearsals and actual taking of scenes of his play when it was made into a movie, to whom this privilege was denied. And I have seen authors weep when, the film completed, they saw it on the screen for the first time. No, I would not say that authors are such indifferent indi-

viduals. I believe they care for something more than the cash they are to receive for the film rights to their plays or books. But perhaps some authors are justified in being indifferent after seeing what some film companies (who have barred the door to them during the filming of their play) have done to their work. Authors seldom begin the movie game by being indifferent. It is usually a slow growth. The feeling comes only after much vain hoping that the motion picture version of their play will be a conscientious and truthful adaptation. Poor author! He is gradually forced to conclude, "What's the use?"

GIVE US A REAL "CLEOPATRA"!

The announcement from the Fox office as to the authenticity of the scenes in the photoplay, "Cleopatra," is that "the photoplay conforms as closely to historical facts as the technique of the movies permits." What the "technique of the movies" may or may not "permit" is no excuse for misrepresenting history. If it were, then the movie as a historical record would be of no value. The history of Egypt's famous Queen is not so vague as is the history of her romance with Marc Anthony. Romances as they drift down through the centuries, especially when they make good subject matter for poets, acquire so many "high lights" that the truth naturally is much distorted.

Horace and Sardou and Shakespeare have put into charming verse the story of Anthony and Cleopatra. When we study the times and life of the famed Egyptian Queen, we realize how much they need the softening influence of the poet's language put into drama form. It is through the songs of great poets and dramatists that most of us know the story of Cleopatra. If this movie version showed only one thing, it was that this photoplay, minus the beautiful lines of Shakespeare and excepting the magnificent spectacular effects, is merely an expose of concentrated, revolting sensuality and viciousness. Occasions like these make us realize what wonderful things words are, and what a wonderful thing the human voice is. No photoplay ever drove home that truth to me as does this Fox presentation of "Cleopatra." How I missed the lovely lines where Cleopatra says, as she applies the asp to her bosom, "I have immortal longings in me!" Either give us the Sardou or Shakespeare version, with some of their poetic language as captions, or a big, historical film depicting life as it was lived in those two great ancient empires of Rome and Egypt.

What a tremendous picture it would make! In the beginning something of Cleopatra's ancestry should be shown, for in reality she was only Egyptian by birth. By ancestry and descent she was Greek. She was born into an atmosphere of licentiousness and crime and should not be too much blamed for her strange history. And Anthony, the Roman, living in Rome in moderate circumstances, rather an austere life compared with the Oriental beauty, magnificence and enormous wealth of the life of the Egyptian Queen—no small wonder it all appealed to him! I agree with Guglielmo Ferrero in that Anthony fell as much in love with luxurious Egypt as he ever did with the fascinating Cleopatra. Possibly no small part of his dream was

to annex this rich empire to the Roman. It was a game that was being played between those two great countries in those ancient times—a great political game. There was small place in it, and that only in the latter part of the lives of Anthony and Cleopatra, for the passion of love. Even the end does not prove a very great love, for Cleopatra does not kill herself for grief when she hears of Anthony's death, but because of pride and vanity. She dies to cheat Emperor Augustus Cæsar of his desire to have her adorn his triumphal procession. There is an original encaustic of Cleopatra receiving her death from the bite of an asp. It was discovered in the ruins of Hadrian's villa and is believed to be the picture painted for the Emperor Augustus Cæsar to adorn his triumph, B. C. 29, the Queen herself having escaped that degradation by suicide. Neither in this portrait nor others on coins is shown the countenance of a Venus. Cleopatra had not a fine, sensuous beauty, but a fleshy face and a powerful aquiline nose. She was a woman on in years, ambitious, imperious, clever, vivacious and a conversational artist.

Miss Bara's portrayal savored strongly of Broadway. It savored strongly of what I imagine the notorious dancer known as "Little Egypt" of a former generation might have been. Miss Bara was, as far as can be proved, quite correctly unclothed. As far as acting is concerned her death scene showed a pitiful lack of ability to express any strong dramatic feeling. I understand that many women sewed for days in making her costumes. A great deal of Miss Bara's work consisted in changing them.

The scene on the barge where Cleopatra goes to meet Anthony was very well handled, as were the battle scenes and those showing the fleet in the harbor. All the spectacular part deserves commendation for faithful reproduction and was enthusiastically received. I am told that originally there were twenty-three reels, which were taken in nine weeks. This is "going some" for big stuff like Cleopatra. Some time I hope an ambitious producer will take the time and money necessary to a faithful reproduction of this great drama of Rome and Egypt of nearly two thousand years ago.



A Mystery Solved

Two movie theaters nearly "rub elbows" in the town of Clinton, Mo. Before the Rex stood this poster:

MARGUERITE CLARK

in

"SILKS AND SATIN,"

while near it flaunted the Opera House sign:

MARY PICKFORD

in

"RAGS."

A workman, very pickled, stood balanced on his heels as he studied the two. A frown drew his brows down, he nodded solemnly, and as he rocked away he was heard to mutter:

"And then people wonders why us Socialists is!"

Christmas Entertainment



GOLDWYN

Madge Kennedy, in her second screen play, "Nearly Married," by Edgar Selwyn, brings to her work that charm and irresistible humor that makes her one of our foremost comediennees.



SELECT PICTURES

Constance Talmadge, in "Scandal," gives a telling interpretation of the spoiled society girl who attempts to bend life and the people about her to her whim.

PATHE

A scene from "Stranded in Arcady," with Mrs. Vernon Castle as the star.



GENERAL

Charles Kent and Myrlis Morgan, in "The Duplicity of Hargreaves," one of the O. Henry series which is being so well presented on the screen.



AMERICAN-MUTUAL

Mary Miles Minter, as "Charity," in "Charity Castle," introduces her house guests, Bill the Burglar, Sam the Tramp and Lucius the Jobless Actor, to the Ogre. Spottiswoode Aitken's clever work as the "actor" adds much to this delightful play.

LISTEN! The great secret is about to be revealed. The identity of Bobby Bumps is at last discovered. Earl Hurd, the creator of that now famous cartoon character, is shy, and he is wily; but the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth has at last been wrung from him. The interviewer tracked him to his studio lair and at the point of a trusty 22-caliber fountain pen made the man confess.

It seems that, a few years ago and somewhat prior to the time when J. R. Bray, the dean of motion picture cartoonists, was making his first experiments in the animating of drawn figures, there occurred an event of great moment in the Hurd family—which was no less than the appearance on the scene of Earl Hurd, Jr. Now there is nothing startling in such an occurrence; indeed, it happens in the best regulated families. *But* the sequel is yet to be told.

Earl Junior grew, as juniors will, in body and mind and energy. Especially in energy. It wasn't

How Bobby Bumps Came to Be



long before a Harlem flat was too small to hold him, and his parents were forced to take a country house on Long Island. Whatever that boy thought of, he carried out, and what he could invent would fill tomes.

Now, most families keep a record—a neat little book, a slender volume, as the publishers of verse say—of all the cute sayings and cunning acts of their first born. So did the Hurds; but by the time that Earl Junior had passed the “Ah-goo!” stage, they were panting breathlessly in the rear, ink-bespattered and disheveled, inquiring of each other: “What was that he said?” and “Wait, my dear; just see what he’s doing now!”

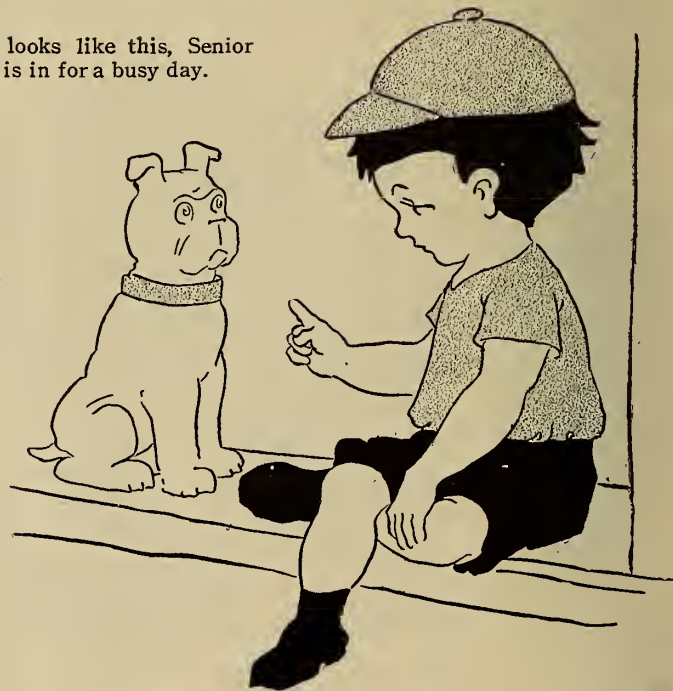
Well, of course, a man can't dance attendance on his son and earn a living at the same time—or so people have always heretofore thought—and Mr. Hurd had almost concluded to give up the hopeless pursuit, when one evening, the object of their thoughts and care being quiescent for the night, his mother and father took

PARAMOUNT-BRAY

When Junior looks like this, Senior knows he is in for a busy day.



PARAMOUNT-BRAY



Bobby, like an able general, always plans carefully for his next offensive.

Running Back the Reel Twenty Years

By RICHARD R. NEHLS

Richard R. Nehls, manager of the American Film Company, has been in the film business from the time that it was considered merely a by-line of the mail-order houses. He is one of the few men who know the motion picture industry from every angle. He is now preparing an interesting series of articles which will contain much interesting data that has never appeared in print. Mr. Nehls wrote this short article for FILM FUN for this, its "Auld Lang Syne" Number.

THE TWENTIETH anniversary of the founding of the film industry and your query as to its status twenty years ago have brought back to me many amusing memories of the days when motion pictures were first introduced.

There were no film magnates then, unless you count the owners of the mail-order houses among the film magnates, for they were the first in control of the motion picture industry. They let it slip through their fingers, because they did not see the future values in it.

Few people associate the motion pictures with the mail-order houses, but, just the same, they introduced motion pictures to the world. The first films I ever sold were sold in the stereopticon department of a mail-order house.

Those were the days of the traveling operator and lecturer, usually a combination of the two. He wore a high silk hat, a Prince Albert coat, and generally bore a comfortable wad of tobacco in his left cheek. He gave his shows in the town hall and usually preceded them by sending a batch of notices of the show to the postmaster and the principal of the school, asking them to tack these notices up in the school, the post office and the drug stores of the town.

The motion picture films were sold in connection with the magic-lantern slides and consisted of small strips of film, four or five feet long. Only the simplest of subjects were used—a donkey kicking his feet or a horse eating hay. The motion of the picture was the sensation. After showing the lantern slides for a quarter of an hour, the operator would switch over to the motion picture film and turn it around and around until he was tired, and then go back to the slides. The marvel was that the picture moved!

We sold the complete outfit. There was the stereopticon, the motion picture head for the film, the slides, the gas-making outfit, the arc lamp and all the accessories.

The operator had to be a resourceful chap, for where the town hall did not boast of an electric light, he had to supply a substitute with an outfit that produced a literal limelight from a block of lime and a combination of oxygen and hydrogen gas. If his blocks of lime happened to slake on him, as they sometimes did, the operator had to run out and get a block of lime somewhere and whittle it down to size.

These short strips of film delighted the audiences. They would pay again and again to see the donkey kick or the horse eat hay. The showmen reaped small fortunes from them and acted on the principle that money must be

made while the sun shone, for none of them looked upon the motion picture as more than a transitory amusement that would flicker out when the stereopticon craze died down.

Then a few enterprising men discovered the money that was being made with the short film. A machine called the "optigraph" was brought out, and by means of this longer films could be easily shown. Pictures with any continuity of plot were unthought of. You may remember the furore the film of the Empire Express caused when it was shown. Hundreds packed the houses to see the picture of a train flying swiftly across the screen. It was considered a marvel.

Anything that had action was considered good stuff. One of the first film men made a specialty of fire scenes. His camera man watched the fire alarms almost as closely as did the fire department. The camera was only a rod or two behind the engine when it dashed down the street, and these fire films had a wonderful vogue. About this time production on a small scale was begun. One of the first studios was in Chicago.

I recall one of the first producers. He had been a baker. He made his own pictures in his backyard and dried the film in long rows on the clothesline, and he made so much money that he went into the business on a huge scale. His returns began to come in so fast that others jumped in. They hired anybody they could find who could be persuaded to come and act for two or three dollars a day. A regular actor or actress would have scorned any reference to the "movies." I recall one or two of them who berated a producer soundly for proposing such a thing, who only two years ago were pulling every string they could work to see their names in electric letters over a Broadway motion picture house.

Ethics were nil in those days. Some of the very men who are now vigorously prosecuting film pirates to-day were the worst offenders in the early days. Film scenes were like the air—it was good to take all you could get. They sowed the seed themselves, and they are now reaping an abundant harvest.

The picture show of those days was easy enough to put on. One could start in business for \$200. All the exhibitor did was to rent a cheap store room, darken the windows with black curtains, put in a dozen or two of cheap kitchen chairs and hang up a white curtain for the picture to be shown against.

The first operators of those days have made name and

fortune since. One of the first was Arthur McMillan, who believed in the future, even in those days, and who planned for a universal machine from the first. Other operators used to laugh at him for his visions, but he kept on with his experiments until he perfected the American projectoscope—a little machine that weighs less than twenty pounds and that can be operated in any parlor, from any electric-light switch and by any operator. His dream came true, like the dreams of several of those who had faith in the ultimate success of the motion picture.

The men of the early days made their money and pulled out. It came in so fast that leaks of hundreds of dollars weekly in the offices and studios did not worry them. One of the early magnates, when told of a waste amounting to hundreds of dollars that could be easily avoided, waved his hand wearily.

"Aw, what's the use?" he said. "It'd be like trying to save a couple buckets of water out of the Chicago lake."



FOX

To Jane and Katherine Lee, known as the Fox "Baby Grands," life of late has been one recruiting station, Liberty Bond booth, bazaar and parade after the other, besides plenty of hard work at the studio. Their newest release is "The Trouble Makers." The Lee kids are never at a loss for a bit of mischief or something to say. Recently, while at an art studio waiting to pose for some pictures, they danced a little and sang a few verses for a famous English actress now in New York. "My dear children," exclaimed the actress enthusiastically, "if you were in London, you would make a big hit!" Katherine smiled. "I did make a big hit in London," she replied. "I was born there."

The progress has been almost miraculous in twenty years. It is the youngest industry in the field, but practically the most influential, for its effects are felt in every line of industrial business.

Twenty years ago I thought I was doing well to sell a strip of motion picture four feet long.

Last week, from our office in Chicago, we sent out one million and a half feet of finished film, to every corner of the earth.

All in twenty years.



All They Ask From Santa

By MICHAEL GROSS

THE MOVIE FAN

Dear Santa:
If you want to make me happy, keep me feeling fit and snappy,
And enjoying every movie quite a lot,
Tell scenario inspectors and the studio directors
To make sure that every picture has a plot.
Say that racing death's decision, then a fast express collision,
Faked-up trenches and a close-up of the dead,
While they may be very thrilling, still you'll always find
I'm willing
To accept a one-reel *story* in their stead.

THE SLAPSTICK COMEDIAN

Dear Santa:
There is just one little favor you can do for this here shaver,
And the deed will save my life, without a doubt.
Oh, please lay a strict embargo, from the coast clear to Chicago,
On the stuff that every bakery turns out—
On the mushy pies of custard, and the eclairs stuffed with mustard,
And the charlotte russes flying out through space!
Send them off to starving Flanders; feed them to the geese and ganders;
But don't make me stop more of them with my face.

THE SERIAL HEROINE

Dear Santa:
Only one small boon I'm craving, and my life you will be saving,
If you grant this thing I'm asking you to do.
Tell each forty-reel film writer to please go a little lighter
On the stunts he makes his heroine go through.
I have walked on trolley wires, jumped from roofs, been trapped in fires;
Forty-seven Bengal tigers I have nursed.
I have been on sinking liners, led a gang of striking miners;
But now tell them that my motto's "Safety First."

THE DIRECTOR

Dear Santa:
There are just three gifts to please me, and a spasm of joy would seize me,
If on Christmas morning they became a fact.
First, of course, I want *the* story, neither tame nor yet too gory;
Then I want a "modest" actor—who can act;
Third, I want a leading lady, be her name Hortense or Sadie,
Who has never heard of "temperament" nor "art."
With these three I'm almost certain I'd make good right to the curtain—
Come on, Santa, be a sport and have a heart!

Sylphie's Ambition

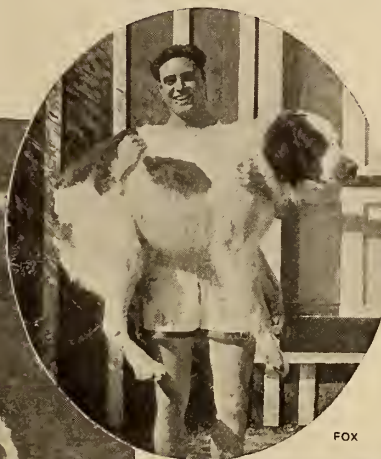
By TOM P. MORGAN

"IF YOU don't object, Mr. Sellins, I'd like to sorter give you a friendly tip," cautiously whispered the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "When you go into the dining-room, if a hefty waitress looks at you in a way that makes you pretty sure she is contemplating dropping pizon in your coffee, if I was you I wouldn't pay any special attention. It'll be Sylphie, registering scorn. Or if the same young lady comes toward you, weaving and wabbling like a duck that has been bibbing too long at the sparkling wine, it's Sylphie again, sweeping into some gilded banquet hall.

"While I am not an enemy of progress, as a general rule, I'll own up that I am opposed to these here moving pictures. They have come within an ace of ruining me. It was bad enough, thinks I to myself, when every young drummer that stopped here thought he had to wear a little caterpillar mustache and walk like his feet was blistered. The sight of 'em kept me so snappish that I couldn't hardly be civil to sensible guests. But it was still worse when Maxine, the slim waitress, who will never see thirty again if she lives to be a hundred years old, got to thinking that

she was another little Mary Pickwick, and went skipping all through the house, tra-la-lee. I couldn't say a word, either, as young ladies that will consent to wait table in this locality are as scarce as hens' teeth and are always in such a high fever that they will flop up in the treetops at the slightest provocation.

"But now that Sylphie, who weighs as much as a behe-



Only as a sacrifice to his art does this dog permit himself to be photographed in so undignified a position with George Walsh.

FOX



PARAMOUNT

This little fellow plays quite a role in "The Trouble Buster" with Vivian Martin.



ARTCRAFT

These prize-winning beauties play with no less a personage than Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess."

It is possible to be a good mother and a wage-earner at the same time. Witness this female of the canine species, who plays with Tyrone Power and Frances Burnham in "Lorelei of the Sea."

moth of Holy Writ, figgeratively speaking, has got the notion that she is a vampire and works at it all over the place, my cup of trouble is full and running over into the saucer. And I can't open my head, neither, for Sylphie was for quite a spell a waitress on a boarding car for a railroad construction gang and don't take kindly to criticism, to say the least about it. So I s'pose all I can do is to imitate a man in a cyclone cellar and just wait till the clouds roll by."

Twelve Laps in the Lead



FOX
WITZEL
A designing designer—Enid Markey in this costume. She plays the princess in "The Yankee Way."



TRIANGLE
"The woman pays" is the burden of Louise Glaum's photo-plays—and so she does, for negligees like this one.



TRIANGLE
CAMPBELL
Winifred Allen wears this gown of rich fabric. Her recent play, "For Valour," is a patriotic drama of Canadian locale. Many real war heroes who have returned from the fighting front take part in the thrilling war scenes.



FOX
Dustin Farnum—all dressed up and nothing to do but work about nine hours a day in "The Scarlet Pimpernel."



PETROVA PICTURE CO.

We doubt whether Moses could have had the heart to word the tenth commandment as he did, if he had seen this fur coat worn by Olga Petrova.



PATHE

Fanny Ward offers a suggestion for the wardrobe of a lady of uncertain temper. How's that? Easily ruffled!

of Miss Flora McFlimsie



PARAMOUNT
Vivian Martin wears this in
"The Sunset Trail." Har-
rison admin- Forde is
-first istering
aid.



ARTCRAFT
Geraldine Farrar's gowns
are simple, with that diffi-
cult simplicity that be-
speaks expense.

AMERICAN-MUTUAL

FILM FUN doesn't advocate this fashion for everyone, but as "Purity," posed by Audrey Munson—well, as the saying goes, "Purity rushes in where censors fear to tread!"



GOLDWYN UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The frocks Madge Kennedy wears to work in "Nearly Married," would make almost any one long to be a working girl.



PARAMOUNT

Dainty Marguerite Clark's gowns as a "Sub-Deb" make one wonder what's coming when she is a regular debutante.



PARAMOUNT

Kathleen Clifford's fur is useful as well as decidedly ornamental and serves to completely cover her left arm, which was in a splint when this photograph was made, as a result of staging a thrilling scene for her new serial.

Having Lovely Times



Tokens of remembrance and messages of good will received last month. No. 1. Wallace Reid, behind the scenes, leading "Joan of Arc" quartet. 2. Corinne Griffith, "I designed this myself." 3. "Two Runaways," Ethel Clayton and Norma Talmadge. 4. Dorothy Morrel, "Working in pictures, just now at Klamath Falls." 5. Mon-

roe Salisbury, Pathe player, "Raising citrus fruits is a good side line." 6. Vola Vale. 7. William Russell, "Farming out here is fashionable, and I like style." 8. Sergeant Willard Vander Veer, camera man, "Hurry up with that sweater!" 9. "Call this shooting the shoots!" A scene from "Pasquale," Director Lloyd at right.

Making Snapshots For You



No. 10. "First Aid" to William Duncan, Carol Holloway the smiling sympathizer. (Mabel Condon took this.) 11. "We looks toward you"—the five who play in "The Fighting Trail," Joe Ryan, William Duncan, Carol Holloway, George Holt and Walter Rogers. 12. Barbara Sabine, "I'm four now and hope to be a star soon."

13. Crane Wilbur, "I won this bet from Juanita Hansen, and she paid up like a little man." 14. "Hope you like this. Yours, Theda Bara." 15. Dodo Newton, "I'm eight and hope to make pictures my lifework." 16. Lorna Volare, "I am supporting Norma Talmadge in 'The Moth.'" (Lorna is five.) 17. Paul Willis, "Gardening is great."



BALBOA

Gloria Joy, in a Christmas special performance, is showing her little friends how a roast pig should be prepared. Gloria is only five, so her choice of a live pig is natural.



MUTUAL - STRAND

Billie Rhoades does fast and clever work in "Her Dog Gone Dog." The dog is even more diabolical than the picture indicates.



PARAMOUNT-SENNETT

Pretty maids, in "A Bedroom Blunder," Hooverizing the silk supply. By artistic contrivance they are able to make material sufficient for one costume serve for nine.



GENERAL FILM CO.

Carleton King, star in the O. Henry photoplay "The Indian Summer of Dry Valley Johnson."



FUN-ARTS FILMS

Gordon Dooley and Edward Kimball, in "A Rag, a Bone and a Hank of Hair," the first two-reel comedy released by these newcomers to the realm of film fun.

REPRODUCTION BY THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES



NESTOR

Not a parcel-post elopement—merely Eddie Lyons, Lee Moran and Caroline Vaughn, in "A Fire Escape Finish." Never a dull instant in this film, for "thrillers" enliven the action from start to finish.

Mistaken Identity



STRAND-MUTUAL

"Grumpy" is the name to which Billie Rhodes's bulldog answers, but in reality Grumpy is a quiet, self-supporting actor.

"O'BRIEN," said the chief to me, his best detective man, "I understand he's back in town—that scoundrel, 'Handsome Dan'! He's wanted for 'most everything in ev'ry State and town; 'twould be a feather in your cap if you could run him down!"

So I went forth into the night, amid the lights and din, to seek this villain, "Handsome Dan," arrest and bring him in. In a cafe at length I found a gay, a festive man, who answered the description of that divil, "Handsome Dan."

"Hello, there, Dan!" says I to him; and "Hello, cop!" says he. "I'm pleased to meet you, officer; come have a seat with me." "How did you know," says I to him, "I was a cop?" says I. He answered, "Sure, I saw your feet; that is the reason why! But listen, cop; I have reformed, although it's rather late. For one long year I've been a crook, but now I'm going straight. I've broken ev'ry law of man, an awful cuss was I, and twenty million folks to-day would love to see me die!

"I left my wife last April, and I blew a safe in May. I've been in twenty-seven jails, but each time got away. I've practiced ev'ry villainy and never shed a tear! But all is past, and I will be quite different next year."

And then he paused, and I arose and got the handcuffs out. In walks the chief and looks at me, and at me does he shout, "O'Brien, sure that 'Handsome Dan' they caught this afternoon!" Says I to him, "Then tell me, chief, who is this gay gossoon?"

The chief, sure, takes a look at him, and then his hand he shook. Says he, "'Tis Danny Sullivan, the motion picture crook. Sure, ev'rybody hates the lad that sees a picture show; the greatest villain on the screen—my nephew, it is so!"

Says I to him, "But what the"—then Danny says, "'Tis true—every word that I have said, O'Brien, now to you! No more I'll be a villain, for I signed with Blank to-day a contract, sure, to play the leads, and that is why I say I'll be a diff'rent sort of man, for hero roles I'll act upon the screen, O'Brien, sure, next year, and that's a fact!"

—Harry J. Smalley.

It's Foolhardy

By CHARLOTTE R. MISH

He will read the "leaders" aloud,
And if I weren't too pliggety proud
To talk to a stranger,
I'd tell him there's danger
In acting so rash in a crowd!

Christmas Greetings

from

Norma Talmadge

Iron is Greatest of all Strength Builders, Says Doctor

A Secret of the Great Endurance and Powers of Athletes

Ordinary Nuxated Iron Will Make Delicate, Nervous, Run-down People 100 Per Cent. Stronger in Two Weeks' Time in Many Cases.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Most people foolishly seem to think they are going to get renewed health and strength from some stimulating medicine, secret nostrum or narcotic drug, said Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston Physician who has studied widely both in this country and in Great European Medical Institutions when, as a matter of fact, real and true strength can only come from the food you eat. But people often fail to get the strength out of their food because they haven't enough iron in their blood to enable it to change food into living matter. From their weakened, nervous condition they know something is wrong but they can't tell what, so they generally commence doctoring for stomach, liver or kidney trouble or symptoms of some other ailment caused by lack of iron in the blood. This thing may go on for years, while the patient suffers untold agony. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you

have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while, double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete or prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone down to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. E. Sauer, is one of the newer organic iron compounds. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The Manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of **FILM FUN**. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

O. E. L., Philadelphia, Pa.—Thank you for the suggestions. Sorry we cannot find the portrait to which you refer.

M. F., Mishawaka, Ind.—Thank you. All the photographs we have of Mary Pickford are for our own use. You can write to her, care of Artcraft Pictures, Hollywood, Cal.

N. W. R., Indianapolis, Ind.—"The Crimson Dove" was a World picture, featuring Carlyle Blackwell and June Elvidge. "The Cold Deck" was made and sold on the State Rights plan before William S. Hart went with Artcraft.

H. R. C., Cincinnati, Ohio.—Irving Cummings played with Virginia Pearson in "Royal Romance." Miss Pearson is still with the Fox Film Corporation, 126 West Forty-sixth Street, New York. "Barbary Sheep" was filmed in Fort Lee, N. J. Thank you very much.

G. A. L., New York.—Mme. Petrova's first picture under her own banner is "Daughter of Destiny." Thomas Holding plays in this with her. Clara Kimball Young has been working on "Shirley Kaye." She is to release her pictures through the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York.

R. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Bessie Love began her screen career with the Triangle-Fine Arts Company. We do not make a practice of sending out photographs, as all those which we have on hand are for our own use. Miss Love can be addressed in care of the Pathe Exchange, Inc., 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

V. L. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.—You are entirely welcome. Of course, we are willing to "bear the burden," and feel that, although your money must have gone astray in the mails, you are entitled to receive **FILM FUN**. Our policy is to be fair, believing that, as you say, it always pays. We are always glad to have matters of this sort brought to our attention. Thank you.

F. J., Detroit, Mich.—Supplementing our letter of October 11th, the latest records we can get show that Tom Moore was with the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York. We have no recent information of Harry Meyers. A few months ago the productions in which he appeared were released through the Pathe Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York. At that time he was at Jacksonville, Fla. Possibly both could be reached in care of the Screen Club, New York City.

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Film Information Bureau, Sta. H, Jackson, Mich.

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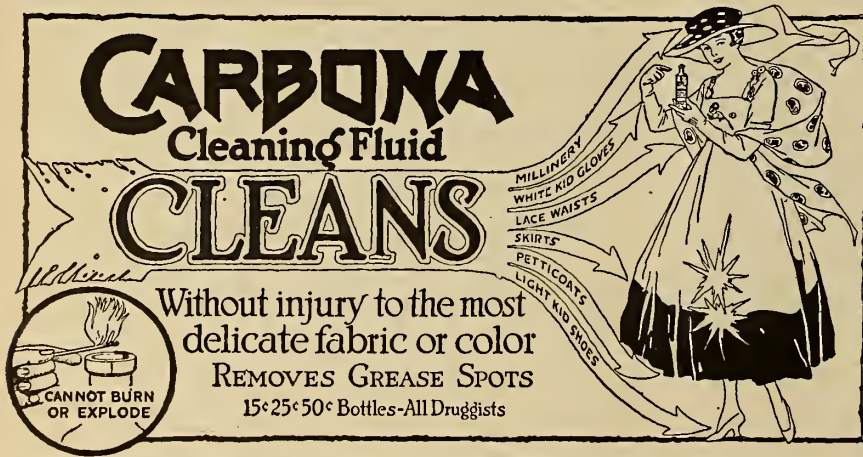


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Who's Who and Where

Jack Pickford has secured Katharine MacDonald, sister of Mary MacLaren, as his new leading lady. Miss MacDonald is considered one of the most beautiful girls on the screen to-day.

Vitagraph is to release another big outdoor serial, bearing the title "Vengeance and the Woman," and starring William Duncan and Carol Halloway. The serial is to be in fifteen episodes of two reels each.

The first feature film to be produced in El Paso by an El Paso moving picture company was completed recently. The film was made by the Pasograph Company. All the scenes were taken in or near El Paso.

Eugene Corrie's real name is Gino Liserani, which he used while employed with the Ambrosia Film Company in Italy, and later under D. W. Griffith's direction. He thought it would be too confusing for American use and changed it.

A certain actor who knows how it feels is planning the organization of an insurance company to protect actors against alimony fiends. He says if he can carry out his plans, he will have the biggest, richest insurance company in the world.

Viola Dana has left New York for the Metro West Coast studios. Her first production in the Hollywood establishment is "The Winding Trail," calling for a Western setting. Miss Dana was presented with a loving cup by the New York company on her departure.

Albert Capellani, the well-known French director, has been signed by Metro Pictures Corporation. Mr. Capellani has served in the present war and came to America when he received a discharge because of injuries, as the war has badly affected the motion picture business in France.

Julian Eltinge has announced his intention of discarding skirts after two years more, during which he will work in motion pictures. Then he plans entering the operatic or concert field. He hopes also to make a picture in which he will be the masculine hero throughout.



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Clara Kimball Young will take her entire company to Porto Rico and other islands of the West Indies immediately after the holidays, for the filming of "The Savage Woman," and after completing it will proceed to California.

Judge Willis Brown, of the Chicago Juvenile Court, has written an original play, entitled "The Spirit of '17," in which Jack Pickford will have the stellar role. There are also to be two instead of one "Tom Sawyer" pictures. The first will follow the lines of the original story, while the second will take up in logical sequence further adventures of Tom.

General Lester, in command of the national camp at Yonkers, extended cordial co-operation to Miss Rita Jolivet and her directors in the making of "Lest We Forget." A detachment of three hundred troops was furnished for service in constructing the trenches for the battle scenes. These troops worked under the supervision of an American officer thoroughly familiar with the elaborate trench system employed by the Allies. The work was pronounced perfect when inspected by an officer of the French army who had just arrived at an American port. The port authorities gave Miss Jolivet permission to use the port facilities at Quarantine Station, in lower New York Bay, for filming the other scenes of the drama. The French High Commissioner in Washington, M. Tardieu, made available the transatlantic steamship *Espagne* for the photographing of shipboard scenes.

Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

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Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies, we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; at times both may be at one address.

- American Film Mfg. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago, Ill. Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).
- Artercraft Pictures Corporation (Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, et al.), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Hollywood, Cal. (s).
- Balboa Amusement Producing Co., Long Beach, Cal. (s).
- Brenon, Herbert, Prod., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).
- Christie Film Corp., Main and Washington Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.
- Cosmofotofilm Co., Candler Building, New York City.
- Clara Kimball Young Company, Aeolian Hall, New York City.
- Edison, Thomas, Inc., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).
- Educational Films Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
- Empire All Star Corporation, 220 S. State St., Chicago, Ill. Myrtle Ave., Glendale, L.I. (s).
- Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1335 Argyle St., Chicago, Ill. (s).
- Famous Players - Lasky Film Company, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 128 W. 50th Street, New York City. (s).
- Fox Film Corporation, 130 West 46th St., New York City. 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s). Fort Lee, N. J. (s).
- Gaumont Company, 110 West 40th Street, New York City. Flushing, N. Y. (s). Jacksonville, Fla. (s).
- Goldwyn Film Corp., 16 E. 42d St., New York City. Fort Lee, N. J. (s).
- General Film Company, 440 Fourth Ave., New York City.
- Horsley Studio, Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.
- Kalem Company, 925 West 23d St., New York City. 251 W. 10th St., New York City. (s). 1423 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal. (s). Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s). Glendale, Cal. (s).
- Keystone Film Co., 1712 Allessandro St., Los Angeles, Cal.
- Kleine, George, 186 N. State St., Chicago.
- Metro Pictures Corp., 1476 Broadway, New York City. Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 West 61st St., New York City. (s). Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s). Quality Pictures Corp., Metro Office. Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).
- Morocco Photoplay Company, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City. 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
- Moss, B. S., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
- Mayfair Pictures Corp., 10 Wall St., New York City. 515 W. 54th Street, New York City. (s).
- Mutual Film Corp., Consumers Building, Chicago.
- Paramount Pictures Corporation, 71 W. 23d St., New York City. 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.
- Peralta Plays, Inc., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
- Pathe Exchange, 25 West 45th St., New York City. Jersey City, N. J. (s).
- Petrova Pictures, 25 W. 44th St., New York City. 807 W. 176th St., New York City. (s).
- Powell, Frank, Production Co., Times Building, New York City.
- Rothacker Film Mfg. Co., 1359 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).
- Selig Polyscope Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago, Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago. (s). 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
- Select Pictures Corp., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. 807 East 176th Street, New York City. (s).
- Signal Film Corp., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
- Talmadge, Norma, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. 318 East 48th Street, New York City. (s).
- Thanhouser Film Corp., New Rochelle, N. Y. (s). Jacksonville, Fla. (s).
- Triangle Company, 1457 Broadway, New York City. Culver City, Cal. (s).
- Universal Film Mfg. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City. Universal City, Cal. (s). Coyetsville, N. J. (s).
- Vitagraph Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City. E. 15th Street and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (s). Hollywood, Cal. (s).
- Vogue Comedy Co., Gower St. and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Cal.
- World Film Corp., 150 West 46th St., New York City. Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

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